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## THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

TWO questions will profoundly disturb the closing years of this century—the social question and the religious question. The social question may be summed up in the claims of the working-classes for a larger share in the produce of labour. The religious question is the struggle between what is called the scientific spirit and religion. These two questions are in many ways bound up together. It was Christianity that spread abroad in the world the notion of equality, whence spring the equalizing aspirations now threatening the social order; it is also the influence of Christianity which now arrests the explosion of subversive forces, and its precepts, better understood and applied, will, by degrees, restore peace to the nations of the world.

If one reflects on the future of civilized countries, one is led to propose to one's self this serious question: Is religion destined to survive the crisis it is now passing through, and, if it do not perish, what form will it take in the future?

It is certain that it has never been subjected to a more severe ordeal than at the present time. Hostile winds blow on it from all sides, and threaten its destruction. Under the Roman Empire, religious belief was also greatly shaken. The old form of worship subsisted, and its rites were scrupulously practised, but the more enlightened of the population did not believe in them, and had recourse to one or other system of philosophy for rules of conduct, for consolation in affliction, and for the theory of human destiny. In the upper classes scepticism dominated, and they sought forgetfulness of moral and spiritual pre-occupations in sensual pleasures. It appeared then as if religion were destined wholly to disappear, though the lower orders preserved their attachment to it. Their ignorance raised a barrier between them and their superiors. The peasantry, *pagan*, remained so long faithful to



the old worship that the name we now give it, "paganism," is derived from them. But, on the one hand, the roughs, the peasantry, and the slaves, and, later, the German tribes; and, on the other, elevated minds purified by Platonism and Stoicism, were prepared to adopt a new form of worship.

To-day there is nothing whatever of this sort. No new race is at hand to restore youth to our worn-out society. There are no barriers between the classes; scepticism descends as a flood from one to the other. Philosophical doctrines are no longer what they were in ancient times, a life discipline and a rule of conduct; they form simply a subject of research for some few erudite persons; they interest and excite the curiosity of learned men, but furnish no spiritual sustenance to the higher classes of the population. Where, at the present day, are the crowds ready and eager to accept a new faith? Can one conceive, in our practical age, when the spirit of poetry is nearly extinguished, a religious movement like that which first threw the world into the arms of Christianity? The soil has become parched. The divine tree of faith, it seems, can find nothing to vivify its roots.

Three different causes are undermining religion in our day. The first of these is the principle of natural sciences applied to philosophy. I refer to what is known as Darwinism or Positivism. These sciences seek to explain all phenomena by natural causes, and thus reject even the mere notion of a supernatural power, and this idea leads, not necessarily but very frequently, to a doubt as to the existence of a Divinity, or at least to the affirmation that we can know nothing whatever of anything of the kind, which amounts to almost the same thing. Again, the studies on the origin of species seem to tend to prove that human beings owe their origin, through evolution, to the very lowest categories of the animal creation, and, further back still, to inorganic matter; it follows then that there is a temptation to assimilate man to animals and to withhold from him a soul. This order of ideas is not confined to the scientific world alone; it penetrates everywhere, and threatens the two essential principles of all spiritualism, a belief in God and in the immortality of the soul.

Religious sentiment is also weakened by the passion for well-being and by the pursuit of riches. It is quite true that in all ages men have endeavoured to secure for themselves wherewithal to satisfy their wants and their thirst for enjoyment and pleasure; but this pursuit has now become more ardent and more restless than it formerly was, because the condition of each individual is no longer fixed, as it used to be, by social organization. A working-man may now rise to the highest rank; but industrial crises may also reduce him to the most abject want. A man with nothing to-day may be a millionaire to-morrow, if only fortune favours him. In former days every man spent his life in the sphere in which he was born, and his condition was not

exposed to all the risks of this struggle for existence, which is neither more nor less than universal competition. I may attain any height, but I am exposed to all possible risks; hence, for all, a life of worry, agitated both by the desire for success and the fear of failure, in which religious feeling can necessarily hold little place. Even the scholar and the priest, though it is their vocation to seek and propagate truth, can no longer lead the peaceful and contemplative existence they did formerly, spending their whole lives in abstract and disinterested researches. Machinery is invading and devouring us even while doing us service. How many precious hours are absorbed by correspondence now that cheap universal postage is established, and by railways which draw us from our hearths by the facility with which we can now go from place to place! Each one wishes to succeed and raise his social status; hence a ceaseless effort towards the acquirement of earthly goods. In the midst of this whirl of business and pleasure no place is left for spiritual life, and for the cultivation of religious sentiment: see how busy men are about material interests, if not for themselves personally, for the works they patronize, and how their minds and souls are absorbed in political struggles and turned away from higher aims. The modern man fixes his affections on the things of this world, and desperately pursues the good things therein attainable, as if this were his lasting dwelling-place and there were nothing beyond. For him the word Heaven has no meaning. In this cold and dry atmosphere religion grows daily weaker and tends to be swept away.

The third cause undermining it acts on the working-classes. One shudders to think that in England, Germany, and France, everywhere, in fact, where Socialism penetrates among the lower orders, it sows the seeds of Atheism. On this point indeed a very strange error is committed. The workman who stands up for equality rejects Christianity, which brought the good tidings to the outcast and the desolate. Christ declared that "the last should be first," and His word is proscribed by those to whom it promises freedom.

By a similar and no less strange contradiction, the majority of the partisans of democracy in the present day adopt the tenets of Darwinism and Positivism. Darwinism applied to social sciences sets aside all notions of equality, and simply glorifies the triumph of the strongest and the cleverest. We know, indeed, that in the animal kingdom the strongest and the fittest get the upper hand in the struggle for existence, and the weakly and delicate are by degrees eliminated. Thus is accomplished natural selection, which transforms the species and effects progress. In human society, says the Darwinist, the same law should be allowed free sway. In this way those races and individuals who are less favoured would have to yield their place to those who are superior. This is as it should be. Charity and pretended justice interfere very wrongly in such instances. They are placing obstacles.

in the way of the application of natural laws. Let go and let pass, the strongest must reign; they will be the masters of the community, and it is good that they should be so. Natural selection will bring about the same progress in the human race that it does in the animal creation. Right is might, and might being the attribute of superior organizations, it is to the general interest that power should be vested in their hands. Such is the social theory of Darwinism. It is essentially aristocratic. The partisans of democracy and equality can then only uphold it from either mere ignorance or blindness. Nevertheless, they do support it out of antipathy to any sort of religion. There is one thing which sets the labouring classes allured by Socialism very much against any form of Christianity; it is that the ministers of religion, who as a rule belong to the better class, make religion a sort of consecration, a means of defence, of the established order. They say to the poor: "Bear your trials with patience, the present life is short and is a mere preparation for an eternal life beyond. Those who have suffered here will be recompensed above. Poverty is the road to heaven." So long as such notions as these hold ground among the people they will bear their lot submissively. Religious conviction thus arrests the explosion of the spirit of insurrection and Socialistic revindication. Hence the supporters of Socialism do their utmost to lessen its influence, and even entirely to root it out, if possible. The manifestoes of the German Socialists are characteristic in this respect: "Socialism," they say, "is the commencement of a great epoch of atheistic culture. We must all work to prepare its triumph, which will last for thousands of years;"—"Despotism and Theism have always joined hands to exercise oppression; the people have bowed their heads and sought their happiness in another world, instead of claiming it in this, and they have allowed themselves to be turned to account by tyrants. With the disappearance of the last Theist the last slave will disappear. The future must belong to Atheism. Men will be indebted to it for their freedom and their happiness, which they have so long sacrificed for a mere delusion." In England also, the most Radical leaders of the working men's party preach Atheism. If religion continue to be made the boulevard, so to speak, of the established order of things, the sanction of existing social organization, it is quite inevitable that hostility to all religious views will become more widespread as the desire to reform society gains firmer footing.

In Roman Catholic countries all the advocates of freedom are obliged, often in spite of themselves, to attack religious belief. The clergy use religion as a sort of defensive weapon to ensure their domination. All who resist this make war against the priest and, consequently, also against the church he represents.

We see, then, that there are three powerful movements at work eating away religious belief. They are working simultaneously and

are daily making more way. It seems, indeed, that if this continue, all religion must, sooner or later, utterly disappear.

But here rises before us a most important question which demands a very clear and accurate reply: Can civilized society continue to subsist without religion? Morality without a belief in God and in the immortality of the soul, the vague and wavering sentiment of good and evil, with nothing practical to awaken in us the consciousness of our own infirmities or any aspiration towards an ideal of truth and justice: in a word, is human nature, abandoned in its irremediable loneliness to all its earthly instincts, capable of keeping straight and fulfilling the high destinies it is called upon to accomplish? True it is that the animal creation, guided only by instinct, live and perpetuate themselves while merely satisfying their inclinations and appetites. Some savages live very much in the same fashion, with no notions of duty or of a future life to exercise any control over their actions; but their existence is that of the brute beast. They are ceaselessly disputing the prey, and the strongest is the best provided for. But what would our modern society become, which is in truth based on respect and esteem for what is *right*, if the feeling of duty and all notions of justice were to disappear? If Atheism were to become universal, if it were everywhere confessed and taught, would it not inevitably carry us back to the barbarity of pre-historic ages?

Let us, for a moment, carefully consider this state of things, which seems yearly to be drawing nearer, and which some persons are so anxiously longing for.

Heaven is at last empty, and the places of worship entirely deserted. There is no God, no eternal and immutable type of truth and justice; no prayers can be addressed to a merciful Father, supreme source of comfort and consolation for the desolate and afflicted; there is no hope of another and a better life, where there is no more sin, and where the just are rewarded. Religion has altogether vanished, like the elementary myths which our early predecessors believed in. Irreligion is no longer the privilege of scholars and learned men, as in the eighteenth century. If Atheism is indeed the truth it must be openly preached to all. There will be many who will say to the people: "What is the use of a religion? Religion supposes a God and God does not exist. It is a mere word of no meaning, invented by terror, imposed on credulous minds, turned to account by fanaticism, and enlarged upon by the dreamings and empty meditations and reveries of ages. God is a mere mirage of man's personality. Man! you were bowing in adoration to yourself. You were worshipping your own image. Stand up; and raise your head too long bent to the dust beneath the yoke of tyrants and priests! Produce of earthly clay, you have nothing to hope for beyond this world. You need look for nothing in a future beyond the grave, for that future does not exist. Your lot is limited to an existence here below;

endeavour then to make the best of it, and to secure for yourself a large share of enjoyment and of the good things of the earth. For there is no compensation elsewhere."

Who can contemplate such a situation without alarm? With the notion of God, light disappears from the moral world and darkness invades all. Byron's "Dream of Darkness" becomes accomplished. It seems as if humanity could not exist without religion as a spiritual atmosphere, and we see that as this decreases despair and pessimism take hold of minds thus deprived of solace. Madame Ackerman well expresses this in some lines addressed to Faith, in which she writes:

"Eh bien, nous t'expulsons de tes divins royaumes,  
 Dominatrice ardente, et l'instant est venu :  
 Tu ne vas plus savoir où loger tes fantômes,  
 Nous fermons l'Inconnu !  
 Mais ton triomphateur expia ta défaite—  
 L'homme déjà se trouble et, vainqueur éperdu,  
 Il se sent ruiné par sa propre conquête ;  
 En te dépossédant nous avons tout perdu.  
 Nous restons sans espoir, sans recours, sans asile,  
 Tandis qu'obstinément le désir qu'on exile  
 Revient errer autour du gouffre défendu."

Incurable sadness takes hold of the man who has no hope of anything better than this life, short as it is, and overwhelmed with trials of all kinds, where iniquity triumphs if it have but force on its side, and where men risk their lives in dispute with each other for a place when there is too little space for all, and the means of subsistence are wholly insufficient! Some German colonies have been founded in America, in which all sorts of divine worship are proscribed: those who have visited them describe the colonists, the women especially, as appearing exceedingly sad. Life with no hope in the future loses its savour.

A still more serious view of the matter is that, not unfrequently, with religion, morality also disappears; it has no longer any basis, and certainly no real hold on the soul or mind. Science, when reduced to material observation, can only know what is, not what *ought* to be. If there does not exist, beyond the tangible reality, an ideal of right and justice, how can I possibly conform to it? If man is absolutely nothing but matter, constituted in some special manner, it cannot be conceived that this collection of particles of carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen has duties to perform. What is the duty of the lion, the mollusc or the seaweed, of the stone falling, or the wind blowing? Materialism will never succeed in supplying a basis for moral law. I can comprehend morality apart from any specified form of worship, but not apart from a belief in God and in the immortality of the soul. Without these two convictions, there is no reasonable impediment to my seeking my own pleasure and well-being even at the cost of others' happiness. I should not hesitate to sacrifice others for my own benefit: but sacrifice myself for others, why, and to what end?

If all indeed ends with this life, what valid reason can you give me for risking my life in the service of my fellow-men or my country? What can I expect in return for such a sacrifice? Esteem, glory, the gratitude of posterity, what is all that to me? I shall know nothing of it. Such notions as these may stimulate men who have been trained in a religious belief or a spiritual philosophy, who, in spite of all, have still an affection for spiritual things; but speak of them to a practical and logical Materialist, he will shrug his shoulders, and, from his point of view, he is right in so doing.

In the Book of Ecclesiastes, he who has no belief in a future life thus expresses himself: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." "Truly the living know they must die, but the dead know nothing, and are no gainers; for their memory even is forgotten." "Wherefore I have drunk deeply of joy, because there is nought better for man than to eat, drink and rejoice." Horace, the disciple of Epicurus, uses similar language; he says: "Let us enjoy life, and drain the cup of pleasure before old age and death overtake us."

An Atheist, if he argue consistently, will not expose his life to defend either his country or his fellow-man; for, if *all* really dies with the body, why should he sacrifice that by which he enjoys all the rest? Abnegation such as this would be absolute folly, and the sacrifice complete trickery. The denial of the spirituality of the soul uproots all reasonable motives for being just and honest. If I can enrich myself and escape the penal code, why should I not do so? The blaze of gold soon makes men forget a slur on the moral character. I see no good reason for abstaining from any indelicacy of conduct, from an abuse of another's confidence, or even from theft, if all this may go unpunished and be profitable to myself. Apart from religion, what influence is there to encourage good and withstand evil propensities? They tell us there are two—honour and conscience. But honour is a sentiment which has sprung up in essentially spiritualistic societies, and which could not even subsist in any other atmosphere. In a country given over to materialism, it is scarcely ever to be met with, or, if it just exists, it must disappear, for it has no foundation there on which it can implant itself. Place in one scale all the enjoyments of life, and in the other honour—that is to say, the desire for the consideration of one's fellow-men; it is quite certain the majority of persons would select the first of these. The satisfaction procured by the consideration of others exists only in imagination; whereas the pleasures of wealth, even ill-gotten, appeal to the senses and have a strong hold on the carnal man. If I act wrongly, you tell me my life is dishonoured, and I shall feel it a charge on me, a burden of which I cannot rid myself. But if I change my country, I shake off the dishonour with the dust of my feet, and I find other pleasures and enjoyments, and even consideration, if I have sufficient means to purchase it. Besides, a pleasure-loving man cares

but little for the esteem of others, if he can but have all his own comfort and ease; and he can live in luxury and fail to perceive that he is despised.

But conscience, it is again objected, do you count it for nothing? Certainly conscience is a great strength, but apart from all notion of God, or, in other words, from any absolute type of good and evil, how vacillating and frail it is! Good and evil, right and wrong, these are merely terms of comparison if it be once admitted that matter alone exists. To be absolutely accurate, these words lose all their value, and there remains, as for animals, nothing save the mere pleasure of the moment. Besides, conscience becomes so rapidly warped and deadened when there is no religious feeling to keep it on the alert. Do you think that the rogue who has enriched himself with the spoils of his victims, and is luxuriating in all the enjoyment that our capitals can procure him, suffers much from remorse or qualms of conscience? These are merely empty phrases, flowers of rhetoric and nothing more. In the midst of the business and pleasures which fill up his entire life he has no time for feelings of remorse. Conscience has nothing to do with such a man; he has not even the leisure to grant it an audience.

Duty without God or a future life is a very fine word, but it has no meaning whatever. To make disinterested attachment to what is right the guiding star of human actions, and consequently the foundation-stone of society, is a mere return to the errors of Quietism, which taught that the love of God should be unalloyed with any feeling of self whatever. It is always most profitable to re-read Bossuet's and Fenelon's discussion on this subject. Fenelon was condemned, and justly so; his arguments applied to an ideal man who has never really existed.

The study of *reality* cannot be called in question. Man, like every organized creature or rather living thing, plants included, pursues his own well-being. The love of self is the fundamental principle of the preservation of species; without this instinct, which dominates all others, they would perish. To hope that man, for the sake of accomplishing what is called his duty, would give up even a small pleasure if he has no personal interest in so doing, and still more if it is against his interest so to do, is a positive delusion. In man there is always to be found, more or less concealed, the animal with its carnal tastes and appetites; for him to overcome them and keep them well subdued, there must be either religion or a spiritual philosophy to lead him to take an interest in spiritual things, and influence his life and acts. Man seeks his happiness as the stone falls, by the force of a natural law; it is, therefore, worse than useless to attempt to inculcate disinterested duty and the "Quietist's" love of right. What is possible, on the other hand, is to open a perspective of eternal bliss

which renders men regardless of their lot in this life, and ready even, if called upon to do so, joyfully to lay it down.

There are many Atheists who are reckoned among the best and greatest men of their day: Helvetius, for instance, so humane, so full of good works, and James Mill, a model of morality, stoical, cold and pure as an antique marble; but these exceptional men are of themselves philosophers, not exposed to the ordinary temptations of the senses, and formed by a Christian education in the midst of a Christian society. In every one of our individual acts the influence exercised by the views and opinions of our neighbours is greater than our own personal share. But imagine a people with religion entirely banished from amongst them; morality and the mere idea of sacrifice and duty would disappear with it. Darwinism teaches that in the struggle for existence the strongest and fittest should have the pre-eminence, and support themselves at the cost of the weaker. Therefore, let us employ our utmost endeavours to be the strongest, and to take the place of others; we shall, in so doing, accomplish our duty, for we shall be the means of occasioning the triumph of a natural law which is productive of the perfecting of species. The destruction of religion would also have the effect of mercilessly embittering the claims of the poor. The chiefs of the revolutionary communistic party are well inspired when they place the negation of God at the head of their manifestoes of war against society. The more men are led to count on mere transitory and sensual enjoyments (all hope of heavenly compensation being denied them), the less patiently will they bear present social inequality, which deprives them of their share of the good things of this, their only world. If they realize that they can secure for themselves none of these, they will be seized with an irrepressible hatred, and with an enraged fury for the destruction of the institutions of which they consider themselves the victims. It was feelings such as these which led the Paris Communists to set fire to the monuments, the symbols of the established power. It is quite certain that Atheism will fire the trail with which revolutionary communism would fain consume everything on that day when, vanquished, it no longer sees the possibility of realizing its schemes for social reform.

Naturalism does away with all idea of liberty. In the physical universe all is settled by natural laws. If, therefore, man is only matter he is compelled inevitably to obey these laws. What becomes, then, of responsibility and culpability? The words may be retained, but they have no more meaning.

If all hope of a future existence must be abandoned, what a sad lot human life becomes. For a few bright days of joy and happiness what care and sorrow and suffering, both in body and mind. How dreary and desolate the down-hill path to the grave! How far happier are animals than men: scarcely any sickness, for they live in conformity



to their instincts, and without excesses of any kind; moral grief is unknown to them, and their life comes to an end without either apprehensions or regrets. If what we call the soul, the mind, the capacity to think and reason, is given us merely to cause suffering, and to make us realize the bitterness of this existence without any to-morrow, we have well cause to curse the gift, and man is not, as it is said, a perfected animal, but an unfortunate being, ceaselessly tormented with unassuaged desires and deceived hopes. Lamartine was quite wrong when he wrote, "*L'homme est un ange déchû qui se souvient des cieux*;" he is rather a pitiable creature who must regret the clay from whence he came.

But I do not believe that true science is opposed to religion. It is all very well to explain everything by natural causes or general laws; but whence do these emanate? Evidently from a great supreme cause. If cosmic matter became condensed, firstly as nebula, and then as suns and planets on which life gradually became developed in more and more perfect forms, there is here an ascending movement, a continuous progress which, of itself, excludes the hypothesis of mere blind hazard without any final aim. Neither can I understand in what manner Darwinian theories ruin a belief in God. How were species first formed, by evolution or by creation? Let us take the horse, for instance: either it appeared as a succession to congenial surroundings, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, and by a series of insensible transformations, or it sprang up suddenly from the soil, born of inorganic matter which so arranged itself as to engender two animals of the equine species; this would be spontaneous generation, not of infusoria but of a being of superior organization. This latter hypothesis appears less probable than the first, and less in conformity with a providential plan, for has it not been said, *natura non facit saltus*? Scientific men, who are in favour of religion—Pasteur, for instance—have contested spontaneous generation, and have shown by experiments that it does not take place, whereas many naturalists and geologists, even though they are Catholics, as for instance D'Omalius de Halloy and Van Beneden in Belgium, admit the theory of transformation. Science may discover a linking of causes and effects which it terms *natural laws*, but as Mr. G. J. Romanes recently wrote in this REVIEW: "It may very well be that unless they were themselves ordained by a disposing mind, these physical causes could neither have come into existence, nor afterwards have conspired to produce by their combined activity an orderly cosmos."

Briefly, then, without a belief in God and in the soul's immortality, any code of morality must be lacking in basis, and consequently the social order, which rests on principles of right and justice, is being undermined at its foundations. If all religious feeling were entirely to melt away, a return to primitive barbarism would be inevitable. It is

an undeniable fact that religion has everywhere presided over the development of civilization. If, therefore, civilization is not destined to perish, religion, in one or other form, will continue to supply moral rules of conduct, and the necessary incentive for the accomplishment of duty.

But what will this form be? It may safely be affirmed that it will be an emanation of Christianity. No new religion will be invented. The age is past and gone in which the Ideal was incarnated in history under the form of revelation. Christianity brought men back to the pure and simple teaching of Christ, embodying the practice of charity and the obligation to aim at perfection: "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect;" "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—this, it must be admitted, is the religion *par excellence*. If any be destined to survive, it would be such plain teaching and simple faith as this.

But religion, which is indispensable as the foundation of true morality and of high principles, can it subsist without any formula, organization, or public worship—reduced to a mere individual faith with no exterior manifestation whatever? I do not think it can. All doctrine, especially when it has to regulate man's actions in life, must be clearly defined. The existence of human beings and of society in general cannot be based on a doubt or a negation. The philosopher may plunge deeper and deeper in search of truth; but men in general, and children more especially, require clear and absolute affirmations.

Daily experience shows us the necessity of a form of worship. Any feeling unsustained by outward manifestations languishes and tends to expire. The connection between the physical and the mental is such that the one is indispensable to the other. For religious feeling to be a living force and to bring forth fruit, it is necessary that it should be excited and vivified by outward manifestations, by the meeting of members of one faith together, and by symbolic practices. Freemasonry has its rites and ceremonies, and in North America even the Atheists have a form of worship. E. Quinet writes on this subject:—

"Man will not make up his mind to go through life without a word of any sort to connect him with the immortals, those who have gone before. He will neither enter this world nor leave it in secret, like a leaf which is born and dies. He requires a witness to answer for him before the community of the living and the dead. Be it strength, greatness, or weakness, such is his nature; he cannot change it."

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

**F**EW wiser or more necessary words have been spoken in the great controversy of the hour than those with which Lord Spencer closed his recent speech at Sheffield: "The great policy which Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party advocate is above personalities and persons." If it were possible to indoctrinate politicians generally with the spirit of this remark, we should not only get rid of the bitterness which is the opprobrium of the political life of to-day, but we might hope for a speedy and reasonable issue of this fierce and tangled controversy. Any one who has plodded his weary way through the interminable speeches and articles on this subject must, in his more reflective moments, have been impressed with the contrast between the very limited space given to argument on the real issue and the extraordinary prominence of mere personal discussion, which does not contribute an iota to the settlement of one of the most grave and difficult problems with which a nation ever had to deal. Whatever decision be reached must have a far-reaching effect, not only upon the future of Ireland, but on the position of the British Empire, and it is nothing short of infatuation to treat such a question except on the broadest ground of principle and policy. For, however the real point be obscured amid the fierce personal attacks, the biting satire, the reckless charges, and the angry retorts which are so large an element in the political oratory of the day, there are two rival policies, and the question is: by which of them is our government of Ireland to be shaped. Which is most in accord with the principles and traditions that of Liberalism is a matter of dispute. Mr. Chamberlain considers his new allies have ceased to be Tories, and that the old friends whom he has deserted have ceased to be Liberals. In other words, to agree with the member for West Birmingham is to be a Liberal, to differ from him is to be a Tory. This is no idiosyncrasy of his, for the

belief is common to the whole Liberal Unionist section, and in truth is shared by a very large number beside. If Mr. Chamberlain and his relentless critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette* agree in anything, it is in this claim to be the genuine representatives of Liberalism. It is not necessary to dispute a point of nomenclature. If it pleases Mr. Chamberlain to believe that the men who are ruling Ireland with a contemptuous indifference to all the best traditions of English freedom, which is almost brutal in its cynicism—who have handed over the rights of the Irish people to a number of subordinate magistrates, dependent on the favour of the Government for their official life, and in most cases keen partisans—who silence political opponents by thrusting them into prison, and indirectly incite the police to acts of violence by constituting themselves their indiscriminating apologists—have ceased to be Tories, there is nothing to be gained by seeking to deprive him of this consolation. All that those who, despite the anathemas of the distinguished party to which he belongs, still venture to call themselves Liberals, are concerned to maintain, is that between the advocates of this policy and themselves there is a great gulf fixed. How they are to be named who stand on the opposite sides, is a matter of supreme indifference. What is important is that it be made clear that this is not a struggle for pre-eminence, but a battle of principle, in which not only the liberty of Ireland, but the character and even the power of the Empire are at stake.

If this be once realized, it will be seen how small a matter, when looked at from a high political standpoint, are a number of questions on which much eloquence has been expended, and about which much passionate feeling has been evoked. Here, for example, does the *Spectator*, which is nothing if not philosophical, in expressing the thankfulness with which men of all parties must regard the convalescence of Mr. Bright, speak of it as a relief, "especially to those who feel that his authority weighs heavily just now in politics as a Liberal, who not only advocated a great alteration of the Land Law in Ireland long before Mr. Gladstone took up the same cause, but who, having carefully watched the behaviour of the Parnellite party, places no confidence whatever in the depth or genuineness of its patriotism." An admirer of Mr. Bright hardly acts wisely in thus concentrating public attention on the weakest point in his public conduct. The present attitude of so illustrious a champion of liberty and justice is puzzling enough, but if he can show that his opposition to Home Rule is consistent with his former fiery denunciations of the injustice done to Ireland, or if he has seen sound reason to forsake the popular cause, he is entitled to a respectful hearing. But one of the worst reasons which could possibly be given is that assigned by the *Spectator*. It would be interesting to learn from so philosophic a student of history, when the leaders of any revolt on the part of a subject race have been regarded as high-minded patriots by the members

of the class from whose yoke they sought to deliver their country. To-day we are all admirers of George Washington; but was he held in the same high esteem by the majority who supported the mad policy of Lord North? But it is not necessary to go so far back. There was a time when John Bright was a great popular chief, and at that time his name was held by the ruling classes and their toadies in suburban Villadom in a detestation hardly less than that which is now felt towards John Dillon. Would he in those days have had much patience with a Tory or a Whig (for he found as little favour with the one as with the other) who took up the line of argument ascribed to himself by the *Spectator*, and said that, having carefully watched the behaviour of the Anti-Corn-Law League, he placed no confidence in the depth or genuineness of the patriotism of its leaders, and was therefore opposed to Free Trade? Would he not have argued with resistless force that the people were not to suffer for the sins of the League, that the justice of their claim was independent altogether of the motives of their advocates; and that if the chiefs of the League were ambitious and selfish, the surest way of counteracting their intrigues was to take their most powerful weapon out of their hands by adopting a policy of righteousness? Why not pursue the same course in relation to Ireland and her representatives?

It must be admitted that the Irish members themselves are largely responsible for the personality which has been infused into this controversy. It is a grievous fault, and grievously have they answered it. Their Celtic temper has been too often manifest in their speech and conduct, and they are suffering to-day for the passionate folly of past times. If their foes were more generous or even more just, they would remember that the recklessness with which they have assailed men whom they ought to have treated with respect, might find some excuse in their peculiar position as a small and desperate party, fighting against a compact mass of opinion, both in and out of Parliament. They were without friends, and friendless men are apt to be reckless. They had nothing to gain by moderation and nothing to lose by unscrupulous violence, and they acted accordingly. They certainly did much to shock not only the prejudices but the best feelings of Englishmen, but true magnanimity would make great allowance for men who were engaged in a life-and-death struggle for the rights of their country, who were often reduced to sheer desperation, and who had been taught by an unfortunate experience that when the ruling classes of the country have made concessions it has been to the persistent demands of the resolute and not always scrupulous agitator, not to the calm and convincing representations of the thoughtful politician. Even cool-headed men are prone to become violent under conditions so exasperating; but they are of a race not accustomed to measure its words, or to suppose that too rigid an interpretation would be put on language spoken under the excitement of strong feeling. Large hearted opponents would

make allowance for this, and there are some of our statesmen who have been great enough to rise to this level. No man suffered more from Irish violence than the man who is devoting the last years of an illustrious life to a gallant endeavour to close the centuries of misunderstanding and conflict between the two peoples. Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan shared with him the fierceness of the attack, and they emulate him in the nobility of the spirit with which they have forgiven, and as far as possible forgotten, its unhappy incidents. Such conduct is true statesmanship as well as high-minded practical religion. National affairs can never be conducted with wisdom and strength if personal feelings are allowed to govern the actions of statesmen. It is safe to predict that, when the story of these times comes to be written, a more severe verdict will be passed upon those who allowed their resentment of some real or supposed injury received at the hands of Irish patriots to warp their judgment of Irish policy, than upon the original offenders themselves. Passion is always an unsafe counsellor, and in public affairs it is dangerous also.

The Irish Nationalists, it must be said, have learned very much from experience, and yet even now, unwarned by all the lessons of the past, they occasionally repeat the faults for which they are paying so heavy a penalty. Some of them have frankly expressed their regret for that violent tirade against Mr. Bright by which Mr. Sexton shocked all who remembered what chivalrous service Mr. Bright had done for Ireland in days of darkness, but Mr. Chamberlain has to face similar treatment. It is a grievous mistake, if looked at only in point of policy, which would hardly be committed if the Irish party realized how much they are asking at the hands of England. The concession of Home Rule will not only be a distinct surrender on the part of the stronger power, but a surrender involving a confession of national failure, and will be felt by numbers as a distinct loss of national prestige. Our political struggles in the past have been between two sections of the people; but this has been carried on more or less openly for centuries between the two nations, and is embittered with all kinds of evil memories. All this increases enormously the difficulties of those who are intent on doing what they believe to be right, and makes it desirable, if not absolutely necessary, that the settlement should be the result, not of a party victory, but of an agreement between the leaders of all parties. Under these conditions, it must surely be the very height of unwisdom to goad into uncompromising resistance a politician with the undoubted capacity of Mr. Chamberlain. Even if the view which his relentless critics take of his character and policy were true, if he had as little true sympathy with the people as they suggest, and were a mere seeker after power; it is not his motives but his politics with which they have to do. Numbers who believe that he has so sinned against Liberalism as to be almost beyond hope of redemption, dislike

these personal attacks, and are offended by what they believe to be the injustice of such representations. Undoubtedly he has been very provoking, but this mode of retaliation is not good policy,

It may be urged in reply that, in his attacks on Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain has not only descended to the same kind of warfare, but has furnished the fullest justification for the verdicts which have been passed upon himself. Even if this be true, it is surely better to follow Mr. Gladstone's own example. Unfortunately for himself and for the cause with which he is identified, every utterance of Mr. Chamberlain's produces the impression that he is far more anxious to damage Mr. Gladstone than to maintain the Union. In this he errs in company with all the members of the distinguished company to which he belongs. Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Sir Henry James, both in their speeches and letters, all and always strike the same note of hatred to Mr. Gladstone. They are so many specimens of the political Paganini. They have but one string on which to play, and it requires no little skill to maintain the variety necessary to effect. If truth must be told, they have become somewhat wearisome. At first the painful impression produced by the vehement denunciations of a veteran statesman by those who had been his colleagues and friends for years, had in it an element of excitement. But that is gone, and now the violence or the bitterness of these discreditable exhibitions stands out in all its native ugliness, and it excites only indignation or contempt, the latter being the preponderant feeling. Who, for example, is at all disturbed by Lord Hartington's pitiable confession of past weakness and arrogant boast of his future independence—that he had committed his financial conscience to Mr. Gladstone in 1885, but he would certainly never do it again? Such a piece of mere *brusquerie* lacks the qualities which, according to Matthew Arnold, would have made it interesting. It has neither distinction nor beauty. But if it is not interesting, it certainly is not instructive or convincing. Had he been wise his lordship would have remembered that there is another side to this strange attempt to shake off the responsibility for a great financial measure coming from the Cabinet in which he was so prominent a member. The proposal, in truth, was one of simple justice, and it is in the recollection of some of us that Lord Hartington was credited at the time with an extraordinary amount of public virtue for agreeing to a readjustment of what Mr. Gladstone calls the death-duties, which would have involved a considerable sacrifice on his part. His own statement shows that all honour then paid to him was a mistake, that the lofty public spirit attributed to him existed only in the imagination of his eulogists, that he only stumbled into a show of virtue by reason of an undue trust in Mr. Gladstone, and that he is so entirely ashamed of such sentimental weakness that he will never fall into the same error again. It is not to be supposed that Lord Hartington meant all this. What he did mean was to proclaim that

antipathy to his old chief which is the weakness and the scandal of the coterie of which he is the centre. Had Mr. Gladstone condescended to retort he might with reason have laid the burden of any blunders in Egypt upon the War Minister of that administration. Lord Hartington must know that while the Premier was of course responsible for the Egyptian policy of his Government, it was in no individual sense Mr. Gladstone's, and that for the faults in the carrying out of that policy he himself was responsible. Yet he has remained silent amid all the insinuations, influendoes, and open attacks which have been showered upon Mr. Gladstone, including the letter from the Queen to Miss Gordon, reflecting on him for faults which were entirely those of military administration. And this is the chivalry of an English aristocrat, the very pink and flower of his order!

Severely as Mr. Chamberlain has been censured for his attacks on Mr. Gladstone, there is nothing in any of them which exceeds the utterance of Lord Hartington's for its condensed bitterness. May it not be hoped also that, bad as they are, they are used by him as weapons of controversy only. There is a passage in one of Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches which may throw some light on his most passionate denunciations. Speaking in reply to a vote of thanks at the meeting of the Liberal Unionist Association at Birmingham, he said: "Liberal Unionism in Birmingham has hitherto been on the defensive. Now the time has come—it has been forced on us by our opponents—when we must assume a more aggressive mood; and you will remember the words of Shakespeare—

‘Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.’”

This is a significant statement which may possibly explain a great deal that otherwise is rather unintelligible. It suggests that, when once embarked in a controversy, the speaker's one consideration is how to conduct it to a successful issue. The wisdom of such a maxim, when applied to public affairs, and especially to differences among members of the same party, is more than questionable. If, indeed, the object of a combatant be to prove how formidable he is, the best course may be to strike often, to strike hard, and to strike without any consideration except as to how the greatest injury may be inflicted. But that is hardly the course which a consummate strategist would employ even in war, unless his object were the utter extinction of his foe. In political struggles, and above all in those which unfortunately sometimes break out between men who are agreed in their general views, it is singularly unwise. Whatever the issue of the present conflict, Mr. Chamberlain is sure to find, sooner or later, that his bitter words will come home to roost, and that he would have better served his own cause, and certainly would have better consulted his own permanent



reputation, had he left to Mr. Jesse Collings a monopoly of these unworthy attacks upon Mr. Gladstone.

There is a suggestive incident in the struggle between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Disraeli, which might be studied with advantage by Mr. Chamberlain and other assailants of Mr. Gladstone. Despite their biting sarcasms, their brilliant epigrams, and their scathing criticisms of the great statesman's inconsistency, it was only on one occasion that the denunciations directed against the Minister whom events had converted to a Free Trade policy, pierced the joints of his armour. Nothing so impressed the House, or touched Sir Robert himself, as the reference to his conduct to Canning. The relations between the two men were somewhat tangled, and there had been a sore feeling on the part of many of Canning's friends, of which Mr. Disraeli sought to take advantage. The attack failed, for Peel was able successfully to answer the charge brought against him by his pitiless censor. Nevertheless the circumstance, trivial as it seems, has its lessons. Mr. Disraeli was a very shrewd judge of the feelings of the House of Commons, and if he dragged that half-forgotten story out of its dishonoured grave, it was because he calculated that nothing would more effectually serve his purpose to damage the statesman who had committed the unpardonable sin of not discerning his critic's merits. He failed because his case was not fully sustained, but he was right in his estimate of the effect which would have been produced had he been able to convict Peel of want of fairness and generosity in his treatment of an old rival.

We shall doubtless be told, indeed we are continually told, that the reason for the unsparing criticism on Mr. Gladstone is, that the strength of the Home Rule cause is dependent on his personal influence, and that it is necessary to break that in order to prevent what his critics are pleased to describe as separation. The mistake here is twofold. As Mr. Gladstone himself very pathetically reminded the Nonconformist ministers at the Memorial Hall, the cause of justice to Ireland is not dependent on the life of an old man. There is indeed no stranger fancy even in the long catalogue of "Unionist delusions" than the idea that Liberals, especially Nonconformists, are blind devotees of Mr. Gladstone, who are zealous for Home Rule solely because of their infatuation about him. As Lord Hartington confesses that he once trusted his financial conscience to his former chief, and as he cannot be supposed to have an intimate knowledge of the Radical section of the party, he might be excused for such a mistake in political diagnosis. But Mr. Chamberlain has always maintained his own independence, and he has had sufficient experience of the men who form the backbone of the National Liberal Federation to know that they are not likely to subject themselves to any man, however profound the veneration with which they regard him. He cannot have forgotten the occasion on which I first had the pleasure

of meeting him. It was on the platform of the Nonconformist Conference at Manchester, when the standard of revolt against Mr. Gladstone's Government was unfurled, and a resolution of the committee was met by an amendment calling for the removal of Mr. Forster, which was carried with a passionate enthusiasm. Can he suppose that some strange change has come over the spirit of the party which formed that Conference? Many of the true and brave men present there have passed away, but they have left behind them successors of the same spirit—men who would scorn to become the slaves of any leader, or to be dragged at the wheels of any party. They follow Mr. Gladstone because they have faith in his wisdom and integrity. Many of us differed from some parts of his Irish Bills, and did not hesitate to say so, and if there is occasion will say so again. But the underlying principle of the policy we held to be sound and right, and we adhered to it accordingly. What advantage is to accrue to those who insult our intelligence and independence by telling us that we have no other function in political life but to say ditto to Mr. Gladstone, is not obvious. If they suppose that this may dispose us some day to become their followers, they must have forgotten that human nature has still a place even in robust Radicals.

The infatuation is a dream, but if it were a fact there could be no mode of treatment less calculated to effect a cure than the perpetual criticism of the object of this devotion. If, indeed, it were possible to find some serious ground of accusation against Mr. Gladstone, if there had been any abuse of his patronage, or any suggestion of corrupt motive of any kind—if he could have been accused of wasting the resources of the State on some dream of ambition, or of showing some unworthy nepotism—there would be reason for this continuous attack. But was ever a great man attacked on grounds so flimsy and insufficient? The *Times* has disgraced itself by the unmeasured virulence of its language, but when fierce passion has been extracted and we come to the real matter of accusation, to what does it all amount? There is much gnashing of teeth—a plentiful discharge of venom—but that is all. Day by day there is the repetition of the abuse, but searching through the multitude of words for a grain of fact, we can find nothing except that Mr. Gladstone advocates an Irish policy which the *Times* does not approve. As our memory does not recall a solitary case in which the *Times* ever did approve of any onward movement until its success had become a certainty, its present attitude will not trouble any one who honours Mr. Gladstone as the great leader of the party of progress. So did it hate all who filled that position before him. So did it hate Mr. Chamberlain, and if it pours its loathsome flatteries over him to-day, it is only in the hope that he has definitely broken with the Liberal party. It tells us, forsooth, that Mr. Gladstone has thrown away his character. If the journal had the character to which it pretends, the allegation might be serious. As it is, it means only that Mr.

Gladstone's views do not commend themselves to the *Dii superi* of Printing House Square.

The one accusation, which is reiterated in season and out of season, is that Mr. Gladstone is self-willed, imperious, arbitrary. All the Unionist chiefs repeat this in different forms. It would not be easy to find another point on which Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain agree; but they are at one on this, and, sad to tell, Mr. Bright, the trusted friend of years, has swelled this chorus of complaint. Was ever anything more pitiful? Here are the men who claim to possess the intellect and character of the Liberal party. Certainly, when we look at the group they appear sufficiently formidable. There is no element of strength which is not represented by one or other of them. In addition to the three eminent leaders, we have the *vir pietate gravi* in Lord Selborne, a new Rupert of debate in the Duke of Argyll, a great master of legal fence in Sir Henry James, a leader (on his own showing) of a noble army of martyrs in Mr. Courtney; and they all go whining up and down the country about the intolerable assumption of Mr. Gladstone. Did ever a number of strong men present a more pitiable spectacle? Meekness is certainly not the virtue for which some of them are distinguished, and it may safely be assumed that if their late chief undertook to dictate to them he must have had a somewhat difficult task.

It is about time that this talk about a "dictator" ceased. It is too severe a tax on one's patience to have Mr. Chamberlain gravely expressing a "hope that there is still sufficient independence left in the Liberal party to prevent the interests of the democracy from falling into the hands of a political dictator, as dangerous to the security of the State as any of the military despots who have imposed their authority on other countries." As we read we remember the writer's avowal as to the mode in which he will conduct a quarrel, and indulge the hope that Mr. Chamberlain does not expect to be taken literally in this any more than in the still more unworthy assertion that Mr. Gladstone means to trick the people. They are simply instruments of war. But even so they are not wisely chosen. There is no point in the accusation. In a more dispassionate mood Mr. Chamberlain would be the first to laugh to scorn the idea of the English democracy being in the hands of any dictator. There is an odious sound about the word, and the thing is odious enough when a man is able to secure absolute power, whether by means of base intrigue or of military force. As a term of reproach in party conflict it expresses nothing more than discontent with the influence a rival is able to wield by means of the popular confidence which he enjoys. Every leader strong enough for his position is sure to be called a dictator. So far as Mr. Gladstone is concerned, the world is beginning to understand that it would have been better both for the party and the country, if he had shown a little more of the spirit so freely but so falsely

attributed to him. The conviction has been steadily growing that if the Cabinet of 1880 had been more under his control, it would in all probability have escaped many of the mistakes which it committed. But the question need not be discussed. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor any other political chief can have any power beyond that which the people entrust to him. The danger at present lies, not in the direction of excessive trust, but of the opposite. The people are enthusiastic for a leader so long as he is in sympathy with their own aims and tendencies; but they are just as likely to be passionate in their opposition if they suspect him of any disloyalty. There is not such an excess of reverence for individuals or of gratitude for past services that it is necessary to try and break down their attachment to a leader who has shown himself worthy of their trust, not only by the redemption of his pledges, but by the constant manifestation of that deep popular sympathy which they instinctively understand and appreciate.

All this, however, is part of the unhappy and mistaken policy which has created a schism in the Liberal party, and has degraded a controversy about one of the most important points of a national policy into a persistent endeavour to lower the reputation of a statesman who unfortunately has provoked the opposition of some of his former friends and colleagues. It is strange that the sagacity of such experienced politicians as the Unionist leaders has not availed to save them from a tactical error so serious. The English are a generous people, and clear-sighted also. The combination of a number of leaders to hunt down a veteran chief against whom they have nothing to allege except that he has not shown sufficient deference to them, does not strike the mass of the people as noble or wise. They are quick enough to see that Mr. Gladstone could have no personal object in his courageous policy to Ireland, since a more easy and temporizing course would have secured him a lease of power for the rest of his public life. They have rallied to him, therefore, with an unprecedented loyalty, the depth and fervour of which are beginning to be understood. The game of Gladstone-baiting is clearly played out; and if the paper Union cannot be saved except by the destruction of our great leader's influence, its doom is already sealed. Even if the base calculation on an old man's life were verified, the mortification of these dissentient Liberals would only be more complete, for they have roused a chivalrous sentiment for the man they have so shamelessly assailed which will one day surprise them by its intensity and its power.

Mr. Chamberlain has a dangerous gift, and he uses it with a freedom which must sometimes cause him considerable embarrassment. He is exceedingly clever in his epigrams; they are very telling, but they fix themselves in the memory of those who smart under them. Those who are content to take part in the game have no right to complain if they smart under some of his strokes; but outsiders do not appreciate this kind of polemic, and they resent it,

especially when directed against a man of Mr. Gladstone's spirit and experience. But his greatest mistake has been his alliance with Tories in order to force his views upon the Liberals. The question—whether as to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy itself, or the mode in which it was presented to the party—was one for Liberals themselves to settle. It was a domestic quarrel with which strangers, and still more enemies, had no right to intermeddle. In allying himself with Tories in order to defeat his old chief, Mr. Chamberlain sacrificed the interests of Liberalism and laid himself open to accusations of disloyalty which have been brought against him often with more passion than judgment. Such attacks are to be condemned on the one side as well as the other. The treatment of Mr. Chamberlain by some writers in the Liberal press, as well as by Mr. Labouchere and other speakers, has been almost as ungenerous and as impolitic as the wild tirades which Mr. Jesse Collings is in the habit of directing against Mr. Gladstone. Even Mr. Chamberlain, however, must confess that no politician who pursues the extraordinary course which he has taken during the last two years can expect to escape severest censure from those whom he has deserted. It has entertained us to hear his friends complain of the treatment he has received from some of his old allies, and especially from Nonconformists. Can these gentlemen have realized, even in a slight degree, the bitter disappointment which Mr. Chamberlain has inflicted upon numbers who trusted him most fully and followed him most loyally? When his name was a terror and an aversion in every Tory circle, when he was hated with that passionate hate for which Toryism is distinguished, when half-hearted Whigs were making his speeches an excuse for desertion of the party to which they had belonged all their lives, we were his admirers and his defenders. He can little understand what loyalty to him meant in the circle of metropolitan Villadon during the campaign of 1885, but it was ungrudgingly given under the belief that in him great Liberal principles had found an able exponent whom nothing would turn aside from the pursuit of those great reforms which he so eloquently advocated. It is not necessary to say there has been betrayed trust, but there has certainly been disappointed hope. The enthusiasm kindled by Mr. Chamberlain in 1885 is the measure of the indignation felt by those who now hear him cheered to the echo by the very men who three years ago denounced him as another Jack Cade. If in the excitement old friends who feel themselves deserted judge harshly and speak bitterly, it is not surprising, however much to be regretted.

No advantage, however, is to be gained by imputing unworthy motives for Mr. Chamberlain's conduct. So far as the question of Home Rule is concerned, there is no ground for a charge of inconsistency. His language at Warrington in 1885 was as strong and decided as any he has used since, and marks as clearly the line of separation between him and Mr. Gladstone. He expressed the faith

then, which he seems to cherish still, that a scheme of provincial councils with a national council would have met the necessities of the case had not Mr. Parnell, *encouraged by the Tory surrender*, raised his terms. "No doubt there would have remained the national sentiment in favour of the establishment of a separate Legislature; but if such councils as I had suggested had been established and put in full working order, if the perpetual interference of foreign authorities had been abolished, I believe that the old sense of grievance would have gradually died out, and that a new generation would have arisen that would have been glad and willing to accept the obligation as well as the advantage which the Union of the three kingdoms for Imperial interests is likely to secure." From that position Mr. Chamberlain has not swerved, and those who did not see that it argued any halting Liberalism cannot reasonably complain on that ground to-day. It is true that the situation has materially changed, and our judgment of the breadth and insight of Mr. Chamberlain's statesmanship may be affected by his apparent inability to recognize the full significance of that change. But that does not touch the question of his political integrity and conscientiousness, and justice demands that in pronouncing on his actions it should be remembered that he has persistently opposed any concession to Ireland beyond an extended measure of local government, and that rather than accept Mr. Gladstone's proposal he sacrificed the almost certain prospect of succession to the Liberal leadership.

If, therefore, the only difference between Mr. Chamberlain and his old associates had been on Home Rule, an effort might first have been made to find some terms of accommodation, or, failing that, an understanding reached that on this one question there must be an agreement to differ without any breach of friendly relations. But, unfortunately, this one difference has coloured the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's political action. It is little to say that the Irish question dwarfs every other; practically, it has become the line of cleavage in political life. Mr. Chamberlain's consistency in his views of Home Rule may in itself be a virtue, but its practical result has been to change his entire political attitude and separate him from his former admirers.

It is to be remembered that his position in this matter is unique. Lord Hartington was never suspected of passionate Liberalism, and his separation from the party of progress was scarcely a surprise. Mr. Bright is the *laudator temporis acti*, and those who have carefully observed have long ceased to expect that he would add anything to the brilliant services of his earlier days. But Mr. Chamberlain was the leader of the Radical section, and, as I have said, great hopes centred in him. His speeches during the campaign of 1885 were not only remarkable for lucidity and force, but they contain the fullest exposition of Radical principles on every question except Ireland. Sir George Trevelyan was the only other representative of

that wing among those who could fairly be regarded as Unionist leaders, but Sir George, even under extreme provocation, never forgot that he was a Liberal. Though opposed and defeated in his own constituency, he would be no party to alliance with Tories, with the view of unseating a brother Liberal though a Home Ruler; and when it became evident that Liberal Unionism was only to be a prop on which Toryism would have the support its own resources did not supply, he at once returned to the old standard. Has he or Mr. Chamberlain followed the course most in harmony with Liberal principles, not to say most consistent with his own antecedents? Perhaps Unionist criticisms on Sir George Trevelyan are not surprising, but they are not the less extremely unjust. No man has given fuller proofs of his courage and independence than the rising politician who bore so manfully the brunt of the Irish attack, who has twice sacrificed office for the sake of conscience, and who has now faced the fierce censures of his Unionist friends rather than be unfaithful to Liberalism.

The fact which stares us in the face, and which perhaps is more galling than any other, is that Mr. Chamberlain not only helps to keep up the present Tory *régime*, but goes out of his way to proclaim its merits. The Ministry which has humiliated the House of Commons by installing Mr. W. H. Smith as its leader; which has given Mr. Henry Matthews the opportunity of showing his insolent contempt for popular right and privilege; which has for its Chancellor of the Exchequer the gentleman who was once described as performing for the Liberal party the useful part of the "Egyptian skeleton at the feast," with a further thanksgiving that Providence sends us oracular fellows, "to sit on the fence and slang those at the plough;" and which is goading Ireland to madness by the cruel tyranny of Mr. Balfour, is spoken of as the best government which he has known. Again, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Chamberlain's determination is so to maintain a fight that his adversaries shall understand his full power, and strong expressions are to be interpreted accordingly. Still, after every discount has been made, there is here a very decided opinion as to the excellence of this Tory Government. Yet even in relation to Irish policy, Mr. Chamberlain said of these very men:—

"Until the last few days the Tories defended Lord Spencer and Lord Spencer's administration, and they defended it most strongly on those points upon which he was supposed to be at variance with his Radical colleagues. But now all that is changed. In pursuance of the compact that they have made with the Parnellite party—I won't call it a treaty, it is a surrender—in pursuance of this bargain for which they were called upon to pay that price, their leaders got up in the House of Commons the other day and separated themselves ostentatiously from Lord Spencer, from any approval of his administration, and they granted an inquiry, which in itself implied condemnation of his justice and fair-play, and which brings into question the whole course of the administration of justice in Ireland. I say that by this one act the Tories have done more to lessen the authority of the law in

Ireland than all that the Radicals have said and done during the past five years—I may almost say, than all that the Nationalist members have said."\*

It would be interesting to know whether the Tories have repented of the acts so vividly described, or whether Mr. Chamberlain has changed his opinions of their conduct in a transaction which, on the showing of his own speech, can be described as nothing less than infamous. Into the secrets of that unnatural alliance it is not possible to enter. But the facts, as they are patent to the world, are sufficiently instructive. The defence of the Coercion which has shocked the moral sense as much as it has roused the political indignation of the most robust Liberals in the country, has always rested on the necessity for maintaining law and order in Ireland. The favourite theme for the denunciation of Mr. Gladstone's followers has been the tacit encouragement they have given to lawlessness, and many a sermon which was meant to be eloquent, and which at all events succeeded in being vehement, has been preached on the text. But if Mr. Chamberlain be right, and certainly no one was better acquainted with all the facts, the most effective promoters of disorder in Ireland were the men who are now imprisoning poor men and children for no other offence than selling newspapers which report meetings of suppressed branches of the League. The judgment, not only of Liberals but of all impartial persons, will endorse Mr. Chamberlain's verdict on the Maamtrasna debate, and the policy of which it was the most conspicuous example. From the moment when the decisions of the Executive as to carrying out the sentences of courts of law—not, be it observed, of removable magistrates, but of judges and juries—were converted into party questions and made articles of barter in party contracts, the maintenance of firm government in Ireland became impossible. Whether a thoroughly united England could maintain a repressive régime in the sister country for any length of time, is open to grave doubt. But assuredly in order to success there should be unbroken peace abroad and the absolute exclusion of Irish subjects from the arena of party politics at home. When, on the contrary, the party which professed to have made the maintenance of order its special care, climbed to power by the votes of those whom it had undertaken to suppress, and showed its gratitude by assailing the Lord Lieutenant for not setting aside the verdict of a jury in a case of brutal murder, it became clear that the boast of patriotism and the talk of authority were mere bunkum. That debate did more than any other single event to hasten Home Rule; and well it might if, as Mr. Chamberlain says, the Tories themselves did more to lessen the authority of law than the Radicals, or even the Nationalists themselves.

That the men of whom this could be said with truth should themselves be the authors of the most arbitrary measure of Coercion, and

\* Speech at Hackney, July 24, 1885.



should emphasize all its worse characteristics by an administration as cynical in its temper as it is pitiless in its acts, is one of the most discreditable features in a story on which impartial history will not pronounce a favourable verdict. Statesmen who undertake the odious task of repressing a free people, ought at all events to be above the suspicion of party motives. Mr. Balfour's policy is an imperative necessity or it is a gigantic crime. If it be the former, what apology can be offered for the intrigue of 1885? The levity with which men who still insist on being called Liberals, and who in fact would palm themselves off as the only genuine Liberals, talk about the establishment of a despotism in Ireland, is one of the most convincing proofs that the root of the matter is not in them. A great danger to society itself, such as the existence of serious crime which the ordinary law was unable to reach, might justify the adoption of measures which must be abhorrent to every lover of freedom. But this plea is not available for Mr. Balfour and his fellow-conspirators against the rights of Ireland. There has been no essential change in the situation since the memorable night when Tory orators from the Treasury Bench gladdened the hearts of Mr. Parnell and his friends. But even if there had been a necessity for extreme measures of repression—if the "Plan of Campaign," an illegal attempt to redress a great wrong, had to be resisted, and it was considered necessary to coerce a nation to uphold a few landlords in the assertion of unrighteous demands, the politicians who had not hesitated to encourage that distrust of authority, which is the worst feature in the Irish character, were the very last men to whom such power should have been confided. With Mr. Chamberlain's recorded opinion of their action before us, is it surprising that his support of the Tory Ministers should be to his friends one of the inscrutable mysteries of politics?

It is high time for plain-speaking on this point. The intense Pharisaism with which the defenders of the shameless deeds of oppression that are being daily perpetrated in Ireland pose as the exclusive friends of law and order, and lecture the publicans and sinners from whom they have separated themselves on the authority of the Decalogue, would be irritating were it not so supremely ludicrous. The most curious feature in these ethical lessons is that practically they reduce the Decalogue to one, or at the most two, commandments, and in truth seem to regard the Moral law as instituted for the protection of unjust landlords. In enforcing their demands they do not seem to be troubled as to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." The whole law is for them summed up in one point, and they seem to hold themselves justified in whatever appears necessary to maintain that. They rail against men with whom they were once proud to work, as promoters of lawless violence, plunderers, abettors of crime, and we know not how many evil things beside; until, for their own sakes, one would fain suppose that by frequent reite-

ration they have come to believe their accusations true. Of course they have their effect. The great god Property has innumerable worshippers, and to alarm them is to secure a considerable advantage. But it is dearly purchased if the result is a wider alienation between different classes of society, and it ought to be an objection to the employment of such arguments, at least by those who take credit for superior morality as well as superior *intelligence*, that they involve a flagrant misrepresentation of the views of their opponents.

Mr. Dicey has put the case in the pages of this REVIEW with more vehemence, though also with more lucidity, than any of his associates. To rebut his statements in detail would require a paper devoted to him alone. It is only possible to notice one of his points, and that very briefly. It is a favourite device of controversialists to fasten an ugly name upon opponents, and by the very title of his paper, "New Jacobinism and Old Morality," Mr. Dicey seeks to create a prejudice against men who have as little sympathy with Jacobinism, and are working as earnestly for the promotion of sound morality, as any Unionist of them all. Nor is it in the title alone that this cruel injustice is done to men whose one sin is that they do not hold Mr. Dicey's political creed. That there are men who hold revolutionary views and bring a certain measure of discredit on the Liberal party by their advocacy, is not questioned. But this is not Mr. Dicey's point:—

"My contention is not that moderate Gladstonians are Jacobins, but that the principles which underlie and stimulate the enthusiasm of English Home Rulers, lead directly, and have in fact led, to Jacobinism; and these principles and the acts which they suggest are accepted, or at any rate not denounced, by men who do not believe in the ethics of revolution, and who tolerate revolutionary morality for the sake of a policy which at all costs they have made their own. The quarrel then between Unionists and Gladstonians is no transitory wrangle; it would endure were the Irish question settled to-morrow, for it is based on essential differences of moral conviction."

This is interesting, and even startling. It is little more than two years since the Liberals were a compact party under the lead of a statesman who has sought more earnestly than any of his predecessors or rivals to apply the principles of Christianity to politics. We are here told that there is an irreconcilable difference between the two wings of the now divided party, not as to some political question, but as to radical moral principles. Lord Hartington, the distinguished leader of those who "to the heresy of new Jacobinism opposed the creed of old and well-worn morality," has been a colleague of Mr. Gladstone for many years. It is strange that he, at all events, has never discovered before the melancholy fact that between him and his chief there is "an essential difference of moral conviction." Mr. Bright has been in even closer relations, and of him Mr. Dicey tells us that "he has 'moralized' English politics, and his error (if error it is) lies in over-estimating the direct applicability of private ethics to the

conduct of public affairs." Yet, up to the last two years, there was no man who rendered more unqualified homage to the moral grandeur of Mr. Gladstone! Has there been during this long period, in which they have been in such intimate association, this wide chasm, separating them in "moral convictions?" Or has the great Liberal leader been suddenly transformed? *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. But even if Mr. Gladstone had thus marvellously forgotten all the traditions of his life, and trampled on all his principles, is it to be assumed that all his supporters, including thousands of ministers of the Gospel, have been equally recreant to all their professions?

Of course they will be assumed to be mere ciphers, who have no opinion of their own, and are hardly entitled to form one. They who are in this condemnation, however, may take comfort in the feeling that all this talk is very old indeed. Mr. Dicey's article only strengthens the conviction which many have held from the outbreak of the schism, that Liberal Unionism is old Toryism decked out in a nineteenth-century dress. The appeals to the Divine right of law, whether just or unjust; the eloquent denunciations of "sensational sentimentality;" the ingenious attempts to convict honest reformers of sympathy with revolution, have all been heard before, and they are heard outside the region of politics as well as within it. They are the very pleas by which an old-world orthodoxy would forbid all free inquiry, and alarm any who are tempted to engage in it, by insisting that a question as to a solitary text leads on to the rejection of the Bible. There are two curious points about this extraordinary outburst of the reactionary temper: the first, that it should proceed from so-called Liberals; the second, that, with all its professions of morality, it should be indifferent to common fairness.

The *Spectator* recently devoted one of its philosophical articles to a consideration of the reason for the intense bitterness, which has been infused into the controversy. It did not suggest any adequate explanation, and yet the causes are not very far to seek. Of course, differences between those who were once friends and allies are sure to provoke a fiercer antagonism than those of old and avowed antagonists. But there are special circumstances in the present controversy which make the passion that has been awakened perfectly intelligible. Among these, the tone of the dissentient Liberals, of which Mr. Dicey's article gives a fair example, is the most conspicuous. Superior persons are always provoking, and Unionists are superior persons of a peculiarly offensive type. Their proclamation of their own wisdom and virtue would be amusing, but their insolence to the "discredited faction," as they are pleased to describe those who differ from them, is exasperating. If they met us with fair argument, or indeed with argument at all, we might regret the opposition and yet retain respect for them, even if they with pious air thanked God that they preserve their faith in honesty. But when, not content with asserting that they are not *as* the rest of men, they

go on to describe us and wind up the catalogue of our offences by charging us with a fanaticism which presents for worship the "blood-red, blood-stained cap of liberty placed upon the cross of Christ," they become absolutely intolerable. Liberals are unconscious of evil designs with which they are credited. They not only have no desire for the disintegration of the Empire, but, if they believed its unity to be seriously threatened, would be among its resolute defenders. They would not confiscate any man's property nor curtail any man's liberties. Naturally, they resent these imputations upon their probity or good sense, and none the less because they find it hard to understand that the charges can be believed by their authors.

It must be added that Liberals everywhere feel that they have been grossly deceived. To some extent they may have deceived themselves; they were certainly lacking in foresight. They did not understand that the defence of the Union meant the support of the Tory Ministry in every measure on which it chose to insist. At the general election a clear distinction was drawn between Liberal Unionists and the Tories, and had any one undertaken to predict that they would form one party, of which the quasi-Liberal would be the most reactionary element, he would have been condemned for his lack of charity and wisdom. This was not fully understood even last year so long as the Irish policy was almost exclusively in debate. But it is seen now, and the recent elections are the result. It is in vain that Mr. Chamberlain persists in asserting that he and his friends have converted the Tories, who are doing better work for the people than Liberal Governments have done. It was from himself that we learned to distrust such service. At the time when the transformations of Toryism were so rapid and so complete that, as he tells, a friend said to him,—“My dear fellow, pray be careful in what you say, for if you were to speak disrespectfully of the Ten Commandments, I believe that Balfour would bring in a Bill immediately to repeal them,”—even then he thought it necessary to warn his friend against them,—“I confess that I shrink from these new allies. They have been false to their own faith. What security have we that they will be true to the new? . . . I will say frankly that I do not like to win with such instruments as these. A democratic revolution is not to be accomplished by aristocratic perverts.” There can be no answer so effectual to Mr. Chamberlain's pleas for the Tory Government, and no condemnation of his present relations to them so complete as that with which he has himself supplied us by anticipation. It would be a poor compliment to him if we had so soon forgotten his wise and salutary counsels. When therefore I find him extolling the present Ministry, I appeal from Mr. Chamberlain of 1888 to Mr. Chamberlain of 1885.”

I do it with all the more confidence because the events of to-day show that he was thoroughly right in this view of his earlier and better day. In

order that they may retain office and carry on their discreditable work in Ireland, the Ministry are trying their 'prentice hands on Liberal measures for England; but each successive attempt shows more conclusively that the Tory spirit within them is fatal to their success. There was first the pitiabie bickerings over the Allotments question, the result being a Bill for which Mr. Jesse Collings professed profound gratitude, but which in his heart he must know to be the veriest of shams. Poor Mr. Collings! Every one has hitherto given him credit for a sincere and disinterested zeal for the labourers, but if he was resolved to convince them that they were mistaken he could hardly have done it in a more effectual manner. A friend of the labourers would not have glorified a measure which mocks them with hopes that will never be fulfilled; would not have accepted a banquet from aristocratic patrons who profess extreme sensitiveness as to the wrongs he has suffered, but do not conceal their contempt for his remedial measures; would not mockly have submitted to a snub from the Ministry who instead of bread threw him a stone in the shape of a Select Committee. Doubtless Mr. Collings is sincere, but he is possessed with a blind hatred of Mr. Gladstone; and in order to its gratification these humiliations must be endured at the hands of the gentlemen—Whig and Tory—with whom it is now his pride to associate. But if he has forgotten his leader's wise caution against expecting democratic work to be done by aristocratic perverts, it is not necessary that others should allow it to fall into the same oblivion. Indeed, the experience of every day makes it impossible for any, except those who wish to be deceived, to delude themselves with the idea that democratic work is being done at all. The Local Government Bill was hailed at first as a great concession to Radical principles. It is now beginning to be acknowledged—what some of us asserted from the first—that it is little better than a Tory device to stave off a much-needed reform by the recognition of popular principles which are neutralized by the mode of working them out.

Mr. Chamberlain never offended the friends who reluctantly differ from him more, as he certainly never played more effectively into the hands of those whose aim seems to be to prevent his return to the Liberal party, than in his speech to the last-born Unionist Association at Birmingham, when he accused Mr. Gladstone of maintaining a policy of mystery, adding, "I thought it was part of the Liberal policy to trust the people. *The new Liberal doctrine is to trick them.*" Retort upon this unworthy insinuation would be easy but not very profitable. It is certain, however, that there are numbers of plain men who have formed very strong opinions as to the action which has brought about the present confusion in our political life. They do not believe that Toryism has renounced its principles, or is prepared to make any concession which is not extorted from it by the force of popular opinion; and they do not understand how that opinion can be

developed by attempts to prejudice the public mind against the true Liberal leader, and in favour of a party which is pledged to the defence of the unjust privileges still enjoyed by the classes. They are fully alive to the strength and danger of the reactionary tendencies which are abroad. They see them at work in public affairs, as, for example, in the manifest attempt to give an aristocratic character to the new County Councils; in the retention of one of the worst features of the municipal system by the co-optative element in these new bodies; above all, in the proposal to create a new vested interest for the liquor trade. But they are conscious of a more subtle and mischievous influence in the administration of affairs. The Liberals of this country, and especially those of the agricultural districts, have not only opinions but feelings which are the fruit of long and bitter experience. Politics with them are not a game but a stern struggle for principle—in multitudes of cases a battle for social and ecclesiastical life. It is vain to prophesy to them smooth things about Tory administration. They not only disbelieve the prophets, but they regard them as traitors to Liberalism. Many of them were staggered by the very idea of Home Rule, but in opposing it, or in standing aloof for the time, they did not mean to support Toryism; and now that they see that this is the real outcome of their action in 1886, they will not repeat it, and they are not likely to show much leniency in their judgment of those who led them into so grave an error. In short, it has once again been made evident that in England there are but two parties, and that politicians must range themselves under one or the other standard. Liberal Unionism is a thing of the past, as each successive election clearly shows. Of course it has still many nominal adherents, but its attempt to make for itself a distinctive place has proved a mistake. Those with whom Liberalism is but a memory, as Lord Rosebery clearly put it, will incline still more decidedly to the Tory party, sustain Mr. Balfour in imprisoning Irish patriots, and enable the Ministry to postpone the inevitable day. But those in whom is the true spirit of Liberalism will do wisely to “agree with their adversary while they are in the way with him.” • •

This is not intended to suggest that the Liberal party is on the eve of an early triumph. Political prophecies are always dangerous, and they are not needed to encourage the hearts of earnest Liberals, who have every reason to be content with the progress of public opinion. Indeed, were it not for the cruel oppression under which Ireland is suffering there would be no impatience of a delay which has its own value as an education and a discipline. The true cause for congratulation at the present stage of the controversy is found, not so much even in the series of successes which culminated in the remarkable victory at Ayr, but in the fact that events are making the character of “Unionism” more manifest, and so defining the relation of contending parties to each other. The political atmosphere is

clearing, the mists in which the real issues have been concealed are being dispelled, and every day makes it more evident that the battle is for something infinitely more important than any question of party supremacy. The imprisonment of John Dillon is one of those events which reveal the spirit of a policy and stamp the character of a party. That a high-minded man, whose one fault is his patriotism, should be treated as a felon is more than an offence against liberty; it is a humiliation of England in the eyes of all the world, in view of which Continental despots may utter the bitter taunt, "Art thou also become like one of us?"

The men who support such a policy may proclaim themselves Liberals, but by doing so they will only force us back to a definition of terms. They certainly are not Liberals of the type of John Hampden, or John Milton, or Algernon Sydney, or of Charles James Fox. They are Liberals who must be ashamed of some of the most illustrious names and the most heroic deeds in the struggle of freedom; and if besides being Liberals they are Nonconformists, they would do well to veil the images of some of the noblest of their ancestors, whose lives were a protest against the idea that law is law, whether it be just or unjust.

They force on us the conclusion that there are Liberals and Liberals. Whigs and Radicals there have always been, but here is another line of cleavage which goes deeper, and which runs through those who have hitherto been known as Radicals, as well as those of more moderate opinions. The difference is revealed in the often-repeated assertion that order must be restored in Ireland before her people are admitted to equality of rights with Englishmen; and it is more accentuated by every vote in support of an administration which outrages law itself in order to maintain what is euphemistically called order—but what in fact is, for the most part, the injustice of landlords. To one class of Liberals the whole action of the Government is in wanton contempt of the law it professes to uphold. Its removable magistrates, some of them without any legal knowledge; its trials, in which the result is known beforehand; its constant stretching of the letter of the law against its opponents; and, in general, the well-understood action of the Castle, are parts of one system which comes very near to a White Terror. The assertion that this is law is met by distinct contradiction, which is sustained by the decisions of the Supreme Courts in cases which have come before them. The plain truth is that Ireland is given up to arbitrary rule, often illegal in form, and in its temper always contrary to the spirit of English law. The Liberalism which ostentatiously supports such a system may use the old name, but it is not the Liberalism which has won the victories of freedom in the past, and it is not that which will command the support of the English people. We who rally to the old flag and follow the old leader are not less the friends of law and order because we believe that trust in the people provides the best security for both.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

## THE NEW DEPARTURE IN EDUCATION.

SOME of us who remember the enthusiasms of 1870 are at once tolerant and mildly amused as we observe the new enthusiasms which have grown so very luxuriantly during the past few months. We were going to regenerate the British workman with Books in those days ; we are now going to regenerate him with Tools. The early reformers worked only in the domain of the Intellect, and they said that the sweet reasonableness which would be fostered by Primers and French verbs must empty the gaols, and leave a proud nation in a position to defy those overbearing Germans and other folks who took a long start of us in culture. The good souls ! I worked long and strenuously with them in my humble position as trooper in the great educational army. They were happy and deluded in their cloudland of hopes and theories ; I had to bring my very flesh into hourly contact with ugly, commonplace, sordid facts and difficulties. They were for going on with leaps and bounds ; I soon learned that we must advance over foul obstacles, and that the most finnikin of us must needs begrime himself in getting forward ever so little a distance. So it is that, when I hear an enthusiast in full cry nowadays, I smile as genially as possible, for I have passed through the valley of the shadow of stress and dreary labour, and I know that the dithyrambs of the poor reformer must be toned down by-and-by into the baldness of a somewhat cynical prose. Seventeen years have gone since my heart first sank as I faced my assembly of waifs and strays. They were as rough as a lot of raw Exmoor ponies, and their ways puzzled me much. The wild, wiry little arabs had no notion of any discipline excepting that enforced by chance blows, and they were apt to twitch up their hands if you went near them. The starvelings hung their heavy heads and gazed with leaden eyes on vacancy, while the



young ruffians with the genuine criminal profile looked at me with sly and loutish malignity. One week of that school was enough to knock all the poetry out of you, for each day's work required steady, indomitable patience, good-humoured resource, and the power of conquering physical nausea. The enthusiasts who paid us visits in our cellar tried to keep my spirits up, and their kindly, moony babble gives me entertainment to this day when I remember it. One excellent man came rushing in after we had been at work for six weeks, and he brought some earnest persons who wanted to see the new system in action. This emotional and sanguine man wanted the lads to "recite any little things they might have learned"! Recite! We had, I think, nine who knew something of the alphabet, and one or two who had heard of Jesus, so that the chances of their displaying their elocution to advantage were small enough in all conscience. The Board was then regarded with a sullen hostility which has long passed away; we had to go on working even when dead cats (and live ones) were pitched among the classes, and the loafers used to glower in through our dim windows and criticize my pedagogic methods with unsparing vigour. The animosity towards the Board still exists among the folks who are pestered by the visitors; but the better sort of poor are fervent in their gratitude to the teachers, and we may take it as a general rule that every Board school is a centre of civilization. It is this fact which makes me most bitter when I consider our educational system. The efforts made by our thousands of teachers in their personal capacity have resulted in a general advance of cleanliness, refinement, decency, and good-will among the children actually in attendance; but the direct influence of the schools wears off quickly; the State leaves the emancipated scholar to drift, and, so far as the work directly done by our admirable Education Department is concerned, only harm has been wrought since the residuum learned the meaning of the Revised Code. Orange Street in the Borough was an obscene hole along which no respectable woman dared pass at the time when the first Board school was opened. The head-mistress always needed protection while going and coming, and I wager that not one of the gentry who call themselves realists durst for his life print a plain account of what that district was like. No words of mine can describe the condition of the children, and I am afraid that if I gave a few particulars concerning the unspeakable miseries which the teachers had to endure I should make superfine people shudder too much. Mrs. Burgwin, the mistress, *has not been very much shackled by the Code*, and she has established herself as a sort of Vice-Queen, or Vice-Providence, in the ghastly neighbourhood. A number of benevolent gentlemen are her abject vassals, and she exacts contributions from them which enable her to feed the starvelings in winter-time; she has made the children cleanly, and, since she takes a very

expansive view of her functions, she has so wrought on the feelings of the Southwark matrons that not one of them would now enter the school in an untidy condition. The old villanous obscenity has vanished, and the parents, the children—nay, the very streets—are transformed. Work of the same kind is being carried on here and there with more or less success, and yet—and yet—the Act of 1870 is a failure if we contrast the means expended with the total results obtained:—in fact, the powers of evil seem to be gaining force, if we study broad results.

Long before my spell in the slums was ended I saw that the enthusiasts were all wrong, and I made up my mind to be content with the day of small things. After opening four new Board schools in London, I became convinced that we had made one big blunder; no man on earth could fight against the school of theorists who made us work under a mediæval Code; the bravest and starkest master that ever faced a class must become enervated by the faint odour of mediævalism which creeps into the smartest Board school, and, after bitter years of effort, I saw that I was frittering away my life, and thus the gladdest day I have ever known was that on which I knew I should work under the useless pedantic Code no more. Ninety-nine out of every hundred teachers in Great Britain would follow my example if they could, for there is no chance for man or woman to lead a *human* life so long as the Code governs them, and I say deliberately that our national millions of educational grant are mostly spent on keeping up a mischievous imposture which broods like a perpetual blight over education. Our poor enthusiasts thought (like Mr. Weller) that their new life would be “all wery capital;” but they reckoned without their Payment by Results; they have paid the penalty by parting with pleasing illusions, and the nation has paid the penalty by parting with more millions—more utterly wasted millions—than I care to number, for if I made a bare financial statement I should not be believed. An enormous sum of money has been poured away into gulfs deeper than ever plummet sounded, and now the scholar, the administrator, the artisan, the teacher, all turn round and say: “We have been stumbling along the wrong road for eighteen years, and spilling our money as we came on; let us seek a new turning.” Broadly speaking, the company of malcontents are right, and, if they avoid the falsehood of extremes, we may do well even now. I am only afraid that the extravagant people may get their own way, and that some of the advanced division—the Jacobins—among them may insist on flinging Books overboard altogether. More than one of those who have lately spoken before Commissions are of opinion that the power of reading and skill in the use of tools and materials are the artisan’s only needs. The reaction against the Code and its abortions is tending, as reactions always do, towards

unreason and violence, and it is this fact which has made me talk egotistically in opening my article, for I want my public to understand that I am not a phrase-maker, but a practical teacher, speaking from the fulness of hard experience.

At present, then, the look-out is gloomy enough. Let us see how we stand, and then go as coolly as possible into the causes that are answerable for our deplorable situation. In the first place, an elementary teacher may be defined as "a person who is under the direction of amateurish clerks, and who is not allowed to teach." He may stimulate the faculty of memory as much as he chooses, but if he *teaches* as Thring or Clifford taught he does so at his peril. Next, we have 30,000 schools under inspection now; as against 9000 in 1867, and we are not a whit better off. Our workmen who were to be raised in magic fashion by the influence of Primers are beaten right along the line by the foreigner; the labour-market is swamped by thousands of ill-equipped persons who have a smattering of primer-knowledge, but who are unfit for any practical pursuit; masters everywhere complain that the new generation acquire just enough educational lumber to make them conceited; the mobs of youngers, all of whom have run the gauntlet of the Government Standards, are more dangerous, more loutish, more insolent and daring, than even the mobs of 1820 and 1832; the immense corps of elementary teachers is now led by shrewd, hard-headed men who only talk the language of Revolution; the brilliant President of the Teachers' National Union bluntly declares that our System is a clumsily organized fraud, and his bitter, straightforward assertions are applauded by every man and woman whom he officially represents. All this is unpleasant enough, but over the whole ignoble welter the Departmental Clerk blandly smiles, and says, "It is good."

How have we got into such a coil? Simply because we allowed the Clerk to override the opinions of practical men. Thirty years ago the Newcastle Commission issued their Report, but no notice was taken of the views put forward by the majority of sensible men who served, and the fancies of an obstinate faddist were fixed into laws. Payment by Results became a popular watchword, and we have been going from bad to worse ever since the wisdom of the Old Code-makers was abandoned. When the great democratic measure of 1870 was passed, unlimited good might have been done had Mr. Lowe's crotchets been pitched aside. But the superb new machinery was spoiled by an obsolete and mischievous balance movement, and we have been constantly patching up our apparatus after incessant breakdowns, instead of getting proper machinery that would have given us a decent output.

We are a nation of fighters, inventors, toilers, colonizers, rulers;

and yet we have chosen to educate our masses under a system which is almost Chinese in its peculiar absurdities. Amateurs complain that teachers are too much given to darkening counsel by the use of technical terms: I shall try to explain, without slang terms, the mode whereby an obsolete and discredited Code was blended with the gigantic School Board organization. The masses of the toiling, inventive nation were compelled to submit to a purely Literary education. First, take the Reading. In every year of a boy's school-life he learned to read two or three little books, and he usually had these so well by heart that he could go off at score if you started him on any given page. This mode of teaching had such brilliant success that the great Inventor of the New Code declared that he never met with a sixth-standard boy who could read a newspaper aloud without bungling. The arch-obstructionist may have been exaggerating in his usual petulant way; if he were not, whose was the blame for the deficiency which he mocked? With the Reading Spelling was closely allied, and I speak with some feeling when I think of the dreadful subject last named. Little children of seven years old began to learn spelling mechanically, and the unfortunates were kept hard at it until the whole of the standards were passed. By a most ingenious arrangement, the subject marked as "Writing" on the examination schedules was made to mean really "spelling" and spelling alone, and thus a teacher who wanted to earn the grant for writing was compelled to bewilder his raw pupils by plunging them early amid the bewildering contradictions of our illogical orthography. Our mode of spelling was mainly fixed before the miscellaneous elements of our language had settled down into order, and hence the English child began his education by facing contradictions which insulted his reason at every step. Sir John Lubbock calculates that 2920 hours of a child's school-life are now spent on reading and spelling alone: he is well within the mark. The teacher's grant and percentage depended on his making his youngsters master a set of puzzles, and he was compelled to attack the task in a dull, dogged style. A boy might be quick, intelligent, and eager, but if he failed, at eight years of age, to forget the phonetic resemblances between taught and brought, cow and plough, tongue and hung, out and doubt, he failed in "Writing;" the ominous cypher appeared on the schedule and so much grant was lost! I fear that I should be greeted as a romancer if I gave some specimens of the words which inspectors have thought fit to test classes withal; I rest content with saying that, in some districts, the drill in spelling was, and is now, a dull grind, pursued without regard to human suffering, mental or physical. One School Board inspector thought it rather funny when he heard a class spell a word forty times over in a monotonous sing-song, and close the pro-

ceedings by writing the word out forty times. He would not have been surprised if he had been obliged to satisfy the inspector. There was (and is) no chance of training a lad's eye by means of skilful reading lessons; the "Writing" test is given usually from the reading books used in the school, and every word in those books must be learned by dogged, dreary repetition, and by every kind of dodge that the teacher's inventive powers hit upon. One inspector, who was great on the subject of spelling, used to be fond of strolling into a school with his newspaper in hand. I knew him once give a passage from an article which poor MacGahan wrote in the *Daily News*, and the havoc which military terms and Russian names made among the smartest lads was quite moving. In that man's district it was necessary for every teacher to spend all spare moments in forcing his classes to master queer, catchy words. The reading books were rhymed over until the sight of them made the children feel sick, and I fully sympathized with one bored youth who was detected reading (with perfect accuracy) from a book which was unfortunately held upside down. After the dreary books were mastered, then the newspaper drill began, and I am afraid that the terms used in articles by our good friend Mr. Sala often earned him anything but blessings from men who could not use improper words overtly.

As to the stuff which junior children were required to "read," it could only be characterized as repulsive in many cases. (I have been trying to give the impression of wasted past years, but I may as well drop into the present tense now, for the legacy bequeathed by Mr. Lowe still remains with us.) In one district the little ones are doomed to chant interminably phrases like "The fat rat fell in the rum;" "The kit and the cat sat on the mat. The rat saw the kit, and ran, but the cat saw the rat and the kit and the cat ran to the rat." Charming in childish simplicity, is it not? The advanced books forced on the schools in this district could not be read by any compassionate man without anger; they are antiquated, dull, clumsy, and cruelly hard, yet the "Writing" is taken from them, and the inexorable pencil records a failure against any hapless wight who has failed to assimilate the nastiest literary sawdust ever seen. The martyrs who passed childhood's sunny hour in reading about that dissipated rat and his enemies are set to sterner tasks as they grow up. With a fine mediæval precision, they are forced to study what is fancifully termed "English Literature." For these devoted children of Culture, English Literature means the "Prophecy of Dante" and Shakspeare's "Richard II." I am not joking: it is even so in the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century. A humorist took it into his head to get up statistics regarding the dwelling-places of the youths who studied the "Prophecy of Dante" and "Richard II." He

found that, in three schools, 871 families were represented who lived (each) in one room. Eight hundred and seventy-one single-roomed dwellings and Dante and Shakspeare studied in each. The fathers of many of these children were in prison; the youths came to school starving, and an accurate inquiry disclosed the fact that 38 per cent. of these poor scholars were breakfastless every morning. But they studied Dante and Shakspeare, and, when they failed, the school lost money and the teachers earned censure.

All over the country this remarkable "Reading" and "Spelling" take up the time and cramp the energies of teachers and scholars; and when I was engaged in attacking the Mundella Code I used to receive from every part of England scores of letters which made me miserable. If the mechanical spelling were left alone until the children pass, say, the Third Standard, then the present mischief would be abated. A boy may read fairly well, and be able to pass, yet, if he is not quite handy at spelling, the teacher must secure the grant by the deadly, day-long monotony of cram and repetition. Let no portion of the grant depend on a formal examination in spelling until the children can read with ease, and until they have become gradually accustomed to plumping again and again into that hedge of contradictions which our ancestors have planted for us; then the cruelty of the present system will be lessened, and priceless time may be given to work which is useful in the struggle for existence. Every teacher can give scores of examples from his experience of boys who were clever and really intellectual, but who could not spell. One dashing and laborious assistant of mine used to moan, "Oh, Arthur, Arthur! This is very bad," when he looked over the dictation done by a smart little nine-year-old who spelt deplorably. "Arthur" easily read six books of Euclid before he was eleven, and my assistant, who taught a science class, obtained special permission for the boy to take the second stage mathematics at Kensington. The lad won a scholarship, and always had things his own way even after he left me and went for university examinations, but his spelling remained very eccentric until he was a big fellow. How many thousands are scattered over the country who, without sharing my little boy's mathematical skill, are yet reasonably clever in many subjects, but weak in spelling! If about 1500 of Sir John Lubbock's 2920 hours were saved, what a singular advance might be made in profitable directions. As things are, I never think of spelling without having instant memories of wretched hours. No man who has compassion in him can refrain from pitying the victims whom he is compelled to torture in various dreary fashions, but the importunate Literary Code demands "Spelling;" the managers will very soon become restive if a school schedule is speckled with failures; and so the senseless grind goes on until sensible children learn to

abhor the very sight of a book, and hail the close of their school-days as a glad time of emancipation. "Why do not the teachers act according to their righteous convictions, without considering anything but the welfare of their helpless charges?" That is the kind of question which we sometimes hear from rigid moralists who do not work under the monstrous Code. The average teacher would reply to this question: "I could make school-work delightful and profitable to the children if I had my own way. But put yourself in my place. Supposing that a score of failures among your scholars would be enough to send you packing into the world with no chance of getting any more work! Supposing that you were at the mercy of one man, and could not avert your own ruin by applying to any Court of Appeal! Supposing that by keeping steadily at mechanical work for a year you could secure a good percentage of passes and escape ruin and starvation, what would you do?" I fancy that series of suppositions ought to make the rigid moralist go away pondering; unhappily, it does not.

Arithmetic cannot be called a literary subject, but one irreverent Charity Commissioner told a Committee lately that "Arithmetic," as required by the Code, is taught as if it were "a series of occult rules of magic instead of simple processes of mathematical reasoning." Just so. But I venture to say that, if our Charity Commissioner were in an elementary school, he would very soon have all his fine notions scared out of him. He is right, of course, and the Government examiners are usually wrong; but he would have to learn that mechanical dexterity and not reasoning is wanted. Observe the usual method adopted in examining a class. Suppose we are dealing with Standard II. The inspector's assistant dictates three sums like the following:—

From three hundred thousand and sixty, take nine thousand and nine.

Multiply eighty-six thousand and forty-seven by nine hundred and six.

Divide nine hundred thousand nine hundred and eleven by eight.

Well, the children must take these down on paper without making a slip, and they must work them straight off. If a child gets two right out of the three, that is elegantly termed "a weak pass;" two wrong causes a failure. Now, to adults, the sums seem ludicrously easy, but let any one drill a class of sixty eight-year-olds or nine-year-olds so that the whole sixty shall get at least two out of the three right with unvarying precision; let him do that, and I will call him a very industrious person. The inspector's assistant—poor drudge—never looks at methods; life is all too brief for that. He runs over the papers with a "coloured pencil," dashes down R or W, and then puts the correct mark on his list.

In the higher standards, hours on hours are wasted on our pleasing labyrinth of Weights and Measures. The decimal system might be mastered in an hour; the wretched pupils in our schools spend an hour or two every day for two years in practising arithmetical conundrums founded on an involved set of tables. I must not blame the Code for this; but surely the inspectors might contrive to set questions which should not be mere harassing tests of memory? Moreover, though I know that mechanical accuracy is of the last importance in arithmetical work, I cannot help remembering that a young child's brain is developing, and he is often physically incapable of ensuring strict correctness in long and clumsy calculations. You will see a man set a sum which fills the whole of a side of foolscap; a youngster gets befogged in the maze, and he is mercilessly "failed." As to the catches which may be made out of our Weights and Measures, their number is appalling. One acute inspector used to set boys sums like:  $37,082\frac{1}{2}$  pints at  $42s. 6d.$  per  $1\frac{1}{2}$  barrels. There was no chance of anticipating his ingenuities, and the variety of teasing questions which he put forth was discomposing. The immediate tendency of this necessity for skill in juggling with figures is very harmful. A man may succeed in delighting his pupils by means of a clever arithmetic lesson; they may follow him merrily from step to step, and have a clear conception of the reason for every operation which they perform; but, nevertheless, the machine-work must be gone through. A boy may be able to explain lucidly every stage of his working of a problem, but, if he sets down eight instead of seven, his chance is gone. Most teachers in the country now use a book of arithmetical methods by Mr. Ricks. The author is, perhaps, the finest practical teacher in this country, and he teaches teachers *how* to teach. The sentence is clumsy, but the facts are right. Now a good craftsman may give a beautiful lesson under Mr. Ricks's directions; he may teach his class to think; yet, before the examination comes on, he must forget all about Ricks, and spend hours on the soulless, reasonless labour of worrying through multitudinous examples. The inspector cannot assess a grant for intelligence; he makes a pretence sometimes, but the essential grant, the grant on which the fortunes of the teacher depend, is paid on the "passes," and the passes are marked by a hurried, flurried assistant, who has no time to notice fine shades. A queer kind of bonus, called "Merit Grant," is handed over to certain efficient schools, and this is supposed to be partly given as a reward for "intelligent" methods. As a matter of fact it is the most ignoble and farcical feature in the provisions of an ignoble and farcical Code. In District A. a teacher resolves to do his work according to high principles; he sacrifices a little mechanical skill in the effort to arouse broad intelligence, and his inspector is indulgent towards him. In that district



we may have 80 per cent. of the schools endowed with the "Excellent" Merit Grant. You can throw a biscuit from District A. to District B.; the teachers, the schools, the children in B. are all exactly like those in A. But the inspector in B. will not condescend to look at a paper; he passes ten minutes in a school (or even less than ten minutes), and runs away, leaving a badgered assistant to skirmish about from class to class, and mark hundreds of papers. The Olympian Personage looks at the general "results" gauged by the assistant, and fixes the Merit Grant accordingly. A dozen children make slips in arithmetic, and away goes the Merit Grant. Eight per cent. of the schools in B. receive money for the "Excellent" mark; and when we see a score of percentages put in a column the beauties of an impartial Code become plain to us. Take London alone. In two districts the betting about the Merit Grant would be assessed in this way by a "racing" man:—Eighty out of a hundred gain "Excellent," therefore four out of every five schools are distinguished. In all the rest of the schools the percentage runs low, and in two or three vast districts only about eight in a hundred have any chance. So in one case heavy odds may be laid *on* the teacher, while in a neighbouring district the longest odds must be laid *against* men who are as laborious and skilful as their fortunate brothers. Of one thing the overdone toilers are sure: mechanical accuracy will at all events stave off ruin, and hence the arithmetic lessons degenerate into a dismal round of "practice," and the practice is nicely calculated to send a child's higher intelligence to sleep.

And now let us talk of the Grammar. The wise men who framed the Code have arranged the syllabus for this subject so that it is repellent to a flawless degree. One examiner complains loudly that boys failed to give him examples of an "adverbial phrase," and they also, to his horror, were unable to give a list of "indirect questions." This gentleman is quite moderate in his demands. He should see what is required of boys, pupil teachers, and students in training. The nine-year-old youngster has a pleasing exercise set him, and he takes out his reading-book and puts down the nouns, verbs, and adjectives in separate columns; in his next stage he goes on to the parsing of sentences, and the finest passages of poetry become for him a jumble of genders, numbers, persons, and cases; then he "analyses" fragments of classic English, and he will rule off his four columns, and give you the tatters of Shakespeare's most royal verse under the heads of Subject, Predicate, Object, and Extension. But it is when we come to the "paraphrasing" that we see the subject of "Grammar" in its full glory. The schoolmaster, while in training, is always required to turn the whole of some noble play or poem into prose, and the results are at once startling and impressive. Mr. Arnold—

most beloved of men—was not agreeably surprised when a student paraphrased “Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?” in the following form: “Can you attend upon the invalid lunatic?” Another gentleman was quite perturbed when he found a young student varying—

“Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change,  
Into something rich and strange”—

thus: “The chemical action of the salt water converts his tissues into substances which are interesting and valuable.”

I have never ventured to read “Julius Cæsar” since I analysed and paraphrased it, and I am sure that sensitive young ladies who have once paraphrased “Paradise Lost” or “The Lady of the Lake” cannot relish those poems again.

The most beautiful fragments of verse, which convey meanings and stir emotions by the majesty or loveliness of their rhythm and cadence, are pawed about and put into newspaper English. I have known a man describe the visit paid by the Trojans to the camp of the Greeks thus: “The people then went over the camp, which was kindly left open for the inspection of visitors.” I have seen a countryman of mine put down a verse from the “Ode to a Nightingale” to be paraphrased, and he was satisfied when stuff like this was read to him: “You were not sent into the world in order that you might go the way of all flesh, undying member of the feathered tribe. No multitudes of persons afflicted by famine can walk over you. Many potentates and rustics have heard the melody which you discourse to us, and when the future wife of Boaz was engaged in gleaning in a foreign field, your song no doubt attracted her attention.”

When a trained hand has gone through this discipline, he can easily pass it on to his pupils, and the Department will give him every opportunity. Then a boy is asked to define subject, extension, object, and illative clause; he is requested to “give examples of adjectives used interrogatively, conjunctively, and relatively;” he is asked “what is meant by the subject absolute;” and he has been required to “give the rule of syntax which concerns nouns of multitude.” Grammar, as understood by the interpreters of the Code, is a most elastic subject; and, if an inspector takes it for his hobby, he can make life well-nigh unendurable to those in his district.

The text-books mostly used for grammar are sixpennyworths of horror calculated to make a lad loathe his own language. Classes may receive really pretty lessons, and they may have a glimmering of sound etymological notions; but what is the use of their intelligence when they are required to define a co-ordinate clause with logical accuracy? The teachers, who have been thoroughly heckled

in the paraphrasing and analysis of literary masterpieces, are obliged to transmit their miserable facility to miserable boys, and the consequence is that youths, who can rattle you off any "definition" you care to ask for, are hopelessly incapable of writing a coherent letter. In nearly all schools grammar is unpopular; yet hours are squandered on it, and a school in which rational teaching is attempted stands not the least chance of earning a grant. I often wish that I could get an ordinary child to give me in private his exact ideas concerning prepositions and conjunctions. I know he would tell me that one is derived from *pre* and *positus*; the other from *con* and *jungo*; but I want his *root* conceptions, for they would be curious to know. Perhaps the youngsters have no rational ideas whatever; perhaps the whole of the standard work is parrotted. I fear that is the case, and my fear is shared by nine out of every ten teachers who were consulted by Sir John Lubbock; but the Department folks are the people, and wisdom shall die with them, so I fear that the six-penny book of "defined" horrors will continue to exude miseries on juvenile martyrs for many a day to come. The artisans who were examined by the London School Board Committee were comically wrathful about the pet Departmental subject. The Clerk will smile on serenely, and Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson, and Milton will be parsed, analysed, and turned into police-court reporter's English so long as the official mind remains unawed by ridicule or indignation.

Geography might be made into a splendid subject for promoting strong intellectual interest. During my own term of training we had some lectures on physical geography, which were at once delightful and unforgettable, and they helped me to give pleasant lessons so long as I was in elementary schools. But College tutors know the kind of stuff required by the Department, and therefore a good deal of precious time was devoted to learning coast lines, heights of mountains, lengths of rivers, and names and areas of provinces. Learning a coast line was a very trying task. You ran down the shores of a continent, rhyming out your names like this:—"Onslow River, Wilmington, Cape Fear River, St. Pedro River, Sautee River, Charleston, Beaufort, Savannah, Altamaha River, Cumberland Island, St. John's River, Jacksonville, St. Augustine"—and so on. If you missed a single fishing village there was speedy trouble for you.

The same method is carried out in the schools among young children. How many thousands of weary little mortals chant over the capes of England, the rivers of Europe, the heights of English, European, and Asiatic mountains, day after day, week in week out? One wrathful Board inspector said that he never passed a week without hearing some section drawling out the names of those dreadful British capes, and he was always informed that it was necessary. So it was; but what a pity! Clever teachers often make models of

river courses, mountain ranges, and the physical conformation of countries. These things delight the children, and, if a clay model is nicely glazed and arranged so as to hold water, a boy is ravished with joy when he is asked to sail a piece of wood from London to the Dardanelles. I have seen a few of these models, but of what use were they when "results" were wanted? The usual flurried assistant said, "What is the next cape southward of Ortegál?" "Write out the rivers of India, giving their sources, principal tributaries, and lengths." That is the sort of question which must be answered before the "results" appear. In April last I happen to know that one distinguished inspector did really try to make this oral geography questioning very entertaining and conducive to intellectual development. I am not quite sure that he took the best line. He said to a junior class, "If a fly were to crawl up the Auvergne Mountains, what would he say?" The youths had never heard any lucid vocal efforts from flies, and they were at a loss for answers; the poet of the reading books had let them know how a fly fences with the insidious proposals of a spider, but no bard has told us what observations a fly would make on a strange mountain top. The inspector then said, "What would the fly see?" and he was not at all pleased because the class did not answer "A crater." He told them that was the correct solution of his problem. Then this adventurous educationist went on:—"I see old Mister Wind blowing buckets and buckets of water through the air. What do I see?" This settled the class quite effectually. When I saw the question given verbatim in the teacher's own journal, I confess that it settled me also. But even spurts of vivacity like those of my model questioner are rare, and, although many teachers make their geography lessons so pleasing that the youngsters will long for half-an-hour of geography as a treat, yet these very teachers know well that only knowledge of heights, lengths, capes, coast lines, and formal definitions brings in the money. One master in a London district lets his boys bring out a school newspaper which is entirely written by the little fellows, and turned out in the prettiest of type. That journal is one of my monthly luxuries, and I especially delight in the geographical essays. I believe that master is regarded as rather an erratic person, and I should not be in the least surprised if his charming little budget of essays and lessons were suppressed very soon. In geography, as in grammar, the official maxim implied is "Suppress intelligence, dwarf imagination, cultivate the verbal and statistical memory." The official person never remembers how cheaply good atlases are sold. An artisan who wants to know the position of any place, its features, products, or anything else about it, can always buy full information for a few pence. What is the use of lumbering up his brain with such useless marine stores as coast lines?

Sir John Lubbock is at once mournful and savage because he finds that only 25,000 children out of 4,500,000 are examined in any branch of science. He would not be surprised or indignant if he were in an elementary school, and depended on the grant for part of his living. In every respect I agree with Sir John's wise and benignant suggestions, though I know that botany, sound, light, and heat cannot very well be made to bring money to the best taught lads. But there are benefits more precious than direct monetary gain. Observe a party of beanfeasters in the country, or take the first vanload of young men who drive out to a country village when St. Lubbock's day comes. They drop into a beer-house, and get muddled pretty early, and they often come home decked with sprays of flowers and foliage. Every hedgerow, every pretty stretch of green, every shaggy dry ditch is teeming with interest, if they only knew it. There is romance even in the story of the flowers. The mean little chickweed is a poor relation of the gaudy pink; the carnation, that feeds the summer air with spice, is only a swaggering relative of ragged robin; the wood anemone, the larkspur, the traveller's beard may all be traced to their proper family by a man who can use a lens. There is mystery and marvel in the fertilization of every clover-flower; there is not a mulberry-tree that may not give a keen observer reasons for hours of placid, half-wondering thought. But our good, sturdy fellows are blind to the delights that the Powers have placed ready to their hand; they know nothing essential about the magic loveliness or amazing construction of the may and clematis that they destroy, and you hear them polluting the sacred night with stupid, foul nonsense as they yell discordantly on their road home.

Would it do the men any harm to know a little about botany? I have not found it so. Mr. John Wren, by whom some scores of London teachers have now the privilege of being educated, first persuaded me to teach botany. He made the subject fascinating to me, for he is a consummate instructor, and I tried it with about 110 lads. They revelled in their new task even more than they did in their animal physiology lessons, and I had to settle down in grim earnest to make myself as far as possible master of my subject; for the elder fellows ransacked North Kent to puzzle me with plants. In our own rambles we had a good time, but I will not say much about the inspection. In plain English, the inspectors usually ridicule science, partly because they know only moral philosophy or classics or mathematics or law and modern history, and partly because they do not see the use of anything that is not connected with "literature" or abstract mathematics. Every man who takes science is pretty certain to be jeered at by some high-sniffing gentleman, who has gone through the orthodox university course; the

high-sniffing persons cannot understand the existence of an intellectual world that lies beyond sound of Magdalen Bells or Trinity Chapel, and that entertaining gentleman who said, "Let me see, you don't do classics at London University, do you?" carried the badge of all the tribe. Any practical educational workman knows that chemistry, botany, physics, agriculture, hygiene, or geology are worth a thousand times as much as the wretched grammar of the Code, but let any one try to bring an inspector round to such a view, and see how he will fare. A botanical examination, conducted under the authority of a genuine, high-dried classical inspector, is something like this, so far as the experience of myself and my friends goes:—

"Give six different kinds of inflorescence. Define pistil, style, ovary, corolla, raphe, funicle, involucre."

"What is meant by aestivation and vernation? Define plumule, cotyledon, glume, pericarp, achene, bract, awn, perianth, node, internode."

"Name twelve plants belonging to the order Ranunculaceæ."

"What are the structural differences between *Labiata* and *Scrophulariaceæ*?"

The answers are briefly put down like lines of "spellings," and the usual (metaphoric) foot-rule is run over them. And that is all.

Senior boys can easily be taught chemistry and several other sciences; the lads trained in the Manchester High School, and the Birmingham Seventh Standard School, are eagerly sought for by employers; but classical and mathematical traditions have too strong a hold on the despots of the elementary schools, and Sir John Lubbock will have to cry in a wilderness of Oxford and Cambridge prejudice for some little while more. We expect something from Cambridge now, but from a university where sciences are known under the generic name of "stinks" we scarcely need expect much.

About languages there is little need to talk. No provision is made for the teaching of German, and I am not sure that French is of any particular use to a lad who cannot even begin to learn the irregular verbs in his brief time. Had we a Secondary School system, so that French might be vigorously taught until boys reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, then they might become interested in reading, and, in time, they might learn a fair corresponding style. But, as things stand just now, it strikes me that to potter over a few nouns, pronouns, and regular verbs is to waste time. Two Board school lads I have known, who read French novels eagerly, and faster than their master could provide them with fresh material; but then the younger of the pair was nearly fifteen, and the other was a youth who read on his own account until midnight almost every night. As a rule, the ordinary boy is snatched away; he has no means of keeping up

his few words of French, and very soon he does not know *père* from *mère*.

This, then; is the system which the Department have administered.

Their Payment by Results means that teachers remain unpaid for all the hardest work. In order to satisfy the mechanical examiner, the clever boys, who can easily cover the year's Standard work in four months, are kept miserably waiting until, by incessant, cruel cramming, the poor dullards are scourged on to the mark fixed by the Code. The clever boy is made unhappy by idleness and nauseous repetitions; the dull boy is made unhappy by the relentless efforts needed to force him up to the level of the next standard. If the ratepayers only knew it, they are being defrauded wholesale by this system; for, if education is a purchasable commodity, then it appears that the quantity of the said commodity which is bestowed on seventy per cent. of the school population in a year might be easily bestowed in four months. In other words, some seventy in the hundred, who are clever, or fairly clever, are cheated out of eight months' progress in order that the odd thirty laggards may be hustled through an examination by dint of incessant, cruel pressure. A teacher gets well paid for easy and charming work; the bright little souls who cost no trouble bring him money, while the hapless creatures on whom he lavishes his most strenuous efforts probably bring him only censure. Why not push on the clever children from class to class? That is very well in theory, but why should a teacher rob himself or his employers? If a boy skips one stage he misses the Government grant for that stage, and if he were hurried right through the seven standards by some Quixotic teacher, he would become rather a nuisance in a school, since the peculiar Code allows him to earn no money, and a special master cannot be detached to teach him. And this system is called Payment by Results!

A teacher may have the finest influence on the morality of his school; he may contrive, as hundreds do, to make his young people truthful, honourable, kindly, brave; but results do not come in there, and a perfectly admirable teacher who is setting a pure and beneficial mark on young souls may be dismissed or censured merely because a dozen boys work a tricky sum wrongly. Essentials are unrecognized; babyish frivolities or dull cruelties earn hard coins. Roughly speaking, we have spent fifty millions of money on teaching a generation how *not* to become good scholars, good workmen, good clerks, or good citizens, and we have performed that remarkable feat in order to satisfy the fantastic desires of a set of pedants whose judgment is scouted by every practical man. Fifty good millions! It is a great deal of money, and our success in fooling it away shows that we may really pay rather dearly for the most elegant and respectable of clerks. Teaching should be the most delightful of all employments; under

present circumstances it is unspeakably hateful. A teacher should lead a *human* life, as Mr. Arnold used to say ; at present I do not strain words when I say that death would be preferable to the existence endured by many men and women who were cozened into a detestable profession, and who cannot escape except to the other world. A clever child should be happy in school ; he is unhappy for lack of employment, and he is cheated of two-thirds of the learning which he might assimilate. The dull child should be tenderly entreated ; he is cruelly over-driven by men who must harden their hearts towards him if they would escape sordid and hopeless poverty. That is strong but unexaggerated English. That is the proper way to describe the ghastly waste and folly of Payment by Results.

The people at last have listened to their teachers, and the workmen have fairly begun to rebel against the system which we received from the Middle Ages. Birmingham has its technical school, Manchester and Sheffield the same ; the City Guilds have their schools ; and now we find a powerful committee of the London School Board recommending at last that we shall have done with teaching mere words, words, words ; and proceed to let our children learn something about things. The thirty-two pieces of advice given by the committee are a little formidable at first sight, and I especially dread their proposal to appoint more of those perplexing "Instructors," who always blossom into talkative inspectors. Still the proposed scheme is wise in the main, and, if it is carried out after due modification, then the Board will deserve the gratitude of our generation and of generations to come. I only dread the kind of enthusiasts who talked so wildly in '70. Some of them speak already of sending out our schoolboys ready to begin in the shops as skilled and valuable workers. Such words are mischievous. We want to see the intellectual, moral, mental, and manual powers of the children harmoniously developed. It would be unwise to attempt the teaching of specific handicrafts ; but the scholars can be trained to use hand and eye in such a way that they are ready to pursue any work which requires physical aptitudes.

The Kindergarten is not now regarded as a harmless theorists' folly ; wise and determined people have taken the matter very seriously, and, so far from being treated as an excrescence, Froebel's system has been definitely allied to our own. Of course the official class had their little jokes at first, and I have heard some excruciatingly droll fellows making fun in their pleasing official way ; but the Kindergarten teachers are winning their game, and the ordinary Board schoolmistress now sees that the old ideas about work are degrading ; she sees that no child should be allowed to spend a day without executing some piece of work with its hands. In another year the Kindergarten system will be an integral portion of the



whole scheme of Elementary Education running through every school. I am very, very doubtful about the possibility of teaching Drawing to every child; as the Board propose; for I have seen so many hundreds, and even thousands, who could never learn to draw on any terms whatsoever; but nine out of ten children seem to take naturally to the handling of solid material if they are rightly grounded. We wish not to teach a trade, but to lead up to the ability which helps a child to learn anything. The cubes, and bricks, and clay of the infant school may be exchanged for simple tools when the children are promoted to the boys' school, and the youths may advance gradually and with ease till they can use mitre-box and tenon-saw with skill. Then will come the time for beginning more intricate kinds of manual labour. Woodwork has been found the best for training the youngsters to use their hands deftly, but the Sheffield lads work admirably in iron; and the Birmingham boys seem ready to turn their hands to almost anything. I am not theorizing, for we have examples even in London which show what can be done, and, if Mr. Ricks is allowed to carry out the admirable scheme which he has drawn up, we shall soon have an excellent system of manual instruction; and we shall also have a successful workshop attached to almost every Board school in London and the provinces. All the principal provincial Boards are getting ready, and the work of manual instruction will begin as soon as Parliamentary jealousies have subsided so far as to let a Technical Education Bill pass.

Some people are afraid of the trades unions men: those people know nothing about the working classes. The unions do not like to see apprentices crowding into their trades, and the whole system of apprenticeship is rapidly dying out; but the men have no objection to seeing the faculties of their youngsters evenly and properly developed. Many a good fellow, who grows when he sees his boy learning parsing and useless stuff of that kind, will be glad to find the boy growing active and handy under scientific all-round tuition. Still more pleased will the artisans be when they find the evening school system properly extended. At present the Department keeps its paralysing hand on the night schools, and the subjects taught are of the usual kind, which young people detest. The Code insists on elementary subjects being taken by all evening scholars, and I think I have shown what the standard subjects are like when taught under the "Results" system. I am not surprised, but very sorry, to find that the evening classes are failures. They always begin pretty well, but the scholars are not under compulsion, and the disgusting nature of the nightly drill soon drives out all but a few phlegmatic youngsters. The science classes carried on by teachers, at their own risk, are generally successful, because the Kensington officials do allow lecturers a fair scope; but I hope that the Boards in all cities

and towns may be allowed a free hand, and that the Centre schools, and other buildings which now stand empty at nights, may be employed for sensible, fruitful teaching.

Some cautious persons may be alarmed by visions of enormous cost: they need not fret at all. Alas! if we only could call back the money that has been flung away by thousands, owing to the annual chopping and changing of the "Results" Code, we should have enough to train technically every youth in England for a long time. The thoughtful Department puts on a new subject one year; publishers rush in to supply the books and apparatus needed; the Boards purchase tons of books and other material, which are rendered obsolete by the next volte-face of the Code-Doctors. A single standard of wood will serve five classes, of thirty each, for a year, and it will cost .£12; the tools for each shop will cost .£16, and the extension of the Kindergarten system will cause an expenditure of a shilling or two per head. If the Clerks only cease to invent any more fancy book-subjects, the total cost of the new system will not be more, and may be less, than the present haphazard game of frivolous literary experiments, which pinches the ratepayers so sorely.

And now space compels me to close. I will take upon myself to repeat the last words that ever Mr. Forster spoke to me. He had arranged a private interview, and I found that he wanted to question me in his rough, kindly fashion. After he had got all he wanted from me, he sat quietly for a long time, and then said: "Ah! I am sorry now that we could do nothing for secondary education, nothing for the lower middle-class, or the middle-class for the matter of that. It was a mistake, but we were groping our way. They mayn't give me another chance; I'm much afraid I sha'n't get a chance. If I do, that's the first thing—secondary education." I wish the grand, rugged man had lived to see how near we are to obtaining a secondary education better and more practically useful than any that he had foreshadowed in his mind. So long as we do not forget that our New Masters exercise the franchise and govern us; so long as we take care to enable our young men (and women) to follow public affairs with judicious interest, the strong new movement can bring nothing but good. Only unwise haste and spasmodic optimism can render it useless.

I trust that the egotistic framing of my phrases may be pardoned: it seemed to me necessary to let my personality appear (though the lordly editorial "we" is usually much more in my line); for too many charlatans, who could not teach a class to save their lives, get up and spin platitudes about education, so that we, who have bent our backs to the real work, are like to be talked down unless we assert ourselves.

JAMES RUNCIMAN.

## THE IMPARTIAL STUDY OF POLITICS.

SINCE Burke vindicated in such a memorable manner the party-system in politics, it has taken an extension which probably he never dreamed of. It is a curious speculation what estimate he would have formed of those larger developments of his principle which the nineteenth century has witnessed. For, indeed, there is a great distance between his cautious assertion, that "no men can act with effect who do not act in concert," and some modern applications of the doctrine of concerted action. He himself lived to see Girondists united, as he had recommended, in "friendship's holy ties," and, from the view he took of the parties of Revolutionary France, perhaps we may conjecture how he would have regarded those later examples of concerted action which have been effective on a large scale. Some of these we are accustomed to approve, as the Anti-Corn Law League; others we disapprove, as the Slavery Party and the Railway Rings of the United States; while about others again we are divided in opinion, as, for instance, the Parnellite party or the Socialist party. But I doubt if Burke would have approved any of them.

It is indeed evident enough that he foresaw, even before the French Revolution began, the tremendous potency of that engine of party-concert. But in the quiet English world of those days he was not afraid to set it in motion. There existed then no deep incurable differences of principle. Nothing fundamental, either in religion or politics, was attacked. Had he rewritten, thirty years later, his "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent," he would perhaps have laid it down that party-concert was only beneficial where differences of opinion were confined to secondary questions, and would have denounced, with all the eloquence of his passionate old age, those party divisions on fundamental principles which have the

nature of civil war, sometimes even of religious war. For us it is as useless to denounce these things as it is useless to denounce the French Revolution. We cannot prevent or avoid them. But let us, at least, be alive to the dangers that attend them. They act upon our habits of thought. They accustom us to consider public questions in a spirit as unfavourable as possible to the discovery of truth. They produce a kind of epidemic lunacy, such as history sometimes exhibits to us in nations that are on the eve of great disasters. . . .

Some humble efforts, in which I have had a share, have lately been made to grapple with the specific evil of this mental disease produced by party spirit. These efforts have chiefly proceeded from the Universities, and have been more or less connected with the movement of University Extension. The Social and Political Educational League, in which such men as Mr. J. K. Stephen, Mr. Fossett Lock, and Mr. Howard Hodgkin have taken a leading part, lately held a meeting, to which I communicated an address I had delivered two years ago to a similar society, the Cardiff Association for the Impartial Study of Political Questions. An imperfect report of this address drew from M. Ostrogorski—who has lately published, in the "*Annales de l'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques*," the best sketch I have ever seen of the history of parties in the United States—the remark that the reform I advocate ought to be "*the ceterum censeo* of all men who think." I am glad, then, to avail myself of the Editor's permission to lay the address before the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The impartial study of political questions! If political questions—that is, questions of the public well-being—are all-important, if an interest in them is among Englishmen universal, it might seem scarcely necessary for you to found a society, or for me to deliver an address, in behalf of the impartial study of them. For surely all honest, serious study tries at least to be impartial. Surely there can be no more obvious cause of error than partiality. The judge, when he addresses the jury, warns them against yielding to bias or prejudice; the scientific man in his researches is especially on his guard against that tendency to a foregone conclusion which spoils all investigation and reduces it to a mockery. Surely there can be no exception to the rule that study should be impartial—surely there cannot be subjects in the study of which partiality is to be recommended or not to be condemned. . . .

Yet somehow this undertaking of yours, that you will study political questions impartially, sounds strange and startling, and you seem to feel it so yourselves. Perhaps what is strange is that politics should be regarded and spoken of as a matter of study at all. • Yes! Let us frankly admit that we may naturally be a little startled,

a little alarmed, to hear politics classed offhand, as we might class arithmetic or geography, among subjects of study. Politics concern our greatest interests, and therefore excite our warmest feelings; not among studies, not among sciences, we class them more naturally among higher things, by the side of religion, honour, morality. To be a politician is to be warm; eager, earnest, devoted; the virtue of a politician is to be staunch and zealous in the cause he attaches himself to; and that sort of cold indifference which seems implied in impartiality appears not only not a duty, but actually a sin, in politics.

You do not mean, I am sure, when you undertake to be impartial, that you will for the future cease to be earnest and eager politicians, that you will renounce all strong, clear, sharply cut opinions, or even that you will for the future regard the strife of political parties with indifference, as if it no longer concerned you, much less with contempt as if you were raised above it. And yet how can this be? How can you be impartial and partial at the same time? How can you at once maintain the passionless objectivity that befits the student, and the ardour, the unflinching decision, without which a politician is good for nothing?

There is no real difficulty here, and yet there is so much apparent difficulty that it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the point. By partiality we do not mean strong and decided opinions. Of course, when you hear very unsparing and rancorous language used, very uncompromising courses recommended, you may suppose that you are among strong partisans—that is, partial people. But it is not necessarily the case. Opinions formed with perfect impartiality may be strong and uncompromising; the strongest opinions are often the most impartial, even when such opinions are most strongly and passionately expressed. I was surprised, the other day, to hear a friend say of M. Taine's book on the French Revolution that it was evidently partial. He said so because M. Taine has taken a very unfavourable view of the Jacobin party, and has spoken of them in very unsparing language. But does this, by itself, prove him to be partial? If so, what are we to do when we have to deal with great crimes and great criminals? Are we not to describe them as they are? Partiality means a deviation from the truth. When then the truth is extreme, terrible, monstrous—and this is sometimes the case—partiality would be shown not by strong but by weak language. If the Jacobins really were the monsters M. Taine believes them to have been, it was impartiality, not partiality, to describe them as he has done. Everything depends on the fact, on the evidence. Now my friend put the question of fact entirely on one side. He inferred the partiality of M. Taine immediately from the warmth of his language. What struck me was that he did not profess to have examined the evidence and found the charges brought against the Jacobins groundless. He

only argued : The picture is extreme, therefore it must be partial. M. Taine writes with strong indignation, therefore we are not to trust him.

Now, I say, indignation, strong feeling, is not necessarily partiality, and therefore strong language is no proof of partiality. Partiality is the sacrifice of truth to a party. In order therefore to convict a writer of partiality, you must show that he was connected with a party at the time when he made his investigation, and that this has prevented him from discerning the facts or estimating them accurately. And yet M. Taine tells us that when he formed his estimate of the French Revolution he had no party connexion. All the passion he now shows has been aroused in him, so he says, by the study of the facts, and therefore it cannot have prevented him from studying them properly. Nor does it now prevent him from seeing them ; on the contrary, he feels it precisely because he sees them so clearly. Of course, my friend had a perfect right to arrive at a different conclusion. But, even supposing M. Taine to have made a great mistake about the Jacobin party, he would not, I think, be fairly chargeable with partiality. For partiality does not merely mean error or exaggeration, it means specifically that kind of error or exaggeration which is produced by judging of things under a fixed prejudice, under a party bias.

This, at any rate, is what you mean when you undertake to study politics impartially. You mean merely that you will consider the facts without bias. You do not undertake that when you have considered them no strong feeling or passion shall arise in your mind. You will not begin your studies with a political bias, but you do not undertake that your studies shall not give you a strong political bias. Nay, your object is to acquire a firm political creed.\* And what reason is there to think that this creed, when you have found it, will not be as sharply cut and positive as those old party creeds which you refuse to regard as authoritative ? There is nothing in the impartiality you aim at which is inconsistent with the strongest feeling or the most decisive action.

In a country like this, where party passion has been so much indulged and has burned so hotly, the opinion, the political creed, of most people has been imposed upon them like the religion in which they were born. They have lived in it as an atmosphere of which they were scarcely conscious, or if they have become aware that questions have another side, that opinions different from their own are tenable and even plausible, they have soon found that it was not so easy for them to change their atmosphere ; that they broke ties, disappointed hopes, suffered inconvenience, perhaps incurred serious loss, when they tried to establish an independent political position for themselves. You do not, I suppose, complain of this. You recognize that political activity imposes a certain amount of restraint upon individual opinion. I for my part should go as far as most people in admitting that there must be

compromise, that there must be party-subordination, that we must sometimes waive a conviction, sometimes stifle a misgiving. Practical life has exigencies which the theorist is slow to admit. It would be so delightful if we could always act simply in accordance with our convictions. But, alas! it happens sometimes—nay, my historical studies lead me to think it most commonly happens—that men have to act on the spur of the moment, and must act with decision, when they are tolerably well aware that they have no solid opinion. Through the greater part of history, it seems to me, political action has been a leap in the dark. And yet the leap had to be taken! The problem has generally been, not, What is it right to do? but, Granted we do not know what is right, yet since we must do something, what will it be safest on the whole for us to do? In such circumstances the best course of action is but a makeshift, and a rude organization is prepared to regulate it. We select a leader in whom we hope we may confide, we rally round him and surrender our opinions to his; he shapes for us a creed to which we resolve to adhere, and which we try to regard as true enough for practical purposes. And then it becomes a virtue to be loyal to our party, and soon to be too nice about the party-creed, to indulge in independent thought or in impartiality—all this begins to seem unpractical, perverse, fatal to party discipline, tending to confusion. Is not this unavoidable? Must we not make the best of it?

But now when such party-discipline is maintained for several generations together, the alloy of falsehood that was there from the beginning accumulates, until the quantity of it becomes prodigious. In the end, the heady, drugged liquor that we drink mounts to the brain; the fog of falsehood that settles over us, fed continually by speeches in Parliament, speeches at the hustings, speeches and leading articles everywhere, begins to blot out the very heavens, till we stagger, blinded and choking, in an atmosphere composed of the lies of many generations, which lie in layers one above another, where no breath of fresh thought has been suffered to disturb them. It is then that we begin, if we are wise, to say to each other, Come and let us make an impartial study of political questions.

Surely such a crisis has now come upon us. The portentous disruption that we have just witnessed must surely give rise to a certain amount of political scepticism, must lead us to revise our method, and look with some little suspicion into the logic by which we have been in the habit of ascertaining political truth. Misgivings were hushed in the triumphant years when Liberalism marched from victory to victory. An observer indeed might find it hard to grasp the theory of the thing. By what process a new crop of liberal doctrines always sprang up when Liberalism seemed exhausted by success, how the new doctrines were so easily proved to be truly

liberal even when they appeared inconsistent with the old, whether there was any limit to the power of developing new doctrines, similar to that which Father Newman attributed to the Catholic Church, with which Liberalism was credited—these and a hundred other doubts occurred to the observer, but the party was not troubled by them. For why? The party was successful. The prodigious agreement and enthusiasm with which each new discovery was welcomed, the prodigious success which attended each new development, seemed like signs of a divine inspiration, and Liberalism, like Catholicism—from which indeed it borrowed much—overwhelmed opposition by an appearance of unanimity, universality, and certainty. But this dream of unanimity is now surely dissolved. Under the name of Liberalism we see now what different, hostile views were confused together. The utopia of a world governed by a consensus among all rational civilized people, where force would be scarcely needed except to control a few obstinately perverse representatives of the older state of things, surely this is gone. And if so, all the difficulty, all the bewilderment, comes back upon us. We must seek some other note of truth, now that the old Catholic one—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—in its modern paraphrase, the agreement of the civilized world, has failed us. What can we do then? What else in political questions but what we do in questions of another kind? If we would know the truth about a subject we study it. If then we would know the truth about politics, let us devote ourselves to the impartial study of political questions.

For after all politics may be looked at in another, in quite a different way. Instead of an arena of contest, in which Tories, Whigs, and Radicals are marshalled against each other, in which the same old watchwords are eternally repeated, the same reckless popular arguments continually furbished up anew—an arena, in short, of action and adventure—we may speak of politics as a department of study, if not of science. We may talk of political science, or political philosophy. There is no difference of opinion about this. All parties have what they call their principles, profess to assert certain political truths, refer to great writers who are supposed to have established the doctrines which it is their business to reduce to practice. These principles, these doctrines, must clearly be matter of study; if they are erroneous, the party that founds on them must needs go wrong; so too if they have been misconceived or misapplied. How is it then that we hear so little of politics as a matter of study? How is it that they are not taught in schools or at universities?

Well! this is the way of the world. It is the fate of all great doctrines which have momentous practical applications to be lost in their applications, to fall into the hands of practical men who trouble themselves but little about their abstract truth and think exclusively



of making them prevail, and themselves prevail with them. Of the immense crowd that in a country like this take part in politics only an individual here and there has any taste for the theoretic side of them. To the majority the principles are mere solemn platitudes which give dignity and respectability to the pursuit; for them the real business begins when the personal element enters, when elections take place, when A. wins and B. loses, or when an institution is attacked and a grand fray takes place, exciting all the emotions of battle and ending in a distribution of spoils. Not that they could do without the principles! No; half the pleasure of the fray consists in the proud sense of fighting for something great and high; they like immensely to feel themselves champions of the truth, crusaders. But their own business is with the fighting; the principles they take more or less on trust. Some one else, no doubt, has inquired and philosophized; they are content with the results. A grand war-cry is the main thing; this, and a short argument to save appearances, will suffice for the theoretical part. And so they plunge into the fray, not suspecting that in many cases the measure they support does not really embody the principle they profess, that sometimes the so-called principle is a mere ambiguity which sounds so grand just because it is hollow, and that sometimes when it is most solemn and most impressive it is nevertheless entirely untrue.

I wish people could understand that it is not enough to have principles; they must have true principles. We talk sometimes as if principles were grand things in themselves; we admire great historical struggles, on the ground that it is a proof of a noble energy when people are found ready to make sacrifices for principle. Better, no doubt, is energy than mere stagnant indifference; but I often think we forget, or do not sufficiently consider, how great is the instinctive, almost automatic love of fighting in the human animal. Sacrifices for principle! Well, but was the principle true? Did the combatant, before he entered the fray, ponder conscientiously, methodically the principle on which he acted? Did he impartially consider the question? For if not, and this is the commoner case, the struggle, war, or revolution was not really for principle; it was only an outbreak of the combativeness which is our besetting sin, and principle was not really the motive of it, but only the pretext. History is full of these sham wars of principle, of which the main result is to bring the principle itself into discredit. In religion and in politics the noblest doctrines gradually lose their sacredness through being turned into the war-cries of hypocritical parties—parties which professed to have been moved by these principles to take up arms, when in fact they took up arms for the fun of it and then sheltered themselves under the principle.

No one has any right to talk of principles, either in politics or any other great subject, who has not made a methodical study of the

subject. Principles of this sort do not come to us by inspiration. At this time in the world's history, when on every subject such stores of information have been collected, when method has been so carefully considered, and so many false methods have been exposed and renounced, we must cease to confound principles with party cries, or to imagine that any high-flown sentiment or jingling phrase is true enough to fight for or good enough to hold a party together. We must be serious. In other departments we have long been impatient of hollow phrases. In scientific investigation, for instance, the phrase, the swelling oracular maxim, is utterly discredited—it is scouted as mediæval, as belonging to an obsolete system. Principles of quite a different sort reign now in that department, principles slowly arrived at, provisionally admitted, until a prodigious weight of experience confirms them, and if accepted at last, liable even then to disappear in further developments and higher generalizations. But it is still quite otherwise in the political world. There it seems that no corresponding advance has been made. There the old watchwords still reign; there the old, vague, blustering terms—liberty, equality, and the rest of them—and the old maxims, traditional commonplaces of party rhetoric, live on in a world where all else is changed. Surely, in these days we want words less pompous and more carefully defined, principles better tested and better suited to the modes of thinking of the age.

I do not know but that you may be disposed to regard me as something of a sceptic in politics. Not so, if it is scepticism to doubt whether truth in politics can possibly be attained, for I have more belief than most people in the possibility of giving precision and certainty to our knowledge in this department. But I am a great sceptic about the current political system. For, in the midst of all our party divisions, there has grown up a sort of accepted political creed, a doctrine which is held to be almost beyond controversy, the settled result of civilization and progress. It is supposed that all enlightened men are agreed upon this doctrine, and that by it all the principal questions of government are settled, so that really not much now remains open to question. I am indeed a great sceptic about this supposed creed of civilization. I believe it will not bear examination, and that scarcely any article in it is final. I believe that of those principles upon which all enlightened men are supposed to be agreed, many are not even true. That imposing semblance of a final agreement, in which before long all controversy will be merged, appears to me a complete illusion, an illusion of a very ordinary kind. The appearance of agreement is only the result of vagueness in the use of language; the fabric looks solid only because we are not allowed to come very near it; the propositions sound satisfactory only because they have never yet been analysed.

How, indeed, *can* this system be true? Where, how, and by whom

was it framed? It did not grow out of an impartial study of political questions. It sprang up in the midst of party controversy, in minds heated with opposition and contending for interests. Party conflict may be necessary, and for certain purposes good, but it is not a school for the discovery of truth. To discover truth requires impartiality first, next contempt for mere popular success, then continuous, patient, often difficult trains of reasoning. All these are necessarily wanting in the party-strife, where votes must be obtained at whatever cost, and where it is vain to urge anything, however essential to the demonstration, which is not popular, immediately intelligible, obvious to the meanest capacity. In those conflicts truth may be propagated, when it has been discovered by other means, but it can neither be discovered nor proved, and the most splendid triumph at the polling-booths leaves the question of truth precisely where it was. We could imagine a great and final system of political truth springing up among us, if it were the work of political philosophers improving their methods and concentrating their efforts as philosophers have done in other departments, but it is not represented as having sprung up mainly in this way. By great party-conflicts, by Acts of Parliament, which have settled great questions practically for us, it is supposed that in some way truth has been discovered or at least proved, as if the ballot-box could be an organ of scientific discovery. Though I use so many words, I do but say perhaps a little more strongly and decidedly what you affirm by the act of founding this Society. You say we should study political questions impartially. I say, we must put politics on a new basis—on a basis of systematic and reasoned truth. We must have, not Whig and Tory principles, handed down to us from the party-conflicts of other times and enshrined in the rhetoric of ancient party-leaders, but principles of political science as taught by great thinkers and writers. Those great writers, whom we name with reverence, yet scarcely read, and seldom practically follow in our politics, must come now to the front, must take henceforth the lead. We must have masters whose style is calm, whose terms are precise, whose statements are duly qualified, who see both sides of a question, and who know the history of the past—the Tocquevilles and the Mills; and we must make up our minds that if anything like agreement is ever to be reached on political subjects, it will not be by any amount of party agitation or by any number of victories at the poll, but by a sufficient supply of such teachers and by due docility in those who learn from them.

In other words, politics must become a branch of study, a matter of teaching and learning. But here perhaps I may seem to expect too much, and you may doubt whether your Society can attempt a study which I represent as so scientific. You begin well by securing help from all the political parties. This of course is indispensable, and if you make due progress, the time will come when at your meetings

you will have become so accustomed and so attached to the free scientific way of handling the subject, that you will almost forget the existence of those parties. I think you are right too, if, as I hear, you have decided not to proceed to a division at the termination of a debate. I like this, and think it is perhaps more important than some might suppose. Your object is to find the truth. Now a majority may be a very respectable thing; but it has no function in the investigation of truth. This is perhaps hardly a truism, if I may judge from the prevalent way of speaking. How often is some great Act of Parliament, some Reform Bill, spoken of as if it had established a principle, as if in some marvellous way it had made something true and right which was not so before. But in the pursuit of truth the number of votes is of no sort of importance. It is so wholly indifferent which side has the majority that you can infer nothing whatever from it. A majority has, it seems to me, no particular inclination to take the right side, but also it has no particular leaning towards the wrong. It belongs to political action, and has no place in political study.

So far, then, it appears that you have made excellent arrangements for a political debating society. But allow me, first, to warn you against resting content with a mere debating society; and, secondly, to suggest the possibility that your present plan may not prove sufficient to meet all your wishes, and may call for additions and further developments.

First, a debating society, whether impartial or not, is still a society simply for making speeches. In the debating societies that I have known, speech-making has been an end and not merely a means—nay, it has been almost the principal end. The main object which the members have had in view has been to acquire the power of expressing themselves in public with freedom and effect. No doubt, in any good debating society, the matter as well as the form of the speeches is considered; but distinctive excellence will appear chiefly in the form. Now what is it that you mean to encourage—just thinking on political subjects, or merely smart speaking? Do we want a new society for the purpose of training a few more of those talking-machines of which we have so many already, of encouraging that fluency in political platitudes which our party system itself encourages too fatally? I have assumed throughout this address that your object is precisely opposite, that you wish to acquire a firm grasp of principles, to lay a foundation of political knowledge in precise definition, luminous classification, trustworthy generalization, authentic information. This you hope to do by the co-operative method, by a society, by meetings. I would ask you to consider carefully the regulations which will determine the character of your debates. Bear in mind that clearness of thought has one eternal enemy—rhetoric. It is difficult to encourage eloquence and

to encourage justness of thought at the same time and by the same methods. Your regulations ought to put some restraint upon the flow of rhetoric, to reduce as much as possible the temptations to display. Perhaps, for example, if you have some meetings where the audience is large, you might arrange to have other meetings smaller and more select. You might try to introduce dialectical discussion, which should proceed by rapid question and answer, objection and reply, and where the members should speak sitting. As your object is to assimilate political as much as possible to scientific discussion, you should study to borrow the forms of scientific discussion. Parliamentary forms, I think, should be avoided. Written papers should be encouraged, since writing almost imposes serious reflexion. It will be of no avail to eschew partiality, if you allow yourselves to fall into the snare of rhetoric. Tinsel phrases, the childish delight in uttering solemn periods and hearing the sound of applause, bias the mind not less powerfully than party connection.

Another difficulty occurs to me. You intend to discuss political questions. But is it so easy to decide what questions are political and what are not? Is it so easy to fix the limits of the political sphere? That question becomes *urgent* as soon as you begin to regard the subject seriously. Of course, if you are contented with delivering a series of set speeches which shall be greeted with applause, or if you intend merely to repeat the old story how the Whigs or the Tories have been always right and their opponents always wrong, the difficulty will not trouble you. But if you really entertain the notion of discovering truth, if you intend to investigate political questions seriously and renouncing all foregone conclusions, you cannot but soon make the remark how difficult it is to separate political questions from others which are not usually called political. If there is a science of politics at all, it must needs be almost the most complicated of all sciences. It deals with that curious phenomenon called the State, which is a kind of organism composed of human beings. The lives of individual men, even the greatest men, are included in the life of the State; almost everything indeed is included in it. Does not the very thought of studying such a vast comprehensive phenomenon, and of discovering the laws that govern it, give rise to a feeling of bewilderment? Does it not strike you that this study must rest upon other studies, that this science must presume the results of other sciences, and therefore that it cannot properly be studied by itself? Let me illustrate this by one or two examples. I will take almost at hazard some of the questions which are most likely to occupy you. I see on your list the question of Free and Fair Trade. You will not doubt that this question is political; it is proved to be so by the plainest of all tests, for it decides votes at the hustings. But it is equally evident that the

question belongs to political economy. The freedom of trade has formed the main topic of economists since the "Wealth of Nations" was published. Here then politics run into Political Economy. If you seriously mean to form an opinion on this political question, how can you evade the economical question that lies under it?

\* Or take the Irish question, which has convulsed the nation so recently. That, if any question, is political. But in the discussion of it what sort of argument is used? It is said that the Act of Union, by which the Dublin Parliament was brought to an end, was passed by corrupt means, that it did not receive the assent of the Irish people; and so on, and so on. Well! are these statements true, or are they not true? This is evidently a historical question. To answer it you must consult the record of occurrences which took place at the close of the last century. In other words, you must travel out of politics proper into history. Does not this example show you how far you run the risk of being led, what complicated inquiries await you? Indeed, it seems to me that that immense and pregnant question which was so suddenly brought before us, the question of Home Rule, involves the greatest of those principles which political thinkers, using a historical method and availing themselves of that vast supply of trustworthy historical information which till a very recent time was wanting, have established. But have these principles been mastered as yet by our population? I think not. Our political commonplaces, those so-called principles the announcement of which sets all throats shouting and all hands clapping, are in a great degree exploded in the schools. In the schools the historical has supplanted the *à priori* method, whereas the party-world still lives in the dregs of eighteenth-century Liberalism. That impartial view at which you aim is, in fact, a historical view. When the party-scales fall from our eyes, what we see before us is simply history. "The thing which hath been is the thing which will be." Would you know what is wise and right in politics, you must consult experience. In politics, as in other departments, wisdom consists in the knowledge of the laws that govern the phenomena, and these laws can only be discovered by the observation of facts. Now, in the political department we call the observation of facts, history. If this is so, how can we avoid the conclusion that such a study of politics as you meditate cannot be separated from the study of history?

You will allow me, I am sure, thus frankly to point out the difficulties with which you will have to contend. It may prove that a more complicated machinery than you have planned is necessary in order to carry your purpose worthily into effect. And in that case it is, of course, possible that you may find on trial that you have undertaken more than you can perform in a manner thoroughly satisfactory. Even so your Society might still be infinitely useful. Its discussions

might be suggestive, even if they should not be exhaustive; they might give much, even if they should leave you hungering for more.

On the other hand, you may find yourselves able to give to your Society that further development which the plan of it seems to me likely to require. What, in one word, is this further development? To discussion, it seems to me, you may wish to add methodical teaching, and to politics you may wish to add political economy and history. These, indeed, are vast additions; they would convert your debating society into something which we should describe by quite another name, into a sort of institute or college of the political sciences. You may not be prepared, and perhaps even it would not be wise, to look so far forward, to undertake so much at once, or even to indulge the thought of ever undertaking so much. But in a solemn commencement like this, it is impossible not to speculate, at least for a moment, to what height the seed now sown may conceivably grow. In an inaugural address, allow me to adopt for a moment the tone of an augur. It is now seventeen years since, in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge, I delivered a lecture on the Teaching of Politics. Ever since that time, but especially during the last ten years, I have observed in different parts of the country, how the idea of regarding politics as a matter of teaching makes way, and how the demand for political teaching grows. The movement here connects itself in my mind with many similar movements which I have had the opportunity of observing, and therefore I think I can foresee the course it is likely to take. Now observe that if you find difficulties in realizing what you wish, you may get help. You want better knowledge, and you may possibly find, as I have said, the subject too vast for you to grapple with unaided. You may come to think that you want the help of economists and historians, if not of other classes of learned men. Your discussions may leave you craving for something more systematic; they may suggest doubts which you would like to refer to investigators of authority. If so, do not forget that the old Universities are now very different from what they used to be. Whatever knowledge, whatever insight can be found there, is very much at your service. If in former times their studies were too little practical, had too little bearing upon the questions which agitate the world, this can scarcely be said now. If in former times the scholars of the Universities were wrapped up in monastic seclusion and took little interest in the topics of the day, this again can scarcely be said now. But you are not likely to forget this, for I understand the University Extension lecturers have visited this neighbourhood. Possibly, however, it has not occurred to you that the two schemes, University Extension and this Society for the Impartial Study of Political Questions, belong to and have an affinity with each other. We have at Cambridge economists, and we have also historians who do not shun the actual times in which we are all living. In the

Extension Scheme, and other similar schemes, we have a machinery by which these academic teachers are brought easily within reach of those who in great towns like this feel the want of academic teaching. I do not overrate the value of this kind of help. The time was, no doubt, when such scholastic politics would have been regarded with contempt, and I do not suppose that even now you are accustomed to expect much light upon practical questions from the collegians of Cambridge and Oxford. Nevertheless, I think you have found out already that they have something to give, and if you will only persist in appealing for their help, I believe you will be more and more satisfied with the result. The demand will create the supply. They will find out what you want; and gradually they will prepare themselves to give it. Here, then, is my suggestion. You seem to recognize already that you will need help of some kind. You have asked distinguished men, some of them strangers, to deliver lectures which are to be introductory to your discussions. I say, then, for the future, when you want such lecturers, go for them sometimes to the Universities. And if you find, as you may do, that, on such a subject as Free Trade, for instance, a single lecture, or a pair of lectures, one on each side, is not sufficient, and rather disturbs your mind than quiets it, if you begin to see whole sciences and systems of thought lying under those political questions which you have undertaken to study impartially, then, I say, call the Extension Lecturers back to Cardiff, and supplement your debates by courses of lectures and by standing classes in political economy and in history.

You see, no doubt, what I aim at. What leads me to take an interest in your enterprise, what has caused me to accept with pleasure your invitation to deliver this address, is that I have recognized here another wave in the great tide of which I have for many years watched the advance. It is our part at the Universities to give coherence, connexion, and system to the thinking of the nation. I see everywhere how the nation begins to strive more than in past times towards such coherence; I am glad also to see how it learns the habit of looking to the Universities for help in this strife, and how rapidly the Universities are acquiring the habit and the skill to render such help; and I look forward to the time when the English Universities will extend their action over the whole community by creating a vast order of high-class popular teachers, who shall lend their aid everywhere in the impartial study of great questions, political or other, and so play a part in the guidance of the national mind, such as has never been played by Universities in any other country. It is in this hope, and as a step to the fulfilment of it, that I inaugurate and wish all success to your Society.

J. R. SEELEY.



## “HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.”

IN dealing with the hymns now used, more or less generally, in the services of the Church of England, we are treating of a matter not settled by any authority competent to give a binding decision on the subject. Practically, there are two collections, which may be regarded as representing the belief of the two great theological schools which make up the main body of English Churchmen, the so-called Broad Churchmen furnishing, at present, nothing more than a leaven, which may ultimately affect the whole mass, but which has, thus far, no such distinctive expression of its aims as may be conveyed in the form of a hymnal. The two collections, which virtually occupy the field, are invested with such sanction as may be bestowed unauthoritatively by ecclesiastical and other assemblies, as well as by individual clergymen and laymen; and both, beyond all question, exercise a great influence on the religious feelings, if not on the religious thought, of the age. The change thus brought about has been effected in a wonderfully short time, and it is one of the many striking changes which mark the half-century of the present reign. Fifty years ago the metrical version of the Psalms, familiarly known as Tate and Brady, ruled supreme, its ascendancy being not much interfered with by an occasional resort to the better, though more rugged, English of Sternhold and Hopkins; and assuredly, it is no small deliverance to be rid of both these versions, as a whole. There was something terrible in the bare possibility of being called on to take part in the declaration—

“Then Earth, the quarrel to decide,  
Her vengeful jaws extending wide,  
Rash Dathan to her centre drew,  
With proud Abiram’s factious crew”—

this being supposed to reproduce the verse, “Then the earth

opened, and swallowed up Dathan, and covered the congregation of Abiram." It was both depressing and ridiculous to have the sentence, "This is their foolishness, and their posterity praise their saying," travestied in the lines:—

"How great their folly is who thus  
Absurd conclusions make;  
• And yet their children, unreclaimed,  
Repeat the gross mistake."

It was like a release from slavery when, in place of this wretched doggerel, we first heard some of the hymns in which good men of more recent times had expressed their highest hopes and their deepest convictions, or an English version of some of the old songs which have come down as the inheritance of the Church Catholic through the long series of the ages. The direction at first taken was manifestly the right one. The psalmody of the services was no longer a mere nuisance and pest, withering thought and irritating the feelings. It was becoming distinctly an attraction and a refreshment. In the comparatively small body of hymns at first brought together, there were not a few of high merit as poems—some of singular beauty—and a still smaller number which might well be spoken of as faultless. This faultlessness was obviously the end to be aimed at. The theory of a hymn is that it should be a perfect lyric poem; and such poems cannot be expected to have the exuberant growth of nettles and darnels. It was not necessary that we should have a huge multitude of hymns, which might serve as a complete repertory of all the dogmatic beliefs and notions of any given theological school; but it was needful that such hymns as we might have should really stir the thoughts and affect the hearts of the worshippers, should bring before them some aspect of eternal truth in a form which should impress the intellect as much as it might charm the ear. The value of such a collection would be determined necessarily by the numbers. If these were legion, high merit in the whole collection would be hopeless. But it soon became manifest that the proprietors of the hymns put forth as "Ancient and Modern" had objects in view compared with which high excellence in art and workmanship was but of very secondary importance, and indeed, it would seem in the end, of no importance at all. The temptation was soon felt to furnish a complete series for all the seasons and festivals of the Christian year, for every single service in the Book of Common Prayer, for every day in the week, and for every hour of the canonical day. Edition after edition was put out, each larger than those which had preceded it; supplements added to a stock already, it might have been thought, large enough, and the hymns so added were for the most part of a more and more pronounced character. The compilers, it was clear, aimed at making the collection a *Summa totius theologiae*, for the

laity with the serene conviction that they who composed the ballads of a people had more power than they who made their laws.

We had thus been separated by a sufficiently wide gulf from the psalmody of Tate and Brady, or of Sternhold and Hopkins; but was the result on the whole a gain? The end aimed at was, or was supposed to be, the reaching of the hearts of the people and the stirring them to greater earnestness in the Christian life; but was the food thus furnished likely to strengthen them, to turn into bone and sinew, to make them more clear-sighted, more widely reaching in their aims, more impartial and unprejudiced in their judgment, more watchful against the slightest tendency to substitute the letter for the spirit, or to subordinate the spirit to the letter? The new body of hymns might be regarded as poems, or as expressions of religious belief. What was the merit of their workmanship as poems? and in what direction, theologically, morally, and spiritually, were they likely to carry the people?

Of a collection, containing nearly five hundred hymns, we might safely say, even without looking at them, that uniform excellence would be an astonishing marvel indeed. It would be both absurd and unfair to look in all for the charm of the highest lyric poetry, or indeed for any exceptionally high standard. But this book can be weighed in no such balance. Some of the hymns are undoubtedly beautiful; but the great bulk of the matter which makes up the volume cannot fail to leave on the mind of a reader who will go through the hymns consecutively and carefully a very painful impression. Apart from the few which are really good, and deserve to live for all time, the great majority are feeble and dull, while much of the matter is mere doggerel, which has crossed the borders of nonsense. The fact is that the hymns of this class are hymns designed to set forth or embody a certain system of doctrine, and we need not wonder if they bear the stamp of deliberate manufacture. Many of the hymns, it cannot be doubted, have been written to order, and their real or supposed dogmatic accuracy was the only thing to be taken into account. It has been well said that, so soon as a hymn becomes a mere exposition of dogma, its value as a hymn is either imperilled or lost. But, if it was a hard matter to endure the doggerel which in "Tate and Brady" was a result of hammering the old Hebrew Psalms into English rhyme, it is not less hard to tolerate doggerel which is the result of a resolution to express and to enforce certain doctrinal or theological views, and to uphold the ecclesiastical system commonly known as that of Sacerdotalists, or High Churchmen, or Ritualists. The connexion of dogmatic exposition with doggerel may be illustrated from a multitude of hymns taken almost at random. A hymn for Confirmation (347) has the lines:—

"Grant us, through Thee, O Holy One,  
To know the Father and the Son;  
And this be our unchanging creed,  
That Thou dost from Them Both proceed."

Another (354), for the Ember Days, keeps on a sufficiently low level—

"Endue the Bishops of Thy flock  
With wisdom and with grace,  
Against false doctrine, like a rock,  
To set the heart and face.  
"To all Thy priests Thy truth reveal,  
And make Thy judgments clear:  
Make Thou Thy deacons full of zeal,  
And humble, and sincere:  
"And give their flocks a lowly mind  
To hear and to obey"—

the main lesson of the hymn being conveyed obviously in this last line. Another, for Harvest (385), exhibits some odd or obscure grammatical constructions, as well as the straits caused by the needs of rhyme:—

"God the Father, Whose creation  
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,  
Thou, Whose yearly operation  
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,  
Here to Thee we make oblation  
Of the August-gold of earth . . .  
"When the harvest of each nation  
Severs righteousness from sin,  
And Archangel-proclamation  
Bids to put the sickle in,  
And each age and generation  
Sink to woe, or glory win,  
"Grant that we, &c."

With worse confusion and self-contradiction another Harvest hymn tells us that

"... the heavenly Sower  
Goes forth with better seed,  
The Word of sure salvation,  
With Feet and Hands that bleed. . . .  
Within a hallowed acre  
He sows yet other grain,  
When peaceful earth receiveth  
The dead He died to gain;  
For though the growth be hidden,  
We know that they shall rise;  
Yea, even now they ripen  
In sunny Paradise."

In some way, therefore, the departed are both in Paradise and also in the peaceful earth. And this seeming inconsistency brings us to a cluster of hymns which profess to deal with the subjects of the change called Death and Resurrection. In one of the hymns on the Passion (124) we read that—

"Resting from His work to-day  
In the tomb the Saviour lay;  
Still He slept, from Head to Feet  
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealed stone."

But, according to another hymn (122), He was not sleeping in a shroud, but was delivering the spirits in prison :—

“ In the gloomy realms of darkness  
Shines a light unknown before,  
For the Lord of dead and living  
Enters at the open door.”

In the same way, in a few more years (288) we shall be “ with those that rest asleep within the tomb,” but at the same time we shall be in a far serener clime, where there are no more tempests. Similarly, in the next hymn (289) we are told—

“ Soon will you and I be lying  
Each within his narrow bed ;  
Soon our souls to God who gave them  
Will have sped their rapid flight.”

We may be told that there is a difference between body and soul. But which is the “ I ? ” which is the man himself ? Here clearly the man (the “ I ”) is said to be in his narrow bed, and we know that he is not so. If it be said that the matter could not be dealt with more accurately in a hymn, the reply would be that hymns ought not to treat of such subjects : but the plea is not a valid one. The same confusion runs through a multitude of hymns. In one (401) we read—

“ ‘ Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving him to sleep in trust  
Till the Resurrection day.”

In another (402), for a child, we are told

“ . . . how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
In its narrow bed ’tis sleeping.”

But the next verse says that the child is not there :—

“ In a world of pain and care,  
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it :  
To Thy meadows, bright and fair  
Lovingly Thou dost receive it ;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white  
Now it dwells with Thee in light.”

Interpreting this imagery as the hymns everywhere interpret it, we must hold that there is a *form* which wears the robe.

I have said that the collection, as a whole, is designed to subserve a doctrinal or dogmatic purpose. If the result be contradiction, this is partly because one hymn is devoted to one dogma and another to another ; and partly because the writers and compilers have not taken care to determine their own meaning and

analyse their own beliefs and convictions. The idea of the hopelessness of all who do not, as the phrase is, die in a state of grace, is set forth clearly enough in 94, and in the Litany of the Last Four Things (463); and the same thought is probably meant to be expressed by the words in 289:—

"Soon we must through darkness go,  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe"—

the latter being clearly the death of sin. But the Ascension hymn (147) affirms distinctly that the Eternal Son has conquered this death; and another (202) declares

"His kingdom cannot fail,"

and that

"He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit."

It is of this reign, and of the issue of it, that Gregory of Nyssa joyfully asserts that it involves the recovery of "the very inventor of wickedness," meaning by this the devil, and adds that "when, in the lengthened circuits of time, the evil now blended with and implanted in them [the wicked] has been taken away, when the restoration to their ancient state of those who now lie in wickedness shall have taken place, there shall be with one voice thanksgiving from the whole creation." Nothing less than this, most assuredly, is involved in the assertion that Christ reigns "till all His foes submit," this submission (according to the same great doctor to whom we owe the concluding clauses of the Nicene or Constantinopolitan creed) being their destruction. His enemies are destroyed and no longer exist, because they have all been made His friends.

But the work of edification must be carried on; and it would seem that anything may serve as the instrument of it. The needs of rhyme add sorely to the burdens of feeble or barren thought; and the verse is sometimes strange enough. Of the Holy Spirit a hymn (211) says—

"True wind of heaven, from south or north,  
For joy or chastening, blow:  
The garden-spices shall spring forth,  
If Thou wilt bid them flow."

How flow? In the same way, perhaps, in which in 210 we read—

"Faith will vanish into night,  
Hope be emptied in delight,  
Love in heaven will shine more bright:  
Therefore give us love."

This, clearly, is written merely because there are certain other

things which are to cease, and the composer stumbles blindly onwards, with faith and hope, as with prophesyings and speaking with tongues, in spite of St. Paul's emphatic assertion that faith and hope abide eternally with love, although love is the greater among the three. This heedless workmanship is shown most of all, perhaps, in the wretchedly poor hymns devoted to the red-letter feast-days. Thus, in 420, we read—

“ Give us, amid earth's weary toil,  
And wealth for which men cark and care,  
Mid fortune's pride, and need's wild toil,  
And broken hearts in purple rare,  
Give us thy grace. . . .  
Still sweetly rings the Gospel strain  
Of golden store that knows not rust:  
The love of Christ is more than gain,  
And heavenly crowns than yellow dust.”

But we must come to matters more serious than considerations of good taste or of careful workmanship and art. It is not easy to see on what grounds the changes made in the text of some hymns are justified, or why the same hymns should appear in different forms in different editions, for none of which any date is given. A striking instance is found in the two presentments of Toplady's hymn, “Rock of Ages,” and in the changes made in 313, “Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord,” which is Neale's translation of the hymn, “*Sancti, venite, Corpus Christi sumite.*” In 218 the line, “Let thy love on all be poured,” in the second verse, has been displaced for the poor substitute, “Be by all that live adored;” but the hymn itself, which, in the earlier editions, appears among the Epiphany hymns (and an Epiphany hymn it most truly and thoroughly is), is placed among the general hymns in the later editions, which for the Epiphany give only some sensuous renderings of the imagery connected with the visit of the wise men from the East. The beautiful hymn (156), “Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come,” has been “amended” after a like fashion, and the same remark applies to (180) “To Christ the Prince of Peace;” but it is not the sensuous imagery which has been interfered with, either here or anywhere else. The removal or even the softening of such imagery was no part of the task set before themselves by the compilers of this collection. Their purpose has been to lead the people in quite another direction; and it is, perhaps, not to be doubted that they have achieved already a large measure of success, and are likely to achieve much more.

It is not my purpose, however, to contend that this translation of spiritual truths into outward and concrete signs, and the virtual substitution of these signs as realities, to the exclusion of the truths which they at best only figure, is not justifiable within the limits of Communion recognised by the Church of England. I do not even venture to say that the compiler of the “Ritual of the Altar,” had he

chosen to remain in the English Church for which he drew up that volume, might not have been justified in retaining his position within it as much as Bishops Wilberforce and Wordsworth or Mr. Bennett. But I am bound to say that all this sensuous language, all this erotic devotion, all this myth-borrowed imagery, all this exaggeration or embellishment of the merest hints in the synoptic or Johannine Gospels, receives no justification, encouragement, or sanction from the Book of Common Prayer. Of the Articles nothing needs to be said in this connexion. No one, of course, has ever pretended that any warrant for any such language is to be found there. There is something both astute and unscrupulous in the method which has been adopted for thus indoctrinating the laity of the Church of England, or rather those among them who are ready to abandon their right and duty of thought and judgment, or, in the words of a hymn already cited, are prepared "to hear and to obey." The book comes with a vague and indefinite authority. Its use has spread from one church to another: later and more pronounced editions have displaced the milder utterances of the earlier. The desire of not being behind the fashion has helped to enlarge the circulation of the most recent editions, even though many of the clergy who use the book disapprove seriously of much which it contains, and many of the laity are even repelled and disgusted by language which, to say the least, seems out of place beyond the borders of the Latin Church. That some, or rather very many, of these hymns positively revel in this concrete imagery, and go far towards investing it with a magic charm, is beyond all doubt. It is also true that of these hymns some have no little beauty, even in their English dress, although they have suffered sadly by the change from the old and more familiar Latin; but this beauty furnishes no warrant for introducing them into hymnals designed for English Churchmen. Whatever may be the theology of these hymns, it is scarcely that of the Articles or formularies of the Church of England. The change from the old versions of the "Psalms of David" to the adoration of outward wounds and the instruments for inflicting them is wonderful indeed; but the effect of such pictures as the following cannot be wholesome—

"See! His hands and feet are fastened,  
So he makes His people free:  
Not a wound whence blood is flowing  
But a fount of grace shall be.  
Yea, the very nails which nail Him  
Nail us also to the Tree" (103).

There is no more warrant for the question—

"Had Jesus never bled and died,  
Then what would thee and all betide  
But uttermost damnation?" (104)—



than there is for the suggestion that God might, had He so chosen, have made our senses avenues and instruments of nothing but the most exquisite agony and torture. Even more repellent are the lines—

“Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,  
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,  
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,  
And the pang his soul that freed,  
May these all our spirits sate  
And with love inebriate” (105).

It is the “wounded side” of Jesus which “gives to the Church her birth” (151); it is the hiding-place in which the believer may find refuge and evermore abide (182). His children appeal to Him “by the red wounds streaming, by the life-blood gleaming” (188). Nay, through all eternity, it will be, we are told, the joy of all joys to the faithful—

“To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred Wound  
In Hands and Feet and Side” (230).

So, again, they are bidden to—

“Crown Him the Lord of love,  
Behold His Hands and Side,  
Rich wounds yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified” (304).

All this is the mere petrification of figures, which, if spiritually regarded, may perhaps become full of life and meaning. Anyone who reads the charges given in the Gospels to the Twelve and to the Seventy will see that a purely spiritual commission is conveyed in terms which may be misunderstood carnally by those who are determined so to interpret them. If the charge to heal the sick, to cleanse the lepers, to raise the dead, and to preach the good news to the poor be not a charge to free men from the diseases of sin, to raise them from spiritual death, and to assure them of the universality and the boundlessness of the Divine Love, then the work of the Redeemer was in no sense spiritual. But the commission *was* spiritual, and was received as such. The process which converted it into a mission of thaumaturgy is seen in the narrative of the disciples sent to Jesus by John the Baptist from his prison-house. This process is shown in a striking light in the hymns (368, 369) for Hospitals, in which the carnal and the spiritual senses are interchanged and jumbled together in utter confusion.

But with even less warrant (if this were possible) from either the language or the spirit of the standards and formularies of the Church of England is the idolatry of mere outward or accidental instruments brought out in the whole class of hymns in which mention is made of the Cross of Christ. Idolatry may seem a strong word; but

under the circumstances what other word can be used? We say, and we are quite justified in saying, of much of the Latin hymnology, that it is erotic, and therefore enfeebling and emasculating. We may excuse or explain it as the product of the theory and the experience of monastic life; but most Englishmen would not on this account pronounce it to be less dangerous. When, therefore, an instrument of torture or death is invested with life-giving power—when it is set forth as the fitting object of prolonged and rapturous contemplation—when it is represented as the ground of all our hopes and trust, what is this but to put it on a level on which we have no right to place it—in other words, to make of it an idol? The plea that this language is the language of Bernard or of Bede, of Aquinas or Damiani, of Rabanus Maurus or Adam of St. Victor, is no defence. No such language is to be found in the Prayer Book of the English Church, and, therefore, it cannot legitimately be proposed for the adoption of English Churchmen; but we have it here in many of the hymns without qualification, because it would seem that no qualification is thought to be needed except in the adaptation of those hymns which are supposed to err on the side of Mariolatry. Thus in 117 we have a miserably docked and curtailed version of the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa;" but the Latin sensuousness is fully reproduced in the verses which tell us of the—

"Faithful Cross, above all other,  
One and only noble Tree;  
None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit thy peer may be;  
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron;  
Sweetest weight is hung on thee" (97).

From this Tree we are told that God is reigning.

"O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,  
Ordained those Holy Limbs to bear,  
How bright in purple robe it stood,  
The purple of a Saviour's Blood" (96).

There is not a shadow of authority anywhere in the New Testament for this ghastly imagery, and certainly none in the language of the Book of Common Prayer. Nor is the imagery true to the facts. In the punishment of the cross there is little external bleeding, and there needs not of necessity to be any. Even when we turn to hymns whose language is less repellent, we are confronted with a perversity of thought and expression which is even bewildering. There is something scarcely seemly in the address:

"And now, beloved Lord, Thy soul resign  
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious  
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy Head in  
The throbbing Brow and labouring Breast grow still" (121).

But if, for this whole tone of thought, and for the words in which it finds utterance, there is no warrant in the New Testament, and none assuredly in the authoritative standards of the Church of England, then whence comes the thought and the language in which it clothes itself? For myself, I may say that I have answered the question with the utmost distinctness now nearly twenty years ago. I need not reproduce here what I said then ; \* but I may add that I wrote the chapter to which I refer with the fullest consciousness of its bearing on the Eucharistic terminology of Christendom, and that I have in no way modified my language in later editions of the work. It would be, I believe, impossible to express in clearer words than those which I then used, the meaning and the origin of the Cross as now used, whether for the purpose of ornamentation or of devotional symbolism. The starting-point of the Mythos has practically nothing to do with the matter. The gradual refinement and spiritualising of concrete imagery is happily a fact which runs parallel with the gradual petrification of spiritual belief into sensuous and magical formulæ. The pure and touching legend of the Holy Grail may be traced back to the coarsest symbols of plenty and life ; but it is none the less pure and touching on this account. The reader of Bunsen's "God in History" will have before him a long list of "murdered and risen gods," and of these one at least was worshipped, down to the days of the Babylonish captivity, in the Temple of Jerusalem itself. There, according to the emphatic testimony of Dean Stanley, the rites of the popular worship were those of a bloody and sensual idolatry ; there, in the words of Bishop Colenso, the ritual practised was purely pagan. There, at the north gate of the House of Jehovah, the women wept for Tammuz—that is, "for the dead Adonis, Yahve, whom they will hail on the third day as having come to life again." There the twenty-five men between the porch and the altar worshipped the sun towards the east ; there the moon-goddess, Ashera, was adored under the symbol of a stock, or pole, or trunk, which could become a serpent, and from a serpent revert again to the form of a tree. In language precisely corresponding to that of our hymns, this tree is described as a tree of life, possessed of inherent vitality, and putting forth leaves and branches, as in the Thyrsi of the Dionysian worshippers, and the Sistron of the Egyptian priests, or the budding rod of Aaron. • It became in the mind of the poet of the hymn to Hermes the rod of wealth and happiness, and this rod became the "arbor vitæ" and "crux salutifera" of Christendom. We have the old mythology still, but it is a mythology purified, in whatever measure, of its primitive grossness ; and the process of purification has been accomplished in many different ways. I may refer to

\* "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," Book II. ch. ii. sect. 12. Longmans. 1870.

a paper in a former number of this journal,\* on the corruption of Christianity by Paganism. The writer of that paper cites Lucian's description of the two columns, each thirty cubits high, set up in the shape of phalli in front of the temple of the Assyrian Juno, like the Jachin and Boaz of the Temple of Solomon. According to Evagrius, Simon, commonly known as Stylites, originated the contrivance of stationing himself on the top of such a column; but he did not originate the practice of setting up such columns. The so-called Christian practice was indubitably heathen, and the heathen rite was indubitably phallic; but the work of Simon was rather an attempt to purify a Pagan symbol than to reduce Christianity to the level of Paganism. Such a work might be undertaken with the best intentions; but, if the old symbolism be still retained, the effect of this work will sooner or later be nullified, and the Christianity of those who retain the symbolism will be rendered in the same proportion gross and sensuous.

So it has been, and so it is, with a very large number of the mediæval and modern hymns, which deal with what is called the Christian Cross. The extravagant language, so repulsive to many at the present day, which expresses the thought and intention of what, for lack of a better term, must be spoken of as Sacerdotal religion, is not the language of the New Testament; it is not the language of the Church of England. It is the language which Latin Christendom took over from the heathenism of the Roman world. It is the result of the great compromise by which Christianity, in whatever shape, became the religion of the Roman Empire. The serene conviction of Dr. Pusey that that which is the faith of Christendom now is precisely the faith with which the first disciples undertook the moral and spiritual conquest of the world—without any additions and without any losses—is a delusion as manifest as it is lamentable. The old sensuous language of heathen devotion has never died out. It has assumed new colours and new shapes: and that is all. The general impression in this country, so far as men thought on the subject, was that, virtually, the myth was dead, and that the solar myth in particular would in the future give little trouble or none. It is not easy to shut our eyes to the fact that at no distant day it will give a great deal. The annual mourning at the death of the Sun, who on the third day was to rise again, was the object of the most earnest protests made by the Hebrew prophets; but, although it has taken quite another direction, the old worship, in its tone of expression and in its imagery, is not yet even scotched, far less killed. During Lent, and more especially during what is called the Holy Week, we may enter Ritualistic churches (belonging not to the Roman obedience, but to the Church of England), where, with

\* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March 1870.

light artificially subdued, and amid the flickering of tapers, which, as in the service of the Latin *Tenebræ*, are one by one extinguished, a congregation, of which the majority may be women, are singing, on their knees, some of the sensuous descriptions of the Passion given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," or in other like collections. Is it possible, as we hear the long-drawn wail which invites us to come and mourn with them awhile by the side of the dying Saviour, and as our ears are caught by the refrain which ends each verse, "Jesus our Lord is crucified" (114), to get rid of the impression that we actually see and hear "the women weeping and wailing for Tammuz"? Under colour of the higher intention, the whole drift of these songs or dirges is purely sensuous. We are asked to look and see how patiently he hangs, how fast his hands and feet are nailed, how his throat is stiff with thirst, and his eyes dimmed with the blood streaming from his brow; and then follows the invitation to stand beneath the Cross, that the blood from his side may

" Fall gently on us, drop by drop;  
Jesus our Lord is crucified."

All this is mere and sheer mythology, without a vestige of authority in the language of the English Church in its "Book of Common Prayer." But there are, it cannot be doubted, many who like such language, and many who become as much addicted to it as intemperate men to strong drink. At the same time there are many who dislike, and not a few who resent it, without knowing why they do so. The cause of this instinctive dislike is the presence and the yoke of the myth; and when the cause comes to be understood as clearly as it is now felt, there must follow a revolt which will surely leave in the shade the rebellion of Luther against the system which made a traffic in the remission of sins or censures, and drew from it no small profit. It is, of course, within the limits of possibility to give to the language of such hymns, or to some small part of it, something like a spiritual signification. We may speak of the blood of Jesus as his love, and of the dropping of his blood as the striving of his love with the hardness and coldness of the human heart. But this is not the meaning, and intention of these songs or hymns; and it is most certainly not the meaning and thought of those who use them. Bishops and other clergy who do not commit themselves unreservedly to the full Ritualistic theory of the Sacraments may be heard in their Lenten and Holy Week sermons to deprecate the laying of too much stress, or, it may be, of any stress, on the physical pains of crucifixion; but they come down from their pulpits, and meekly join in the refrain, "Jesus our Lord is crucified," and their feeble and unpractical protest naturally goes for nothing. Here, however, the seed of the myth is sown broadcast; and the crop must

inevitably grow—the crop which springs of using words undefined or invested with wrong connotations. Some, who employ language not unlike that with which Dean Stanley \* spoke of "the pain or torture of the cross" as "alike odious to God and useless to man," yet go on to speak of the death of Jesus on the cross in terms which impart a half-sanction to these hymns, and a half-sanction soon becomes a very complete official approbation. We may speak of the death of Jesus on the cross; but what death do we mean, and what cross? If we mean the cross of wood on Calvary, and the dissolution which took place upon it, we are indeed blinding our eyes. St. Paul dwells as strongly as any man can on the death of Christ; but this death is not that which is called the death of the body. It is the death to sin. It must be so. It cannot be anything else. It is the death which the Eternal Son died to sin from the first and once for all; and the death which He died from the first in His eternal rejection of all sin is also the life which He lives unto God. The cross, on which He died that death to sin which conquers the death of sin, is not the wooden cross to which His visible form was fastened, but the cross of absolute self-surrender to truth and righteousness. To say that He did not die to sin until He underwent the change which we call the death of the body, is to say that up to that time He had in whatever degree been overcome or affected by it; but these and other like errors are the natural and necessary outcome of the great delusion which insists on binding up religion with outward incidents which may be historical or unhistorical, and which makes our faith in God dependent on the accuracy of a narrative which comes floating down the stream of oral tradition for years or generations before it is set down on paper or parchment at all. Christianity and the mythology which has gathered round it are two wholly different things. This mythology is a parasite, which must be uncoiled, unwound, and killed, unless we are prepared to let it kill the tree round which it has twined itself. The Bishop of Natal did a most righteous and needful work when, by putting out his own little volume, he set his face against the sensuousness and Sacerdotalism of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." It is just this sensuous Sacerdotalism which the myth serves most effectually to promote; and it is time that all who do not choose to bow down under the yoke of the myth should winnow the grain in this huge storehouse and cast the chaff away, or, in plain English, pick out those hymns which are true, good, and beautiful, and proscribe the use of the rest. It is time that a check should be given to the unwholesome appetite of those who cannot live except on a series of marvellous incidents, for whom the death of the Eternal Son to sin brings up no other image than that of the malefactor's cross, with whom His resurrection or uprising is associated only with the

\* "Christian Institutions," ch. vi. p. 118.

cave-tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and for whom His ascension points only to a local going up into the air from a hill near Jerusalem. It is too late to insist on the reception of a mythical framework, unless we are prepared to face the risk of provoking not merely dissent, but revolt, and that at no distant day. It is mere infatuation to treat this framework as of the very essence of Christianity, when many know already, and the multitude will know within another century, and possibly very much sooner, that it is common to all the great religious systems of the ancient world. There is much talk about the order, and doctrine inherited by the Church of England as being unchangeable. Happily, the Church of England knows nothing of this immutable order. Not in matters of order and discipline only, but also in matters of faith, she holds that the Churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Rome have erred ; and the supposition that she claims exemption for herself is absurd, although the jesting plea has been made that the Latin Church is infallible but always blunders, while the Church of England is fallible but never makes a mistake. The question of our Hymnology is, however, one with which all sober-minded and truth-loving men are competent to deal ; and no time should be lost in dealing with it.

GEORGE W. COX.

## THE FAIR SEX AT THE PARIS SALON.

AS exhibitors and makers of exhibitions of themselves, as idlers and serious students, ladyhood and young ladyhood have distinguished themselves at the Paris Salon, the private view of which coincided with a revolution in the hues of fashionable garments, or rather with a violent reaction to those crude colours which were in vogue before dyes were extracted from coal-tar, and the *couleur rompue*—only attainable through old age or the bleaching action of sunshine—became easy of production to the dyer. This return to flaunting brightness was only possible in the month of May, which in France is usually one of fine weather. The flower-beds with their wealth of bloom, the blue sky, the delicious verdure of the trees in parks and gardens, and especially in the well-cared-for Champs Elysées, gave the key-note to fashion. Nothing looked garish in the prevailing brilliancy. And pictures, so long as I remember the Salon, never appeared so low in tone, as in juxtaposition with the Directory gowns and hat-trimmings worn this season by fair visitors.

The Salon is a very much bigger place than the Royal Academy, and, indeed, so big that there is, on its most crowded days, ample room for a clothes show as well as for a picture show. It is also a cosmopolitan exhibition in every sense. Painters send works to it from all parts. An ex-Minister of Public Education and Public Works of New South Wales, Mr. Edward Combe, for instance, has a beautiful water-colour painting of the Bay of La Perouse, a little above Sydney. There are portraits of half-caste and pure blooded belles from the Tahiti and the Feejee Isles, from Chili, Brazil, and Mexico. Ladies who are thinking of getting their portraits done for homes, perhaps in Canada, the United States, Spanish America or Oceania, come to the Salon to pick out a painter and to get an idea of the sort of dresses which look best



in oil-paintings. If their taste is uncultured, they will be sure to choose somebody who is perfect in rendering the wig-block style to which wealth, idleness, too good a table, and a flat frivolous life, reduce the mere fashionable woman. Cabanel is a master in this sort of insipidness, and renders laces, muslins, ribbons, frills, furbelows, and other belongings, in a way that, in after ages, will make his pictures valuable to the dressmaker in search of retrospective fashions. "Isn't that Duchess lace marvellous?" "Did you ever see velvet so velvety in a picture?" "How lovely that fall of soft old point-lace looks!" "Well, I think that nobody else can do as well as that painter my last dress by Würth, which was such a success when I came out in it at the Opera!" are some of the remarks from Copper Queens and such like, that one catches in front of "452, portrait of Mdme. Van L.," or of "453, portrait of Mdle. M. H.," or of "2534, portrait de la Princesse Brancovan Bessaraba," a fair-haired lady, with a face more Stock Exchange than aristocratic, but on whose robe Wenckel has juggled with the sheen and texture of white satin, of pearl embroidery, and rich blond lace. Carolus Duran, who, too, can juggle with feminine frippery, does not at this Salon captivate the Philistine belle, although perhaps he never did anything more lovely than the portrait he exhibits there of his daughter, dressed in black, and sitting in an easy, languid attitude. In the way of an arrangement in black, Debats-Ponsan pleases both the cultured and the Philistine in his portrait of Madame la Marquise —, a lady no longer young, but interesting, and dressed in a black Directory gown, with a neatly frilled muslin pelerine of the kerchief shape, a broad-brimmed black hat, slant-wise on the head, and coldly brightened up with a bow of sky-blue ribbon. Commerre does not this year sacrifice to the dressmaker or costumier. Bonnat, who, in his portrait of Mdme. Pasca, gave the mantua-makers the idea of trimming white dresses with black fur, and suggested to Beauty to wear boas in ball-rooms with low dresses, only exhibits men's portraits.

Any one coming from England and visiting the art exhibition in the Champs Elysées for the first time would be struck by the talent devoted to ladies dresses, and the greater talent shown in portraying the working woman. Of beauty wholly unadorned there is far too much, since the non-adornment does not adorn, in the greater number of cases. The very much adorned beauty, I own, depresses me. It seems so sad that evolution, with its endless series of martyrdoms of sentient beings, should culminate in such a frivolous result as providing luxurious surroundings for insipid women, who seem to find life a joyless thing. One sees unconscious satires of this result of high-pressure civilization in Stewart's small portrait of Mdme. le Vicomtesse S. d'A.; a thin belle, not lacking in surface intelligence, but hard as nails, vain, egotistic,

self-assertive, selfish, and, if the moral nature as expressed in the picture is chiefly to be taken into account, despicable. She is elegantly dressed in white satin, and has that slenderness which is accounted aristocratic, because idleness is fruitful of dyspepsia. There are some ladies of the same hard type in Bridgman's "*Dans un Villa de Campagne: Alger.*"

Quite different are the rustic and seaside pictures in which one sees women weather-beaten, homely and yet quite satisfactory, because they inspire sympathy and respect. One realizes in looking at them that they have not tried to shirk their share of the world's work, and have had their reward. The English artist knows little of this class of women, who are rather the rule than the exception in France, and who explain the recuperative power which the French nation showed after the disaster of 1870. One finds a type thereof in Stokes's "*Au Sermou.*" It is simply a head of an old peasant-woman supposed to be listening in a village church to a homily. Her face is criss-crossed with wrinkles; her mouth is sunken, there is loose skin beneath her chin; the head is stooped with age, and is bound round with a printed cotton handkerchief. Plastic beauty is wholly absent. And yet one delights in the old gammer. For why? it is clear that in her humble sphere there has been quiet, persevering effort towards what is good; that she has been all her life of an independent, honest spirit, and that she has toiled and moiled to bring up her children decently, to pay her taxes, to put some money by for her old age, and not only to have the wherewithal to pay for her funeral mass and grave, but to give her descendants cause to bless her for her provident industry. Such women tempted the pencil of Bastien-Lepage. We find one in the bloom of motherly beauty in Lhermitte's incomparable picture "*Le Repos.*" A woman at noon, just as she and her husband have had their dinner among stooks of wheat which they have been harvesting, takes up her baby, who has been sleeping under sheltering sheaves, to nurse it. She is a strong, good-looking peasant, and the infant is clearly no changeling. The expression of her countenance is, above all things, maternal, as she looks down on the thriving babe that is at her breast. The husband prepares to get about his reaping, and is just taking a fond look at mother and child. Israel's poor Dutch-women have evidently worked as hard, and they express marvellous moral beauty of a homely kind. But they only reap reward in inner harmony, and in the hope of the life to come. The French working-woman in French art is nearly always the associate of, and on equal terms with, the French working-man. There is no squalor about her. However old and poor, she is not disfigured by the bleary eyes of the drunkard, and is no pauper. It appears to me that the French peasant woman is closely akin to the Scotch gude wife, who

can turn to good account the sheep's head, sheep's stomach, and gets out of her kailyard the wherewithal to make a cock-a-leekie broth. They both have clear perceptions and strong heads. Where the Frenchwoman has the advantage is in her keener artistic sense, the outcome of which is seen in her pretty white Sunday-cap and simple, suitable, and in all respects becoming, costume. In the towns in France, civilization presses on Frenchwomen not born to ease more heavily than in the country. Pierre Cabanel excites tender compassion in his "*La pauvre Fille*"—a street matchseller, wan, wasted, and new to the business of parading her woe to excite pity. She may have a dying child or an old and infirm mother to keep. Probably she has, and she looks as if she had been turned adrift from a hospital when she ought to have been sent to a convalescent home. A sony and prosperous "*Old Woman*," by Crochepierre, possesses that science of life, having regard only to things material, to which Matthew Arnold said the French more than any other people have attained.

I now come to the feminine exhibitors. A considerable number are exempted by former successes from passing before the jury of admission. The general run of them send in good work. Still, they are not as good as it is clear they might be, given the native capacity which they show and careful and good teaching. What holds them back is their not daring to be themselves. To be excellent in art one must be one's self, and go entirely by one's own light, impressions and emotions. First sentiment, emotion, perception and insight, and then the manual skill to make manifest to others what one feels and sees.

Miss Gardner (American) is too palpably the pupil of Bongereau, on whom, however, she is an improvement in delicate cleverness. Her "*Deux Mères*" is too good for the highly finished porcelain style in which she paints—a style partly due to her use and abuse of the badger's hair brush. One of the mothers, a charming idealized rustic, is teaching a child to walk. The other is a hen with her chicks, and all form a truly happy family. Miss Strong's "*Orphélins*" are pups that miss their dam and are not likely to find her, a picture which has a touch of humour, a grain of pathos, and is vigorously cast on the canvas, and in all points true. Miss Klumpke's "*In a Laundry*" is one of the excellent paintings of which washerwomen at work are the subjects. She also does a good portrait. Klumpke is a Dutch name; but California is the native country of this painter, whose sister is a house-student in the Paris hospitals. The number, by-the-by, of "*Californiennes*" who addict themselves to painting, as shown by the Salon catalogue, is considerable.

Among the feminine portraitists to be classed as first-rate are Mdlle. Beaury Saurel, who last year rose to eminence by her portrait of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and who more than fills the place left at the Salon vacant by Nelly Jacquemart's retirement on her marriage

with the millionaire M. Andre; Mdlle. Therèse Schwartz, of Amsterdam, Mdlle. Claire Hildbrand, Mdlle. Anna Belinska, and Mdlle. Louise Mercier (for children's heads, reduced size), and Alix d'Anethan, who brings four sisters, low and tender in tone, modest, graceful, and sure to grow upon the fortunate owner of the picture, who are looking, one would say, in the light of a grey summer's morning, over portfolios of water-colour drawings. The penetrating charm of this work escapes analysis and cannot be described. Mdlle. d'Anethan is a Belgian and a pupil of Stevens, and her picture would not be out of place in the finest modern collection. As to Therèse Schwartz, I do not hesitate to class her with Mme. Vigée Lebrun, although her manner of rendering what she sees does not resemble that of the fair artist on whose canvases Marie Antoinette and most of the Royal and Imperial ladies of the time still live. The portrait sent by Mdlle. Schwartz to the Salon is of herself. It is original, striking, daring in some points, and yet with such temperance and sobriety as not to be sensational. She is standing dressed in black, with a black stuff artist's apron, and a fringed old-gold kerchief of foulard silk loosely tied round her neck. The dusky yellow here is the bright note of the painting. In one hand is held a palette and brushes, the other hand shades the eyes, as if to enable the painter to study better a subject before her not shown in the picture. A pair of spectacles with light rims are so cleverly managed as rather to embellish. At any rate they heighten the artistic qualities of the portrait, which is full length. The face is intelligent, refined, interesting, and has the beauty of physiognomy; and the close harmony between all its points show it to be a truthful likeness. It is mentioned in the catalogue that this portrait belongs to "la Galerie des Offices." Can this be the Uffizzi Gallery of Florence? Mdlle. Claire Hildbrand's portrait is of an elderly and handsomely dressed lady, ugly, and yet interesting, by reason of her strong and bounteous physiognomy. She is clearly German, and might be an amiable relative of Prince Bismarck. Her head and bust are, too, finely cast on the canvas, and with no hesitating hand. The old lady is alive and ready to say something vigorous and original. One seldom sees a portrait in which there is so much life. Mdlle. George Achille Fould's girl frying potatoes in a Paris street is a portrait of the fancy-picture sort, and capital. Here also we have a full flush of life. Mdlle. Josephine Hermoy's half-size likeness of the Empress of Brazil merits a place in some public gallery at Rio. The artist has clear sight and insight, and brings well into the face those moral and mental qualities which distinguish the all-worthy consort of Dom Pedro. We see in her Brazilian Majesty kindness, prudence, shrewdness, and sagacity. Her white hair crowns her gloriously, and she has the ease which comes of having filled for a long course of years an uppermost station.

Mdlle. Saryta was most unjustly placed high up on the wall by the

hanging committee instead of on the line, where we find all the works I have mentioned, and most of those I am going to mention. Mdlle. Abbema is used to success. She has many strings to her artistic bow, and manages them all with talent. There is no need of saying to her "Be yourself and not your master's copy." Her sea-shore paintings, her fancy pictures for fans, her "Japaneseries," and so on, exhibited last spring at Mr. George Petit's, classed her among the celebrities of Paris. She has a talent for painting delicate landscapes and seascapes full of deeply suggestive hints that say more than clear delineations. I should not forget to notice a most winsome young face—English, I doubt not—by Miss Fanny Duncan, a distinguished pupil of Stevens; or the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, by Miss Milly Childers. A young French artist, who is among the "really good" as a portraitist, Mdlle. Arosa ("Une portrait de Mdlle. Huet"), must be also *une indépendante*, like the Bonheur sisters; so, too, Mdlle. Vennemann, a Belgian animal painter (who treads in the footsteps of the great Rosa), and Mdlle. Dieterle (Van Marcke's daughter, whose cows and horses in Normandy farmyards and meads her famous father might be proud to own). As a painter of dogs and cats, Mdlle. Ronner has eminence and pre-eminence; Mdlle. Muraton, as a portraitist of canine pets, is very good, and has just missed being first-rate. But in the realm of flowers she is behind nobody, and, on the whole, I think ahead of most painters who excel there. She feels the flowers as nobody else does, and she does not, as Madeleine Lemaire is now and then tempted into doing, "paint the lily."

Mdlle. Peyrol-Bonheur continues to send cows and sheep in dips of heathery hills and gorse commons to the Salon. She would be rated higher were she not the sister of Rosa Bonheur. It is often a misfortune for a person of talent to be brother or sister to a man or woman of genius. "You, the brother of Madame Ristori!" I once said to a very distinguished Italian actor. "Yes," he answered, "but that's not my fault." Nobody could ever speak or think of him unless as "Ristori's brother." Likewise Mdlle. Peyrol-Bonheur is always to the public "Rosa Bonheur's sister." Sadie Blackford, the American actress, who used to be so much professionally engaged with the Florences, painted a cow last year which was unfavourably criticized. Instead of letting wounded vanity have its way she kissed the rod, and said, "The critics are right. They have given me better lessons than any master I have ever had. I must study and study and study from Nature, and be entirely sincere in noting what I see." As she resolved, so she did. Her cow this year, and the hillside on which it grazes, form almost a *chef-d'œuvre*. Wilfulness in applying the Try-again principle explains much of the success of Americans who come to Europe to study the fine arts.

Mdlle. Elodie Lavelette, as a seascape painter, is placed on the

line—which is nothing new to her. She excels in wave foam, and her spray, which plays about the Brittany rocks, gives the illusion of reality. Miss Rose Leigh paints, as no woman perhaps has ever done before, the forest and the heath. She was clearly taught in Belgium, where nothing is ever done *de chic* and every result is the fruit of patient work. But she has something which most Belgian artists want—a muse, or fount of inspiration. “*Sous Bois—October*” has a sad autumnal note which is full of poetry; and how well the soft beauties of summer are rendered in “*Vers le Soir—Juillet*,” a painting to which a sheet of water with nymphs and other aquatic greenery gives richness and repose.

A Mdlle. Kitty Lange, of Stavanger, in Norway, furnishes a Norwegian landscape to the Salon. Nature gives so many hints to Scandinavians of things not in the range of natural philosophy! Their artists have a sense of what is eerie that is denied to the French brain, but which, to believe some of George MacDonald’s novels, still exists in Scotland. One finds this eeriness, which is always united with the closest observation, in the seascapes of Smith Hald and Normann. We also find it in Elizabeth Keyser’s pictures of convent life. This Mdlle. Keyser is from Stockholm, a great art-centre in its way. Unknown to itself, Scandinavian art is mystic, albeit realistic. Waves, moonshine, the silver ripple on the dark fiord, the wind whistling through the pine woods, hint far more than meets the eye and ear to the Norseman. This gives a strange fascination to pictures sent by Scandinavian artists to the Salon. We find it shown even in the hard-headed, hard-worked countrywomen of Edelfelt, who, after leaving the village church on Sunday, have sat down on grave-mounds to talk to each other. Israels seems this year to have caught this spiritualistic feeling. He subordinates the outer world to the inner one of sentiment and holy aspiration. His little sick nurse reading the Bible to a poor old sick woman—her grandmother, it may be—and the sewing-girl at a window, are flowers which can be only culled in the Valley of Humiliation, and which one might fancy angels would be glad to gather.

The genre paintings by women are feeble, with two exceptions: “*The Infant’s Bath*,” by Mdme. Dumont Bréton, and “*Granny Asleep over her Spinning Wheel*,” by Mdlle. Lavielle. But the former is the best. It represents a young woman in a rustic cottage feeling with her hand the temperature of water in a tub in which she is about to bathe the bantling on her knee. This is a sweet, healthy, happy, and quite natural picture. Its tone is delightful. Women in genre pictures too much deal in sentimentality, and miss true sentiment and emotion. Is this because most women (unless they happen to be painters’ or drawing-masters’ daughters) who addict themselves to picture painting, are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and therefore reared in an atmosphere of conven-

tional falsity which so dwindles heart and mind as to render them often incapable of seeing and understanding the beauty of anything that comes straight from the heart. In the nature of things the young lady brought up to shine in society will get amateurish however healthy, from an artistic point of view, the tone of the art-school in which she studied at the outset. There have been exceptions. Quite recently there was Mdlle. Bashkircheff, who, too, was a singularly exceptional person, with, under a gloss of high social culture, the wildness and directness of the barbarian. One had only to scratch her to find the Tartar, and she was always breaking loose from conventionalities which, once upon a time, may have had their uses, but are now stultifying to young minds. M<sup>de</sup>me. Henriette Brown (M<sup>de</sup>me. de Sault) occurs to me as another exception. As a girl she was in a position which opened to her a long vista of frivolous pleasures. She felt the want of a serious occupation, and had a call to be a painter. When she spoke of her vocation her mother said to her, "Are you sure that it's not a false one? It's far better for you, unless you find it a true one, and have the perseverance to study as if you had absolutely nothing but your pencil to trust to for a livelihood, to just do like the rest of your schoolfellows—marry, to consolidate a brilliant position; and, so far as you honourably can, live to be amused." The young girl did not want a life of dissipation. Her mother then made a bargain with her; it was that, after she had been a given time in a studio, her paintings should be sold under an assumed name either at the auction-mart or by picture-dealers. That would correct the blinding effect of insincere compliments, and show her how far she was below the public standard. "Men are exposed," said the judicious mother, "to the rough criticism of each other, and their egotism is so beaten down that it ceases to stand in their light. The only discipline I can think of for you to keep down conceit, is taking you to the auction-mart when your pictures, whatever they may be, are up for sale. You will then hear the honest truth about them, and be glad to hide your diminished head if they are not good enough to unloose purse-strings." Henriette Brown's "Invalided Boy tended by Two Sisters of Charity" was the outcome of this strong determination. She was put as much upon her mettle as though she were a poor creature struggling for a crust, and became, to avoid the humiliations to which she was exposed, single-minded, sincere, and hard upon herself. As an artist she had distinct personal qualities. What father or mother who ever had a sick and dearly loved child could see her "Invalided Boy" without a swelling heart and (if at all lachrymose) tearful eyes? Her *façon* and manner of feeling things were as peculiarly her own as those of Vigée Lebrun, Angelica Kauffmann, or Rosa Bonheur, of each of whom it may be said:—*Le style c'est la femme.*

EMILY CRAWFORD.

## INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESSES.

THREE Indian National Congresses have now been held, the first in 1885 at Bombay, the second in 1886 at Calcutta, and the last in 1887 at Madras. Each has surpassed its predecessor in importance. But we have heard little about them in England. Few of our newspapers have thought it worth while to mention them at all. Such reports as have appeared have been meagre in the extreme, whilst the rare comments upon them have generally proceeded from those who take the purely Anglo-Indian point of view, and have given a partial and scarcely fair impression of a movement which should be calmly and carefully studied, because it is the first movement of the races of India towards national life.

I do not propose to express any opinions upon the vexed questions which have been discussed at these conferences, but simply to show what the gatherings have been, and what are the views which find favour amongst those by whom they have been attended.

The Bombay Congress was quite a small gathering, and the seventy or eighty representatives who attended it were for the most part volunteers, not commissioned to speak upon behalf of public bodies or societies, and requiring some pressure to be brought upon them to ensure their attendance. Several classes of the community took no part in it whatever, and out of the twenty-seven districts represented few were distinctively Mohammedan. But the importance of the meeting cannot be estimated by the numbers who attended it. It was the first time that an attempt had been made to obtain united political action from the various races and religions which make up the people of our great Indian dependency. It was the beginning of a movement which our generation will not see the end of, but which must be fraught with momentous consequences for England and India alike. Whether they



shall prove alike happy for both lands, or shall be disastrous to either or to both, depends upon the wisdom, patience, and forbearance, which are mutually practised.

But if the Bombay Congress was a small one, it did its work well. What that work was we shall see shortly. It met the wishes of thinking men in all parts of India, and, when the time for the Calcutta Congress drew near, the leading associations in the more important towns proceeded to elect delegates, and in different parts of the country public meetings were held with a similar object. As the delegates set forth by ship or train upon the mission which involved, for thirty at least, a journey of more than two thousand miles, large crowds of sympathizers wished them God speed on their errand.

About four hundred and forty delegates actually attended the sittings of the Calcutta Congress. Every presidency, province, and natural sub-division of the country furnished its quota of members. Geographically, the representation was complete.

Religious differences were not allowed to interfere with political patriotism. The Mohammedans of Calcutta and the neighbourhood abstained indeed from taking part, but the Mohammedans of India generally not only attended but entered heartily into the discussions, and Hindoos, Sikhs, Christians, Brahmas, and Parsees also bore their full share of the work. The various social grades were much more generally represented than at the Bombay meeting. There was certainly no member of the old hereditary aristocracy present; there was no shopkeeper or money-lender; and there were only five ryots. The old aristocracy have been so long excluded from the positions which they should, according to custom, have occupied, that they have, as a rule, no longer any active interest in public affairs. The shopkeepers and money-lenders appeared to care little about reforms which did not immediately affect their personal interests. The cultivating classes had scarcely awakened to political life, and they are so poor that it was practically impossible for them to attend in numbers proportional to their importance. There were many barristers, solicitors, and editors of newspapers; principals, professors, and masters of schools and colleges; bankers, doctors of medicine, mill-owners, manufacturers, tea and indigo planters, ministers of religion, missionaries, merchants, contractors, and one engineer. About a hundred and thirty delegates were landed proprietors; fifteen were Honorary and Presidency Magistrates; seventy were presidents, vice-presidents, or members of municipalities; thirty held similar positions in local district, or sub-divisional Boards; seven were members of the Governor-General's Board, or of Local Legislative Councils; whilst more than one-fourth were graduates of Indian or European Universities, and, in some instances, of both.

The Congress held at Madras in last December showed that the

movement begun at Bombay had met an actual want, for it was more numerous attended and more representative than its predecessors; its proceedings were more systematically conducted, and awakened more general interest, if not at the time, yet certainly since the excellent official report was issued. Not England only but all English-reading people begin to be aware that some peaceful movement is going on in our great dependency. That the movement is a powerful one the very fact of the great success of the Madras gathering proves, for to reach that city even from Bombay involved a journey of eight hundred miles, or about the distance from London to Rome, and the consequent expense and fatigue, and yet Bombay is the nearest of the more important cities represented out of the Madras presidency. The Punjabis had more than two thousand miles to travel, and that, too, from the bitter winter of the cold dry North to the tropical climate of Madras itself. It is as though the Member for Berwickshire were called upon to travel from the Cheviot Hills to Madeira in the month of December to represent his constituents at a four days' meeting. The mere travelling expenses of the representatives came to about £2000, and were paid by the persons themselves or by subscriptions made in the places represented. But to estimate aright the value set upon these meetings you must add to the travelling expenses, the loss of time, and the fatigue of enormous journeys, the cost of building a hall to accommodate the meetings of the Congress, and of entertaining the delegates who, during the whole time the meetings last, are looked upon and treated as the guests of the province in which they are held.\* "Food, servants, lights, furniture, medical treatment, and accommodation generally, in every case suitable to the creed, caste, and class of the several delegates, have to be provided—a task not only involving much expense, but, looking to the extraordinary differences in habits and customs that prevail amongst our people, demanding an amount of foresight and organization incredible to any one who has never taken part in the work." And, lastly, to all of this must be added the cost of reporting, printing, and distributing a verbatim account of the proceedings of the Congress. An amount of actual expenditure of money and time, of patient, self-sacrificing labour, is involved in each Congress which should suffice to convince the most doubting mind that its objects must be very precious to a large number of our Indian fellow-subjects.

The elections of representatives to the Madras Conference went on from the month of October in different parts. No attempt was made to divide the country into equal electoral districts, or to restrict the number of delegates sent by any particular locality. Where the

\* My quotations are from the official reports published after each Congress, and to be purchased in London from Talbot Brothers, 24 Carter Lane, or Hamilton, Adams & Co., Paternoster Row. Upon them my paper is founded, and I use their exact words as much as possible.

inhabitants of any town were interested in the matter they held a public meeting to elect representatives; where any association chose to do so it held a general meeting of its members with a similar object. The association might be large or small; the public meeting in one place might be attended by tens or hundreds, in another by thousands: no endeavour was made to force or formulate the representation, it was allowed to develop in its own way, and thus to be a representation of those actually interested in the matters to be discussed. Men who have had to take practical part in political movements will not mistake the significance of this fact.

It is full of instruction to see how this rough-and-ready method, whilst leaving the representation imperfect and unequal, is adjusting itself. The movement is a spontaneous popular one, not aided by Government, but opposed in some places by the official class. This election was only the second attempt at such a thing, and yet it was a remarkable advance upon the first. "Every province, every sub-province, and, except in the Punjab, almost every large city, was represented; while in Bombay and Madras every town, every district, and almost every association were represented." Every class of the community had its spokesman. There were two or three representatives of the old aristocracy amongst the delegates, and all the leaders of that class in the Madras Presidency aided in the work, whilst several of them attended the sittings of the Congress. The shopkeepers were well represented, and there were no fewer than ninety-five ryots present, twenty coming from a great distance. The higher-landed interests had representatives from every province. There were more than three times as many merchants and bankers as there were at the preceding Congress; the principals, professors, and masters of Indian schools and colleges were much more numerous; and there were nineteen artisans representing every great province except the Punjab. Finally, there were Native, Eurasian, and European Christians, both Catholic and Protestant; Parsees, Brahmas, Hindoos of all castes, except the very lowest; a Sikh, and more than eighty Mohammedans.

So much for the constitution of the several Congresses. At Bombay the delegates lived in public buildings placed at the disposal of the Executive, and thus had the opportunity of forming personal acquaintance, so important in the view of future political movements. They were also able, fully and calmly, to thresh out points of difference in a way which the somewhat formal character of discussions at public conferences does not admit of. With the growth of the Congresses this was no longer possible, but efforts are still made to attain the desired end as far as may be under the altered circumstances.

And now, having explained what the Congresses are, let us next

inquire what the object of holding them is, and what has been done at them?

The President of the Bombay gathering, Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee (Bengal), in his opening address at the first meeting of the kind ever held in the Eastern world, stated that the objects were:

"(a) The promotion of personal intimacy and friendship amongst all the more earnest workers in our country's cause in all parts of the Empire.

"(b) The eradication, by direct friendly personal intercourse, of all possible race, creed, or provincial prejudices amongst all lovers of our country, and the fuller development and consolidation of those sentiments of national unity that had their origin in our beloved Lord Ripon's ever-memorable reign.

"(c) The authoritative record, after this has been carefully elicited by the fullest discussion, of the matured opinions of the educated classes in India, on some of the more important and pressing of the social questions of the day.

"(d) The determination of the lines upon, and methods by which, during the next twelve months, it is desirable for native politicians to labour in the public interests."

This may be taken as a fair general statement of the objects which the promoters of the first Congress had in view. The work has grown upon their hands, as it was sure to do, but rather in the direction of the fuller development of the several points noted by Mr. Bonnerjee than in that of addition to them. In this first speech the President took pains to reassure timid and doubting Anglo-Indians who had denounced the very idea of a National Congress as disloyal. "The rule of Great Britain has given India peace and security." "She had given them the inestimable blessing of Western education." But, whilst fully recognizing this, he saw what yet remained to do, and demanded that, "The basis of the government should be widened, and that the people should have their proper and legitimate share in it."

That, indeed, is the root-idea of these National Congresses. Many subjects were discussed, and upon some of them the British Government has since taken action, more or less in accordance with the conclusions at which the Congress arrived. The first place was given to the need for periodical inquiries into the material and moral progress of the people. In the days of the East India Company such inquiries had been made regularly; but, although the condition of the people since then had undergone a most distressing deterioration, and the expenditure and indebtedness of their Government had increased in a ratio utterly disproportionate to all improvement in its financial resources,—

"about the feelings and opinions of the populations of India, as well as about the manner in which the declared policy of the Sovereign, Parliament, and Ministers of England, is practically carried out, the great

Legislature of England is utterly ignorant. It cannot, for obvious reasons, attend to Indian matters as a portion of its regular business; nor has it done anything during the past twenty-five years to take stock of the results of the change made in 1858. In future years the internal and external interests of the United Kingdom will demand, in view of their growing dimensions and complications, even more exclusive attention, more devotion and talent, than hitherto, while Indian problems themselves will assume increased gravity and require deliberate and cautious handling."

It was strongly urged that to prevent such an inquiry being simply a reflection of the Anglo-Indian or official view of the matters inquired into, it should be conducted by men of broad principles and liberal training, rather than men of special and local knowledge, and that evidence must be taken in India itself, the native Indians being properly represented upon the Commission. The Government has since resolved upon a Parliamentary Inquiry (the Public Service Commission), and, though this falls far short of the desires of the Congress, it has been accepted for the time and the matter has not been discussed again, excepting to a small extent in the opening address of the President of the Calcutta Congress, the Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji.

The second question discussed at the Bombay Congress is that which lies at the root of all Indian reform—the abolition of the Council of the Secretary of State as at present constituted. Each Congress has demanded this.

It was pointed out that "The Indian Council is composed almost exclusively of retired Anglo-Indian officials, who, as a class, are naturally prone, often from force of habit and sometimes from force of conviction, to hand down to their successors the British Indian Empire in pretty nearly the same condition in which they found it, and who from the operation of the same causes are incapable of being struck by the abuses of that system which gave them birth, though such abuses might at first sight strike any superficial independent observer." In 1858 Lord Beaconsfield had stated that "with such men (*i.e.*, retired Anglo-Indian officials) exercising supreme authority you could not feel sure that you would be able to obtain for the inhabitants of India that redress from the grievances under which they suffered that English protection ought to secure." The distinction between the Government of India in England and the Government of India in India was clearly drawn, the former requiring a knowledge of the general principles of good government but not a knowledge of local details, whereas, as at present constituted, it has an intimate knowledge of local details and little else. It was pointed out that India is passing through a very rapid transition, and that the India of to-day is very different even from the India of 1880, but that the members of the Indian Council would be the last persons to believe in such a change. To them India remains the India of their own time.

"We wish to have the views and the wants of the people of this country represented by our own countrymen, and those selected not from the class favoured by the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, but from a different one. We want our interests represented by such of our countrymen as are more anxious to do good to our country than to please the big officials, and secure titles for themselves and lucrative appointments for their relations. We want men who are in real sympathy with the educated classes and the people at large. To speak plainly: we, who suffer most on account of the shortcomings of our administrators, wish to have a real share in the administration of our own affairs. We want to take the work of administration more and more into our own hands so far as it is compatible with the imperial policy of the British Government."

At Calcutta the Congress reaffirmed the decision of the Bombay meeting. Amongst the speeches upon the occasion there was one of striking interest. The language used in the Congress is English, that being the only tongue in which the natives from all parts of India can communicate with each other; but it sometimes happens that a delegate does not know English, and his speech has to be translated. Malik Bughwan Dass, a Punjabi from Dera Ismail Khan, "a stalwart frontier man, whose eloquence little needed his opening apology that he came from a land where men handled the sword more readily than the pen," ended his stirring Urdu address in favour of Indians having a strong voice in the management of Indian affairs with the words: "While I say, may God prosper British rule in India for ever, I also say, may He give our rulers wisdom to understand the reasonableness of our demands for reform and the magnanimity to concede what we ask for."

The Calcutta Congress went on to consider in some detail the form which representative government in India ought to assume. This subject was introduced in part by a Bombay lawyer, well known in many an English town as a man of rare eloquence, of conspicuous moderation and fairness, and of power of direct analysis and clear exposition, especially when complicated statistics are to be dealt with, which is rarely equalled in any country. Mr. N. G. Chandavarkar seconded a long resolution which outlined the form of representative government thought suitable for India. Without going into minute details, it contemplated that not less than one-half of the members of all Legislative Councils should be elected by those classes and members of the community *prima facie* capable of exercising the right wisely and independently, care being taken that all sections of the community and all great interests were adequately represented. All persons resident in India, without distinction of race, creed, caste, or colour, were to be eligible for seats in Council, not more than one-fourth of the members were to be such *ex officio*, and not more than one-fourth to be nominated by the Government. All legislative measures and all financial questions, including all budgets, were to be submitted to the Councils, and the

members were to have the right of questioning *ex officio* members, who should be required to answer, unless, in the opinion of the Executive, public interests would be materially imperilled by the communication of the information asked for. The Council was to have power to discuss questions and answers; and to come to resolutions upon them, but the Executive Government was to have the power of over-ruling the decision of the Council where public interests might, in its opinion, suffer by its acceptance. The over-ruled majority were to have a modified right of appeal to a Standing Committee of the House of Commons, which should report the result of its inquiries to the full House.

When certain Irish members first demanded Home Rule, they were asked to define what they meant by Home Rule, and all inquiry into the necessity for Home Rule was refused, and many men, who have since claimed to be Home Rulers, declared that they would not consider the question, until a scheme had been definitely formulated. The Indian Congress has taken warning by the example of Ireland, and has carefully formulated its demand. The mover of the resolution (Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee, of Calcutta) was careful to explain that the proposals were merely tentative suggestions; but he discussed each head briefly, showing how one was linked to the other. Granting that a portion of the members were to be elected, the next question is, how? What are to be the constituencies? The Councils being formed, what are to be their powers and functions, and what the checks which the Government is to maintain upon the improper use of those powers?

In seconding the resolution, Mr. Chandavarkar dealt first with the objection that the political soil of India is not congenial to political institutions. He quoted the saying that "the East is the parent of municipalities," and Sir Bartle Frere's declaration, that the genius of Indian society is to represent every class of the community, and that when there is any difficulty respecting any matter to be laid before Government, it should be discussed amongst the Indians themselves. He explained how village municipalities and punchayets, both based and worked on the elective principle, were native to India; and added the words of a soldier and statesman, Sir John Malcolm, "We could never have conquered India without the assistance of the natives of the country, and by them alone can we preserve it." He went on to argue that the British Government in India is founded on the principle of representation; that the Legislative Councils were founded upon that principle; that before a law was passed it was published as a Bill for public information, and translated into the vernaculars; and that the Secretary of State has vetoed measures upon which the people had not been properly consulted. He next sought to show that the time had come for asking Government to reconstitute the Legislative

Councils on a popular basis, and pointed out the constant misunderstandings which arise from the ignorance of the Government of the real wishes and needs of the governed. He adduced the testimony of Sir Donald McLeod, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who told the East India Finance Committee of 1871 that he thought it most desirable that the natives should be consulted before any new tax was imposed or existing tax increased, "for we really do not know what would be the result unless we consult them;" and Mr. Chandavarkar added that Sir Bartle Frere, speaking of these answers, said: "They are the mature opinions of his (Sir Donald McLeod's) lifetime, and I think they are shared by many of those who worked with him, before him, about him, and above him."

Mr. Chandavarkar also stated that the scheme presented was only of a suggestive character; but that in it they had attempted to show that the time had come for expanding the principle of representation, and generally how it is capable of being expanded. "The Englishman carries representative institutions with him wherever he goes. He took them to America, to Canada, and the colonies. And he has brought them to India too. This was evidently in Mr. Gladstone's mind when, in 1883, addressing the British public through the House of Commons, he said: 'You will go on; you will be compelled to go on; and what is more, I hope, you will be inclined to go on, in this noble and upright and blessed work of gradually enlarging the Indian franchise.'"

A long and stirring debate followed, in which speaker vied with speaker in earnestly claiming that India should be legislated for by those who understood the habits and customs of the people and were of them. Amongst the many admirable speeches, I can only notice that of "a high caste Brahmin, whose fair complexion and delicately chiselled features, instinct with intellectuality, at once impressed every eye, and who, suddenly jumping upon a chair beside the President, poured forth a manifestly impromptu speech with an energy and eloquence that carried everything before them:"

"It is not to the great British Government [he said] that we need demonstrate the utility, the expediency, the necessity of this great reform. It might have been necessary to support our petition for this boon with such a demonstration were we governed by some despotic monarch, jealous of the duties but ignorant and careless of the rights of subjects; but it is surely unnecessary to say one word in support of such a cause to the British Government or the British nation—to the descendants of those brave and great men who fought and died to obtain for themselves and preserve intact for their children those very institutions which, taught by their examples, we now crave; who spent their whole lives and shed their hearts' blood so freely in maintaining and developing this cherished principle. . . . Representative institutions are as much a part of the true Briton as his language and his literature. Will any one tell me that Great Britain will, in cold blood, deny us, her free-born subjects, the first of these when, by the gift of the two latter, she has qualified us to appreciate and incited us to desire it?



"No taxation without representation. That is the first commandment in the Englishman's Political Bible; how can he palter with his conscience and tax us here, his free and educated fellow-subjects, as if we were dumb sheep or cattle? But we are not dumb any longer. India has found a voice in this great Congress, and in it, and through it, we call on England to be true to her traditions, her instincts, and herself, and grant us our rights as free-born British subjects. . . . We know that the English people, true to their higher instincts, have introduced here so much that is good, that to them we owe many and great blessings. We acknowledge these blessings with gratitude; we owe a heavy debt of gratitude to the English people; and there is no fear of our ever forgetting our obligations to them. But whilst we are thus deeply grateful for the blessings we enjoy, we cannot but feel that there are still many points in which our condition can be and ought to be improved; and we see first and foremost that the system of administration that now obtains is despotic and is deficient in the principle of representation, the fundamental characteristic of a free government." The speaker concluded with the words: "May the cause of the people of India, the cause of liberty and right, engage the attention, heart, and soul of every honest Englishman in India and in England, and may each true Briton, who values the rights, the privileges, the freedom, which have made him and his country what they are, aid us, like true Britons, to the fruition of our aspirations for equal rights, equal privileges, and equal freedom."

I may note also that "the stalwart Punjabi" earnestly advocated representative institutions, and concluded his speech with the words:

"Great are the benefits that have been conferred upon us by the British Government; may it prosper for ever and ever, and a third time I say ever; but that this may be so, let it never forget that its real strength lies, not in its artillery, but in the hold it has, and I pray God may ever retain, on the hearts of its subjects."

This subject was once more brought forward at the Madras meeting, and again it was discussed with much fervour and eloquence and at great length. There was absolute unanimity upon the subject, and, indeed, it is one the principle of which would seem to be generally admitted, although the extent to which the principle shall be put in practice, and the right time to begin, are points upon which much difference of opinion exists. It is useful to mark the few and cautious though sympathetic words which fell from so Conservative a politician as the seconder of the resolution, Sir T. Madava Rao:—

"I cordially second the important resolution now before you; I do so under a profound conviction of the necessity and good policy of the measure proposed. It is a profound conviction, I assure you, because by temperament and training I am to a great extent Conservative, and yet, having looked at the matter from every point of view, and having carefully considered it, I have a profound conviction that the measure proposed is a necessity that is quite consistent with good policy and even required by good policy. I further aver my conviction that it should not be long postponed."

At Bombay the delegates next passed to the consideration of a question of vital importance to India, and upon which the Public

Service Commission has since been appointed to investigate and report. They expressed the opinion that the competitive examinations for the Indian Civil Service should be held in India as well as in England, and that the maximum age of candidates should be raised to twenty-three years, successful candidates in India being sent to England for further study and subsequent examination. This subject was in the hands of the Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, who contested the Holborn division of Finsbury at the last General Election, and whose wide experience, scholarly mind, political knowledge, and rare eloquence would make him a valuable representative of any constituency. He certainly made out a strong case. He quoted from the report of a Committee of the India Office in 1860, which, after stating that it was not only just but expedient that the natives of India should be employed in the administration of India to as large an extent as possible consistently with the maintenance of British supremacy, and showing that the Act of 1833 provided that all places and offices should be open to all natives and natural-born subjects resident in India alike, declared that practically the natives were excluded from the Civil Service of India, because, from the many difficulties opposed to their leaving India and residing in England for a time, it was almost impossible for natives to compete successfully at the periodical examinations held in England. The Committee suggested holding two examinations simultaneously, one in England and one in India, those who competed in both countries being classified in the list according to merit. Again, the Royal Proclamation of 1858, when the East India Company ceased to exist, declared that the Queen's subjects, of whatever race or creed, should be freely and impartially admitted to offices in her service, the duties of which they might be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, to fulfil.

But, in addition to the fact that the promise had been made in 1833 and solemnly repeated in 1858, whilst, in 1860, the India Office itself had shown how it could be performed, it was strongly and powerfully urged that the sole cause of the extreme poverty and wretchedness of the mass of the Indian people was the inordinate employment of foreign agency in the government, and the consequent material loss to and drain from the country. And, again, it was pointed out that "the men sent out from England were really boys distinguished for their mental rawness and immaturity of character. They are generally minutely instructed rather than highly educated." It was further stated that the relations of influential members of the Civil Service were put into numerous appointments in certain departments supposed to be reserved for natives, and that in the Settlement Department in the Presidency of Madras only three natives held employments. India, in short, existed to find employment for the middle-class youth of England.

But perhaps the strongest point made was the reading of extracts from a confidential minute of "one who was certainly not over friendly towards the natives of this country," its once executive chief, Lord Lytton. He wrote :—

"The Act of Parliament is so undefined, and indefinite obligations on the part of the Government of India towards its native subjects are so obviously dangerous, that no sooner was the Act passed than the Government began to devise means for practically evading the fulfilment of it under the terms of the Act, which are studied and laid to heart by that increasing class of educated natives whose development the Government encourages without being able to satisfy the aspirations of its existing members. Every such native, if once admitted to Government employment in posts previously reserved to the covenanted service, is entitled to expect and claim appointment in the fair course of promotion to the highest posts in that service. We all know that these claims and expectations never can or will be fulfilled. We have had to choose between prohibiting them and cheating them, and we have chosen the least straightforward course. The application to natives of the competitive examination system as conducted in England, and the recent reduction in the age at which candidates can compete, are all so many deliberate and transparent subterfuges for stultifying the Act and reducing it to a dead letter. Since I am writing confidentially, I do not hesitate to say that both the Governments of England and of India appear to me, up to the present moment, unable to answer satisfactorily the charge of having taken every means in their power of breaking to the heart the words of promise they had uttered to the ear."

"Proclaim it upon the house-tops!" These "confidential communications," in which men acknowledge that they and those with whom they act use words to conceal their actions, will scarcely come up to the standard of our new democracy when it has once got its eyes fairly open.

We need not dwell upon the other matters which were ably and exhaustively discussed at the different Congresses. At Bombay the proposal to increase military expenditure in defiance of the report of the Simla Commission was condemned, the improper incidence of taxation, by which the well-paid English official was relieved at the cost of the poor and overburdened native, was protested against, and the annexation of Upper Burmah was strongly deprecated. Both at Calcutta and at Madras reform in the administration of criminal law was earnestly advocated; a large extension of the system of trial by jury, and the complete separation of the executive and judicial functions being the chief demands.

The right of native Indians to become volunteers was brought forward at Calcutta, the leader of the debate mentioning (amongst other things) that, in the way the Arms Act is now worked in many localities, the people, their herds, and their crops, are wholly at the mercy of wild beasts, and, commenting upon the insult, injustice, and violation of the most sacred and solemn pledges by England to India, involved in the rules which permit Indian Christians, but not Indian Hindoos or

Mohammedans to volunteer. He pointed out the great and increasing cost of the Indian Army, and how by a judicious voluntary system that expense might be largely decreased, whilst the country would be far stronger for defensive purposes than it now is. The present system, he declared, was destroying the spirit of the nation, its self-reliance, and its power of self-defence. The President observed that this was one of the subjects upon which no difference of opinion exists throughout India, and the resolution in its favour was carried by acclamation. At the Madras Conference the modification of the Arms Act, and the establishment of military colleges and the opening of the higher grades of the military service to natives, were also advocated.

The Congresses have not gone into questions of Social Reform, and fault has been found with them on this account not in unfriendly quarters alone. The Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, in his opening address as President at Calcutta, dealt ably with this objection, and argued that the objects of the gatherings were purely political, and that, where men of so many different castes and creeds met together, it was impossible to discuss social reforms which would chiefly affect each individual class.

But at that very Calcutta Congress it was clearly shown that social reforms in a wider sense, those which affect all classes of the community alike, are not to be neglected. Indeed the terms "political" and "social" are in themselves, as used to-day, misleading, for, in the widest sense, all political questions are and must be social. The first business at Calcutta, after enthusiastically offering dutiful and loyal congratulations to the Queen upon her Jubilee, was to consider the momentous question of the growing impoverishment of the masses in India. The President had alluded to this matter in powerful words: "All the benefits we have received from British rule, all the noble projects of our British rulers, will go for nothing if, after all, the country is to continue sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss of destitution."

After a long, earnest, and instructive debate, in which the want of touch between the Government and the people was frequently alluded to, the following resolution was passed:—

"That this Congress regards with the deepest sympathy, and views with grave apprehension, the increasing poverty of vast numbers of the population of India, and (although aware that the Government is not over-looking this matter, and is contemplating certain palliatives) desires to record its fixed conviction that the introduction of representative institutions will prove one of the most important practical steps towards the amelioration of the condition of the people."

The Maynooth Grant and the potato disease! Goodwin Sands and Tenterden steeple again! No, not quite. Two very patent advantages were pointed out as sure to accrue from the self-government of India.—the first is the stoppage of the constant drain from India of the

moneys made there, amounting to many millions a year; and the second is that the natives of the country are likely to understand its ways and needs better than foreigners who never make it their home, and who live in it but are not of it in any sense.

At the Madras Congress the subject of technical education was considered, and it was resolved that :

"Having regard to the poverty of the people, it is desirable that the Government be moved to elaborate a system of Technical Education suitable to the condition of the country, to encourage indigenous manufactures by a more strict observance of the order already existing in regard to utilizing such manufactures for State purposes, and to employ more extensively than at present the skill and talents of the people of the country."

From the discussion, it appears that much interest has already been taken in technical education in various parts of India, large sums of money have been subscribed, and serious efforts have been made, to forward it; but the committees or societies which have attempted the task, and in which the most enlightened Indians and Europeans have taken part, have failed to discover any feasible plan for the teaching required. Hence the proposal to refer the matter to "Government," a somewhat desperate resource, for "Government," at the best, could but be composed of the most enlightened individuals, and they have already tried and failed. Advice may be drawn from a wider circle and thus more may be obtained by the action of "Government," but the case is not a very hopeful one.

I have said enough to show the kind of work these National Indian Congresses do, and the way in which they do it. To the candid on-looker both are full of instruction and of hope, yet a persistent attempt is already being made in this country to misrepresent the character of the meetings and the aims of the men who meet together. I have already quoted from the opening address of Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, of Calcutta, the President of the Bombay Congress, and from that of the Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, the President at Calcutta. The loyalty of both is only equalled by their fervid patriotism. But at Calcutta the Presidential address was succeeded by a really striking incident.

Baboo Joy Kissen Mookerjee, a great landed proprietor and strict landlord—a man of much ability and independence of character, but a typical Conservative—blind and trembling with age, rose, and in feeble accents acknowledged the moderation and dignity of the Presidential address, and encouraged the new and liberal movement in few but fit words. He concluded thus :—

"Standing, as I do, one of the few remaining links between the old India of the past and the new India of to-day, I can scarcely hope to see or enjoy the fruit of those labours on which this Congress and the nation it represents are entering; but I am glad to have lived to see this new departure, and, if an old man's sympathy and good wishes can aid or encourage you in the noble work you are undertaking, I can say from the bottom of my heart,

that that sympathy and those good wishes are already yours. Be wise, be moderate, and, above all, be persevering, and the success that you will then deserve will assuredly be yours."

He sat down amidst a scene of unprecedented enthusiasm.

Again, at Madras, the Congress was opened by Rajah Sir Tanjore Madava Rao, the foremost of Indian statesmen, who, as Chairman of the Reception Committee, welcomed the delegates in singularly felicitous and impressive words. Showing that the Congress was the natural outcome of contact with the British nation, he went on to say :—

"Thus, then, it seems to me nothing strange, nothing phenomenal, that I should witness before me, in a vast and most influential assembly, the union of cultivated intelligence and patriotic ardour, and the confluence (so to speak) of many different streams of thought and of feeling. I see before me representatives from all parts of India, whose very personal appearance will bring home to the mind of the unprejudiced observer the conviction that, varied as are the castes, and creeds, and races of India, there is still a powerful bond of union which makes our hearts vibrate with sympathy and mutual love, and a common affection for our mother country. To well-balanced minds such a gathering must appear the soundest triumph of British administration, and a crown of glory to the great British nation."

After a warning against undue attention to unfriendly critics, and a plea for charity and magnanimity on the part of the censors themselves, he concluded :—

"When I ask this of our censors, permit me to advise you to be moderate and forbearing. It is the nature of vaulting ambition to overleap itself. It is the character of renovated youth to be carried away by excessive zeal. Steer clear of such shoals and quicksands. Discuss without prejudice, judge without bias, and submit your proposals with the diffidence that must necessarily mark suggestions that are tentative in their character. Much irritation and retaliation will be avoided if the mutual dependence of the rulers and the ruled is steadily kept in view. With the ruled it must be a postulate that rulers err from ignorance and in spite of their efforts to avoid mistakes. By the rulers it must be taken for granted that when subjects petition and expostulate, it is not in a spirit of disputation or cavilling, much less of disaffection or disloyalty, but only to enlighten those holding sway over them, and in a peaceful and constitutional manner to have their wishes understood, and their grievances made known. I entreat you to lay to heart these words of caution to all parties concerned—words which I ask you to accept out of regard for my long experience, for my age, and for my earnest desire to see my countrymen prosperous and happy."

The president of the Madras Meeting, Mr. Budrudin Tyabji, the leading Mussulman barrister of Bombay, followed, and enforced the same lesson, eloquently defending the loyalty of the educated natives of India, and declaring that they, the best appreciators of the blessings of a civilized and enlightened Government, must, in their own interests, be the best and staunchest supporters of the British Government in India.

• Why should we doubt it? Why should we disbelieve the cloud

of witnesses who have borne emphatic testimony to the truth of this assertion in the three Indian National Congresses? Why should we not welcome these gatherings, and get from them all the help and instruction we can? The policy of contempt and distrust is ultimately an impossible one for a free people to practise. Unfortunately, the record of these gatherings, although of such deep interest and great importance, does not reach the vast public of the United Kingdom. And yet it is surely well that we English folk should know what the more enlightened of our Indian brethren are thinking about and wishing for. Our statesmen are necessarily too busy with the present, with doing the work of the hour as it comes to hand, to forecast the future which yet treads so swiftly and surely upon the heels of that present. In business, in pleasure, in all the affairs of life but politics, men take time by the forelock; unless they look ahead they are left hopelessly behind; and is it safe to assume that the rule does not apply in politics also? We have this great Indian problem to work out patiently and faithfully, and the first step towards its solution is that we should know what the Indian peoples want, and should be prepared to grant their every reasonable desire. Unless we hold India for the good of the Indian peoples we have no justification for holding it at all. The demands now made are reasonable and moderate; they recognize the benefits of English rule whilst urging reforms of a limited and constitutional character. Now is the accepted time in which to meet them more than half-way. We must not let the Sybilline books be burned. We must not, in India, refuse to listen to reason, and ultimately have to grant to force that which we deny to right. We English people have now such an opportunity as no other people has ever had of setting to the world an example of high-minded, disinterested, straight-dealing. Upon the way in which we meet the demands of India, upon the plan we adopt for the future government of that great Empire, upon our justice, patience, and temperance, during the next few short years, not only the future of India but that of England herself, and, in no small measure, of the civilized world, depends. In this matter our national honour is deeply pledged: Our lot is in our own hands. God grant that we may be wise and just whilst yet there is time!

• ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

## RECENT WORK IN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

THE most important work in the field of ecclesiastical history, so far as England is concerned, which has appeared during the last twelve months is, of course, the fourth volume of the "Dictionary of Christian Biography."\* It is the largest volume of the series, containing 1228 pages of close print. These four volumes, now complete, represent a vast amount of labour, and show a distinct advance in historical studies since the inception of the work more than twelve years ago. After the appearance of the first volume a reviewer declared it would be a useful work if submitted to Continental experts, who should supply references to the periodicals, journals, and monographs published by German, French, and Italian scholars. In the first volume the references to this literature were few and far between. In the last volume they are as full and copious as any one can desire. Some of the articles are formidable treatises. Origen, by Dr. Westcott, and Tertullian, by Professor Fuller, cover some fifty pages each; Synesius, Tatian, and many others, more than twenty pages of close print. It must be very hard for an editor to limit contributors whose souls are filled full of their subjects. But the very length and minuteness of articles in an Encyclopædia rather tend to defeat their usefulness. A Dictionary of Biography should consist of knowledge boiled down. If the publisher would now produce a Dictionary of Biography of the Middle Ages, limited to one volume, no article to exceed two pages, indicating the sources of knowledge, the work could be done, and a great historical want supplied. The preface to the first volume of the "Dictionary of Christian Biography" promised a supplement which would bring its articles down to date, and supply the *lacunæ* which necessarily escape

\* "Dictionary of Christian Biography: Literature, Sects, and Doctrines." Edited by Dr. W. Smith and Dr. Wace. London: Murray. 1887.



the most vigilant of editors, as Bishop Butler so long escaped the notice of the painstaking and accurate editors of Herzog. Meanwhile, scholars are rapidly accumulating materials for such a supplement.

The last number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* contains a most important article by Professor Ramsay on the "Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia."\* Professor Ramsay has already made a great hit in ecclesiastical history by his discovery of the epitaph and rehabilitation of the Story of St. Abercius. When the first volume of the "Dictionary of Biography" was published ten years ago, the reputation of that second-century saint, the successor of Papias, was at its lowest ebb. To-day no second-century worthy occupies a more distinguished position, and all owing to the discoveries and historical instinct of Professor Ramsay. Professor Ramsay's article is very important, not only for the pure ecclesiastical historian, enabling him to identify the sites of bishoprics mentioned in the history of the General Councils, but also for the student of Early Christian literature, enabling him to trace the development of episcopacy and of Christian social life. Thus he notes (on p. 466), from his own experience in those out-of-the-way parts of Asia Minor, the influence of the flute in inducing religious frenzy and delirium, and then happily recalls the denunciation of the flute and the abhorrence of its music on that very account expressed by writers like Clement of Alexandria in his "Pædagogus." This article again and again calls attention to the vast importance of the Greek Acts of the Saints contained in the great collections, of the Bollandists. In the pre-scientific age of ecclesiastical history, it was the habit to scoff at the Acts of the Saints. Investigations like those of Professor Ramsay among ourselves, and of M. Le Blant in France, have proved that these documents contain genuine history, and are of incalculable importance for the history and organization of the Empire as well as of the Church. At the risk of proving tedious, I must quote what a pure classical scholar says, on page 473, concerning the value for historical purposes of investigations conducted among the lives of the Saints.

"This investigation [says Mr. Ramsay], when some one is found to undertake it, will repay the toil. Of those which I have hastily read over, a certain number, distinguished by local knowledge and multitude of details, make on me the impression of having been composed not later than the fifth century. Among those I would include the tale of Aberkios, the tale of Trophimus, Sabbatius, and Dorymedon, the tale of Ariadne of Prymnessos, of Therapon, Hypatius. These were written by natives of Phrygia, familiar with the country and obviously ignorant of other countries, and they abound in details which throw light on the state of the country at the time."

To which I would add the "Acts of Theodotus of Ancyra" (May 18), which twenty years ago were discussed from a similar point of view in the *Revue Archéologique*, t. xxviii. p. 303.

\* *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. viii. pt. ii., October 1887.

Turning from the East to the West, we have had lately presented to us some historical works of great importance. The Rolls Series every year produces volumes of highest worth for Mediæval English history. The last volumes issued deal with "The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick,"\* and come from the learned and accurate pen of Dr. Whitley Stokes, perhaps the most competent editor of a work requiring a knowledge of Sanscrit and of the East as well as of Celtic and the West. We have in these volumes, collated together and critically discussed, all the documents with any claim to historical authority concerning a Saint claimed by England, Ireland, and Scotland, revered at Glastonbury and Dumbarton as well as in Armagh or Dublin. Dr. W. Stokes lays historians under the deepest obligations in printing the documents contained in the Book of Armagh, where we find the earliest mention of St. Patrick, with the one exception of the Bangor Antiphonary now in Milan. These documents were first of all printed half a century ago by Sir W. Betham in a very imperfect and inaccurate shape. Still he made a beginning, and deserves credit for that. Then they were printed in a very scholarly way, five or six years ago, by the Rev. E. Hogan, S.J., in the *Analecta Bollandiana*. Now they have received at Dr. W. Stokes' hands what will doubtless be their final and complete publication. No one but an historian can understand the help such a publication affords. A man may be a first rate historian and have no taste or skill in palæography and the wondrous intricacies of Old-Irish and Middle-Irish. Dr. Stokes' volumes relieve one of all difficulty, and scholars will receive with deference his decisions on the linguistic and social problems involved in the darksome and treacherous ground which he traverses with such sure and certain footsteps.

Another Celtic scholar has also just produced at the expense of the Treasury, and under the direction of the Royal Irish Academy, another work dealing with the times of St. Patrick. Mr. W. M. Hennessy, the Assistant Deputy Keeper of the Records in Ireland, is known as a man embracing the qualifications of Drs. Petrie and O'Donovan, having a profound knowledge of the Celtic tongue, with a thorough knowledge of Celtic antiquity. He has just produced the first volume of the "Annals of Ulster,"† a work which, when completed, will form a companion work to his "Chronicon Scotorum," showing the world what were the sources and original documents used by the writers of the "Annals of the Four Masters," published two centuries and a half ago, and printed forty years ago by Dr. O'Donovan. The "Annals of Ulster" are characterized by one fine quality. They are fearlessly honest. The Four Masters often suppress facts which, as they thought, tended to discredit the Church. The Annals

\* "The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick and Other Documents relating to that Saint." Edited by W. Stokes, D.C.L. London: H.M. Stationery Office. 1887.

† "Annals of Ulster," vol. I., A.D. 431-1036. By William M. Hennessy, M.R.I.A. Dublin. 1887.

tell the whole truth and suppress nothing. Mr. Hennessy gives the original, with a translation and notes, which, from their brevity and learning, must prove most helpful to the student. Historians will await with much interest the completion of a work invaluable for the history of these islands from St. Patrick's and St. Augustine's time down to the age of printing. To close our notice of Celtic literature, which is now absorbing much Continental attention, we have to notice in the last number of the *Revue Celtique* a new fragment of a Celtic liturgy, published by that well-known scholar, the Rev. F. E. Warren, edited with all his usual learning and accuracy, while Professor Atkinson, of Dublin University, has published his Todd Lectures, in which he sets forth a number of Mediæval Irish homilies, which are valuable for the history of the Celtic Church, as well as for the scientific knowledge of the Irish language. It was, indeed, their bearing on the latter subject which led Professor Atkinson to study them. He has added the results of his linguistic inquiries, in the shape of an introductory lecture and a glossary, which, I am sure, will be found substantial additions to the study of Celtic. It is certain, however, that this work will throw an important side-light upon ecclesiastical history. These homilies belong to the Middle Ages, and show what kind of preaching then prevailed. They also illustrate the wide spread of Early Christian Apocryphal literature, which seems to have furnished a popular topic for preachers about the year 1200. The apocryphal Acts of the Apostles have been treated at large in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," but have been hitherto almost unknown to the public which listens to sermons. In the Mediæval Church these Apocryphal Acts and Gospels seem to have been widely spread. Thus we find among these homilies the Passion of Longinus, the soldier who pierced our Lord's side, the Passion of SS. Peter and Paul, embracing the popular stories about Simon Magus and the opposition by him to the Apostles before Nero, together with the well-known story about St. Peter and our Saviour styled "Domine quo Vâdis."\*

We have constantly to look now for some of the most valuable illustrations of ecclesiastical history in the proceedings of societies. The Society of Biblical Archæology fortunately gives a very wide extension indeed to the term Biblical, and its proceedings often embrace original documents on ecclesiastical history from very unexpected quarters. In the last number of its "Proceedings" I notice an article by Professor Amélineau, on the history of the two daughters of the Emperor Zeno, where we are introduced to the interesting topic of Christian novel-reading and novel-writers in Egypt during the fifth and sixth centuries. He shows how the knowledge of ancient Demotic was preserved among the monks of Egypt till the seventh century, when it died out. They used to

\* "Passions and Homilies" from *Leabhar Breac*. By Robert Atkinson, LL.D. London: Williams & Norgate. Dublin: Royal Irish Academy.

amuse themselves with the ancient Pagan and pre-Christian Demotic novels, but, as the language decayed, the monks set to work and composed Christian novels, where the struggles between the Monophysite and Orthodox parties afforded, as in the tale which is here set forth, the subject-matter with which they beguiled lives that must have been often very monotonous.\* Human nature is ever the same, whether in Egypt or in England.

† The Viennese scholars who are working at the vast collection of the Archduke Rainer's papyri—often described by me in these pages—have produced a second and third volume (in one) of their great work descriptive of these treasures.† The names of some of the contributions and contributors will show the vast importance of the work. The first article, by that learned scholar Professor Wessely, deals with the dates of the Greek papyri belonging to the Roman Empire between the first and third centuries. It covers thirty-six pages, and is full of most important matter, fixing dates, titles of the emperors, &c., useful as illustrations of Eusebius and the Augustan historians. Wessely notes, for instance, that the method of computing time and reckoning the year in Egypt differed from that in vogue in the rest of the Empire. The Egyptian year dated from August 29 to the 28th of August of the next; so that in the case of an Emperor beginning to reign ever so short a time before the 29th of August, that period was counted his first year, while his second year was dated from the following 29th of August. This fact, of course, would have an important bearing on historical documents coming from Egypt. J. Krall deals with more distinctively Christian literature in his article entitled, "Aus einer Koptischen Klosterbibliothek." Wessely's article on the Fayûm fragments of Isocrates, Plato, Theocritus, and of an oration against Isocrates, will be of interest to classical scholars, while an article by Kárabacek on "Arabic Paper," and one by Wiesner on the "Paper used in the Fayûm MSS., and the Development of Paper Manufacture in Ancient Times," will have a very general interest for bibliographers. Perhaps, however, the article which will attract most attention is a very brief one by Professor Bickell on the Fayûm Gospel fragment which created so much excitement more than two years ago. I think this REVIEW was the first to call the attention of the English public to Dr. Bickell's theory that in this fragment we had a relic of those primitive Gospel narratives used by St. Luke. That view then gave rise to much discussion, and the general consensus of critics was opposed to Bickell. In this article he repeats his theory, but modifies his reading of the text, substituting for  $\omega\varsigma\ \epsilon\acute{\iota}\xi\eta\gamma\omicron\nu$  the words  $\omega\varsigma\ \epsilon\acute{\iota}\xi\ \epsilon\theta\omicron\nu\varsigma$ , so that the fragment would run, "Now after they had eaten according to custom,"

\* \* "Proceedings of Society of Biblical Archaeology," t. x. pt. 2. London, 1888.

† "Mittheilungen aus der Sammlung der Papyrus Erzherzog Rainer," Bd. 2 u. 3. Wien. 1887.

a view which he then proceeds to fortify with much learning and ingenuity by references to Paschal rites and ceremonies. The same learned divine contributes, on page 83, an equally interesting article on "The Oldest Liturgical Fragment ever Discovered." The most ancient fragments of liturgies have hitherto dated back only to the end of the fifth century. Krall, Wessely, and Bickell have discovered among the Archduke's MSS. a fragment of a liturgy for Epiphany, or some similar feast, dating back to the end of the third century, and certainly belonging to the pre-Arian times. The "Gloria" attached is peculiar in its form; it runs thus: "Glory to the Father; Alleluia, Glory to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia." Bickell thinks this peculiar formula amply confirms the palæographical argument derived from the document itself. The Catholics in post-Arian times would have been offended by the separate and distinct position of the Father, the Arians by the equality of persons of the Godhead involved in this form.

I have noticed important works produced in England and Germany. America remains behind; and there, too, there has been activity in the domain of Church history within the last twelve months. Some two years ago I noticed a project brought forward under the direction of Dr. P. Schaff, of New York. He proposed to republish Clark's Ante-Nicene Library, and to add to it a collection of post-Nicene writers which would render the patristic student independent of Greek and Latin texts down to the Age of Photius or perhaps even of St. Bernard. This is a tremendous undertaking, and to some may seem superfluous. Some people think no one has a right to read the Fathers unless he can peruse Latin and Greek as easily as English or French. This was all very well for an easy-going age like that of Ussher, who spent forty years, from the time he was eighteen till he was fifty-eight, in reading them right through. But a public has now sprung up whose desires are not equalled by their leisure. They have not time, even had they capacity, to wade through authors in the original, while again I often find that the man who scorns to read the Fathers in an English version never reads them in any shape or form at all. The student desirous of seeing a sound knowledge of Christian antiquity widely diffused will hail, therefore, Dr. Schaff's Christian Literature Company, which, with the consent of Messrs. Clark, republishes their Ante-Nicene Library, compressing the twenty-four volumes into eight, and publishing them at twelve shillings a volume, at which rate the whole series will be produced. I have received the three first volumes. The first contains the "Letters and Confessions of St. Augustine," with very scholarly prolegomena by Dr. Schaff, a much more helpful account indeed of St. Augustine than M. Pressensé gives in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," one of the most disappointing articles, by the way, in that great patristic cyclopædia. The second volume contains "Augustine's City of God" and "Christian Doctrine," the former translated by Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D.,

of Glasgow, and the latter by Professor Shaw, of Londonderry; while the third contains his work on the Holy Trinity, his moral and his doctrinal treatises, with a thoughtful and helpful introductory essay on the doctrine of the Trinity by Dr. Shedd, Professor of Systematic Theology in the Union Seminary, New York.\* For librarians and ecclesiastical historians perhaps, however, the most useful volume of the series will be found to be a supplemental volume issued by the Christian Literature Company, called "A Bibliographical Synopsis and General Index of the Ante-Nicene Fathers,"† compiled by E. C. Richardson, M.A., and Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., under the general superintendence of Bishop A. C. Coxe, of Western New York. It contains a full statement of editions, literature, &c., concerning the writers of the first three centuries. The opening sentences of the Preface sets forth its aim as fully as space will allow me to state it:—"The plan of this work, as suggested by the general editor, was a complete synopsis of the literature relating to the works included in the Ante-Nicene Fathers. Its purpose is to furnish a guide to a further critical study for those who have been stimulated by the present quickened interest in the study of the Church Fathers in America, and especially to open the field of modern German critical scholarship." The compilers modestly state their aim to be that of furnishing tools for college and seminary students and professors, who must be of a more ambitious type on the whole in America than with us at home if the majority of either class are there found eager in their desires for such tools. An example will illustrate its utility better than any amount of description. On page 83 we find the Bibliography of the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. First, it enumerates twenty different editions of the work, beginning with that of Bishop Bryennios; then it takes up translations, whereof it enumerates three in Danish, one in Dutch, twelve in English, two in French, five in German, one in Norwegian, and one in Swedish. I think I have seen one announced in Italian, which finds no place here, this being the only omission I have noted. Then it enumerates the vast literature of the subject, under which we find upwards of two hundred articles, including all the notices of the work in the *Records of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, which was the first English Review to describe this important find. The first 133 pages of this work are taken up with the Bibliographical Synopsis, then comes the Index of subjects in the Ante-Nicene writers, and then the Index of texts quoted or discussed in them.

France, too, has just sent us a contribution from that border-land where civil and ecclesiastical affairs meet in a history of the Roman

\* "The Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers." First series. Vols. I., II., III. Edited by P. Schaff, D.D. Buffalo: Christian Literature Company. 1887.

† "Bibliography and Index of Ante-Nicene Fathers." Edited by A. C. Coxe, D.D. Buffalo: Christian Literature Company. 1887.

Senate,\* published by M. Ch. Lécivain, a member of the united Archæological Schools of Athens and Rome. It takes up the history of the Senate as it existed in the third century of the Christian era, that unknown region for the vast majority of classical scholars; traces the modifications made by Diocletian and Constantine the Great; follows the division of the Roman Senate into two parts—the one Senate at Rome, the other at Constantinople; shows the influence which the Roman Senate exercised during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, when it claimed a controlling, or at least an equal, voice with the clergy in the election of Popes so late as A.D. 483, while all through the reign of Theodoric the Ostrogoth and the Papal schisms and struggles of the same period the Roman Senate was recognized as one of the great representatives of the laity. The latter part of the book deals with a still darker region of inquiry, the history of the Senate in Constantinople, where it exercised most important legal, religious, and educational functions under the Byzantine Emperors, even naming the professors of the University of C.P., and often furnishing patriarchs to the Eastern Church. When I mention that this work follows the history of the Senate down to the fall of Constantinople in 1453, on which occasion the Emperor received the Mahometan ambassadors sitting in the midst of the Senate, it will easily be seen that its investigations are of the most thorough and far-reaching character. It will be found most valuable equally for the student of ecclesiastical, mediæval, and Roman history, as it minutely discusses the titles, offices, and functions of the various classes of Roman and Byzantine officials.

In studying the works of ancient writers we often forget the ecclesiastical history of modern times. In fact, ecclesiastical historians have been so persistently occupied with the earlier ages that the public now identifies the whole subject with the dead and not with the living. Great writers, of world-wide fame, have devoted themselves to studying Gnosticism and Montanism, but scorn to bestow a thought on Quakerism, Irvingism, and above all on Methodism, which has influenced the Church of the present just as much and as widely as—if not much more so than—Montanism influenced the Church of the second century. Men have, indeed, lately roused themselves from their slumbers in this direction, though still there are old orthodox students of the type who refuse to recognize any work as ecclesiastical history unless it be a folio and a couple of hundred years old. The various lives of the Wesleys and Whitefield, published of late years, show an increasing interest in a movement which has vital links of connection with the life, intellectual and religious, of the present time. Very few, however, know anything of the second generation of Methodists: the age of Clarke, Nelson, Watson, Robert Newton,

\* "Le Senat Romain depuis Diocletien à Rome et à Constantinople." Par Ch. Lécivain. Paris: Thorin. 1888.

and, chief of all, Dr. Jabez Bunting, whose Life has lately been finished by Mr. Rowe, having been originally begun by Dr. Bunting's son nearly thirty years ago.\* Dr. Bunting was, after John Wesley, the real founder and organizer of the great section of Methodism which specially calls itself "Wesleyanism." Dr. Bunting was a born statesman, and this work gives a fair, a temperate, and an accurate account of his efforts to consolidate and extend the polity which the genius of Wesley developed out of the old religious societies of the seventeenth century. Its use in another direction will be equally great. It sheds much light on the social condition of England at the close of the last century. I have been often asked, in my professorial character, to recommend works which exhibit the inner religious life of the last and the beginning of the present centuries. Bishops of name and fame have written histories of the Established Church. Their ideas, however, seem to be that a history of religion consists in abstracts of the Acts of Parliament dealing with the temporalities of the Church. They seem to think that the life of a Church consists in the abundance of the things that it hath. A study of volumes of the old *Arminian Magazine*, or the *Christian Observer*, or the *Christian Ladies' Magazine*, or of the *Gospel Magazine*, which, all obscure as it is, has continued the tradition of the Puritans from the time of Toplady, one of its original editors, down to the present age, will throw infinitely more light on the inner life of England than such dry and arid Episcopal tomes. Dr. Bunting's Life will take its place in every student's library who wishes to gain a glimpse into the religion of one hundred years ago, and to trace its progress ever since. We there meet with notable persons and controversies, Archbishop Magee, Dr. Percival, the Fly-sheet struggle, and the divisions of Wesleyanism; Dr. Warren and the Manchester Chapel case of 1835, leading to Lord Lyndhurst's famous judgment, which constituted an era in the history of Nonconformist trusts; Adam Clarke and his learned Commentary, with its heresy on the eternity of Christ's Divine Sonship. This work is certainly a valuable addition to the religious biography of the age, though we cannot always accept the position of the author. His theory accounting for the "freedom of the Methodist Connexion from internal differences of opinion on questions of theology," on page 492, seems a very weak one. A much fairer one seems to be this—that hitherto Wesleyanism has appealed to classes where theological difficulties are unknown. The ministers, too, if inclined to speculate, have done so knowing that it was only at their peril, and that the power of the Legal Hundred was, like the Pope's, in readiness to avenge any—even the slightest—falling away. As with Rome so with Wesleyanism, those inclined to speculation have

\* "Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D." By his son, T. P. Bunting; continued by the Rev. G. S. Rowe. London: Woolmer. 1887.



fled to freer communions, and most chiefly have sought the protecting ægis of the Established Church. I do not think, for instance, any Wesleyan minister will care to raise the question of the future state and the non-eternity of spiritual punishments after the experience of late years.

We have been hitherto dealing with literature of a massive type; let us conclude with brief notices of a few smaller works bearing on Church history. Two volumes of "Epochs of Church History" deserve mention. Mr. Tozer, in "The Church and the Eastern Empire,"\* presents us with a lively sketch of the Eastern Church, made more realistic by his own varied experiences in Eastern lands. Sketches are often mere skeletons, dry and worthless. Mr. Tozer's narrative is always interesting, instructive, and life-like. He selects leading epochs, and avoids over-detail. A similar praise may be bestowed upon Mr. Overton's "Evangelical Revival"† in the same series, though he scarcely sufficiently recognizes (p. 174) the grounds on which Wesley was persistently suspected of Romanizing tendencies. With men of the last century his belief in Prayers for the Dead, avowed in his controversy with Bishop Lavington, was quite sufficient to convict him of the charge. Wesley was a follower of Chrysostom and Greek Christianity, and the eighteenth century neither knew nor cared one whit about either, but classed them as just the same as the Pope. Dr. Littledale gives us, in the "Christian Knowledge Series," another of his brief, vigorous, but most comprehensive and useful monographs on the history of the Council of Trent, an event which forms one of the turning points of modern history, and yet is all unknown to moderns.‡

We reserve for our last place the notice of a modest work such as any parish priest can effect for his own neighbourhood with great benefit to the progress of the general ecclesiastical history of the country. "The History of Fingal and its Churches,"§ by the Rev. Robert Walsh, describes a district of the County Dublin famous in the wars of Danish and Norman invasions. It minutely describes the state of local antiquities; including the famous church of St. Doulough, traces the succession of parochial clergy—from original documents—and throws much light upon the causes of English failure in Ireland. Its aim is not ambitious, but it attains its aim, which is better than can be often said of more pretentious works.

GEORGE T. STOKES.

\* "The Church and the Eastern Empire." By H. F. Tozer, M.A. London: Longmans. 1888.

† "The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century." By J. H. Overton. London: Longmans. 1888.

‡ "History of the Council of Trent." By R. F. Littledale, LL.D., D.C.L. London. 1888.

§ "Fingal and its Churches." By R. Walsh, M.A. Dublin: McGhee. 1888.

## BRITISH INTERESTS IN AFRICA.

UNTIL well on in the present century the portion of Ham was in the main rejected and despised by the sons of Japhet. On the other hand, the children of Shem have had intimate relations with their black cousins from the earliest period. Not only in Egypt did they make their mark about the beginnings of history, but away far south in that Zambesi region at present under dispute between England and Portugal, strange solid remains are found, which, as usual, are attributed to the Phœnicians—the “Mrs. Harris” of ancient history. Later still, when that most militant of all religions, Islamism, burst beyond its Arabian boundaries, it overflowed into Africa, and ever since the seventh century has been spreading westwards and southwards. Only now has Europe awoken to the formidable character of the results of its twelve centuries of propagandism—results which threaten seriously to thwart every effort to open up the continent to European civilization and commerce. Even when Prince Henry the Navigator’s pioneers were edging their way along the West Coast from cape to cape, Islam had overrun a large part of the continent, and had its strongholds in the heart of Africa. Portuguese annexations, both on the west and on the east coast, soon succeeded to Portuguese navigations; Portuguese missionaries swarmed about the Congo and elsewhere, and brought back a host of names which rendered the maps of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries more densely crowded than are those of the present day. But so far as settlement went, the Portuguese, then as now, contented themselves with planting a fort on the coast, calling the region behind a colony. The truth is, the settlements of Portugal on the African coast were mainly intended as stages on her route to India, and when India, with its commercial

wealth, was taken from her, she was too lazy to take the trouble necessary to develop the scantier resources of Africa. England and France and Holland planted themselves on the African coast over two hundred years ago, though Holland has long since retired. But their dealings with Africa were very different from their dealings with America or India or Australia. For two centuries, except perhaps in the case of the Dutch, little attempt was made by any of these Powers to penetrate the interior or develop the resources of the continent. In this, as in other things, the path of least resistance was adopted. It was so much easier to colonize and exploit North America, and India, and Australia, and the Malay Archipelago, than it was to work Africa, with its deadly climate, its lack of harbours and easily navigable waterways, its comparatively scanty resources and its intractable natives. Indeed, the stations of France and England, at least on the West Coast, were, like those of Portugal, mainly regarded as partly stages on the way to India, and partly as entrepôts for the "black ivory" that was so urgently wanted in the colonies of the West Indies and North America. Even when the Dutch *régime* was cleared out of South Africa England valued the Cape mainly as a half-way house to India and a place of exportation for her convicts. As a colony it was treated with something like contempt, even up to quite recent years, all the more that the Suez Canal was supposed to have rendered it comparatively valueless with reference to India. Up to within the last few years we could easily have extended our South African dominions right up to the Zambesi and the Portuguese West Coast frontier, but the idea was evidently considered too monstrous to be entertained until rivals stepped in and opened our eyes to the value of the territory we so long despised. Now we may find it difficult to escape the consequences of our blindness.

France was the first during the present century to undertake territorial extension on a large scale in Africa, and that mainly because she saw herself shut out of nearly every other available land on the globe. It is only still more recently that she has burdened herself with an Asiatic empire which it was at first fondly hoped would be a formidable rival to British India. Fifty years ago she began her Algerian conquests, which she has succeeded in completing at an expenditure, according to official estimates, of nearly £200,000,000 sterling, while the whole trade of Algeria does not exceed £16,000,000 annually. Although France has been settled on the Senegal for two hundred years, it was only after she had begun her Algerian enterprises that she tried seriously to extend her territories in this direction. But she has made good use of her time, and of England's apathy and indifference to the interests of her West African territories. While we were asleep and deaf to the remonstrances of our Colonies on the West Coast, France was diligently obtaining the allegiance of the chiefs

between the coast and the Niger; until now Sierra Leone, Gambia, the Gold Coast, and Lagos are practically hemmed in on all sides. Forty-five years ago no one gave much attention to the planting of the French flag on the Gaboon coast, and the commercial results have not been such as to make the possession of 50,000 square miles in that region enviable, even with the recent addition of the 150,000 square miles between that and the Congo.

When, some thirty years ago, Livingstone went out to explore the Nyassa region, he was backed by the strong support of our Foreign Office, and, on the faith of that, and the solicitation of the greatest of missionary explorers, missionaries and planters and traders trooped out from England to bring this interesting region within the influences of Christianity and civilization. Yet neither annexation nor protection was thought of, though the Portuguese did not whisper a shadow of a claim to a region of which, until Livingstone stepped into it, they were entirely ignorant. About fourteen years ago it dawned upon us that possibly Delagoa Bay, almost the only decent harbour in all South Africa, might be of some importance for the development of our possessions in that region. But as the dog in the manger barked a little, we permitted the matter to be referred to arbitration, with the usual result to England in such cases: Marshal MacMahon decided in favour of Portugal; indeed, he awarded her more than she claimed. If only we were in the position now that we were before the decision, I suspect we should make short work of Portuguese claims. But even that did not disturb us much, though a few far-seeing geographers prophesied our bitter repentance: their prediction is realized at this moment.

When Stanley came home with that startling "Odyssey" of his wanderings across the Dark Continent, the annexation of the Congo by little Belgium seemed as likely as the colonization of Franz Josef Land by Finland. True, the King of the Belgians had been actively interesting himself in the establishment of what were called "exploring colonies" over the face of Central Africa; and when Mr. Stanley went out again, under his auspices, to open up the Congo to trade and civilization, people smiled good-naturedly at the ambitious and benevolent enterprise of the royal Quixote, as the King was considered. England did not disturb herself; her interests in West Africa seemed to her shadowy, and she devoted her energies to extending and confirming her position at Zanzibar, where it was thought, at that time, disastrous to British interests that we should have any European Power as a rival. Meantime South Africa was growling at the indifference of the mother country, and there was even a time when the latter (or at least a section of it) would have felt relieved had the former cut herself adrift.

Such was the state of indifference and security as to our African

possessions (at present I am not dealing with Egypt) when, some four years ago, a new factor was introduced, which, with startling suddenness, entirely changed the situation. When in 1884 the German flag was raised at Angra Pequena Bay on the South-west African Coast, few people took it seriously; it was laughed at in the main as the stupid joke of a rash trader, which Bismarck would at once repudiate. But we had reckoned without our Chancellor. From whatever quarter the initiative came, it was soon seen that Bismarck "meant business." Hundreds of miles of coast, which for years had been regarded as an appendage to the Cape, we had to give up, simply because we could not show that we had ever taken the little trouble necessary to formally annex them. Protesting we should ne'er consent, we had in the end to eat very humble pie, it cannot be denied, not only at the feet of the German Chancellor, but in presence of our South African Colonies, whose interests it was declared we had so criminally neglected. After all the grapes were sour; Germany was welcome to make the best she could of a few hundred miles of the barrenest coast in Africa. Had she gone no farther, we should probably have fallen asleep again. But when her flag kept fluttering all round the coast; when it waved on high at several points around the Bight of Benin; when St. Lucia Bay was threatened; when even sacred Zanzibar itself, which we had so nursed, and coddled, and petted, was laid hands on, and the Sultan ordered to clear out of the interior and keep to the coast; and when, moreover, German annexations and threats of "protection" kept breaking out all over the world, with France following suit, we at last began to realize our position as a "World Power" (to use a German phrase). It became clear that England would at once have to make up her mind how much more of the unprotected portion of the globe she required, and lose no time in drawing it under the covert of her protecting wing. Never probably before Bismarck opened wide our eyes did we realize the vast importance to us of our Colonial possessions; how much our supremacy depended upon the world-wide spread of our race. Even South Africa was treated with marked respect, and measures were taken to provide her with ample room for expansion.

At last the portion of Ham was looked upon with greedy eyes by the sons of Japhet; the scramble began, and it is virtually ended. After the Berlin Conference there remained little more to divide. This sudden enhancement of the value of Africa in the eyes of Europe has something ludicrous about it. Had it been worth annexing we may be sure it would have been annexed long ago. America was scarcely within our ken for a century before, it was parcelled out among the Powers of Europe. Africa is the last and the least valuable of all the continents; the sudden rush upon it is simply due to the fact that it is the only great stretch of land that is left to divide, and France and Germany have felt themselves compelled to become "Great

Colonial Powers." So they added several hundred thousand square miles from the map of Africa to the statistics of their possessions; and this is how France and Germany have suddenly become great Colonial Powers. But Bismarck never deceives himself; and, although he has felt himself compelled to yield to the clamour of German traders and create an extensive German "sphere of influence" all over the world, he knows well that a colonial empire, like a great nation, is the growth of centuries. Neither to German Africa East or West, nor New Guinea, nor even to the fairyland of Samoa and the Marshall Archipelago, will the great stream of German emigration, that for decades has been flowing to America and Australia, be turned aside. Still, it must be admitted that extended foreign interests have their advantage, both for commercial enterprise and for naval development. However, so far as British interests are concerned, the important fact is that during the past four years Germany has spread the shade of her protecting wings over nearly a million square miles of Central and Southern Africa; while, excluding Algeria and Tunis, France's interests in Africa do not cover more than half that area. Portugal, again, the oldest European Power in Africa, claims an area rivalling that of Germany in extent.

What, then, in relation to these three Powers, and to the little that remains unannexed, is the position and ought to be the attitude of Great Britain with respect to her African possessions? North Africa—the Mediterranean coast and Egypt—we do not at present take into account. Central and Southern Africa, from our present point of view—colonization and commercial enterprise—alone need be considered. Our first consideration in Africa is, without doubt, Cape Colony, Natal, and the neighbouring territories. Here, as in other parts of the globe, England has been fortunate before all other Powers; she has drifted, sometimes unwillingly, into possession of those very parts of the world best adapted for colonization by the populations of Central Europe. In Africa, in this respect, she is fortunate beyond all her rivals, and it is her interest and her duty to do what she can to encourage and provide for the development of her South African Colonies. Look at it as we may, moreover, both the Orange Free State and the Transvaal must be regarded as within Britain's sphere of influence in this part of the world, and it is for the interests of all concerned that these States should be considered in making further provision for expansion and development. At present the tendency seems to be towards the encouragement of friendly relations with these republics, and there cannot be a doubt that it would be for the interests of the colonies, the protectorates, and the republics to guide affairs in this direction as far as possible. It is difficult to see how there can be any escape from ultimate federation. At present British influence, in one form or another, extends to about 22° N. lat.,

being bounded beyond the Orange River by 20° E., where we march with Germany. Why should we hesitate in carrying this northern limit right up to the Zambesi, and as far east at least as the strip of Sofala coast from of old claimed by Portugal? As to Matabele Land we have fortunately concluded an agreement by which that territory is drawn within our sphere, in spite of Portuguese claims. From the mouth of the Zambesi we cannot, of course, oust Portugal, but it was an unpardonable blunder to have ever listened to her claim south of the Limpopo. The result is that we have now to undertake intricate and troublesome negotiations to obtain possession of Delagoa Bay, and the best railway route to the Transvaal and Bechuanaland. To obtain this highly desirable spot we should be prepared to make concessions elsewhere, but obtain it we certainly ought, at any price, and no doubt shall, unless English diplomacy has lost its ancient cunning. Fortunately the railway is in English hands, and Portugal is bound to give us the refusal of the territory. The entire trade of South Africa is about fifteen millions sterling, nearly the same as that of Algeria. This does not include the gold, which is being found in constantly increasing quantities. No doubt this gold has been a fortunate find, but fortunate, I venture to think, mainly because it will attract workers to the Colonies, and bring them much needed capital. It is to be hoped that a large proportion of those who are thus attracted will stay and help to develop the permanent resources of South Africa, the resources by which it must stand or fall. What is wanted at present over much of South Africa is a system of irrigation and storage, and rapid and cheap means of communication. The former will no doubt be developed in time. As for the latter, railways are creeping onwards on various sides, and with a view to further extensions, the free navigation of the Zambesi must be insisted on. It is this question and that of Delagoa Bay which has been hotly debated in the Portuguese Parliament. For the maintenance of lights, keeping the river free from obstructions, and other such services, the Portuguese authorities have a right to levy moderate dues; but that they should be allowed to monopolize the river, exact enormous imposts, and practically exclude foreign vessels cannot, of course, be tolerated. The river is certain one day to be the common boundary of the possessions of the two countries. With improvements in these two directions—irrigation and communication—South African trade will soon be doubled and trebled.

But England has interests on the other side of the Zambesi, interests, however, about which one cannot speak with so much confidence as of those on the south side of the river. I have already referred to the results of Livingstone's explorations of the Lake Nyassa region, and of Lord Clarendon's strong support of British enterprise there. British missionaries and British traders have done more in thirty years to develop

the region than Portugal has done for three centuries. However high may be our estimate of Portugal's exploring energy in the past, and even in recent years, and however gratifying it may be to hear of an outbreak of enterprise in her Angola territories, it is the simple truth to say that the attitude, of her officials at least, towards the slave trade is not the same as ours, and her standard of commercial development is different from that which prevails among colonists of English origin. It would assuredly be a calamity if British enterprise, missionary and commercial, were subjected to the unrestrained control of Portuguese East Coast officials. Portugal has no claim whatever to a mile of Lake Nyassa or any territory near it. France, according to the Convention of December 1885, undertook not to interfere with the extension of Portugal's influence between her possessions in East and West Africa. Portugal's own interpretation of the document includes in it Matabele Land. On the other hand, the southern boundary of Germany in East Africa is the river Rovuma, which again Portugal claims as her northern limit. But England is no party to Portugal's interpretation of these agreements. As a matter of fact she has repudiated Portugal's claims to Matabele Land, and, if it suited her general interests in Africa, she might equally repudiate Portugal's claim to the territory between the Ruo River and Lake Nyassa, and on the west side of that lake. But, in the first place, it would be awkward in the extreme for us to establish any direct influence over a region enclosed on all sides by the territories of other Powers, and with no access except through these. Again, we are bound to consider the aspirations of our friendly neighbour Germany, who looks to extension in this direction on condition of leaving us a free hand in the region around the Great Lakes, a region of much greater value from a commercial point of view. Then, it must be borne in mind that in a wide view of British interests in Africa it is of far more importance for us to obtain possession of Delagoa Bay than to hamper ourselves with responsibilities in the heart of the continent. Still we are bound to use every possible effort to help those missionaries and merchants who went out trusting, on reasonable grounds, to our protection; not only because they are British subjects, but in the interests of Africa and in the interests of humanity. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that Lord Salisbury is using his most earnest endeavours to come to an arrangement with Portugal on the subject. He can do no more; not even declare the Nyassa region within England's sphere of influence.

In South Africa, then, our first consideration is the consolidation and extension to their natural limits of the territories to the south of the Zambesi. We must stretch out to the banks of the river; on the North-West we are limited by the German claims; on the North-East every legitimate effort must be made to obtain



command of Delagoa Bay and its railway, which, commercially and politically, would render us supreme over all South Africa. As for Portugal's claims to the wide belt stretching from the mouth of the Zambezi to the West Coast, they do not directly concern us in the meantime. If she does nothing to develop the immense territory, we may leave her to the tender mercies of Germany and the Congo Free State.

In tropical Africa British interests are extensive and rapidly expanding. Of the little colonies on the West Coast the expansion must now be limited; the spheres of France and Germany hem them in on all sides. But they are worth caring for: including the recently annexed "oil rivers," the trade of these possessions averages three millions sterling annually, more than that of the whole of Portuguese Africa or of French West Africa. Where expansion is possible, and that on an enormous scale, is on the Middle and Lower Niger and the Binué, now in the hands of a British company under a royal charter, and so virtually under British protection. Here we meet with the keen rivalry of France. She has extended her finger-tips to Timbuctoo, and has command of the Upper Niger. She has been making strenuous efforts to carry a railway from the Middle Senegal to the Niger, and so tap, as she hopes, the trade of the whole region. Even if the railway were completed—and there is no prospect of it—there would be little danger of its attracting more than a small proportion of the trade. Again, the absolute possession of Timbuctoo is eagerly desired, because to that centre, according to French theorists, the whole trade of the Central Soudan might be diverted, and there is still a dream of a Trans-Saharan railway. Meantime, while the French are scheming, the Royal Niger Company is working. At present it has command of all the States that border on its section of the river, and is in the best possible position to extend its commercial operations as far at least as the countries about Lake Chad, countries whose inhabitants ought to become lavish customers for English manufactures. No doubt the Germans, whose Cameroons sphere extends up to the Binué, will endeavour to draw southwards the trade of Adamawa at least. But meantime the Niger Company is in a position to have everything its own way in one of the richest trade regions of Africa. What is the value of the Niger trade we do not know, for the Company considers it to be its interest to keep that to itself.\*

On the opposite coast of Africa British influence is in a state of

\* I have reason to believe that France is quite willing to exchange for British Gambia what territory she claims on the Upper Guinea coast, while Germany would also be glad to clear out of the same region if we would only give up Walvisch Bay, on the coast of Damaraland. In that case England would practically have no rival between Liberia and the Cameroons, and, from a commercial point of view, the proposed re-adjustment deserves serious consideration. There are certain other arrangements, I believe, in contemplation by which the spheres of England and France in the Upper Niger region would be more clearly defined than they are at present.

transition. Until two years ago, England was supreme at Zanzibar; we should as soon have brooked a rival there as at Muscat or even Aden. The Sultan was our friend and *protégé*. After strenuous and long efforts we induced him to withdraw his countenance from the slave trade, and under our influence, backed by our war-ship the *London*, the lamentable traffic had been greatly modified in the dominions which were then generally admitted to be under the Sultan's power. The secret history of our apparent withdrawal from Zanzibar, where we were so long supreme, has yet to be written. There must have been very powerful reasons indeed for propitiating Prince Bismarck, before we gave way to him in a region supposed to be of such vital interest to us. The fact is, however, the value of Zanzibar for our interests, political and commercial, was greatly exaggerated; and in the final result we have reason to congratulate ourselves on our share of the spoil. Practically, the Sultan has been bullied off the continent, and has little more left to him now than his island. From Kilimanjaro south to the Rovuma, and inland to the shores of Lakes Tanganyika and Bangweolo, may be regarded as virtually under the German sphere, so far, at least, as England is concerned. And we need not regret that the burden of this immense area has not fallen on our shoulders. Its commercial value is not at all commensurate to its size, and it forms still the happy hunting ground of Arab slavers. True, on its high plateaus the European may live and flourish, but that it can ever be colonized and worked by white men is hardly to be credited. So far the Germans, it is to be feared, have done more harm than good. The slave trade is more rampant than ever. The attitude of German officials and traders is not such as to conciliate the natives, and there is good reason to fear that hatred of the whites is rapidly spreading. Moreover, German sentiment towards slavery is not quite identical with that of Englishmen; and already, in the German plantations, "contract labour" is being introduced. German writers on Africa maintain that the natives will never work unless forced to do so, and advocate a paternal constraint similar to that which prevails in the Dutch East Indies. On the other hand, we are assured by Professor Drummond, in his recent eloquent work on "*Tropical Africa*," that, under proper superintendence, the natives will work as methodically and diligently as the Europeans; and he instances the well-known Stevenson road, between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, as having been entirely constructed by native labour. It is a problem which interests both English and Germans, and it is to be hoped that the former, at least, will be able to solve it in accordance with the tendency of English sentiment. As a matter of fact, English influence is quietly as strong as ever at Zanzibar, and that partly because British traders have what German traders lack, command of abundant capital.

One important point Professor Drummond insists upon in the work referred to: the sooner the elephant is extinct in Africa, the better it will be for the legitimate development of the resources of the continent, and the sooner will the slave trade be suppressed. Ivory is easily obtained, and yields a large profit; and so long as it is obtainable, the energies of traders and people will be diverted from the exploitation of the resources of the soil. The existence of the slave trade is largely due to the necessity of obtaining carriers for the ivory from the interior to the coast, and were there no more ivory the occupation of the slave-raiding Arab would be to a great extent gone. The Arab question is another difficulty which all the European scramblers for Africa must face; but in the end there can be no doubt that Europe must triumph, and the sooner the better, for the horrors of Arab domination are too harrowing to read of.

England's share in the division of the Zanzibar territories could hardly have been better. The whole stretch of coast from the Umba to the Tana River, including the port of Mombassa, has been conceded to the British East African Company, who are about to obtain a royal charter giving them dominion over this and the interior as far as the Lakes Victoria and Albert, an area of some 70,000 square miles, including or leading to some of the richest regions of Central Africa. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the few spots north of the Tana still remaining to the Sultan will also be placed at the command of the company, including the bay and river which Italy has unexpectedly claimed. This is a splendid opening, which will be doubtless worked to the advantage of British trade, as well as for the good of the natives. The resources of this region are very imperfectly known. Though there is no doubt that much of it is deficient in moisture, still on its tablelands and in its mountain valleys there is scope enough for ample development, while Uganda and neighbouring States (which must ultimately come within the company's sphere) are even now hopeful fields for commercial enterprise. Then, farther north we find the territory so bravely rescued from the Mahdi by Emin Pasha, and the other lapsed Soudan provinces of Egypt, which might surely be drawn within English influences. Much of this newly "protected" area, it is stated on good authority, would form an excellent wheat country, and, as to the labour question, there surely should be no difficulty with the resources of India at our back; in time we may expect to find here a large and industrious coolie population. When it is stated that the whole of the north-east horn of Africa, from Tajurah Bay as far south as Ras Hafun, virtually embracing cattle-producing Somali Land, has been brought within our sphere, it is surely evident that England has looked well after her own interests in the scramble for Africa. She has indeed selected the choicest fragments, not even excepting the Congo Free State: practically, the whole of

South Africa, where there is room for millions of European colonists; the Niger region, giving access to the rich provinces of Central Soudan; the Lake region, with its teeming populations and great possibilities; and the immense Somali country, backing on to Abyssinia: surely we ought to rest satisfied, and allow other nations to do the best they can for themselves, without envy. But our responsibilities are great. Our example and our influence, much as we have to be ashamed of, have on the whole hitherto had, on the politics and commerce of the world, all the effect of enlightened public opinion. After our withdrawal from Zanzibar and its consequences, we are bound to exert ourselves all the more to show that the prosecution of European interests is not inconsistent with consideration for the welfare of the natives whose continent we are parcelling out. True, Europe is only doing now what man has done since he first set up for himself on the globe: we are exemplifying the right of might; we are taking what we want simply because we are strong enough to do so. But the sensitiveness of the civilized conscience has become intensified in these days, and somehow we have become convinced that the conduct of our Teutonic and Norse forefathers, when they harried and annexed these islands, must no longer be imitated by us in all its features; we have got far beyond the buccaneering stage of racial expansion.

In conclusion, I may state that I estimate our share of the trade of Africa at 44 per cent. out of a total of seventy-five millions sterling, France coming next with 26 per cent. This total is bound rapidly to increase now that so many eagerly competing traders are at work, and if our share increases in proportion we may well be satisfied. But, even with its gold and its diamonds, it is doubtful if ever Africa will compete in economic development with any other continent, even with Australia, or with our Indian empire. But we must bear in mind that Africa has been the last continent to be taken up, that her development is only beginning, and under proper treatment she ought to bear a fair share in supporting the burden of humanity on the face of this earth; but what the value of this share will be can only be found by further exploration of a more minute and scientific character than that to which the continent has been hitherto in the main subjected.

J. SCOTT KELTIE.

## THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THAT the present is pre-eminently the Age of Science, is a fact equally recognized by the majority, who hail it with triumph, and by the minority, who regard it with feelings wherein regret and apprehension have their place. As, in Literature, an age of production is ever followed by an age of criticism, so in the general history of human interests, War, Religion, Art, start in early days and run their swift course, while Science creeps slowly after them, till at last she passes them on the way and comes foremost in the race. We still in our time have War; but it is no longer the conflict of valiant soldiers, but the game of scientific strategists. We still have Religion; but she no longer claims earth and heaven as her domain, but meekly goes to church by a path over which Science has notified, "On sufferance only." We still have Art; but it is no longer the art of fancy, but the art of the intellect, wherein the beautiful is indefinitely postponed to the technically true, as Truth is discerned by men who think *qu'il n'y a rien de vrai excepté le laid*. All our multiform activities, from agriculture down to dress-making, are in these days nothing if not "scientific," and to thousands of worthy people it is enough to say that Science teaches this or that, or that the interests of Science require such and such a sacrifice, to cause them to bow their heads, as pious men of old did at the message of a Prophet: "It is SCIENCE! Let it do what seemeth it good." The claims of the æsthetic faculty, and even of the moral sense, to speak in arrest of judgment on matters entirely within their own spheres are ruled out of court.

By a paradoxical fatality, however, it would appear as if the obsession of the Scientific Spirit is likely to be a little lightened for us by an event which might have been expected to rivet the yoke on our necks. The recently published Life of the most illustrious and most

amiable man of Science of this scientific age has suggested to many readers doubts of the all-sufficiency of Science to build up—not theories—but men. Mr. Darwin's admirably candid avowal of the gradual extinction in his mind of the æsthetic\* and religious elements has proved startling to a generation which, even when it is ready to abandon Religion, would be direfully distressed to lose the pleasures afforded by Art and Nature, Poetry and Music. Instead of lifting the scientific vocation to the skies (as was probably anticipated), this epoch-making Biography seems to have gone far to throw a sort of dam across the stream, and to have arrested not a few Science-worshippers with the query: "What shall it profit a man if he find the origin of species and know exactly how earth-worms and sun-dews conduct themselves, if all the while he grow blind to the loveliness of Nature, deaf to music, insensible to poetry, and as unable to lift his soul to the Divine and Eternal as were the primeval Apes from whom he has descended? Is this all that Science can do for her devotee? Must he be shorn of the glory of humanity when he is ordained her Priest? Does he find his loftiest faculties atrophied when he has become a 'machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts'?"†

While these reflections are passing through many minds, it may be permitted to me to review some features of the Scientific Spirit of the Age. Frankly, I shall do it from an adverse point of view. There were many years of my life during which I regarded it with profound, though always distant, admiration. Grown old, I have come to think that many spirits in the hierarchy are loftier and purer; that the noblest study of mankind is Man, rather than rock or insect; and that, even at its best, Knowledge is immeasurably less precious than Goodness and Love. Whether in these estimates I err or am justified, it would, in any case, be superfluous for me to add my feeble voice to the glorification of the Scientific Spirit. Diana of the Ephesians was never proclaimed so vociferously "Great;" and, perhaps, like the worshippers of the elder goddess, it may be said of those of Science, "the most part know not wherefore they have come together." It will suffice if I succeed in partially exhibiting how much we are in danger of losing by the Scientific Spirit, while others show us, more or less truly, what we gain thereby. . . .

In speaking of "Science" I must here be understood to refer only to the Physical Sciences, not to the mathematical or metaphysical. The former (especially the Biological group) have of late years come

\* "Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great delight, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great, delight. But now, for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music."—*Darwin's "Life,"* vol. i. p. 10f.

† *Ibid.*, same page. Said of himself by Darwin.

so much to the front that the old application of the word to the exact sciences and to metaphysics and ethics has almost dropped out of popular use. I also desire to explain at starting that I am not so blind as to ignore the splendid achievements of modern physical science in its own realm, nor the benefits which many applications of the Scientific Spirit have brought in various other directions. It is the intrusiveness and oppression of the Scientific Spirit in regions where it has no proper work, and (still more often) its predominance in others where its place should be wholly subordinate, against which a protest appears to be needed. A score of causes have contributed in our generation to set Science up and to pull other things down. The levels need to be redressed. The space available for this paper will not permit me to exhibit the results of the excessive share taken of late years by the Scientific Spirit in many practical matters wherein experience and common-sense were safer guides—*e.g.*, in Agriculture. This side of the question I must leave untouched, and limit myself to the discussion of the general influence of the Scientific Spirit on Education, on Art, on Morals, and on Religion.

Professor Tyndall, in the Preface to his great work on "Heat as a Mode of Motion," calls Science "the noblest growth of modern times;" and adds that "as a means of intellectual education its claims are still disputed, though, once properly organized, greater and more beneficent revolutions wait its employment here than those which have marked its application in the material world" (second edition, p. 10). Since the publication of this book, and indeed since the opening of the Age of Science, the relative claims of Science and Literature to form the basis of *intellectual* instruction have been incessantly debated by men qualified by experience in tuition (which I cannot pretend to be) to form a judgment on the subject. There has been, however, I think, too little attention given on either side to the relative *moral* influences of the two studies.

In addressing the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching in March last, Sir James Paget expressed his dissent from Professor Morley's opinion (given on a similar occasion last year) that "Literature was an excellent if not a better study than Science." Sir James maintained, on the contrary, that *nothing could better advance human prosperity than Science*; and he elaborately set forth the specific benefits of a scientific education, as he conceived them, as follows:—

"There was first, the teaching of the power of observing, then the teaching of accuracy, then of the difficulty of attaining to a real knowledge of the truth; and lastly, the teaching of the methods by which they could pass from that which was proved to the thinking of what was probable."\*

\* That organ of the Scientific party, the *British Medical Journal*, eulogising this address, remarked that "Sir James is a master of English, clothing all his thoughts in the most elegant language." To the mere literary mind the above definitions may be thought to leave something to be desired on the score of "elegance."

It would, of course, be unjust to hold Science to these definitions, as if they exhausted her claims as our instructress. It may, however, fairly be assumed that, in the view of one of the leading men of science of the day, they are *paramount*. If any much higher results than they were to be expected from scientific teaching, Sir James would scarcely have omitted to present them first or last. To what, then, do these four great lessons of Science amount? They teach, and, I think, teach only, Observation; Accuracy; Intellectual Caution; and the acquirement of a method of advancing to the "*thinking of what was probable*;"—possibly the method commonly known as Induction.

I must confess that these "great truths" (as Sir James oddly calls them) represent to my mind only the culmination of the lower range of human faculties; or, more strictly speaking, the perfect application to human concerns of those faculties which are common to man and the lower animals. A fox may be an *observer*, and an exceedingly *accurate* one—of hen-roosts. He may be deeply sensible of *the difficulty of attaining to a real knowledge*—of traps. Further than this, he may even *pass from the proved*—existence of a pack of hounds in his cover—to *thinking that it was probable*—he would shortly be chased. To train a MAN it is surely indispensable to develop in him an order of powers superior to these? His mind must be enriched with the culture of his own age and country, and of other lands and ages, and fortified by familiarity with the thoughts of great souls on the topics of loftiest interest. He must be accustomed to think on subjects above those to which his observation or accuracy of description, or caution in accepting evidence, can apply; and on which (it is to be hoped) he will reach some anchorage of faith more firm than Sir James Paget's climax of scientific culture: *the passing from that which was proved to the thinking of what was probable*. He ought to handle the method of deductive reasoning at least as well as that of induction; and beyond these (purely intellectual) attainments, a human education making claim to completeness should cultivate the imagination and poetic sentiment; should "soften manners," as the *literæ humaniores* proverbially did of old; should widen the sympathies, dignify the character, inspire enthusiasm for noble actions, and chivalrous tenderness towards women and all who need defence; and thus send forth the accomplished student, a *gentleman* in the true sense of the word. The benefits attributed by Sir James Paget to Scientific education, and even those with which, in candour, we may credit it beyond his four "great truths," fall, I venture to think, deplorably short of such a standard of culture as this.

The deficiencies of a Scientific education do not exhaust the objections against it. There seem to be positive evils almost inseparable from such training when carried far with the young. One of the worst is the danger of the adoption by the student of materialistic



views on all subjects. He need not become a theoretic or speculative Materialist. That is another risk, which may or may not be successfully eliminated. But he will almost inevitably fall into practical materialism. Of the two sides of human life, his scientific training will compel him to think always of the lower in the first place. The material (or, as our fathers would have called it, the *carnal*) fact will be uppermost in his mind, and the spiritual meaning thereof more or less out of sight. He will view his mother's tears—not as expressions of her sorrow—but as solutions of muriates and carbonates of soda, and of phosphates of lime; and he will reflect that they were caused—not by his heartlessness—but by cerebral pressure on her lachrymal glands. When she dies he will “peep and botanize” on her grave—not with the poet's sense of the sacrilegiousness of such ill-placed curiosity—but with the serene conviction of the meritoriousness of accurate observation of the scientifically interesting “flora” of a cemetery.

To this class of mind, thoroughly imbued with the Scientific Spirit, Disease is the most important of facts and the greatest of evils. Sin, on the other hand, is a thing on which neither microscope nor spectroscope, nor even stethoscope, can afford instruction. Possibly the student will think it only a spectral illusion; or he will foresee that it may be explained by-and-by scientifically as a form of disease. There may be discovered *barilli* of Hatred, Covetousness, and Lust, respectively responsible for Murder, Theft, and Adultery. Already Hypocrisy is a recognized form of Hysteria. The state of opinion in “Erewhon” may be hopefully looked for in England, when the Scientific Spirit altogether prevails.

Besides its materializing tendency a Scientific Education involves other evils, amongst which may be counted the fostering of a callous and irreverent spirit. To this I shall return presently. Of course every tendency of a pursuit, good or bad, affects the young who undertake it, much more than the old, whose characters may have been moulded under quite opposite influences. We must wait for a generation to see the Scientific Spirit in its full development.

As to the instruction of young men and women in Physiological Science in particular, I am exonerated from treating the subject by being privileged to cite the opinions of two of the most eminent and experienced members of the scholastic profession. I do so with great thankfulness, believing that it will be a revelation to many parents, blindly caught by scientific clapnet, to learn that such are the views of men, perhaps the best qualified in England to pronounce judgment on the subject.

The late lamented Mr. Thring, of Uppingham, wrote to me, September 6, 1886:—

“My writings on Education sufficiently show how strongly I feel on the

subject of a literary education, or rather how confident I am in the judgment that there can be no worthy education which is not based on the study of the highest thoughts of the highest men in the best shape. As for Science (most of it falsely so called), if a few leading minds are excepted, it simply amounts to the average dull worker, to no more than a kind of upper shop work; weighing out, and labelling, and learning alphabetical formulæ—a superior grocery-assistant's work, and has not a single element of higher mental training in it. Not to mention that it leaves out all knowledge of men and life, and *therefore*—is eminently fitted for life and its struggles! Physiology in its worse sense adds to this a brutalizing of the average practitioner, or rather a devilish combination of intellect-worship and cruelty at the expense of feeling and character. For my part, if it were true that Vivisection had wonderfully relieved bodily disease for men, if it was at the cost of lost spirits, then let the body perish! And it is at the cost of lost spirits. I do not say that under no circumstances should an experiment take place; but I do say that under no circumstances should an experiment take place for teaching purposes. You will see how decided my judgments are on this matter."

The Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Head Master of Harrow, has been good enough to write to me as follows:—

"I am most willing to let you quote my words, whether what I said before, or what I say now. You command my full sympathy in the crusade which you have so nobly declared against cruelty. I say this frankly, although I know that there is some difference between us in regard to the practice of Vivisection. But even if it be necessary that in some cases, and under strict conditions, vivisectional experiments should be made upon animals, I cannot doubt that the use of such experiments tends to exercise a demoralizing influence upon any person who may be called to make them. I hold, therefore, that the educational effect of Vivisection is always injurious. Knowledge is dearly purchased at the cost of tenderness, and I cannot believe that any morally minded person could desire to familiarize the young with the sight of animal suffering. For my part, I look upon the hardness of heart with which some distinguished physiologists have met the protest raised against Vivisection as one of many signs that Materialism means at the last an inversion of the ethical law—*i.e.*, a preference of knowledge to goodness, of mind to spirit, or, in a word, of human things to divine. Surely it is a paradox that they who minimize the specific distinction between man and the animals, should be the least tender in their views of animal sufferings, and that Christians who accentuate that distinction should be willing to spare animals pain at the cost of enhancing their own. I conceive it then to be a primary duty of a modern educator, at school or college, to cultivate in his pupils, by all the means in his power, the sympathetic sentiment towards the animal world."

To turn to a less painful part of our subject. SCIENCE and ART are constantly coupled together in common parlance and in grants of public money, but if ever incompatibility of temper formed a just ground of divorce, it is surely in their case. When Science—like Poverty—comes in at the door, Art—like Love—flies out at the window. They move in different planes, and touch different parts of human nature. Science appeals to the Intellect, Art to the Emotions; and we are so constituted that our Intellects and Emotions are like

buckets in a well. When our Intellects are in the ascendant our Emotions sink out of sight; when our Emotions rise to the surface, our busy Intellects subside into quiescence. It is only the idolatry of Science which could make intelligent men overlook the fact that she and Art resemble two leashed greyhounds pulling opposite ways, and never running together unless there be some game (shall we surmise an endowment of public money?) in view. The synthetic, reverential, sympathizing spirit of Art is opposed, as the poles of the magnet, to the analytic, self-asserting, critical spirit of Science. The artist seeks Beauty; finds likenesses; discerns the Ideal through the Real. The man of Science seeks Facts; draws distinctions; strips the Real to the skin and the bones.

A great light of the Scientific Age has been heard to say that when he first visited the Vatican he "sat down before Raphael's 'Transfiguration' and filled three pages of his note-book with his faults." It was the most natural thing in the world for him to do. How should a Physicist approve of three figures suspended in the air in defiance of the laws of gravitation? Or what could a Zoologist say to an angel outrageously combining in his person the wings properly belonging to the Order *Aves*, with the arms and legs of *Bimana*? Worst of all, what must be the feelings of a Physiologist confronted with a bas-relief of a Centaur with two stomachs—or of a Cherub with none?

Poetry is the Art of Arts. If we desire to see what Science can do for it, let us take a typical piece wherein Fancy revels and plays like an Ariel with wreaths of lovely tropes—say Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" for example. We must begin by cutting out all the absurdly unscientific statements—*e.g.*, that the lily of the valley grows pale with passion; that the hyacinth rings peals of music from its bells; and that the narcissus gazes at itself in the stream. \* Then, in lieu of this folly, we must describe how the garden has been thoroughly drained, and scientifically manured with guano and sewage. After this, the flowers may be mentioned under their proper classes, as monandria and polyandria, cryptogams and phenogams. Such would be the result of bringing the Scientific Spirit to bear on Poetry. Introduced into the border-realm of Fiction, it begins by marring with pedantic illustrations the otherwise artistic work of George Eliot. Pushed further, it furnishes us with medical novels, wherein the leading incident is a surgeon dissecting his aunt. Still a step onward, we reach the brute realism of "A Mummer's Wife" and "La Joie de Vivre." The distance between Walter Scott and Zola measures that between Art and Science in Fiction.

To many readers it may appear that the antagonism of Science to Art may be condoned in favour of her high claim to be the guide, not to Beauty, but to Truth. But is it indeed *Truth*, in the sense

which we have hitherto given to that great and sacred word, at which Physical Science is now aiming? Can we think of Truth merely as a vast heap of Facts, piled up into an orderly pyramid of a Science, like one of Timur's heaps of skulls? To collect a million facts, test them, classify them, raise by induction generalizations concerning them, and hand them down to the next generation to add a few thousand more facts and (probably) to reconstruct the pyramid on a different basis and another plan—if this be indeed to arrive at "Truth," modern Science may boast she has touched the goal. Yet in other days Truth was deemed something nobler than this. It was the interests which lay behind and beyond the facts, their possible bearing on man's deepest yearnings and sublimest hopes, which gave dignity and meaning to the humblest researches into rock and plant, and which glorified such discoveries as Kepler's, till he cried in rapture: "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee!" and Newton's, till he closed the "Principia" (as Parker said of him) by "bursting into the Infinite and kneeling there." In our time, however, Science has repeatedly renounced all pretension to throw light in any direction beyond the sequence of physical causes and effects; and by doing so she has, I think, abandoned her claim to be man's guide to Truth. The Alpine traveller who engages his guides to scale the summit of the Jungfrau, and finds them stop to booze at the *Wirthschaft* at the bottom, would have no better right to complain than those who fondly expected Science to bring them to God, and are told that she now never proceeds above the Ascidian. So long as all the rivulets of laws which Science traced flowed freshly onward towards the sea, our souls drank of them with thankfulness. Now that they lose themselves in the sands, they have become mere stagnant pools of knowledge.

Let us turn to the influence of the Scientific Spirit on Morals.

Respecting the theory of ethics, the physico-Scientific Spirit has almost necessarily been from the first Utilitarian, not Transcendental. To Mr. Herbert Spencer the world first owed the suggestion that moral intuitions are only results of hereditary experiences. "I believe," he wrote in 1868 to Mr. Mill, "that the experiences of utility, organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been producing corresponding modifications which, by continued transmission and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition, certain emotions responding to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility." Mr. Darwin took up the doctrine at this stage, and in his "Descent of Man" linked on the human conscience to the instincts of the lower animals, from whence he holds it to be derived. Similar instincts, he taught, would have grown up in any other animal as well endowed as we are, but those other animals would not necessarily attach their

ideas of right and wrong to the same conduct. "If, for instance, men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, there can hardly be a doubt that our unmarried females would, like the worker-bees, think it a sacred duty to kill their brothers."\*

These two doctrines—that Conscience is only the "capitalized experience of the human tribe" (as Dr. Martineau has summarized Mr. Spencer), and that there is no such thing as absolute or immutable Morality, but only a convenient Rule for each particular class of intelligent animals—have, between them, revolutionized theoretic ethics, and deeply imperilled, so far as they are accepted, the existence of human virtue. It is in vain that the plea is often entered on the side of faith that, after all, Darwin only showed *how* Conscience has been evolved, possibly by Divine pre-arrangement; and that we may allow its old authority as before. He has done much more than this. He has destroyed, for those who accept his views, the possibility of a rational reverence for the dictates of conscience. As he himself asks: "*Would any of us trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind? . . .* The doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which have been developed from the mind of the lower animals, *are of any value.*"† Who, indeed, could attach the same solemn authority to the monitions of the

"Stern Daughter of the Voice of God,"

and to the prejudices of ancestors just emerging from ape-hood? It was hard enough heretofore for tempted men to be chaste, sober, honest, unselfish, while passion was clamouring for indulgence or want pining for relief. The basis on which their moral efforts rested needed to be in their minds as firm as the law of the universe itself. What fulcrum will they find henceforth in the sand-heap of hereditary experiences of utility?

Thus the Scientific Spirit has sprung a mine under the deepest foundations of Morality. It may, indeed, be hereafter countermined. I believe that it will be so, and that it will be demonstrated that many of our broadest and deepest moral intuitions can have had no such origin. The universal human expectation of Justice, to which all literature bears testimony, can never have arisen from such infinitesimal experience of actual Justice, or rather such large experience of prevailing injustice, as our ancestors in any period of history can have known. Nor can the "set of our (modern) brains" against the destruction of sickly and deformed infants have come to us from the consolidated experience of past generations, since the "utility" is all on the side of Spartan Infanticide. But for the present, and while Darwinism is in the ascendant, the influence of the doctrine of hereditary conscience is simply deadly. It is no more possible for a man who holds such a theory to cherish a great moral ambition than for a

\* "Descent of Man," vol. i. p. 73.

† "Life," vol. i. p. 316.

stream to rise above its source. The high ideal of Goodness, the hunger and thirst after Righteousness, which have been the mainspring of heroic and saintly lives, must be exchanged at best for a kindly good nature and a mild desire to avoid offence. The man of science may be anxious to abolish vice and crime. They offend his tastes and distract him from his pursuits. But he has no longing to enthrone in their place a lofty Virtue, demanding his heart and life's devotion. He is almost as much disturbed by extreme goodness as by wickedness. Nay, it has been remarked by a keen and sensitive observer, that the companionship of a really great and entirely blameless man of science invariably proved a "torpedo touch to aspiration."

An obvious practical result of the present influence of Science on Morals has been the elevation of Bodily Health into the *summum bonum*, and the consequent accommodation of the standard of right and wrong to that new aim. An immense proportion of the arguments employed in Parliament and elsewhere when any question touching public health is under discussion rest on the unexpressed major premiss, "that any action which, in the opinion of experts, conduces to the bodily health of the individual, or of the community, is *ipso facto* lawful and right." I cannot here indicate the conclusions to which this principle leads. Much that the Christian conscience now holds to be Vice must be transferred to the category of Virtue; while the medical profession will acquire a Power of the Keys which it is perhaps even less qualified to use than the successors of St. Peter.

Another threatening evil from the side of Science is the growth of a hard and pitiless temper. From whatsoever cause it arise it seems certain that, with some noteworthy exceptions, the Scientific Spirit is callous. In the mass of its literature the expressions of sympathy with civilized or savage, healthy or diseased mankind, or with the races below us, are few and far between. Men and beasts are, in scientific language, alike "specimens" (wretched word!), and if the men be ill or dying, they become "clinical material." The light of Science is a "dry" one. She leaves no glamour, no tender mystery anywhere. Nor has she more pity than Nature for the weak who fall in the struggle for existence. There is, indeed, a scientific contempt quite *sui generis* for the "poor in spirit," the simple, the devoutly believing, in short, for all the humble and the weak, which constitutes of the Scientific Spirit of the Age a kind of Neo-Paganism, the very antithesis of Christianity. I may add that it is no less the antithesis of Theism, which, while abandoning the Apocalyptic side of Christianity, holds (perhaps with added consciousness of its supreme value) to the spiritual part of the old faith, and would build the Religion of the future on Christ's lessons of love to God and Man, of self-sacrifice and self-consecration.

Prior to experience it might have been confidently expected that

the Darwinian doctrine of the descent of Man would have called forth a fresh burst of sympathy towards all races of men and towards the lower animals. Every biologist now knows tenfold better reasons than had St. Francis for calling the birds and beasts "little brothers and sisters." But instead of instilling the tenderness of the Saint of Assisi, Science has taught her devotees to regard the world as a scene of universal struggle, wherein the rule must be: "Every one for himself and no God for any one."

Ten years ago an eminent American physician remarked to me: "In my country the ardour of scientific research is rapidly overriding the proper benevolent objects of my profession. The cure of disease is becoming quite a secondary consideration to the achievement of a correct diagnosis to be verified by a successful post-mortem." How true this now holds of the state of things in English hospitals that remarkable book "*St. Bernard's*," and its still more important key, "*Dying Scientifically*," have just come in time to testify.\* No one who has read these books will deny that the purely Scientific Spirit is (at all events sometimes) a merciless spirit; and that Dr. Draper's famous boast so often repeated, that "Science has never subjected any one to physical torture,"† is untrue.

Irreverence appears to be another "Note" of the Scientific Spirit. Literature always holds a certain attitude of conservatism. Its kings will never be dethroned. But Science is essentially revolutionary. The one thing certain about a great man of Science is, that in a few years his theories and books will be laid on the shelf. Like coral insects, the scientists of yesterday, who built the foundations of the science of to-day, are all dead from the moment that their successors have raised over them another inch of the interminable reef. The student of *Literature*, dealing with human life, cannot forget for a moment the existence of such things as Goodness which he must honour, and Wickedness which he must abhor. But *Physical Science*, dealing with un-moral Nature, brings no such lessons to her votaries. There is nothing to revere even in a well-balanced Solar System, and nothing to despise in a microbe. Taking this into consideration, it might have been foreseen that the Scientific Spirit of the Age would have been deficient in reverence; and, as a matter of fact, I think it will be conceded that so it is. It is a spirit to which the

\* Speaking of this latter book, the *Manchester Guardian* (March 17) remarked that "the charges in '*St. Bernard's*' were supported by details of cases reported in medical journals, and by statements made by lecturers of distinction. The quotations are precise and easily verified. The hospitals will do well to take some notice of a medical man who avers that the healing of patients is subordinated to the professional advantages of the staff and the students, that cures are retarded for clinical study, that new drugs are tried upon hospital patients, who are needlessly examined and made to undergo unnecessary operations. They cannot afford to pass over the statement that the dying are tortured by useless operations, and that the blunders of students are covered by their teachers for the credit of the hospital." So far as these charges are true, every one is directly due to the inspiration of the Scientific Spirit.

† Preface to "*Conflict*," p. 11.

terms "imperious" and "arrogant" may not unfitly be applied; and sometimes we may add "overbearing," when a man of science thinks fit to rebuke a theologian for trespassing on *his* ground after he has been trampling all over the ground of theology. Perhaps the difference between the new "bumptious" Spirit of Science and the old, exquisitely modest and reverent tone of Newton and Herschel, Faraday and Lyell, is only due to the causes which distinguish everywhere a Church Triumphant from a Church Militant. But whatever they may be, it seems clear that it will scarcely be in an age of Science that the prophecy will be fulfilled, that "the meek shall inherit the earth."\*

Among the delicate and beautiful things which Science brushes away from life, I cannot omit to reckon a certain modesty which has hitherto prevailed among educated people. The decline of decency in England, apparent to every one old enough to recall earlier manners and topics of conversation, is due in great measure, I think, to the scientific (medical) spirit. Who would have thought thirty years ago of seeing young men in public reading-rooms snatching at the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* from layers of what ought to be more attractive literature, and poring over hideous diagrams and revolting details of disease and monstrosity? It is perfectly right, no doubt, for these professional journals to deal plainly with these horrors and with the thrice abominable records of "gynæcology." But, being so, it follows that it is *not* proper that they should form the furniture of a reading-table at which young men and young women sit for general—not medical—instruction. Nor is it only in the medical journals that disease-mongering now obtains. The political press has adopted the practice of reporting the details of illness of every eminent man who falls into the hands of the doctors, and affords those gentlemen an opportunity of advertising themselves as his advisers. The last recollection which the present generation will retain of many an illustrious statesman, poet, or soldier, will not be that he died like a hero or a saint, bravely or piously, but that he swallowed such and such a medicine, and, perhaps, was sick in his stomach. Deathbeds are desecrated that doctors may be puffed and public inquisitiveness assuaged.

So far does the materialist spirit penetrate into literature, that in criticizing books and men the most exaggerated importance is attached by numberless writers to the physical conditions and "environments" of the personages with whom they are concerned, till we could almost

\* It was long before Science acquired her natural voice. For more than a thousand years she submitted servilely to Aristotle and his interpreters. But the Science of the Dark Ages was only a branch of Learning, of which a Pico of Mirandola or an Admirable Crichton could master the whole, along with the classics or mathematics of the period. The genuine Scientific Spirit was not yet born; and when it woke at last in Galileo and Kepler, and down to our own day, the religious spirit was still paramount over the scientific. It is only in the present generation that we witness at once the evolution of the true scientific spirit and of scientific arrogance.



suppose that—given his ancestry and circumstances—we could scientifically construct the Man with all his gifts and passions. As if, forsooth, a dozen brothers were alike in character, or even all the kittens in a litter! It is refreshing to read the brisk *persiflage* on this kind of thing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March 1. The writer, reviewing Mr. Lecky's books, states that but little of that splendid historian's private life has been published, and adds:—

“Je ne me plains pas de cette sécheresse, je la bénis. C'est un plaisir, devenu si rare aujourd'hui, de pouvoir lire un livre sans en connaître l'auteur : de juger une œuvre directement et en elle-même, sans avoir à étudier ce composé d'organes et de tissus, de nerfs et de muscles, d'où elle est sortie : sans la commenter à l'aide de la physiologie, de l'ethnographie et de la climatologie : sans mettre en jeu l'atavisme et les diathèses héréditaires !” \*

Turn we, lastly, to the influences of the Scientific Spirit on Religion. It is hardly too much to affirm that the advance of that Spirit has been to individuals and classes the signal for a subsidence of religious faith and religious emotion. Judging from Darwin's experience, as that of a typical man of science, just as such an one becomes an embodiment of the Scientific Spirit, his religious sentiment flickers and expires like a candle in an airless vault. Speaking of his old feelings of “wonder, admiration, and devotion,” experienced while standing amidst the grandeur of a Brazilian forest, he wrote in later years when Science had made him all her own: “*Now* the grandest scenes would not cause any such convictions and feelings to rise in my mind. It may be truly said that I am like a man who has become colour-blind.” † Nor did the deadening influences stop at his own soul. As one able reviewer of his “Life” in the *Spectator* wrote: “No sane man can deny Darwin's influence to have been at least contemporaneous with a general decay of belief in the unseen. Darwin's Theism faded from his mind without disturbance, without perplexity, without pain. These words describe his influence as well as his experience.”

The causes of the anti-religious tendency of modern science may be found, I believe, 1st, in the closing up of that “Gate called Beautiful,” through which many souls have been wont to enter the Temple; 2nd, in the diametric opposition of its Method to the method of spiritual inquiry; and, 3rd, to the hardness of character frequently produced (as we have already noted) by scientific pursuits. These three causes, I think, sufficiently account for the antagonism between the modern Scientific and the Religious Spirits, quite irrespectively of

\* While I am writing these pages the *Globe* informs us that there reigns at present in Paris a mania for medical curiosities and surgical operations. “It has become the right thing to get up early and hurry off to witness some special piece of dexterity with the scalpel. The novel yields its attraction to the slightly stronger realism of the medical treatise, and the picture galleries have the air of a pathological museum. It is suggested that the theatres, if they want to hold their own, must represent critical operations in a thoroughly realistic manner on the stage.”

† “Life,” vol. i. p. 311.

the bearings of scientific researches and criticisms on the doctrines of either natural or traditional religion. Had Science inspired her votaries with religious *sentiment*, they would have broken their way through the tangle of theological difficulties, and have opened for us a highway of Faith at once devout and rational. But of all improbable things to anticipate now in the world is a Scientific Religious Reformation. Lammenais said there was one thing worse than Atheism—namely, indifference whether Atheism be true. The Scientific Spirit of the Age has reached this point. It is contented to be Agnostic, not Atheistic. It says aloud, “I don’t know;” it mutters to those who care to listen, “I don’t care.”

The Scientific Spirit has undoubtedly performed prodigies in the realms of physical discovery. Its inventions have brought enormous contributions to the material well-being of man, and it has widened to a magnificent horizon the intellectual circle of his ideas. Yet, notwithstanding all its splendid achievements, if it foster only the lower mental faculties, while it paralyses and atrophies the higher; if Reverence and Sympathy and Modesty dwindle in its shadow; if Art and Poetry shrink at its touch; if Morality be undermined and perverted by it; and if Religion perish at its approach as a flower vanishes before the frost,—then, I think, we must deny the truth of Sir James Paget’s assertion, that *Nothing can advance human prosperity so much as Science*. She has given us many precious things, but she takes away things more precious still.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

## LOCAL TAXATION OF RENTS IN LONDON.

*FROM A VESTRYMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.*

THIS paper is written with an object narrow in range and humble in aim. I am not proposing to discuss the wide and complicated questions, how far it is right to throw a greater amount of the general taxes on the owners of land, or how far it is expedient or possible to assess taxes on the basis of capital instead of present income. I am not qualified by knowledge or training for any such discussion. My range is confined to the area of London, and to the question whether it is not fair to throw upon the owners of land and houses there, a portion of the charges now borne wholly by the occupiers. And my aim is to lay a basis for the practical discussion of this question, which is of direct importance to London ratepayers, and probably bears upon local taxation elsewhere. I see some considerable difficulties in the matter. I cannot find that it has been up to this time isolated from other questions and methodically exhibited for the examination of Londoners in the form of a detailed plan worked out in figures. I am sensible how imperfect is my information upon many important local details, and how hampered I am by this ignorance and by want of familiarity with general questions of taxation and of political economy. It is certain that I shall fall into errors; and that, so far as I suggest a practical scheme, it will be imperfect and faulty. I know that if the suggested improvement in London taxation is to take place it must be worked out by better heads than mine. But, all these drawbacks notwithstanding, it seems to me useful to put into shape, from the point of view of an average London householder and vestryman, the burden which we feel, and the remedy which we are feeling after, if haply we may find it.

Nobody can deny that there has been for many years an increasing number of persons who believe that the owners of property

which is continually being augmented in value by the wants and the industry of a growing population, do not bear their fair share of the public burdens. With some, this belief, whether right or wrong, is formed after much study of the case. With others, probably the greatest number, it is a feeling, somewhat vague and inarticulate, produced partly by what they have heard said, partly by seeing the visible wealth of great landowners, partly by knowing the pressure on themselves and neighbours as payers of rates and taxes. Others again are led up to the belief through their practical acquaintance with the levying and expenditure of rates, and hearing complaints of their weight: of which class am I; and that is why I speak of London taxation, and of that alone. It will introduce the discussion well if I give some quotations to illustrate the different standpoints of those who have their faces set in the same direction.

Mr. John Stuart Mill's views are very well known, but one of the passages which express them will bear repetition:—

"Suppose there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners, those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete passiveness on their own part. In such a case it would be no violation of the principles on which private property is grounded, if the State should appropriate this increase of wealth on the part of it, as it arises. This would not properly be taking anything from anybody; it would merely be applying an accession of wealth created by circumstances to the benefit of society, instead of allowing it to become an unearned appendage to the riches of a particular class. Now this is actually the case with rent."—*Political Economy*, bk. v. chap. ii. sec. 5.

Here is a very different utterance by some active workers who call themselves Socialists, and who, I am assured, influence the views of considerable numbers among Artisan Clubs and Associations. It was sent to me after I had been speaking on the subject, in order that I might see the weakness and futility of my proposal, or any proposal, to throw a moderate and fair share of public burdens upon rents:—

"TAXATION OF UNEARNED INCOMES.—Besides Perpetual Pensions, which the Radicals are making an end of, four hundred and fifty million pounds sterling, or more than a third of the annual income of the nation, is consumed by landlords and shareholders who do not, as such, perform a single stroke of work for the nation in return. Two hundred millions of this is rent: the other two hundred and fifty is called interest. This is the estimate made in the interest of the idle classes themselves; and therefore it is well under the mark. It does not include employers' profits, or the large incomes derived by educated or 'highly connected' men from employments which are practically closed to the working class. We want this taxed by a progressive income-tax. How high do we want to tax it? Twenty shillings in the pound—i.e., Complete Land Nationalization—will satisfy us. But we will take an instalment to begin."

These are thinkers who are so struck by seeing how in some cases wealth escapes taxation, that they actually propose to take all the savings of prudent, industrious people (at least all those that are prudently invested to produce income) and to pay the taxes out of them. I look upon such thoughts as vapours which will be dissipated by the free air of discussion, coupled with the removal of such unfairness as is proved to exist; but I quote them, for they are amongst us, and are now playing a certain part in the politics of London, and probably of other places.

To show the views which for a few years past have been freely expressed, though in a very sporadic manner, by persons in my position, I quote a resolution which has recently been passed by the Vestry of Fulham, and affirmed by that of St. George's Hanover Square:—

"That this Vestry is of opinion that it is a great injustice to the rate-payers of the Metropolis that all the improvements effected in London should be paid by the householders, and affirms that the ground rents and improved values of land should be rated to the Metropolitan rates in future, the land to be rateable and chargeable upon and from the same persons, and with the same right of deduction as property-tax under Schedule A."\*

The two first expressions of opinion that I have cited travel into regions economic and political, where, as above said, I do not wish or dare to tread. The opinion of the Vestries is that of practical men who have before them a narrow field of duty which leads them to understand where the shoe pinches themselves or their neighbours. Subject to one modification, it is my own view, though I am quite prepared to abandon it when proof has been given of the assertion, loudly enough made, that it would lead to injustice. But though the philosophic expert in political economy and the workers of the Fabian Parliamentary League reach conclusions of vast range, while the practical vestryman sticks to his own last, there underlies all three views the same idea, that workers are unduly weighted in comparison with non-workers. When men of theory, men of practice, and men who are gulled by existing social adjustments, all look the same way, it is probable that some movement in that direction will be effected. Whether the change shall be small or great, gradual or abrupt, gentle or harsh, depends very much on the spirit in which it is debated.

There are two reasons why those who levy and those who pay rates in London have been led of late years to give closer attention to their incidence. One is their great increase. Probably, no one will require evidence on this point, because in most parishes every rate-payer of even a few years' standing has felt it in his own person. I have

\* I believe that other Vestries have since passed similar resolutions.

not been at any pains to collect figures for this purpose. For an instance of great increase, I may cite my own parish and my own house. The rateable value of the house has increased, and the proportion of the rate has also increased. In the year 1864 the rate for St. George's Hanover Square was 2s. 1d. in the pound. This year it is 3s. 11½d. About six years ago the house was, with many others, set down at a largely enhanced value in the rate-books. I speak well within the mark in saying that in twenty years the rates for my house have much more than doubled. It is true that in some of the parishes which were very highly rated prior to the Valuation Act of 1869, and to the provisions by which parts of the poor-rates have been spread over the whole of London, there has been a decrease of charge. But the general increase is undoubtedly very large.

The other reason is that the coal-tax will expire in 1889, and the efforts made by the City of London and the Board of Works to procure a renewal of it have excited a great deal of attention and controversy. Strong objections are made to the tax on different grounds: by some because it is levied on a prime necessary of life, and so presses the poorest classes; by others because it unduly weights production in London; and again by others because it is unfairly levied and unfairly distributed. There can be no doubt that the tax would expire, unlamented save by the City of London, who take an extravagant share of it, if it were not for one consideration. The Board of Works tell us that, unless we renew the coal-tax, they will clap an additional threepence on to our rates. Many ratepayers believe that this will actually be done, and so they desire to retain a tax which falls not on ratepayers alone, but on every consumer of coal.

Under the pressure of this actual large increase of rates, and of the further increase that is threatened, it is no wonder if Londoners look about them to see what are the causes of it, how the money is spent, and whether those who benefit by it are made fairly to contribute to it. They find that one potent cause of the increase is the execution of works which effect permanent improvements; some over a wider and some over a narrower area. These works increase the value of the owner's property. But as such he pays nothing for them; the whole charge falls on the occupier; and if by chance the owner is himself the occupier, he pays only as occupier and not as owner. Why should we not bring in the owners to contribute a fair share to the common expenses, in consideration of the benefits they receive?

It is necessary to explain what is meant in this discussion by the term "owner," as to which a great deal of haziness and misconception exists. Many people imagine that a proposal to throw a portion of the rates on owners means that the portion is to be paid by the ultimate reversioner or freeholder. Such a process would be very unjust, and probably very inefficacious too. In a large number of

cases the freeholder has only a small interest in the property, his freehold being a reversion subject to a long term of years, maybe 80 or 90, and carrying only a small rent, or none at all, in the meantime. In such a case the ownership, as distinct from the occupation, is vested in more than one person. The owner of the freehold has part, and the owner of the term of years has another, and in the case put the greater, part. So a property may have half a dozen owners if there are as many lettings and sub-lettings. Therefore when I speak of owners of properties, I use a curt expression for all those persons who divide between them if more than one, or enjoy wholly if only one, the actual or estimated yield of such properties. Each of them should pay his quota towards that improvement or maintenance of his property which is enforced by law.

Before this subject can be discussed in a full and satisfactory way, there is much information to be given which I do not possess. Doubtless, as time goes on, and as it is better seen where the stress of argument presses, the requisite knowledge will be gained by others who have more leisure or more energy than myself. On the point I am dealing with at this moment, I am afraid, having inquired of official persons and of experts in statistics, that no means exist of making even an approximate conjecture what may be the value of ownerships in London. That it must be something very large we may be certain, because it is within the knowledge of everybody what large rents are paid for London houses and what large numbers of houses are rented. But we cannot even guess how much would be produced by exacting a penny from every one who receives a pound of rent. This uncertainty, however, does not affect the principle of the plan here proposed, but only the amount of relief to be gained from it.

Another point which requires elucidation is the amount of expenditure which is applied to permanent improvements. There will of course be differences of opinion what are permanent improvements; but there will be hardly any dispute that some things are so: as, for instance, school-buildings, drainage, the Thames Embankment, great arterial streets, and so forth. The Board of Works could readily furnish information on this head, and I have suggested to some of its members that they should do so; but it has not been done yet. I should be surprised if it was not found that the bulk of the expenses of the Board of Works, as well as a large portion of those of the School Board, would properly be attributable to permanent improvements.

I lay stress on this point, because I think that it makes the strongest part of the case for charging the owners, and that to this class of expenditure they should contribute a larger portion than to other classes.\* But I do not suggest that they ought not to contribute

\* Mr. Charles Harrison has kindly supplied me with references to several local Acts,

to other classes. . If indeed all the rates were spent in the wants of the day, such as cleansing or lighting the streets, it might be just that the occupier, having enjoyed all, should pay for all. But take such a case as the poor-rate. That which chiefly gives value to the soil of London is the mass of the population there, and the industry which they exert upon the spot. But it is impossible to bring together masses of human beings without the ordinary incidents of human life : sickness, old age, loss of property, vice, and the various accidents which bring indigence in their train. I maintain it to be a just thing that owners, who benefit so largely by the existence of masses of Londoners, should contribute a proper share towards the legal provision for such as fall into the gulf of pauperism.

The proposal then which I advocate is that the owners of London property should come to the aid of the occupiers, and bear a share of the common burdens. I have referred to different classes of expenditure, not for the purpose of suggesting that any accurate account of them should be taken yearly or periodically, and that owners should be charged with a proportion of each. That would be a complicated and worrying process, whereas simplicity is requisite for all plans calculated to work smoothly on a large scale. But some proportion should be fixed on as the fair proportion to be contributed by owners. That cannot be done with mathematical precision ; it must be done with a certain amount of roughness. But even so it can hardly be done in a satisfactory way except after studying and discussing the nature and amount of the various classes of expenditure from rates. For the present purpose, and for the sake only of greater clearness in statement, I will suppose that the owner's proportion of the rate is settled at one-fourth. I am careful to point out that this proportion is purely hypothetical, and that the fair proportion depends on calculations which are yet to be made ; because, after speaking on this subject, I have found that other men, all warnings and disclaimers notwithstanding, have insisted on taking the illustrative hypothesis as an integral part of the plan, and, thinking the proposed proportion to be too high or too low, have entered into premature disputes about it.

It is desirable to show what amount of authority there is for re-adjusting London taxation in the suggested direction.

In February 1866 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the local government and local taxation of the Metropolis. Mr. J. S. Mill was a member of it, and its chairman was Mr. Ayrton. Its report was made on the 16th of April 1866, and was signed by all the members. They expressed an

ranging from A.D. 1675 to 1734, for the erection of churches. They all authorize tenants to deduct from their rents a portion of the necessary rate, the portion varying from two-thirds to four-fifths. Of course, churches are improvements of a highly permanent character, and at that date were considered a legitimate local charge.



opinion that direct taxation had reached its utmost limits in the less wealthy districts of London. Great inequalities were found to exist.\* Our national Saint, still subject to the marvellous diversity of fortune and character which legends ascribe to him, was victimized in Southwark, where he appears as Martyr, to the extent of 6s. 9d. in the pound; while in Hanover Square, where he figures as the triumphant slayer of dragons, he got off for 2s. 1d. They raised the question whether it is "just and reasonable to depart from the ordinary practice of imposing local burdens on the occupants of property for the year in which the rate is made." They pointed out that the expenditure of the Board of Works was made to supply wants arising from the former defect of local government, and to effect permanent improvements which have tended to increase the value of property; that the works are of such magnitude that their effects will be felt long after the charges, though spread over many years, have been defrayed; also that they are of a novel character, resulting from special legislation imposing new and unforeseen burdens. They recommended that in any arrangement of the financial resources of the Board of Works, a portion of the charge for permanent improvements should be borne by the owners of property; the rate being in the first instance paid by the occupier, and subsequently deducted from his rent, as is now provided in regard to the general property-tax.

In February 1870 another Select Committee was appointed to inquire whether it be expedient that charges now locally imposed on the occupiers of rateable property should be divided between owners and occupiers, and what consequent changes should take place in the constitution of local bodies. Mr. Goschen was the chairman of this Committee. After pointing out that rates have different objects, they abstain from saying whether all should be dealt with in the same manner.† They then pass certain abstract resolutions to the following effect: the existing system is contrary to sound policy; in many cases the burden of the rates falls ultimately, in part or whole, on the owner, who has no share in their administration; it is better that both owners and occupiers should feel an immediate interest in the increase or decrease of local expenditure, and in the administration of

\* These inequalities have been reduced by the Valuation Act and by the distribution of some of the poor-law charges; but they are still great.

† Such reservations of opinion usually mean that the members of the Committee cannot agree. I wish that in such cases each party would exhibit its own views in separate notes. Indeed, it would often be better if whole reports were prepared in that way. Attempts to write that in which all can agree, constantly end in whittling away the substance of each opinion; and, so far from adding weight to the conclusion, deprive it of weight. The very object of committees of inquiry is to elucidate moot questions; to ensure full treatment of which, it is usual to appoint men of diverse views. And the public would gain far more by vigorous statements of opposite views than by a colourless residuum after eliminating points of conflict. I know nothing of the history of this report of 1870, but it bears on its face the marks of compromise, and is, I think, weak in consequence.

local affairs; it is expedient that owners should be made directly liable for a certain proportion of the rates. Their suggestions are that owners should be represented on rating bodies; that occupiers should deduct from their rent a portion of the rate charged on them; and that agreements in contravention of such deductions should be prohibited.

It is remarkable that the resolutions of this Committee seem to put forward the incapacity of the owner to regulate rates, not less but rather more strongly than undue pressure on the occupier, as a reason for the changes they propose. That reason is not to be overlooked, though I am quite unable to agree with the Committee as to the share of importance which they assign to it. Anyhow, whether we think that it is the owner or the occupier who has more reason to desire a change, the case for such a change has been strengthened since the report of 1870: because fresh improvements have been undertaken, and the School Board has come into the field, and has added something substantial to the rates by the purchase of sites and the erection of buildings.

The two reports have suffered the common lot. Committees speak whether the people will hear or will forbear, and they usually forbear. Nothing has been done. The ignorance, and consequent apathy, of Londoners respecting their local public affairs, the absence of local institutions, except of a mutilated and fragmentary kind, have been good guarantees of inaction. I believe that the City of London has made some attempts to throw a share of the rates upon owners, but they came to nothing, and I am ignorant of their history. As in the case of London local government, no way is made till some private persons band themselves together to promote reform in a sustained and methodical way. This move took place in the latter part of 1887. Some of these persons belonged to the Municipal Reform League, who had necessarily been brought into contact with questions of local taxation. Others belonged to a very different society, the Land Restoration League, which, I believe, not only adopts in its full extent the principle above quoted from John Stuart Mill, but desires further to vest the ownership of land in the State. Others again were independent of both these associations. But whether their views were wider or narrower, whether they desired large general re-adjustments of taxation and property, or only a more equitable distribution of local burdens in London, they all agreed that, pending the discussion of larger questions, it is well to deal with smaller ones, and that London taxation is an object worth a united effort on the part of Londoners.\* So we join hands over the

\* Owing to this circumstance, my interest in London affairs has led me to be chairman of the Committee; though, beyond the limited object advocated in this paper, a more incompetent chairman could not be found. \* Probably questions of local taxation in other towns resemble those in London, and I have never been able to see why all

plan here propounded, and frame what is called a United Committee for Taxation of Ground-rents and Values—some attaching greater importance to one portion of the subject, and some to the other.

To show clearly what alteration is proposed, let us see how the law stands now. I am not now considering the case of special contract between the owner and the occupier. I observe that the moment any suggestion is made to throw rates on the owner, those who represent him say that it will be a violation of contract. That is confusing two distinct subjects requiring distinct treatment, or at all events distinct debate. Independently of contract, the law throws all rates on the occupier. It is obviously convenient, probably necessary, to collect them from him in the first instance, and no provision has ever been made, except under some special statutes for limited objects, for recouping him to any extent out of the pocket of the owner. How does this work under the present circumstances of London?

Let us suppose that an owner of land made a lease in the year 1840 for fifty years at a fixed rent. At that time the rates were levied almost entirely for current needs, and consequently were much less in amount than now. But in 1855 what may be fairly termed a new policy is set on foot. It is resolved to effect great permanent improvements by local taxation in London. The Board of Works borrows large sums of money repayable by yearly instalments, the whole of which are added to the rates.\* Of course a provision ought to have been made for charging owners with a portion of such rates. But Londoners are taxed by the national Parliament, not by an assembly representative of Londoners, nor have they any such assembly to guard their interests. They had not then even, as they have now, an adequate proportion of representatives in the House of Commons. Anyhow, their interests are not duly attended to; and the unfortunate occupier is left to bear the whole expense of desired improvements.

In 1870 comes the School Board, with similar results.† And as the wish for improvements goes on, there come other things, though of less magnitude—such as baths, washhouses, libraries—all necessitating the purchase of sites and the erection of permanent buildings, all adding to the comforts of the neighbourhood, and consequently to the value of the adjacent land, and all paid for by the occupier. The result in the case supposed is, that in the year 1890 the owner gets back his land with all improvements, for which the occupier has been

local taxation should be confined to occupiers, whether urban or rural. But even as regards taxation of rents, I have no practical knowledge except in London. And as regards taxation of values, I have never quite understood how it is proposed to apply it to the complicated interests existing in English land.

\* Sixty years is the maximum time allowed for the discharge of loans.

† Fifty years is the term fixed for the repayment of the loans raised by the School Board.

forced by law to pay ; and gets it altogether free of charge if the loans have been wholly paid off, or partially free if they have been partially paid off. That is not just.

I have taken a simple case for the purpose of illustration, and doubtless cases vary much ; but this one must be a type of a large number. In these cases a new law has been passed to compel one man to improve another man's property. And that process is, in effect, still going on as each new improvement is set on foot by the Board of Works, the School Board, or the Vestries.\* In the year 1842 Sir Robert Peel imposed the income-tax ; and, in the case of houses and land, he collected the whole value from the occupiers in the first instance. My supposed lessee found himself obliged to pay 7*l.* for every pound of yearly value at which his ground was assessed. But the income-tax was a law for the whole nation, passed by the representatives of the whole nation ; and care was taken to do that which was not done when Parliament was taxing Londoners—viz. to provide that equal contribution should be made by all persons interested in the property from which the tax was obtained. The occupier pays his 7*l.* in the pound for the full assessed value ; but it is enacted that when he comes to pay his rent he shall deduct 7*l.* from every pound due to his landlord. Thus each pays his share. I cannot see why even for such a rate as the poor-rate we should not hold that principle to be good which is good for the income-tax. But when we are dealing with rates for permanent improvements, it is obvious that the case for charging the owners is much strengthened.

Our object then is to throw some of the burden upon the owners of property ; and the next question is, by what method.† To some it appears that the object will be gained if the tax is laid on the capitalized value of each property instead of its annual income. But when that has been said, a great deal remains to be explained. I have seen suggestions that 4 per cent. on the capital value of property is a truer measure of value than its actual or estimated yield by the year. It may be so.‡ It is a great change from our existing system, and one that through many discussions has been refused in the case of income-tax. But I do not discuss it : because, admitting provisionally that such a change may be beneficial, I have not seen any plan worked out on that principle for re-adjusting the incidence of burdens as between occupier and owner, and do not understand

\* I have often seen the Vestries blamed for their slowness to act on statutory powers for improvements. But there are many, and an increasing number among them, who feel the unfairness of doing everything at the expense of the occupiers ; and allowance must be made for this feeling.

† In the case of land left vacant while buildings are growing up close by, it would be so. But then arises the question whether it is expedient to lay a tax on that which produces nothing. I do not discuss this : indeed, am not qualified. The quantity of such land in London is not, I should think, so large as to affect the rates very materially. But this is one of the many things of which we are at present in ignorance. See the next note.

what plan is in contemplation. A little while ago I heard a speaker at a meeting say, apparently with a good deal of approval from his hearers, that we ought not to trouble ourselves about intricate arrangements between landlord and tenant, but should lay our tax upon the property itself. Very good, if a house could draw a cheque or if we could take a slice out of it: but unfortunately we must look to human beings to get our rates, and different human beings have different interests in the same house, and to them it makes a great difference whether the rate is paid by one or the other.

If, however, taxation of values means, as in some mouths it does mean, an estimate of the present value of each separate interest in houses and land, and an assessment of tax according to that value, such a plan might possibly do exact justice. But it would involve as wide a departure from the existing system as the other proposal to tax the capital value of the entire property, while it would require a very vexatious amount of investigation into private affairs, and very complicated calculations of reversionary, contingent, and other interests.

Returning now to the resolution passed by the Vestries, it appears to me to indicate the right principle, subject to the foregoing remarks about values, and to the modification that values as distinct from actual incomes should, if ever taxed, be taxed only in exceptional circumstances.\* I do not understand that the reference to income-tax means more than that the method of deduction used in the case of income-tax shall be applied to the case of rates. Income-tax is levied on the income derivable from the property in question, and if the occupier pays its full value in rent it is quite just that the whole tax shall fall upon the owner. But rates are levied on principles and for purposes quite different; and nobody can desire that if a householder pays rent equal to the rateable value of his house he shall escape local taxation altogether, and throw the whole upon his landlord. In fact the ascertainment of the fair proportion to be borne by owners and occupiers is a condition preliminary to working out a practical plan. As before observed, the materials for ascertaining this are yet to be produced; I do not even guess at it; I merely take one quarter for the owner and three for the occupier by way of illustration.

The principle would work thus: take a house assessed to the rates at £200 a year. Let A. be the freeholder, M. a mesne lessee paying rent £50 a year to A., and Z. the occupier paying rent £100 a year to M. Assume the rate at 4s. in the pound. The parish will receive from Z. 4s. for each of his £200, just as happens now. But when Z. pays his rent to M. he will deduct the fair proportion, one shilling, from each of M.'s £100, and M. will deduct the same amount from

\* In growing towns there are plots of land which the owner leaves vacant till the market is such as to induce him to build. Every year that passes adds a substantial value to such plots; whether by the mere growth of population or by improvements on adjacent land; but the actual yield, on which they are rated, is insignificant.

each of A.'s £50. Thus, to the £40 taken by the parish Z. will contribute £35 for his occupancy within the parish and for his profit value of £100, M. will contribute £2 10s. for his profit rent of £50, and A. £2 10s. for his ultimate rent of £50. Of course the same principle is applicable whatever may be the number of persons interested in the house and whatever the proportions of their interests.

Now this principle is perfectly simple and easy of application. It follows the English system of levying taxes on the actual returns made, or if the owner is in possession calculated, for the time being by the property with reference to which the tax is levied. As between the rating authorities and the ratepayer it effects no disturbance. The ratepayer has no fresh calculation to make or operation to perform in order to recoup himself. He does nothing till his rent is due, and then he pays it minus a sum fixed by law, and according to a method with which he and his landlord are both familiar in the case of income-tax.

I have heard it objected that inequality would thus be produced between persons holding property of the same value but on different terms. Indeed I think this was rather a favourite topic with some of the gentlemen who appeared last year before the Town Holdings Committee. For instance, one of them might say, "Your occupier Z. who lives at No. 1 is to be relieved to the extent of £5. But Y. who lives at No. 2, a house of precisely the same value, pays the full rent of £200, and he will be relieved to the extent of £10. Nos. 3 and 4 too are houses of the same value. X. at No. 3 holds a long lease at a nominal rent; W. at No. 4 has the freehold; and they will get no relief." Of course such objections are founded on a misapprehension of the principle. Our object is to make the owner contribute. The owner, as before explained, is the person, or the aggregate of persons, receiving substantial benefit from the income of the property. W. has the whole benefit in himself; X. has substantially the whole benefit. It is therefore just that besides paying in their character of inhabitants or occupiers they should pay in their character of owners. Y. has no benefit; therefore he pays only as inhabitant or occupier, and the owner, who has the whole benefit, recoups him to the full extent of the ownership. Z. has half the benefit, and therefore pays for that half, and is recouped for the other half by M. and A. Indeed, assuming that it is right to charge the owner at all, and that the fair proportion is found, the justice of the plan is as conspicuous as its simplicity. Every inhabitant shall pay for his inhabitancy, and for his enjoyment of the common conveniences—cleansing, lighting, draining, and so forth—according to his means, which are roughly assessed by the value of the house he lives in. That is the existing system, evolved I believe from the Tudor Poor Laws. But besides the presumed wealth of the inhabitant,

there is the actual property, which he occupies, and which the rates maintain or improve in value. It is proposed to make the actual present receivers of the value contribute to that function of the rates. Now the occupier pays all. According to the above plan owners will pay their share for maintenance or improvement; and they will pay much, little, or nothing, according as they receive much, little, or nothing.

Another objection repeated by some of the same class of witnesses is that the same property would be taxed twice over; once through the occupier and once through the owner. This objection, at all events as some put it, seems to be founded on a mistake of the same kind that I have before noticed in a speaker on the opposite side—the notion namely that the property pays the tax: or else it is founded on some misapprehension of what is proposed. It is not proposed that the parish shall take more than one sum in respect of each property, or different sums in respect of properties of the same value, or any larger sum for a property occupied under lease than for a like property occupied by its owner. It is only proposed to share the burden between two instead of leaving one to bear the whole.

The objection just noticed is, as others explain it, only a mode, and a somewhat inaccurate mode, of stating another objection which is more subtle and more difficult to answer. It is said that if the owner has to pay rates, the only effect would be that he would put the amount on to his rent, and if so the occupier would get no relief from the change. Even if that were true, it would not do away with the reasons for the change which are assigned by the Committee of 1870. But I do not think it is true, though I admit that no conclusive disproof of the assertion can be given. I doubt very much whether people who take houses enter into nice calculations how much the rates are likely to amount to, though they do consider the amount of rent, and whether they can afford it. It may be that house agents or speculators calculate carefully, and perhaps prudent men ought to do so; but I am certain that many never do. People are apt to take the burden of rates as an indefinite thing which custom and law have cast on the tenant, and which he is to pay as a matter of course.

I believe moreover that direct taxes are very apt to remain where they first fall. If this is wrong, there is at all events some authority to cite for it. Adam Smith says, 'A tax upon ground-rents would not raise the rent of houses. It would fall altogether upon the owner of the ground-rent, who always acts as a monopolist and exacts the greatest rent that can be got for his ground.'

But I do not profess to know anything about political economy, and will not venture farther out of my depth. I prefer to rely on a very general sense, that, as between landlord and tenant of a property, it does make a difference whether a tax levied in respect of that

property is appointed by law to be paid by the one or by the other. That sense is shown by the instances in which care has been taken to provide that though for convenience of collection the occupier shall pay all in the first instance, he may deduct part from his rent.\* It is shown by the provision of that kind in the income-tax. It is not likely that, if that provision were abrogated this year, tenants would succeed in getting their rents reduced next year. Nor is it more likely that their rents would be raised if their landlord were made this year to contribute to the rates.

Moreover, if the case were as the advocates and agents of the owners contend, they ought to be perfectly indifferent to the proposed change excepting in one respect. The occupiers think they would gain by it. If the owners are convinced they would not, they may allow the change to pass with a quiet smile. But subject, I say, to one material consideration. It would, in the absence of special provision, affect current contracts. And that brings me to the last topic I shall touch in this paper.

I have been hitherto treating the matter independently of contract. As regards future contracts, there would be no injustice and no difficulty in enacting that none shall be made in contravention of the law which requires owners to pay rates. But as regards current contracts, whatever we may suspect as to the minor part which the amount of rates has paid in fixing rents, an owner has a right to say that in point of fact his bargain has been to receive so much rent, either expressly contracting to have all rates and taxes paid for him, or in reliance on the law which throws such things on the occupier, and that this bargain should not be disturbed without good and clear cause being shown for it.

Our minds have of late years been much more familiarized with the principles on which the State may step in to alter the terms of contracts relating to the first necessities of life of which one party has a practical monopoly. Such is the case with land in London. Standing room is so narrow that the lords of the soil can demand very hard terms of those who want to use it. Still it is so delicate and dangerous a thing to alter contracts, so likely to produce a fresh crop of hardship, and so sure to cause uneasiness or disturbance to society, that I for one shrink from it, except in those cases in which there is some new matter introduced since a contract was made.†

\* I have referred in a previous note to cases of this kind in Church Building Acts. And there are more recent provisions in the Metropolis Management Acts with relation to the making of new streets and sewers. See the Act of 1855, secs. 105, 217, 218, 219; and Act of 1862, secs. 52, 77, 86, 97.

† I subjoin some instances, also furnished to me by Mr. Harrison, in which contracts about rates have been displaced by statute.

One of the Irish Poor Laws (1838) imposed new charges for the relief of the poor. The occupier is charged, but with a provision that he may deduct from each £ of rent one-half of the rate per £ levied on him, all covenants to the contrary to be void.

By another of those laws (1843) the rate is, in properties of small value, charged



The Committee of 1870 deal with the subject, though I fear their suggestions are not very useful. They say that so far as practicable the disturbance of existing contracts should be avoided, but that it is undesirable and almost impracticable to extend the exemption of property held under leases from the operation of the proposed changes until the expiration of those leases. They then propose to exempt owners of leased property from rates for three years, and afterwards to provide that an occupier may deduct from his rent that portion of his rates which is to fall on the owner, and that an owner may add to his rent a sum equivalent to a like proportion of the rates calculated on the average annual amount of the rates paid by the occupier during the three years. If I rightly apprehend this complex scheme, it would cause a good deal of disturbance to both parties, and very little, if any, relief to the occupier. And the Committee have hardly given sufficient weight to the facts on which they insist in the previous part of their report, showing how the rates are applied to make permanent improvements.

This knotty question of current contracts requires much fuller treatment than I can give it at the end of a paper already long. I will just indicate two or three points which it may be useful to consider. There is no reason to fear but that it will receive most ample discussion at the hands both of those who assail and of those who defend the position of the owners.

The first is that, even if all such contracts were left untouched, the reform proposed would be well worth having. It is desirable to interest all in the increase or decrease of rates. Bargains by which one man undertakes to pay another man's public burdens are inexpedient, and the more so if they are blind bargains made for long periods of time and in necessary ignorance of the amount of burden to be borne. And at any rate future contracts of this kind would be prevented.

Secondly, it should be borne in mind that, though it has become a common form of contract in London that the occupier shall pay all rates, such a contract, except in those special cases in which rates have been thrown on the owner, really does nothing by way of relieving the owner from rates, because he is not originally liable to them.

on the lessor instead of the occupier; if the occupier pays it, he may deduct it from his rent; and any covenant to forego the deduction is made void.

By an English rating Act (1874) poor-rates are imposed on iron mines, which before were not rateable; and any lessee may deduct half the rate from his rent, unless he has specifically contracted to pay the rate in the event of the abolition of the exemption. This provision authorizes deductions, except in the precise case specified: *i.e.*, notwithstanding covenants to pay rent free of all rates and charges. See *Chaloner v. Bolckow*, 3 Appeal Cases, 933.

Other instances of displacing whole classes of contracts in cases where the Legislature has considered that the parties could not deal on equal terms, and that there was adequate cause to interfere, are to be found in the recent legislation respecting both English and Irish land.

Such a contract is nothing more than a contract by the lessee that he will perform his legal liabilities. If he does not, and the owner thereby suffers loss, he has a personal remedy against the occupier on his contract. So completely have such contracts followed the law, that since they were declared to be invalid as regards income-tax, it has become customary to insert an exception of income-tax, though the exception does not do anything more than the Income-tax Act itself does.

Thirdly, in the case of old leases, the owner's property has been improved by the forced payments of the occupier, under new laws and a new policy which could not have entered into the calculations of the parties. I will give as an example the lease under which I hold my house. It was made in 1833, and it contains the usual covenant to pay all rates and taxes, parliamentary, parochial, or otherwise. As assignee I have undertaken to perform that covenant. And every year I violate my contract by deducting income-tax. The Income-tax Act of 1842 overrides all existing contracts providing that tenants should exonerate landlords from taxes, and even imposes a penalty on landlords if they attempt to uphold such contracts. It has been a great omission in London legislation that, along with the power to rate occupiers for permanent improvements, it has left them subject to the old law and to the contracts made in conformity with it. My lease imposes no hardship upon me personally, because I took it with my eyes open. But as between the original lessee and lessor the changes of law must have produced some very unexpected results.

Fourthly, every fresh improvement is a new thing, to be paid for by a new tax, for which new terms may justly be imposed. It is impossible to maintain that Londoners are bound to go on making improvements for the owners at the expense of the occupiers. They might stop the process at once. If it is, as doubtless it is, for the common benefit that such improvements should be made, there should be an equitable adjustment of the expense.

I have been anxious to make it clear that these remarks are in the nature of an opening, and not the summing-up, of a discussion. If I have done anything to elucidate or map out the subject for the consideration of others, I shall be well satisfied. It may perhaps be useful if I add a brief summary of the main propositions above submitted. It will be seen that they do not exhaust the subject, even when narrowed as it has been in this paper, as they leave for further discussion the question whether it is just or feasible to interfere with the operation of leases made prior to the great additions of taxes for improvement.

1. It is desirable that owners of property in London should in some way be made to contribute directly to the common local burdens.

2. It should be decided, after full inquiry, what portion of the rates is justly chargeable on owners.
3. Occupiers should be empowered to deduct that portion from the rents payable by them.
4. All future contracts at variance with such power of deduction should be declared void.
5. In the case of such contracts existing when the new law is passed, the owner should be made liable to bear his share of rates made for subsequent permanent improvements.

I will only add that the invalidation of future contracts to pay rates and taxes, and the charge of new improvements upon owners, are subjects which seem to me to admit of, and to require, speedy legislation. The other matters must abide inquiry.

HOBHOUSE.

## THE PROGRESS OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

**A**CCORDING to the prophecies of the Positivists the end of the nineteenth century was to sound the knell of religion ; the general progress of ideas and affairs was to lead logically and inevitably to that result ; but, as a matter of fact, it has totally failed to realize the Positivist programme. No doubt the intellectual crisis is grave and serious ; but it is characterized, above everything, by a passionate interest in those very metaphysical and religious questions, which, according to Comte and Littré, were to give place to a simple classification of the truths established by science and observation. At all events, it is a fact not to be denied by any honest observer of contemporary history—unless, indeed, he be a very violent and unscientific partisan—that religion, in its diverse forms, has never displayed so great a vitality as it displays to-day, whether in the line of practical energy or of doctrinal interest.

If, in the Catholic Church, the movement of thought has remained singularly stagnant since the Council of 1870 subjugated it to an absolute authority which insists on uniformity in the theological domain, and annihilates entirely the space left for open questions, it is still impossible to mistake the fact that, reinvigorated by the struggle, and in some cases by the kind of persecution it has experienced, Catholicism has evinced an unconquerable energy, and given an immense impetus to works both of charity and piety. To convince ourselves of this, we have only to consider the more recent Congresses of the German Catholics. They have come victorious out of the *Kulturkampf*, though it was undertaken by the most resolute and able statesman of modern times ; they have regained, one after another, their lost positions, and covered society with a network of institutions of charity and of propagandism. The same power of resistance, and the same fruitful zeal are shown in France by the great Catholic meetings

that are held regularly in various parts of the Republic, by the innumerable 'free schools that have been established in order to keep Catholic children within the bosom of the Church and to prevent them from going to the State schools, which are now completely secularized; and by the immense progress which, as M. Maxime du Camp has incontrovertibly proved in his interesting articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been made by the Catholic charities of the country during the last few years.

If we turn to Protestantism, the most recent facts bring us to the same conclusion. The important meetings lately held by the various religious bodies of England—Independents, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists—and the Jubilee Missionary Conference of last June, at which the Protestant missions of the whole world were represented, and reported their immense and successful labours; all these proofs of activity in the most varied paths have revealed Protestantism in the plenitude of strength and conquering zeal. It is to the last of these great Protestant manifestations that we are now to turn our attention—namely, to the Conference lately held in London by the representatives of the Presbyterian Churches of the world. This Conference is of special importance, not only because it furnishes us with a complete review of the present state and recent progress of so living a branch of Protestantism, but also because it sets in the clear light of day that ecclesiastical type, which is perhaps the best adapted to conciliate the rival claims of authority and liberty, by according to each a fair share in the government of the Church. Let us also recognize the fact that what may be called the Free Council of the Presbyterian Churches of the world has refrained from unduly exalting its ecclesiastical constitution; it has shown itself superior to the sectarian spirit, and has persistently avowed a broad and generous catholicity, which places the essentials of faith above mere diversities of theological opinion or ecclesiastical forms. Besides this, is it not clear that a gradual reconciliation is taking place between the various sections of Protestantism, at least between all that are not dominated by a narrow and reactionary spirit? It is quite certain that neither ritualistic sacerdotalism, nor the sectarian pietism, which acknowledges in doctrine only the strictest orthodoxy, and in Church government only the most iron discipline, will leave its entrenchments to seek a large and noble brotherhood at the feet of Christ. But is there any impassable gulf fixed between that generous Anglo-Saxon Congregationalism, open to every noble human cause, and ever ready to draw its congregations closer together, and the wide and liberal Presbyterianism, which has lately re-declared itself in London? Have they not both the same aspirations? This is equally true of that large portion of the Church of England, which refuses to make of Episcopacy a new priesthood, distinct from the universal priesthood established by Jesus Christ, and is content to see in it simply a form

of government conducive to good order. Does not Presbyterianism, properly understood, show itself similarly careful when it places at the head of the Church a single authority, which is none the less efficacious for having been elected? There is no question of hurrying on hasty and hollow fusion; but may we not encourage the gradual reconciliation of ideas and tendencies, leaving to the future their practical application?

It gives a special interest to the Presbyterian Conference of July, 1888, that, at the very same time, an equally important meeting of Anglican Bishops was held at Lambeth Palace, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at which prelates were present from all the English Colonies; and that there the desire to realize a wider Catholic Christianity found expression over and over again, particularly with regard to the Orthodox Churches of the East. One would hope yet to see a kind of general council, in which all possible modes of reconciliation might be attempted.

It is not for us here to argue or discuss how far these aspirations are well founded. Let us merely note the fact that the desire for the reconciliation of the divisions of Christendom is becoming more and more general. Reconciliation, indeed, appears impossible in the case of Catholicism, so long as there is no agreement as to the fundamental principle upon which Church authority should be based; but what is possible is, that the way may be cleared for an understanding amongst the genuine and faithful representatives of the Great Reformation of the sixteenth century, who are not willing to sacrifice either authority or liberty in the Church. In this view, the Pan-Presbyterian Conference seems to be a subject of profound interest, and I propose, without entering into details, to devote some pages to a description of its spirit and tendency.

## I.

Let us first of all recall the origin of this Congress, which has now met with some regularity for some years past. Presbyterianism, as is well known, was from the first the most common form of Church government in the Reformed Churches of France and Scotland, and, having subsequently crossed the Atlantic, it has founded numerous communities in the United States. We shall see later on how immense has been its growth in modern Christendom. It bears the special stamp of the organizing genius of Calvin. If, in many of its branches, it no longer holds itself bound by the rigorous creed which had for its central point the doctrine of predestination, it still keeps faithfully to the type of ecclesiastical government which it owes to the great French reformer, maintaining, however, in its application, a broad and tolerant spirit, which could not have been realized amidst the furious religious struggles of the sixteenth century. We cannot

too much admire in this ecclesiastical *régime* the perfect equilibrium existing between that liberty which must always be the inalienable right of the people of God—"people of free will," as the apostle says—and the authority which is necessary for the government of every society that aims at both permanence and progress.

This balance of order and liberty has only become possible through the representative principle, which derives authority from liberty itself; election, more or less direct, being the basis of the whole system. Such liberty runs no risk of degenerating into licence or disorder, because it is controlled in its working by the general constitution of the Church, whose rules are fixed, to begin with, by the definition of the common faith which no one is allowed to transgress. The first characteristic, then, of Presbyterianism, is the principle of election. The second is the division of authority between the pastorate and the laity. Each local Church is governed by a council, consisting principally of elders, the pastor being the president. There is, therefore, no room for sacerdotalism. The local Churches are formed into a federation, called in France the Provincial Synod (in Scotland the Presbytery), which elects delegates to the General Synod or Assembly—a body in which the laity are thus largely represented. In this way was established a true ecclesiastical parliamentary system, which, indeed, did much to prepare the way for the Parliaments of modern politics. It was by no means perfect. At Geneva itself, which has been called the Rome of Calvin, the elders were chosen by the authorities of the Republic, and represented them in the Consistory, which was the supreme Court. The religious and political elements were thus confounded; and it must be admitted that in this small Protestant theocracy it was difficult to distinguish between them. It was in France that Presbyterianism first attained the definite constitution I have described. The year 1559 was an important epoch in its history, for it was then that the Constituent Synod of the Reformed Church of France was held. It met in Paris, under the fire of persecution and in great peril. The preponderating influence in it was that of Chandieu, the Minister of that noble Church which had passed through such severe trials. How admirable was the lofty wisdom which animated this Synod, met together, like the Council of Jerusalem, in a humble upper room, and in constant peril of death. Under such circumstances it might have been feared that religious exaltation would have prevailed over prudence; and that, on the verge of martyrdom, small attention would have been paid to the organization of ecclesiastical powers. On the contrary, the powers of the different courts were defined and graduated with the calmest wisdom, keeping always in view the representative character which distinguishes them from all sacerdotalism, whether Jewish or Catholic. Resting on the ample basis of election, these

powers rose one above another, from the local Churches up to the General Synod. It was at La Rochelle that the new machinery was fully set in motion; and it was there that the famous confession of faith was adopted, which was destined to leave its stamp on the greater portion of the Protestant world. We all know with what rigour it formulated a creed centred on the doctrine of absolute Predestination; but we, who are no longer bound by it, are incapable of judging of it fairly, unless we transport ourselves in imagination to those fierce days of struggle. The original inspiration of this terrible doctrine, which, taken in the abstract, suppresses free will, had nothing of that metaphysical determinism which has often so perilously affected contemporary thought. Its inspiration was essentially religious. When the Reformation proclaimed as it did the absolute sovereignty of grace, it was in protest against the Pelagianism which had so limited grace as again to rest salvation on the works and merits of men. The Reformation guarded the rights of God with a passionate jealousy and indeed restored to the Divine Being even more than He desires, for, when He gave liberty with all its perils to His creatures, He thereby limited His own sovereignty, or rather adopted that mode of exercising it. The denial by the Papal Church of the doctrine of Grace, that is, of free salvation, necessarily increased the importance of the priest and re-established human authority, and all that was so much subtracted from God.

The Reformation, in exalting His sovereignty, aimed at overthrowing these usurpations. It recognized but one authority and but one right—that of God Himself—and, by submitting man absolutely to this single power, it set him free from all merely human authority. That is how this terrible doctrine of Predestination, which has for its sole excuse the reaction of an exalted piety against Pelagianism, has really been favourable to liberty, whether ecclesiastical or civil, although logically it attacks moral liberty in the relations of man to God. I do not remember what Dutch Calvinist minister it was who said to William I., after his victory, “You have conquered, because you believe firmly in Predestination;” but the paradox was not without a certain truth. Those who in the sixteenth century opposed the sovereignty of God to sovereignties of men, which had become tyrannical in both Church and State, rendered good service to liberty in both spheres, in spite of their denial of it in their creed. We shall see that in process of time this contradiction tended to disappear. It is not for us to recount the history of Presbyterianism since the Reformation: suffice it to recall the fact that it has survived the most violent and perilous crises, more especially in France. Thanks to it the Reformed Churches have maintained their union and their good order throughout a stormy period of struggle against the Catholic and persecuting Monarchy, and even the Civil War did not succeed in disorganizing them; the quiet



working of the Synodal system gave them internal peace, and prevented all deviations, whether doctrinal or otherwise. When Henry IV., by the Edict of Nantes, inaugurated the period of peace, and recognized the rights of French Protestantism, it began to develop rapidly, and to prove the fruitfulness of its principles. It was a grand spectacle—this great Church, uniting knowledge and piety; creating an industrious, intelligent, and moral *bourgeoisie* which enriched the country as much as it did honour to it, and governing herself in the face of a Catholic autocracy, which, if tempered by Gallicanism on the side of Rome, was exaggerated in favour of the Most Christian King. The dominant religion could not forgive Protestantism for its progress and its growing power. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was at last declared, after having been practically inaugurated many years before the lamentable date of 1685. We all know the abominable nature of the persecution which was then carried on for more than a century with so much persistency and fury. Through it the rest of Europe was enriched by all that France lost in driving away that industrious *bourgeoisie* which had given her the lead in the manufacturing and commercial world. The heroism of the Churches of the wilderness has been amply described, but it has only lately been shown\* how much these Churches owed to their Presbyterian government in a time when they were outlawed and persecuted to the death. For some years after the Revocation they were altogether disorganized, and their bond of union seemed to be completely broken. The spirit of disorder invaded their colonies with her hysterical exaltation, which was manifested more especially in the Cévennes. The Churches were abandoned to the arbitrary authority of prophets, the product of the extraordinary excitement of those tragic times. This authority was the more perilous, that its manifestations took a sacred character and pretended to speak in the name of God. Through the zeal of Antoine Court, however, and at the cost of the most heroic efforts, the Presbyterian Synodal régime was once more established. Held in the most inaccessible places, in the depths of forests or amongst barren rocks, these Synods of the wilderness saved the Church of France from a spirit of disorder more dangerous than persecution. In fact, it may be said with truth, that the favours of Napoleon I. were more fatal to the Churches than the Revocation of Louis XIV., for, if he granted them civil liberty and the right of public worship, he beheaded French Presbyterianism by suppressing its Synods, and by tampering very seriously with the ecclesiastical electorate, which he subjected, like the political electorate, to conditions that, at all events, had nothing to do with the jurisdiction of representatives of the Church.

The suppression of the Synods induced a singular weakening of

\* See the "Histoire des Synodes des Déserts," by M. Edmond Hugues. Paris: Fischbacher. 1887.

Evangelical faith in French Protestantism, but a very important reaction against this tendency has been manifested during the last few years. It has shown itself in two ways—first, by laying the foundation of a union of the Free Evangelical Churches, which are approaching nearer and nearer to the Presbyterian Synodal *régime*; and, secondly, by the resuscitation of this *régime* in the bosom of the National Protestant Church herself in the shape of voluntary Synods, which are called “*officieux*,” because they are not recognized by the civil powers, but which, in fact, revived the old *régime* of our fathers. Presbyterianism in Switzerland has gone through a similar crisis, except that it has escaped persecution. There also it has been infected by a doctrinal laxity, in face of which, however, have sprung up the Free Churches of the Oratoire of Geneva, rendered famous by Gaussens and Merle d’Aubigné; those of the Canton de Vaud, so strongly moulded by the genius of the great Christian thinker, Vinet, our Protestant Pascal; and lastly, the new Church of the Canton of Neuchâtel, which has at its head M. Frédéric Godet, one of the most distinguished expounders of contemporary theology. In Germany Presbyterianism is but feebly represented. It is stronger in Hungary. The greater part of Holland is Presbyterian; but the National Church has strangely given way in point of orthodoxy, while, on the other hand, that point has been monstrously exaggerated in the non-established Church, which adores to the decrees of the Synod of Dort. It is unnecessary to speak here of the magnificent development of Presbyterianism in Anglo-Saxon countries. If it is in a minority in England, the majority of Irish Protestants belong to it, and it may be said to have created Scotland in its own image. The three great Churches which represent it in that country—the Free Church, the United Presbyterian Church, and the National Church—contain among them almost the whole population, and not only carry out but extend the entire scheme of the Presbyterian system.

In the United States the millions of Presbyterians are divided between the Churches of the Old and the New Schools, but these differences, which represent greater or less fidelity to the old type of Calvinism, are tending to disappear. Since 1876 the Anglo-American Presbyterian Churches have founded a Universal Presbyterian Association, which embraces all the evangelical elements and accepts Presbyterianism in the widest sense. No one is excluded: the bond of the Association is the simple Christian faith, disengaged from the special needs of the various Churches. But, as a practical consequence, those sections of Protestantism that reject all confessions of faith, or reject the doctrine which is, for the majority of Protestants, the essential truth of the Gospel—namely, the belief in a Redemption accomplished by the God-man—are not represented in what is called the Pan-Presbyterian Council.

It remains to show how this doctrinal basis tends to broaden itself, without, however, going beyond the great corner-stone on which the whole edifice of Christianity is founded. The first meeting of the Presbyterian Council, was held at Edinburgh in July 1877, and had an immense success in that ancient capital of Presbyterianism. Two other Conferences have taken place, at Philadelphia and at Belfast, and at each the numbers showed a signal increase. The last and most imposing manifestation of the great Presbyterian Union is that, just held in London in July 1888. There were assembled representatives from all the Churches of Europe, America, and Australia, and even of the extreme East. The number of those present exceeded seven hundred, amongst whom were men of the first rank. The interest in the meetings steadily grew, and Exeter Hall was crowded by an audience full of enthusiasm, and inspired by an ardent faith and a tender pity for all human suffering, as well as by a healthy and vivifying freedom. Such are the manifestations of the Christian spirit in one of the most important portions of modern Christendom. We may characterize them as veritable signs of the times, marking the normal evolution of the Church of to-day in the direction of progress and liberality. It is that indeed which constitutes the principal interest of the Pan-Presbyterian Congress, for its deliberations have not the force of law for the various Churches represented; otherwise it would become an Œcumenical Council, and, so far from strengthening Presbyterianism, would rob it of its vital principle of the independence of the Churches in their own particular domain.

## II.

It is not my intention to give a complete account of all that took place at the Council, but rather to select what is of general interest, and may contribute to that great union of Churches, or, rather, of Christians, which is so necessary in the critical times we are passing through, and which will become possible in proportion as we raise our minds to the higher levels of the faith and of practical Christianity.

Let us first look at the extent of this branch of Evangelical Christendom.\* It appears, from the concise reports of Dr. Matthews, of America, that the Presbyterian Churches of the world have between them four millions of communicants, which would place in the minimum number of adherents at twenty millions. The annual contributions for the support of the Church may be estimated at about £6,000,000. Theological studies have been largely developed by the faculties founded by the

\* See for statistics the "Reports of Committees of the General Presbyterian Council." Edinburgh: A. Constable. 1888.

different Churches in Europe as well as in the United States. Presbyterianism maintains 500 foreign missionaries who have won more than 60,000 communicants from paganism during the last few years. The activity of women has been largely enlisted in Home Missions, to which it has brought subscriptions of at least £100,000. Presbyterianism possesses a great number of journals, published, some of them, as far away as China and Australia, and written in the language of the countries where they appear. Let us note that the contribution of Governments to these immense financial efforts is very slight, for the great majority of the Presbyterian Churches support themselves without any public help. All those of North America, two out of the three Scotch, those of England and Ireland, and several on the Continent, belong entirely to the voluntary system. We are not then in the presence of a "*quantité négligeable*," but of a vast religious power, which is proving by its work how great is still the effect of the Christian faith, when taken in earnest, on our own generation. One must not forget that the Presbyterian Churches—with two or three exceptions, which prove the rule—rest on the basis of a settled doctrine which it is incumbent on the members of the Church to profess; for, except in the few cases of Churches which are still allied to the State, the recruiting of members is made a matter of individual adhesion, assisted, it is true, by religious education and the careful instruction of catechumens, but none the less an actual personal decision. Never have the famous words of Tertullian—"Non nascuntur sed fiunt Christiani"—been better justified. Nothing is less like the Christianity which is handed down by inheritance or communicated by a sacramental "*opus operatum*." Consequently the statistics which we have given above are neither fictitious nor arbitrary.

I proceed to show how far Presbyterian orthodoxy has of late been moderated and liberalized.

If we ask ourselves what is the spirit that prevails more and more in this important section of the Church, we shall recognize that it is that of a wide catholicity, thinking much more of that which unites Christians than of that which divides them. This was the prominent feature of Dr. Oswald Dykes's inaugural discourse. His grand unfolding of the Standard of the Reformation, on which is engraved the noble device, "*Gospel and Liberty*," could hardly have been surpassed. He brought into full light that great emancipation of conscience from all human authority, brought about by the Reformation, in the name of Him who gives us pardon only by reconciling us unto God and reopening to pardoned man the arms of the Divine Father. We can scarcely approve too much this way of understanding the enfranchisement accomplished by the Reformation, which is indeed inseparable from what may be called its essentially

religious work. It was only when Luther, following St. Paul, proclaimed again to a Church crushed by dread of the judgment of God, "The just shall live by faith," that Christianity was able to free itself from the yoke of Rome. That grand saying became a glorious shout of liberty. History emphatically proves that the right of private judgment is the child of justification by faith. But this great principle was not grasped in its full sense: the liberty of souls was again restricted by divers usurpations. Scholastic orthodoxy stepped between the soul and the only Master to whom it owed allegiance. From this sprang divisions: from this narrow-mindedness, which nothing can destroy until we return to the only authority which we ought to recognize, that of Christ, who gives us both the right and the duty of direct union with Himself. Such is the master-thought of this inaugural discourse, which it is worth while to set in relief in order to mark the dominant inspiration of the Presbyterian Council of London. A whole sitting was devoted to what may be called the ecclesiastical side of things, to setting forth the advantages of the Presbyterian system of Church organization and discovering its best forms. In this discussion again the same breadth of view was displayed. It was justly remarked that that organization has nothing exclusive in it, and that it always responds better and better to the needs and to the mission of the modern Church, whenever it refuses to be fettered by traditional forms. Thus, in granting, through its orders of elders and deacons, a large share of power to the laity, it has anticipated bodies so far removed from it as the Episcopal Churches. The Church of England, for example, has striven for some years past to stimulate the voluntary efforts of laymen and secure their co-operation both in works of charity and in Evangelisation. It may be added that there is nothing to prevent the Presbyterian Church from strengthening the element of authority in its constitution, without violating any of its essential principles, by extending the term of office of its Moderators and the presidents of its permanent committees. That would be no concession to Episcopacy, in the sacerdotal sense. A Moderator, by remaining longer in charge, would not be the less *primus inter pares*. So that Presbyterianism is, by the elasticity of its organization, better able than any other form of Church government, to facilitate the union which will satisfy the diverse and legitimate wants of contemporary Christianity. For the Presbyterian Church is always at liberty to seek such satisfaction in amendments of her constitution, the form of which has been left to her free choice, always with the reservation, that the liberty of souls should not be compromised. The moment that we attribute any divine right to an ecclesiastical form, we have taken our stand on Roman Catholic ground. It rejoiced and affected me more than anything else in this Presbyterian Council of London, to recog-

nize how much it showed itself in accord with all the other branches of the Church, or, at any rate, with the best of them, in those grand and generous interests which occupy the Christian Church in the present crisis of the world. A pure and vivid spirit of helpful compassion is passing over the *élite* of the Churches, and putting the humane aspect of Christianity in a new light; and from this has sprung a true enlargement of doctrine, at all events wherever it is not bound to an individual authority. In this view the speech of Dr. Marcus Dods, of Glasgow, on the 5th of July, may be considered as a real event. The subject was, "To what extent is the Church responsible for modern scepticism?" Distinguishing between the scepticism which is only trifling, or mere revolt, or sometimes nothing but fashion, and the serious doubt which is really aspiration after a higher truth, Dr. Dods frankly acknowledged that the latter kind of scepticism was too often encouraged by the narrow way in which Christianity was put forward. It is worth while to give a fragment of this important speech, because it is truly a sign of the times, especially when we consider its favourable reception by an audience, which, twenty years ago, would have been disposed to meet the speaker with summary excommunication. "If Christianity," he said, "has been presented as a religion of obscurantism, the Church is responsible, in so far as it has allowed faith in Christ to become identified in the popular mind with faith in a number of doctrines regarding Him, instead of contenting itself with what Christ Himself demands of His disciples, which is simply to follow Him. He does not ask them to accept certain propositions about Himself, but to take Him as the Master of their lives. We have no right to ask more or to bar up the door of His house. We ought to be satisfied with what He has said, 'He that is not against Me is for Me': he who has really taken Him for his master is a Christian." It does not follow that with Dr. Dods the Christ of Rationalism, or Naturalism, is the true Christ, whatever moral elevation may be allowed him. No; he speaks of the Christ of the Gospels, the Christ who is really risen. He says that the Christian is distinguished from all others by the fact that he believes that Jesus is above at this moment. The question which divides the Christian from the sceptic is this: Is Christ really risen from the dead? If he is victorious over death, then He is possessed of a power transcending all the physical forces of Nature, a spiritual power which guides them to its own ends. If, on the contrary, he remained in the tomb in a corner of Syria, then he is gone from us for ever, and can no longer act on earth, and the faith of the apostles and martyrs is vain. To believe in this living Christ is everything, and to identify Him with Holy Scripture, as if it were infallible in the letter, would be to raise up a fresh barrier between Him and the human soul. There is real danger in misconceiving the law of development in divine revelation; and this error would be com-

mitted, if, for example, we were to confound with the final truth of the Gospel all the imperfections and severities which are discovered in the Old Testament, instead of seeing in them the gradual education of a semi-barbarous race, from which, after much waiting and foreshadowing, Christ was ultimately to spring. Nothing, therefore, is more important, in order that the Church may triumph over contemporary scepticism, than to arrive at a true idea of the inspiration of Scripture. These bold words have been spoken at Exeter Hall, and though they were met with some questioning and even some protest, it was a sign of the times to hear them there at all.

When we consider the similar movement of opinion amongst the Baptist Churches of England, which has given so much offence to Mr. Spurgeon, who holds to the strictest Calvinistic orthodoxy; when we remember the burning speeches of Henry Ward Beecher in the same sense delivered at so many meetings during his last visit to England; when we note the like spirit moving amongst the English Congregationalists and the Evangelical Protestants of the Continent, we ought to recognize that we are entering on a new period in the development of Christian thought. At other periods we have seen powerful movements against a narrow orthodoxy, but they have ended by going beyond the confines of what we must consider as the eternal Gospel. Those who want to remain faithful to the Gospel to-day, and to it only, seek to disengage it from that which has encumbered and enfeebled it. Let us hope that they will not pass their true limits, for they will only bear good fruit so long as they keep within them.

All the speakers at the important meeting, which was devoted to considering the best ways of maintaining Christianity against the attacks of modern scepticism, agreed in the conclusion that the best Apologetic consisted, not so much in expounding Christ, as in exhibiting Him living and working in His Church. This, which is the experimental proof *par excellence*, is furnished directly by the expansion of Christian faith in the world in consequence of missionary zeal and devotion. One whole day was devoted to the progress of the missions amongst Pagan peoples that are carried on by the Presbyterian Churches. Ten of their heroic pioneers of the Gospel were heard in one evening. But the spread of the Gospel abroad ought not to be allowed to weaken our efforts against the growing invasion of a real neo-Paganism in nominally Christian countries themselves. It is first of all necessary to reach the multitudes who, in our large towns, too often remain outside all religious influence, and to speak to them in a way which will convince them. This subject was admirably treated by Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia. But, what is more important than all else, in order to bring them back to Christianity, is to show them that it can respond to their legitimate aspirations, and undertakes the cause of their social elevation. This great class of questions has taken its place in the programme—rather,

let us say, is written on the heart of all Churches which aim at fulfilling their great mission, and they repeat after their Lord: "We have compassion on the multitudes, for they have nothing to eat."

This movement affects not only the works of charity that Christianity has everywhere multiplied; there would be nothing new in that. Its true essence is shown by its entering upon that course of moral elevation that leads to serious reform in favour of the disinherited, in the name of justice as well as of charity. In that respect Catholicism has not been surpassed either in America or in Europe. Its attitude in the United States towards the Knights of Labour has been most sympathetic. In England Cardinal Manning has entered upon the path of social regeneration with equal zeal and courage. In France and Germany there is mingled with this kind of Christian Socialism a strong tendency to bring back the working classes into the corporations of the ancient *régime*. They are promised the mess of pottage if they will only give up their birthright—that is, the political equality guaranteed to them by the institutions of a society which is becoming every day more democratic. This is the real outcome of the eloquent discourses of Count de Mun and the friends of Herr Windhorst, though they are undoubtedly moved by the most heartfelt compassion for the great army of the poor. Nowhere has Protestantism lagged behind Catholicism in this social crusade in favour of the elevation of the working classes. For the religion of Christ it is a matter of life and death, for it is certain that the people will believe in those who take an interest in their cause. If they find sympathy and co-operation only among the anti-Christian Socialists, they will pass over to their side, and will turn away more and more from a religion that will appear to them in the character of a protector of privilege. Therefore it is with true satisfaction that we recognize how fully the Presbyterian Churches, taken as a whole, have entered upon the generous course of social reform. A whole evening sitting was given up to this subject. The audience was immense, and thrilled through and through with sincere emotion at the ardent address of Dr. Elmslie. This eloquent speaker showed most impressively that if the Reformation necessarily began with an individualism, which was to free the conscience from all usurped authority, the moment had now come for it to take up the great cause of the solidarity of mankind. It was not for the Church to practise the famous motto, "Each for himself." That maxim had plenty of authority so long as we held to ancient tradition, for it could be traced back to the man who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The orator declared, amid the applause of the assembly, that the time had come for occupying ourselves less with obscure questions of religious metaphysics, and more with the great social problem, into which we ought to put all our heart and all our soul.



It is evident that the Presbyterian Council of London has been a great event. First of all it has been able to demonstrate the persistent power of religion in the midst of a generation so readily called "irremediably sceptical." Again, it has inaugurated a movement in the direction of legitimate progress and salutary freedom which is everywhere leading to a new evolution of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, without contradicting any of its essential principles. Finally, this last Council has given convincing proof that Presbyterianism, by the elasticity of its forms, lends itself, perhaps, better than any other ecclesiastical organization, to the satisfaction of that double need of liberty and authority, spiritual independence and good order, which is the aspiration of all Churches. It is, in fact, in its constitution that these two requirements of every living society are best balanced.

E. DE PRESSENSE.

## MR. FORSTER.

MR. WEMYSS REID has unquestionably given us a very life-like portraiture of Mr. Forster. The whole temperament and character of the man unfold themselves in his letters; and all that we read in these volumes fits in with and makes more clear all that any of us may have known of the man. There used to be a theory in the House of Commons, perhaps more often promulgated than really accepted, that there was a good deal of theatrical arrangement about Mr. Forster's rugged manner and blunt outspokenness. Men said that he put on these airs of stern, uncompromising virtue; that he trained himself to be gruff in order that he might seem the more honest. Any one who seriously believed in all this would find his faith shattered by the letters published in Mr. Reid's volumes. Here we have all the familiar characteristics of mood and expression; but we find, too, that the nature of the man is simple, unaffected, and straightforward. Mr. Forster never was able to conceal his emotions, his likings and dislikings. If he had any reason to feel displeased or aggrieved by anything any one had done he never took the slightest pains to cover up his feelings. Thus he often gave offence more deeply than he thought of doing, simply because he never concerned himself with the graceful and genial hypocrisies of company manners. These polite affectations were indeed hypocrisies to him and nothing more. I have often been surprised that he did not make more enemies; but in truth I think most people understood him and liked him all the better for his odd ways, believing them to be only the wayward expressions of a sincere, uncompromising nature. During the later years of his life I may say that I never exchanged a word with Mr. Forster. I do not believe I ever spoke to him after the debate on the Address in 1883. I suppose he did not like the

course I felt bound to take during that debate; at all events he never spoke to me from that time out. I mention this fact only as a curious illustration of the simple direct way in which he was accustomed to show his feelings. We used to meet, however, pretty often at the house of a lady, a friend of his and of mine; we used to meet occasionally on Sunday afternoons, and very odd the meetings must have been for any looker-on. For there sat Mr. Forster, who would not speak to me, and there sat I, who of course must not speak to him. Once or twice it happened that there was no one in the room but our hostess and Mr. Forster and myself, and we talked to her alternately, and she replied to us alternately, and if there was any general proposition to be uttered we talked through her as though she were an interpreter. Once out of a spirit of mirth she formally introduced us to each other, remarking, with an assumed air of surprise, that she had supposed we must have been already acquainted. Mr. Forster only bent his head, and acknowledged my existence in no other way; and our hostess had to resume her part of interpreter. I had not the slightest ill-feeling to Mr. Forster; and was rather amused by his settled determination to have nothing to do with me. But I quite understood that the manner was an illustration of the nature of the man. You must take him as he was; he would put on no airs for you.

I only propose to deal with the Irish part of this work: the account of Mr. Forster's career as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. I propose also to deal with the man rather than with the book. If I were writing an elaborate criticism of the book I should have a good deal of fault to find with Mr. Wemyss Reid's account of all that part of Irish history. His plan is simple, and, I am sorry to say, not altogether unfamiliar to the readers of history. When he is dealing with the Land League and its leaders he merely takes it for granted that everything said against them is true, and that everything said in their favour is false. Sometimes a bare reference to "Hansard" would have proved to him that he was mistaken. Sometimes Mr. Forster's own words might have warned Mr. Reid that he was going wrong. I have the honour of knowing Mr. Reid personally; I know him to be a fair-minded, honourable man, quite incapable of doing conscious injustice to any political or other opponent; but he evidently had not the slightest suspicion that the leaders of the Irish movement were not, confessedly and on their own acknowledgment, exactly what their bitterest enemies described them to be. Years and years ago I heard an eminent evangelical preacher in Liverpool deliver a discourse on some subject of religious controversy. In the course of his oration he made allusion to "the creeds which are admitted by their own followers to be immoral—such as the Roman Catholic and the Unitarian." The preacher was evidently speaking in perfect good

faith. He had not the faintest suspicion that there could be any challenge to his statement.

Soon after Mr. Forster's appointment as Chief Secretary, I happened to be one day at the house of Mr. Matthew Arnold. We talked over the prospects for Ireland. "Come, now," Mr. Arnold said, in his cheery way, "You have at last got an Englishman for Chief Secretary who is thoroughly in sympathy with you." I cordially acknowledged my conviction that Mr. Forster was thoroughly in sympathy with us. I had known Mr. Forster for many years—not at all intimately, but, if I may put the idea in that way, politically. He and I had been engaged in many a political campaign, fighting on the same side. I had always known that his sympathies were with peoples rightly struggling to be free. The American civil war was a crucial test of men's sympathies here. Mr. Forster of course went the right way. The Jamaica disturbances and the execution of Gordon were another test question; and of course Mr. Forster went right. He was a thorough-going political reformer in every way. May I say, as a sort of illustration of my own attitude towards him, that in his great struggle on the question of national education, I was entirely with him as against his secularist opponents? I was therefore rejoiced at the news of his appointment to the position of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant; and rejoiced, too, that he was to be in the Cabinet, and not Lord Cowper, of whose capacity for the government of Ireland I had formed, from one short and casual conversation at the house of a Liberal statesman, but a moderate estimate. We Irish members all wished well to Mr. Forster when he came into office as Irish Secretary. I am quite satisfied that he wished well to us. I believe that he spoke the literal truth when he said in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, written from the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park, on November 8, 1880, that "as regards the immediate question—viz., the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—it is impossible for any one to dislike it more than I do." "On public grounds," he goes on to say, "I both fear and hate it, probably as much as you, and privately I need hardly say that no man could have a more disagreeable task—one more certain to involve him in discredit—than would be my fate if I have to bring it forward." I believe that he spoke the literal truth when, in explaining the provisions of his first Coercion Bill, he said, "This has been to me a most painful duty. I never expected that I should have to discharge it. If I had thought that this duty would devolve upon the Irish Secretary, I would never have held the office. If I could have foreseen that this would be the result of twenty years of Parliamentary life, I would have left Parliament rather than have undertaken it." Mr. Reid says that Mr. Forster spoke these words "with a depth of emphasis that struck home to every heart." So he did. I was in the House of Commons when he spoke them,

and I can say that they struck home to my heart and gave thrilling testimony to the sincerity of the man.

Then came about on both sides the great disappointment. Mr. Forster began with the most earnest desire to benefit us; I can say, for I know something about it, that we began with the most sincere faith in his wish to do us good. Mr. Reid appears to think that we began at once to attack and insult Mr. Forster out of pure "cussedness," mere wickedness; because there was nothing in us but vice, and we could not refrain from attacking virtue whenever we saw it. This is not quite a satisfactory historical explanation. It belongs to the "fiend-in-human-shape" theory, against which I have always endeavoured to enter a mild protest in any historical writings of mine. The fiend in human shape theory is one of the curses of political life. It is so easy; it is so lazy; what can be more soothing and satisfactory to the mind of a statesman or a journalist who has to encounter some difficult question? The man on the other side is a fiend in human shape. He is not merely wicked because of his ignorance; he is consciously wicked; he does wicked things because they are wicked, and he likes them. That was the convenient and conventional theory of English society in the days of O'Connell; it was the convenient and conventional theory of English society in the earlier days of Parnell. Few things are certain in this world of uncertainties; but one thing I venture to think is positively certain: that all legislation founded on the fiend in human shape theory is destined to disaster.

Now the legislation directed against the Land League was strictly and entirely founded on the theory of the fiend in human shape. It is curious to notice how a man of Mr. Forster's virile temperament and intellect could get to be swayed by such a theory. On the 8th of October 1880, he writes to Mr. Gladstone from Dublin Castle, and says: "Parnell and Company have clever law advisers of their own. It is not easy even to find technical proof of the connection of any one of them with the Land League, and the Land League has hardly any written rules, and publishes no list of officers." I suppose Mr. Forster must have meant that it was not easy to find any technical proof of the connection of Parnell and Company with the outrages which it was the way of English public opinion then to ascribe to the inspiration of the Land League. Of course it was perfectly notorious that almost all the prominent Nationalist Irish Members of Parliament were members of the Land League. Very few of them, I take it, would have challenged a statement to that effect. I assume, therefore, Mr. Forster's meaning to have been that, owing to the super-subtle cleverness of these Parnellites and their law-advisers, it was not easy even to find technical proof of the connection of any one of them with crime and outrage. But now may there not have been an explanation of this difficulty other than the assumption of diabolic cleverness on the

part of these law advisers? Might it not have been that Parnell and Company actually had no connection with crime and outrage? Certainly if we had been Bulgarian leaders of a great political movement a man of Mr. Forster's capacity would have taken this view of the matter into consideration. So too, I am sure, would Mr. Reid. But the fiend in human shape theory had been applied to the Land League and the Irish members who belonged to the League, and as no evidence, even technical, could be found to connect them with crime, the explanation must be that their law advisers were too clever to allow them to be found out.

I think the first parting with Mr. Forster was on a question of no great magnitude. He was appointing a Commission to inquire into the landlord and tenant question in Ireland; and he named on it only men of the landlord or the capitalist class. An Irish member, I mean a follower of Mr. Parnell, moved a resolution to the effect that a representative of the Irish tenant farmers should be added to the Commission. This motion was seconded by the late Mr. Ashton Dilke, a good Liberal, surely, if ever there was one. It was supported by other English Liberals, and even by some English Tories. But for some reason, which I never could understand, Mr. Forster would not listen to it. In the course of the debate Lord Hartington, speaking for the Government, went so far as to say that the Liberals had come into office wholly unpledged to any legislation on the Irish Land Question. A somewhat warm debate sprang up, and sharp things were said on both sides. On the Irish side we certainly felt a good deal alarmed and disappointed. We had been disappointed so many times before; it seemed ominous. We did not know how generous and resolute was the purpose of Mr. Gladstone; and, indeed, I willingly add how generous and resolute was the purpose of Mr. Forster. It would have been much better if Mr. Forster had acceded to our demand for the appointment of a representative of the Irish tenant-farmers on the Land Commission, but that was not in itself perhaps a matter of much importance. One man put on the Commission could not have greatly modified its views. But the things which were said on both sides in the debate were ominous of coming trouble.

Soon Mr. Forster became disappointed with us, just as we became disappointed with him. There was no help for it; he was set to do an impossible task. He was set to govern Ireland with the policy of Dublin Castle. The greatest statesman that ever lived could not do it. Perhaps the braver and more earnest the man, the more likely he would be to go wrong. When Lord Carteret, afterwards Lord Granville, first went over to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, Dean Swift exclaimed: "What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you gone; get you gone; and send us back our boobies and our blockheads again!" There was bitter truth in the words. If Ireland is to be

governed by the traditional policy of Dublin Castle, the boobies and the blockheads are better suited for the task than men like Mr. Forster. The boobies and the blockheads don't mind; they don't take things to heart; they are not surprised at anything; they are not eager to be doing something; they have not the remotest idea that they have any mission to put matters right; it is indifferent to them whether Ireland is happy or unhappy; and they soon get into a way of thinking that so long as they are not personally troubled, and are generally let alone, the system of government must be working to the satisfaction of everybody. But all who knew Mr. Forster, however slightly, must have known that he could never take the duties of any position in this easy and happy-go-lucky sort of way. The zeal of his office ate him up. He longed to do good. He had a perfect passion for serving the just cause. He could not sit quiet in Dublin Castle and let the routine of hopeless administration go its way. The wife of Mr. Bertram, of Ellangowan, in "Guy Mannering," is very angry with the new Collector of Customs, because he will be so active in the duties of his office. "What needs he," says the worthy lady, "make himself mair busy than other folk? Cannot he sing his sang, and take his drink, and draw his salary, like Collector Small, honest man, that never fashes anybody?" That was the trouble with Mr. Forster; he could not sing his song and draw his salary, and be content to do nothing else, and not to trouble anybody. He was far too sincere, too earnest, too conscientious—too much of a man. He saw the warped order of things in Ireland, and he was filled with a passionate desire to put everything straight. He had come into the midst of a great social revolution, and he did not know it. The old order was changing, giving place to new. It was a time of the breaking up of laws; of old, one-sided, incompatible, intolerable laws. They were breaking up of themselves: they could not have endured much longer had there never been a Land League, had Mr. Parnell never been born. Mr. Forster thought he had nothing to do but to try to put down disturbance on the one hand, and to try to lessen evictions on the other. He did his best to prevent evictions, although only, it is fair to observe, after the party led by Mr. Parnell had pressed the duty on him by introducing a Bill of their own, which in substance he afterwards adopted. The House of Lords threw out his Bill; and from that time all was chaos. The action of the House of Lords was the fount and origin of all that happened afterwards—of the disorder, the outrage, the crime, the passion, the hate of tenant against landlord, and, I may add, the hate, for the time, of Ireland to England. Mr. Forster saw this quite clearly himself; Mr. Gladstone has more than once admitted it.

What could Mr. Forster then have done? He might have resigned his office. Mr. Reid thinks "it would have been strange indeed if he

had done so." "Every member of the Government," Mr. Reid says, "shared his feelings regarding the action of the Peers, and if he had withdrawn from his post merely because that action had made his task more difficult he would really have been deserting his colleagues, and leaving the burden of labour and responsibility, which he had shirked, to them." There is a good deal to be said for that way of putting the question—from the English politician's point of view. But Mr. Reid has not stopped to take any account of the Irish view of the question, and the Irish view of the question was a thousand times more important just then than that of a London Liberal Club. The Irish people had for many years been haunted, not unnaturally, by a distrust of Liberal governments—of what they call in Ireland "the Whigs." One need not have read very far back or very deeply in the history of the two islands to find an explanation of this distrust. Many "Whig" governments had been helped into power by Irish grievances, and had let the grievances slide the moment they came into power. It was of incalculable importance that the Government to which Mr. Forster belonged should prove to the people of Ireland that it was made of better stuff.

If Mr. Forster had resigned, the Irish people would have said with one voice: "Here at last is a Liberal statesman, an Englishman, so just and so generous in his wish to serve Ireland that he resigns his office rather than hold it under conditions which do not allow of his serving Ireland in the way he thinks right. At last we find that we have genuine friends among English Liberal statesmen." The effect of such a conviction on the Irish popular mind would have been to promote a confidence in English statesmanship which would have been worth a hundred Coercion Acts to the cause of law and order, supposing that a Coercion Act in Ireland ever could be of any possible service to the cause of law and order. The agrarian crime of Ireland has been for the most part the mere outcome of despair. "We have no friends in England"—such was the common impression—"we have no strong friends anywhere; the few Irish members who fight our battle earnestly in the House of Commons are not able to do anything for us. They are suspended, expelled, treated with every indignity by the majority in the House of Commons, because they try to serve us. Parliament answers them by suspension and us by coercion. We have no protection but such as we can get for ourselves." That terrible mood of mind which says "the world is not thy friend nor the world's law" had for a long time taken grim possession of many an Irish peasant and had driven him into crime. Now, if Mr. Forster had seen his way to resign office when the House of Lords destroyed his compensation for disturbance policy he would indeed have put his colleagues and the Government to much inconvenience for the moment; but he would have roused up a feeling of



confidence and trust and gratitude among the Irish people which would have been well worth buying at the cost of ever so much temporary inconvenience. I do not blame Mr. Forster because it did not occur to him to think of the advantages which might have come from such a course of action. I am sure he gave the subject the fullest consideration in his power; and I am sure he came to his decision with an absolute disregard of self. But I wish his decision had been otherwise; and it is necessary to point out that his biographer has evidently not given any thought to the view of the question which I particularly wish to present. Of course it has to be said that to resign his office because the House of Lords would not sanction his policy would be to punish his own colleagues for the action of the House of Lords. Technically, superficially, the argument would apply; but, in fact, such a course on his part would have much lightened the burden of the Administration, for it would have rendered the task of governing Ireland far more easy.

Mr. Forster did not understand the political and social situation in Ireland. He did not understand the men who had come to the front. He honestly believed them to be the mere enemies of law and order. He did not see that the leader of the extreme Irish party, as it was then called, was the man specially endowed with the mission, if I may use that somewhat outworn phrase, to evoke systematic constitutional agitation out of the wreck and welter of Fenianism and Whiteboyism and hollow, unmeaning, unmeant attempts at Home Rule. While we were still on friendly terms I more than once tried to persuade Mr. Forster that he was entirely mistaken as to the historical position of Mr. Parnell. "This is the one man living," I tried to persuade him, "who can stand between Ireland and conspiracy, Ireland and secret lawless work. This is the one man living who can mould all the popular forces in Ireland into the form of a thoroughly constitutional agitation. If by any process you can succeed in overthrowing him, then you will simply have let in the deluge." Mr. Forster could not be got to see this; was not always quite patient of having such a theory urged upon him. He did not see the seriousness of the Irish national movement. I do not blame him for that. We, who represented what we well knew to be the national movement, were but a handful of men in the House of Commons. Mr. Reid alludes to a motion of mine censuring the Irish Government, for which he says eventually only twenty-two members voted. I do not remember much about the motion now, but I can well believe that only twenty-two members voted for it. That was the whole strength of the company of Nationalist members—more indeed than the whole strength of the company, for I dare say we were on that, as on most other occasions, reinforced by some two or three gallant English allies. We had about twenty members in our party, all told. The suffrage then in

Ireland as in Great Britain was narrowly limited, and in Ireland it was hard to get at any real expression of the popular will through the ballot box. The majority even of our Home Rule members were what would have been called in Ireland "Whigs." Some of them were most sincere and respectable men; some were of the old familiar place-hunter class; very few indeed of them were Nationalists. When the suffrage was lowered by Mr. Gladstone's efforts the whole of the Whig party disappeared at the next General Election. Some Tories were returned for Irish constituencies, but the Whigs disappeared altogether, and the Nationalists were in an overwhelming majority. But it is only fair to admit that Mr. Forster could not have been expected to foresee all this, or to accept without question the assurances of those among us who thought we could foresee it. He had made up his mind that the men who followed Mr. Parnell were either unscrupulous and disorderly agitators, or mere dupes and puppets. He had made up his mind that Ireland longed to be rescued from the tyranny of the Irish leaders. He had come to believe in all sincerity that in endeavouring to carry out a policy of coercion he was serving the best interests of Ireland. Some of his colleagues were most reluctant to follow him on this road. Mr. Reid's second volume contains ample testimony to the extreme dislike of Mr. Gladstone for the course of policy pressed on him by Mr. Forster. Every one knows that Mr. Bright was strongly against it; that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were against it. At one moment it was a mere question of touch and go whether Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke would or would not resign, and if they had resigned Mr. Bright would probably have resigned also. But the earnestness and the energy of Mr. Forster's convictions and his personal force of character bore down all opposition. The very integrity of his nature, the very fact that he was well known to detest the whole principle of coercion, seemed only additional reasons for yielding to him when he insisted on introducing a Coercion Bill. Some of his colleagues naturally said: "When a man like Forster declares that he will resign if he is not allowed to try a policy of coercion, surely there must be some terrible need for coercion in Ireland. He is responsible for the government of Ireland; he knows all about it; we don't; he tells us that the unhappy country cannot be governed by the ordinary laws—how can we take upon ourselves the responsibility of refusing to give him the power for which he asks?" Accordingly there were no resignations, and the coercion policy was introduced, and was introduced, too, in advance of the measure to deal with the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland.

Mr. Reid does only justice to the scrupulous exactness and also the considerate kindness with which Mr. Forster administered the clauses of his measure which enabled him to lock up suspected persons in the

Irish prisons. He inquired carefully into every single case himself. The men whom he arrested were "interned" rather than imprisoned. They were treated rather as prisoners of war than as criminals. I have often heard leading members of the Irish party who were imprisoned at that time speak of the considerate way in which they were treated under Mr. Forster's rule. But of course in the case of scores of the imprisoned "suspects," the imprisonment meant loss of property, loss of employment, ruin of business, interference with a whole life's career. Mr. Forster himself admits in his letters, over and over again, that the disturbed condition of Ireland was getting worse rather than better under the working of the peculiar kind of coercion policy in which he was trying to persuade himself and his colleagues to have faith. The "masterful" temperament with which he was endowed made him determined to stick to his policy when once he had engaged in it, and so hating it he still clung to it; and hating the task of governing or trying to govern Ireland, I am afraid he began to extend his dislike to Ireland herself. At all events, there was that sort of double disappointment which I have already mentioned. Mr. Forster was disappointed with the Irish people, the Irish people were disappointed with Mr. Forster; each exaggerated the defects of the other. Ireland could have taken with patience, with the indifference of mere contempt, from a Tory statesman the sort of administration which she could not take with patience from the hands of a man like Mr. Forster. "He ought to be our friend," such was the feeling. "We expected nothing but kindness from him, and he only gives us harshness and coercion." Very bitter and angry words were spoken on both sides of that long and dreary controversy. But I do not believe that any of us Irishmen seriously accused Mr. Forster of acting from any other motive than what seemed to us a perverted sense of duty. We felt that it was a battle in which no quarter would be given or asked; but we felt, too, that the battle would be fought fairly out, and that there would be no *coup de Jarnac*; no coward's blow.

What is the moral of this story of Mr. Forster's administration in Ireland? To the best of my ability I have explained it already. Mr. Forster brought to his task a powerful intellect, an undaunted courage, great strength of mind and of will—two qualities which do not always go together—a genuine love of civil liberty, and a sincere desire to do good to Ireland. He did not succeed. Whatever explanations or allowances have to be made, there stands the cold, hard fact—he did not succeed. Why? Because he was attempting the impossible. Ireland cannot be governed even by a benevolent despotism. I am not wrong in using the word despotism; for Mr. Forster himself says that "the Czar is not more of a personal and absolute ruler than I was during that last winter in Ireland."

Now, if Mr. Forster could not succeed in governing Ireland on the principle of personal and absolute rule, where is the man who could? Mr. Forster seems to me to have been in many ways the ideal of a benevolent despot. Yet he could not accomplish the work; he failed; he resigned. Many times have I wished that he had never undertaken the impossible task. His career would, to me at least, in that case, have been one to receive almost unqualified admiration. But I constrain myself not to regret his having tried to govern Ireland, and thereby estranged the sympathy and regard of so many Irishmen, by the recollection of the fact that the moral of the whole story must be that which Mr. Gladstone's noble policy now adopts and proclaims—that Ireland has to be governed through the Irish people.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

## THE BIRDS OF THE OUTER FARNES.

**M**ILLIONS of years ago, when the earth was still cooling and shrinking, and its crust every now and then wrinkling, like the scum on a saucepan of boiled milk not long taken off the fire, a great bubble rose from the depths, and burst where Northumberland and Durham now lie. The explosion was felt from shore to shore on the mainland as it now exists and far out into the North Sea, and has left among other memorials of its violence the headland of once molten rock which has carried for centuries the magnificent pile of Bamborough Castle and the group of volcanic islands on which it looks down.

The Castle, after standing sieges innumerable and playing an important part in the turbulent politics of the Border, like Charles V. retiring to a monastery, has passed to a charitable trust. The fire-scarred basalt rocks from which its walls rise are in spring and summer pink and white with tufts of thrift and campion, and spotted at all sorts of corners with patches of another white, poetical only in the tale it tells of the domestic happiness of jackdaws and starlings beyond the reach of boys' fingers. The square central keep, when not occupied as a summer residence by some happy trustee, is let by the week for the benefit of the pharity, and in the eastern wing thirty or forty orphan girls are housed and taught.

The Farne Islands, on which their bedroom windows look out, have a long history, too, of their own, scarcely second in interest to that of Lindisfarne or Iona itself. It was to the Farne, the principal island which gives to the group its name (one derivation makes it the "Place of Rest") that St. Cuthbert retired. It was here that he taught the eider duck the lesson of tameness during the breeding season, which she still remembers, though the drake, in common with most birds,

has long since forgotten it; and here that Egfrid, King of Northumbria, and his nobles found the Saint, and on their bended knees, "with tears and entreaties," offered him the Bishopric of Hexham. It was on a rock on the Farnes that the *Forfarshire* went to pieces, and it is in the churchyard under the Castle on the mainland opposite that Grace Darling and her father sleep.

But for those whose calling obliges them to live more in the work-a-day present than in the past, the chief charm of the Farne Islands is that they are one of the principal breeding-places of sea birds on the English coast, and easily accessible from London. With the help of the Great Northern night express, a sleeping carriage, and fine weather, it is not difficult, at a pinch, to see all that is best worth seeing, and store one's memory with pictures not likely soon to fade, without being away from Pall Mall more than a day.

The best time to visit the islands is usually about the last week of May or first week of June, to see eggs, or, to see the young birds, three weeks or a month later. It was not until the 14th of June that we were able to make the trip, but owing to the lateness of the season this year, there as elsewhere, we found ourselves early enough to see the eggs in perfection, scarcely any of the birds having hatched off. When we arrived at Bamborough the afternoon before the weather had not been encouraging. It was blowing a quarter of a gale, with heavy thunder showers, but in the evening the sky had cleared a little and the sun found its way through the clouds, to set in a wild confusion of banked reds, yellows, and purples. We woke to find the morning bright, and by the time we had breakfasted and found our way to North Sunderland, three miles off, where a boat was awaiting us, the wind had died away and the only fault, if any fault could be found with the day, was that there was scarcely breeze enough for sailing.

Our object being to see as much as we could of the birds, and opportunities uncertain, as threatening clouds manœuvred still on the horizon, we steered at once for the Outer Islands, the chief nesting places, leaving a mile or two to the left the inner group, which are well worth a special visit:—Farne, with its chapels and its "churn," a rock-bridged cleft, through which at half-tide, when the wind is blowing heavily from the north, the sea is said to spout in columns ninety feet high, a statement the truth of which we were happily unable to test for ourselves; the two "Wide-opens;" the "Scar Cars;" and four or five others with names as uncouth, corruptions most of them of Anglo-Saxon\* descriptive titles.

Terns and gulls had been from the time we started hovering round us, singly or in twos and threes, and an occasional guillemot or puffin

\* A table, giving in parallel columns the names in the forms in which they appear in records stretching back seven or eight hundred years at least, will be found, with much interesting information on other matters, in a monograph on the Farne Islands, by Mr. George Tate, published in 1857 by the Berwickshire Naturalists' Society.

had dived out of the way of the boat or risen with trailing splash and the sharp quick beat which is characteristic of the flight of short-winged birds; but it was not until we had been afloat for an hour or so, and were nearing the Brownsman, our first landing-place, with the Crumstone and Fang on our right, that we had any taste of what was to come.

The whitewashed tops of the black basaltic rocks which faced us shone in the sunshine, and through a glass we could see they were lined, without a gap, with motionless figures, looking in the distance like an army of dwarfs, in black, with white facings, drawn up in review order to receive us. As we pulled into a little bay, hidden from us until we rounded a corner by the Gun Rock, we found ourselves the centre of a startled screaming multitude of puffins, gulls, and terns, and a few minutes later ran the boat aground, and landed on the slippery rocks.

In early times the knowledge that the birds which took sanctuary on the Islands were under the miraculous protection of St. Cuthbert was security enough for them and their eggs. "*Beatus etenim Cuthbertus*," wrote Reginald of Coldingham in the reign of King Stephen, "*talem eis pacis quietudinem præbuit, quod nullus hactenus hominum eam impune temerare præsumpsit.*"

Once on a time an unlucky monk—Leving, servant of Elric the hermit, uncle of Bernard, sacrist of Durham—in a moment of weakness, when his holy master was away, yielding to his lower appetite, killed a duck and ate it, scattering the bones and feathers over the cliff. When, fifteen days later, Elric came back he found bones, feathers, beak and toes, neatly rolled up into a parcel—"cunctis in unum convolutis"—and laid inside the chapel door. "The very sea," says the devout historian,\* who had the tale first hand from the repentant monk, "not having presumed to make itself participator in the crime by swallowing them up." Leving was flogged, and for many years—though there are records of puffins and other "*wyelfoyle*" sent from the brethren on the Farnes as delicacies for high-day feasts at Durham—St. Cuthbert's peace was probably unbroken.

But saints in these freethinking days have lost something of their power, and need at times, to enforce obedience to their commands, the help of the secular arm, and a year or so ago it somehow or other came to pass that the birds found themselves practically unprotected in any way. The nests were at the mercy of any one who cared to land, and were robbed so recklessly that the extinction of the colonies was threatened. The danger has happily this year been met by the public spirit of a party of philornithic gentlemen, who, with Mr. Hugh Barclay, of Obolney Hall, Norfolk, at their head, have leapt into the breach and obtained

\* "*Reginaldi Monachi Dunelmensis libellus de Admirandis Beati Cuthberti virtutibus*," cap. xxvii. (Published by the Surtees Society in 1835.)

a lease of both groups of the Farnes. They have placed at their own cost watchers on the chief islands, and give leave to land to any one who promises in writing to conform to the rules of their association, one of which is that without special permission not a single egg shall for a time be taken.

What most forcibly impresses a visitor on landing, after he has recovered a little from his astonishment at the number of birds still remaining and their tameness, and his ears are becoming more accustomed to the Babel of cries all round him, is perhaps the regular and orderly manner in which the nesting-grounds are divided among the different species, and the honourable manner in which the arrangements agreed upon are carried out. According to Reginald it was St. Cuthbert himself who mapped the Islands out for them. The first colony we invaded consisted entirely of the lesser black-backed and herring gulls. These two species (the black-backs were by far the more numerous, perhaps in the proportion of eight or ten to one) share between them the flat table-land of the island, which is patched with a thick growth of bladder campion and another plant, with a succulent stalk and white blossom, but for the most part bare rock, split into steps, with little but lichen growing on it. The nests, which are placed without any attempt at concealment, are all on the ground, and are at best a few stalks of grass or campion arranged like a saucer, but in many instances the eggs are laid without even this provision being made for them. They were as thick on the bare rock as in the cover. One or two nests had in them young birds in speckled down, just hatched; but nearly all had two or three eggs in, varying often much in colour.

The eggs of the two allied species breeding together can be distinguished only by marking the nests as the birds rise. It is a peculiarity of the gulls generally that eggs are often laid after the bird has begun to sit, and it is a common thing to find eggs fresh and hard set in the same nest.

But the most curious sight on the Brownsman Island was the adjoining colony of the guillemots. These, so far as we saw then, were entirely confined to the tops of the Pinnacle Rocks, which had first attracted our notice. Stray birds, we were told, occasionally breed in other parts of the island; but we saw no eggs elsewhere. The Pinnacles are three or four precipitous columns of black basalt, inaccessible except by ladders, separated from the mainland of the island and from each other by narrow chasms running sheer down to the sea. The tops are flat, and as we stood on the edge of the rocky cliff, opposite and on a level with them, we saw at a distance of only a few yards masses of guillemots, most of them, so far as we could see, sitting, or rather, it seemed, standing, on an egg, and wedged together as closely as sheep in a pen.

A few had the white lines round the eyes—like spectacles—which is



the distinguishing mark of the rarer "ringed" or "bridled" variety; but almost all were the common bird well known, in winter especially, on every part of the coast. It would be impossible to form any estimate of the number we looked down upon; but, in spite of the attraction of a shoal of small fry of some kind a mile or so out, which was the centre of interest to an excited white and grey cloud of birds and must have thinned considerably the party at home, there could not have been less than several thousands on the rocks. A field-glass carried us into the middle of the crowd, and we could see all they were doing, and almost fancy we could hear what they were saying and read their characters. Some of the matrons—probably it was not their first experience of the breeding season—looked intensely bored. They reached out first one wing then another, gaped, got up for a moment and stretched themselves, and yawned again, with ludicrously human expression, conscious evidently of what society expected from them, and submitting to its restraints, but heartily sick of the whole concern, and longing for the time they might be free again to follow herrings and sprats at their own sweet will, without haunting visions of a chilling egg.

Others seemed entirely absorbed in their eggs. There was one bird in particular which we watched for some time, the proud possessor of a brilliant green, strongly marked egg—as usual to all appearance quite out of proportion to her own size—which she arranged and rearranged under her, trying with beak and wing to tuck the sharp end between her legs, but never quite satisfied that it was covered as it should be. But for the wonderful provision for its safety in the shape of the guillemot's egg (a round flat-sided wedge, which makes it when pushed turn round on the point, instead of rolling, as eggs of the usual form if placed on a bare rock would do), most of those we saw would probably have been dashed to pieces long before.

As is commonly the case with basaltic rocks, the precipitous faces of the Pinacles and the cliffs opposite are lined with cracks running across and up and down, and broken into steps and shelves accessible only to birds or the boldest trained climbers. These, with the exception of a few of the larger upper ledges, which go with the tops of the Pinacles, and are part of the family estates of the guillemots, are tenanted by kittiwakes. Their nests, which are also of grasses or dry seaweed, and occupy all the most tempting corners, are much more carefully and substantially built than those of the larger and noisier cousins on the table-land of the island, and the bird, as she sits snugly—"coiled up," perhaps, best describes the favourite attitude—on her eggs, with her white breast exposed and head turned over her shoulder, the yellow beak half hidden in the pale blue feathers of her back, or raised only for a moment as her mate sails up with the last bit of gossip from the outside world, looks the perfection of peace and comfort, the greatest contrast

imaginable to the uncomfortable Babel of the guillemots, a few feet above her. The eggs, like those of most sea-birds, vary much, but are, perhaps, proportionately shorter and thicker than those of most gulls, and have usually a ground colour of greyish green. Four or five eggs is not an uncommon number for a kittiwake to sit upon; but none of the nests into which we were able to look had more than three in it.

\* As we passed a clump of campion on our way back to the boat, we all but trod on an eider duck, who was sitting on a couple of eggs. She rose slowly and heavily, with a flight like a greyhen's, and lit a few hundred yards out to sea, where she was at once joined by her handsome mate, who had been concealed on guard not far off among the rocks of the bay. The drake—unlike the duck, which, when nesting, entirely changes her habits, and becomes, as we saw for ourselves, as tame as an Aylesbury, allowing herself to be almost touched before she rises—never loses his habitual wariness. He is seldom far from the duck, but, excepting as she leaves her nest, when he is pretty sure to join her, manages to keep well out of sight. They are very common on the islands. We saw a great many nests, several thickly padded with down, but—perhaps because the black-backed gulls are bad neighbours, as sucked egg-shells here and there too plainly showed—none had larger clutches than four or five. One forgiving duck was sitting on two eggs, one of which was a gull's.

The eider duck, when frightened, usually, as she rises, spatters her eggs with a yellow oil which has a strong, sickly, musky smell. The young birds are taken by their mothers to the sea almost immediately that they are hatched; but we were lucky enough, later in the day, on another island, to find, under a piece of stranded wreck, four tiny brown-black ducklings. They were not many minutes out of the shell, and looked, in their soft bed of down, which exactly matched their own colour, the perfection of baby comfort. One of the watchers had noticed eggs in the nest an hour before we found the little birds.

From the Brownsman we crossed to the South Wawmses, which, with its sister island, the North Wawmses, from which it is separated by a narrow channel, is the headquarters of the puffins. We landed in a shingly creek, and as we climbed the rocks, which are here rather a bank than a cliff, we were met by a string of startled puffins, which came with quick, arrowy flight, straight at us, passing out to sea within a foot or two of us. The rocky foundation of both Wawmses is covered in parts with a dry, light peat, which is honeycombed in every direction with burrows, most of them containing one very dirty white egg, protected in many cases by the parent bird, which, when we put our hands in, fought with foot and bill, biting sometimes hard enough to break the skin and draw blood. We drew one or two birds out of their holes. They fought to the last, and when we let them go, more

than one waddled back to her treasure, with an indignant shake and look which said very plainly, "I've taught that fellow a lesson he won't forget in a hurry." \*

There is something irresistibly comic in a puffin on his native soil: with his little round body poised straight on end on turned-out toes, and impossibly coloured beak, which does not seem really to belong to the face at all, and his grave earnest expression, the bird looks like nothing so much as a child with a false nose on, dressed in his father's coat, playing at being grown up. They are on another ground very interesting birds. With comparatively few exceptions, when birds build in holes, where colouring is unnecessary for purposes of concealment—kingfishers, woodpeckers, and petrels, for instance—they lay white eggs. When they lay on the ground in the open the eggs are coloured, often in such close imitation of their surroundings that one may pass within a foot or two without noticing them. We saw on the Farne Islands terns' eggs among the stones, and ringed plovers' eggs on the sand, so exactly matching the ground that, though we looked closely, with the certainty that eggs were near us, it took some time to find them. We cannot tell how many thousand generations back it was that the ancestors of the puffins of our day came to the conclusion that burrows were the best places for the family to breed in, but, in the matter of egg-painting, they are still apparently in a transitional stage. The eggs, when not too dirty to show their natural colour, are almost white, but at the thick end there are usually faint spots, just sufficient to show that, though the painter's art has been long neglected, the brushes are there, and the internal colour box has still a little paint in it; and might, if a change of tastes at some far future time required it, be filled again.

While we were amusing ourselves with the puffins on the Wawneses, a fresh breeze had sprung up, and as soon as we had finished luncheon we hoisted a sail, and after landing again for a minute on the Brownsman, which we had first visited, to look for a nest of the rock pippot, which is rare in more southerly parts, but breeds here plentifully in the grass tufts in the cracks of the rocks, sailed across the Sound to the Wide-opens, which we had passed without landing in the morning. The Wide-opens—once "Weddums," the "Ragers"—had in early days a very bad reputation. It was to them that St. Cuthbert banished the devils which, when he first came to Farne, had annoyed him very much, and after his death became again so bold that they took no trouble to conceal themselves and were a constant anxiety to the monks on the neighbouring island.

We were received ourselves with screams as we landed, but of a note less alarming than those which, night after night, kept the good saints' successors awake. The sunshine was broken by clouds of terns, perhaps the most exquisitely graceful forms of bird-life, and,

as we looked to our feet to avoid treading on their eggs, which lay thickly strewn on the ground, little black shadows with forked tails and wings crossed, and recrossed, circling backwards and forwards on the sand.

Four kinds of terns—the “common” and the “Arctic,” from which it is scarcely distinguishable; the “Roseate” and larger, black-billed, “Sandwich” tern—breed in numbers on the Wide-opens. We had met with a few stray eggs of the “common” or “Arctic” species—without catching the bird on the nest, it is quite impossible to say to which of the two an egg belongs—on the other islands; but they were nothing compared with the numbers we now saw. It was the eggs of the Sandwich tern which we wished more particularly to see. They are very large for the size of the bird, and unusually boldly marked. Though there is no difficulty in recognizing them at a glance, they vary infinitely, no two being painted exactly alike. We found them collected together (probably to the number of several hundreds) among the sand and shingle-heaps on the higher grounds, usually two or three in a nest. The Sandwich tern is said to be much more easily frightened than either the “common” or “Arctic,” and, if harassed during the breeding-season, changes its nesting-place, often quite deserting an island. A few years ago the bird was much more plentiful than it now is on the Farne group; but happily the colony on the Wide-opens shows as yet no sign of early extinction.

Within a few hundred yards of us was the House Island, with its historic buildings; but a fine day, with surroundings such as ours had been since we started in the morning, slips by very quickly. The Megstone Rocks lay a mile or two off, and we could not miss them. If we were to catch the night-express at Belford, either dinner or the ruins must be sacrificed, and to have hesitated in our choice would have been an insult to the keen air of Northumberland.

The “Megstones” are bare volcanic rocks, with no vegetation on them but the seaweeds below high-water mark and an occasional patch of lichen. The chief rock is a breeding-place of cormorants, no other birds apparently venturing near it. A ship had a few weeks before our visit been wrecked on the rock. The solitude had been for some time disturbed, and we were warned not to expect to see much, but as we neared the rock we saw heads on snake-like necks stretched up here and there, and as we watched our opportunity to spring from the boat a black cloud of cormorants rose together within a few feet of us.

Of the many allusions to birds to be found in Milton's poems, there is scarcely one which is not more suggestive of the study than of the open air. But there is an exception. The idea that Satan when he first broke into Paradise, and wished to look round him unobserved, got on to the Tree of Life, and there “sat like a cormorant devising death,”

must have been taken first-hand from Nature, stored up, perhaps, for future use in the days when the poet, on leaving Cambridge, with eyes not yet "with dim suffusion veiled," made his voyage to the Continent. There is something diabolical in the pitiless cold glitter of the green eye over the long hooked beak, from which the most slippery fish, once seized, has no chance of escape, and the distinctly sulphureous smell of its haunts is in keeping with the look of the bird.

The cormorant has for some wise reason (perhaps to help its rapid digestion, or perhaps to neutralize to some extent the smell of stinking fish—if the latter is the intention the work is very poorly done) been gifted with an extraordinary power of secreting lime. The entire surface of the Megstones for some distance round the nests—of which we counted ninety-three, almost all with eggs in—looked as if it had been freshly whitewashed. The eggs are long and narrow, without much difference between the two ends, and if held up to the light and looked at from the inside through a hole are beautiful, many of them being as green as an emerald or as the eye of the bird itself. But seen from the outside they look like eggs which a boy has begun to cut out of a lump of chalk, and left only half finished, irregular blotches of rough lime sticking out on many of them.

The nests are round, and built of dry seaweed. They are about two feet across, or a few inches more, and many of them not much less in height, and built with great regularity, looking almost as if they were lengths cut from a black marble column, slightly cupped at the tops, and, curiously enough, stood out most of them from the whitewashed platforms unspotted.

The only other sign of life which we saw on the Megstones, did not detract from its lonely wildness. It was a long-legged, thin, wild-looking black beetle which had been sunning itself on the hot rock nearest the highest point. It rushed towards us, as if to attack, at a great pace, and before we could catch or identify it threw itself over a precipice and escaped into a crack at the bottom.

The wind was fair for the shore, and as the water lapped our bows the Megstone Rocks settled down fast, lower and lower, into the sea behind us. The turrets and battlements of Bamborough Castle, which seem on end recalls the Normandy St. Michael's Mount, separated themselves one by one from the block, and, sooner than we could have wished, we were landed safely a mile or so from the village on a natural jetty of rock, at the end of which we had watched the evening before an eider drake addressing, with much gesticulation, a party of ducks. A few hours later we were comfortably asleep, rushing through the night to London.

Of all the poor creatures whose fate it was to be strangled or battered to death by Hercules, there was only one who made a really

good stand-up fight, and at one time seemed to be fairly beating him. He was Antæus, the son of the Earth.

Every time that he fell and touched his mother—we should say, “ran down to the country”—he came up again with fighting powers renewed. It was not till Hercules found out his secret and held him up, never letting him fall—we should say, “stopped his Saturdays till Mondays out of town”—that he quite broke him down. It is a myth in which the wisdom of the ancients has written for our admonition, on whom the ends of the world have come, the lesson that the best cure for a tired head and irritable nerves is the touch of Mother Nature,—to escape from the rattle of cabs and omnibuses, and the everlasting cry of “extra specials,” and lose oneself, if only for a day, among the wild creation.

Nowhere in the languid days of early summer—the breeding season of the sea birds—can the tonic be drunk in a pleasanter or more invigorating draught, than on the rocks and islands of the Outer Farnes.

T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

## THE NEW DOGMATISM.\*

CHRISTIAN teleologists are again becoming accustomed to being called fools; and it sometimes interests them to observe how exactly old phrases of contempt, which are recorded with simple literalness in their Scriptures, reappear in the present day with scarce any alteration. The sentences of Festus concerning "certain questions of their own superstition, and of one Jesus which was dead whom Paul affirmed to be alive," might have been written yesterday by more than one whose name naturally occurs to the mind; and so might others. But when we consider the circumstances, this parallel no longer exists. We cannot help contrasting the simple and struggling belief of the apostolic age, with the imposing hierarchy which has now for centuries held possession of the field, and the body of dogmatic statements on all manner of subjects in heaven and earth which have been taught by it as the Christian faith. And on the other side the contrast is fully as sharp, between the vague though subtle philosophy of the first century, and the science of the nineteenth. For the latter *is* true science, in the main; it is knowledge, rather than speculation; we do know a great deal which men did not know then. And it is claimed on all sides, that this body of ascertained scientific truth manifests to us an absolutely complete and self-sufficient process of purely physical evolution, from atoms up to Shakespeare, which shuts any really purposive Providence out of the universe. Practically, we are told that it is now *known* the old beliefs were false, which is a very great and essential difference in the terms of the controversy.

There are many reasons why we should not regard such an issue as altogether a calamity, from our point of view. But it does

\* "The Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution." By Edward Clodd, author of "The Childhood of the World," &c. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

seem time to examine such positive assumptions from the other. Is the new creed professed by so many, in such an aggressive tone, honestly based upon actual knowledge, with only fair induction? Is there any scientific warrant for the really essential points in it, and do its adherents really "know" that which they affirm? Of such a creed; affirming so much, we seem bound to ask at least such simple questions as these.

I have called the materialistic system of Evolution a "creed," because it is no less. It explicitly claims to be sufficient for all the concerns and conduct of human life. Mr. Grant Allen has very lately published articles entitled "The Gospel according to Darwin," in which, with words Darwin himself would have earnestly repudiated, he commends a, "virile contempt" for even the belief in a future existence; and the book which furnishes the principal occasion for these observations affirms in its very last lines, "All that it really suffices us to learn for the discharge of life's duties, and all the motive that is needed to impel us thereto, is supplied in the theory which has so profoundly and permanently affected every department of human thought." Such a system amounts to a Creed; and since the New Dogmatism which makes such extensive claims does not pretend to need any Divine basis, or to have any, but rests itself solely upon science, or knowledge, we are bound to inquire whether the science at the bottom of it is sufficient for such an imposing superstructure.

Mr. Clodd's book is called "The Story of Creation" (which seems a very singular title under the circumstances), and may be commended at once as a compact and well-written synopsis of "the things most surely believed" amongst the wide school whereof we speak. It is also a perfectly fair and typical example from that school; for if the author would hardly claim to be a very authoritative exponent of what is so often assumed to be the "scientific position," he is well known and recognized as a popular exponent of it. His previous work, entitled "The Childhood of the World," has made a permanent and deserved impression upon current thought, which may be traced even in such ultra-orthodox pages as those of Dr. Geikie,\* and the present has been noticed most favourably, and without one word of dissent, in the recognized representative of science amongst English periodicals. In another most favourable review, the acknowledged head of our daily press speaks of Mr. Clodd as one who "has long ago achieved a reputation as one of the most attractive and clear interpreters of modern scientific discoveries and theories," pronounces his book to be "a fair and clear exposition of evolution," and adds that he "is throughout so fair and considerate, that no one need feel hurt or offended, whatever his beliefs may be." The proof sheets have, moreover, been revised by Mr. Grant Allen, to whom the work is

\* See "The Holy Land and the Bible," vol. i. pp. 196, 452.



dedicated. These are ample reasons for regarding it as a fairly representative statement of the position which is to be examined.

As for the examination, manifestly it must be from the standpoint of science alone; and not only so, but the word science ought to be understood in no narrow sense. The letter lately published from Kingsley to Darwin, acknowledging a presentation copy of the latter's "Origin of Species," is not the only evidence existing that there were Christians even then who were prepared for the discovery of Evolution in the organic world, through what we usually call "natural laws," and who demanded no such absolute "proof" of it as can be given for no hypothesis whatever, but understood most thoroughly what "fair evidence" really means. There are not a few who were even waiting for some such doctrine, as the only hope for a reconstructed teleology which should meet some special moral difficulties of the present age. At all events, that question will here be regarded as neither demanding nor admitting of any absurd categorical "demonstration," but as one to be determined by the fair drift of circumstantial evidence; and which has been thus settled, speaking broadly, in spite of many questions and difficulties still outstanding. All such legitimate inferences from well-ascertained facts, must be held here to be ground legitimately conquered by science. On any other basis there could be no effective discussion.

But the New Dogmatism goes infinitely beyond this. Organic evolution "is only a small part of an all-embracing cosmic philosophy," wherein "the mechanical explanation of the general and simple phenomena of the lifeless, is extended to the special and complex phenomena of life, in its ascending scale from moneron to man, without pause wherein caprice or chance could enter to disturb the sequence." We are taught categorically, that "the nebulous stuff of which the universe is the product, held latent within its diffused vapours" all that we now know of, including "genius;" and so assured is all this, that to give any attention to what some "ancient manuscript" records about the beginning of things, has now "only an historical interest," and "to deal with such matters here would give them a false importance, and moreover confuse things PROVED with obsolete speculations." There is no hesitation: all is said to be proof, knowledge, science. I propose simply to inquire here what is the real amount of proof, of knowledge, of science, interpreted liberally, which can be brought forward in connection with the four crucial points in the "cosmic philosophy."

In regard to what may be called the raw material of the universe, no important exception need be taken to Mr. Clodd's statements. Our chief reasons for believing in ultimate atoms of matter, in a *plenum* of ether, are fairly enough given; these atoms are described as grouped into molecules, and there are many reasons for believing that what we

know as atoms of the elements may possibly be really compound molecules of a more stable kind, composed of simpler elements still, or of one only. It is startling to be told, in connection with the size of molecules, that "the film of a soap-bubble scarcely reaches the millionth of a millimetre in thickness," considering that the thinnest film known is, say, ten times as much,\* and the more usual thicknesses at least a couple of hundred times as much; but that is merely a detail, only noticeable in connection with such high pretensions. It is however confounding, after what has already been said concerning the possible nature of elements, to be told that "since the present universe had its beginning, the elements have *undergone no change*." No physicist of any repute would commit himself to such a statement in the face of modern knowledge; and the same may be said of the further one that, "if atoms are unchangeable under their present conditions, and changeable only in their relations through combination with other atoms and in their distribution through space [all which is taken for granted], *it follows that all changes are due to motion*." It might be permissible to say that the present disposition of physicists is to look forward to the future establishment of some such proposition as this, as regards inorganic matter. But the chemists have formidable difficulties which must be overcome first; and until we know a great deal more than we do now of what an atom really is, and what is really signified by "combination with other atoms," any reasonable proof of it is not only altogether wanting, but it is not easy to see how it is to be obtained.

As more or less probable hypotheses, such speculations are justifiable enough; and it is not pretended that their affirmation or negation makes any particular difference to the questions which are here in view. It is the blank affirmation without knowledge or proof which is here taken exception to, on scientific grounds only, and because we have here, at the very outset and foundation, a *type* of that dogmatic positiveness, based upon sheer assumption, which we shall find all through. Already it becomes very apparent, and equally significant, that *it is not the physicists*, whose studies have made them really acquainted, to some extent with the operation of natural laws and forces, who make such assertions concerning their own problems of physics; it is persons persuaded *a priori* of certain biologic and "cosmic" theories, who thus positively pronounce concerning questions which do not belong to them, and of which many of them are comparatively ignorant.

It would be strange if such hastiness of assumption, concerning matters which are very far from being decided at present, did not lead to suggestions of analogy which will not hold good. The

\* Approximately known for years, and finally established by the most rigid experiments of Professors Reinold and Rücker.

"periodic law" of the chemical elements discovered by Newlands and Mendelejeff, according to which they are grouped into series, having numerical and physical relations and family resemblances, was not likely to escape this process; and so we have quoted here from Professor Huxley a comparison between supposed (and highly probable) "development" of elements out of primordial matter, and the development of species from an original stem. But it is manifest on consideration, that the supposed analogy not only does not exist, but that the absence of any such is a formidable difficulty of the materialistic hypothesis, since it appears to differentiate the modifications of species from all *ascertained* results of the operations of mere mechanical law. Though they may be, and probably are, due to development the elements are above all marked by the permanent *intervals* between the results, by the *stability* of those results when attained, and by the *definiteness* of those results under similar conditions of only very general character. They represent to us, in the most evident manner, certain relations of a simply mathematical kind. We may thus predict the probable existence of unknown elements to fill certain definite blanks in the series, as gallium, scandium, and germanium were predicted before their discovery. But there these embodied forms are at regular intervals, and *there they remain as such from age to age*; in all which particulars they stand in most startling contrast to species, which by the hypothesis show no definite intervals, are modified by insensible degrees, and do vary from first to last, so that the same species, once lost, *never occurs again*. In the one department of the cosmos in which we are able accurately to investigate the case, atoms absolutely fail to exhibit any phenomena of development resembling species; but the results of physical forces acting upon them are determined with absolute, unvarying definiteness and permanence. The biologist may say that if he could know all the physical forces at work, he could predict the results with similar exactness, and no one can prove him in the wrong. But the results to be accounted for are not even of the same "order," as people call it; and it is further a strange and remarkable coincidence, the meaning of which a physicist understands if the biologist does not, that while the latter's phenomena of species are themselves both undefined and undefinable, he is, on the other hand, utterly unable to trace with any precision, in his domain, the operation and results of the forces in whose sole operation he, nevertheless, so blindly believes.

These forces are next treated of. Here Mr. Clodd has "felt the difficulty" arising from the lack of "precision" in books upon physics, and accordingly borrows from Mr. Grant Allen, with fervent acknowledgments, a mode of statement in which "rigid and definite meanings" are given to the terms employed, as "affording the reader a clearer conception of cosmic dynamics." We learn that the universe is

pervaded by "two indestructible Powers of opposite nature to each other," which are termed (a) Force, and (b) Energy, and which 'do everything.' Force "produces or quickens motions binding together," particles of matter, and "resists" the contrary; being called Gravitation when it acts between masses, Cohesion when between molecules, and Affinity or Chemical Attraction when between atoms. This Force inheres in, and can never be taken from, all ponderable matter, and "*the sum-total of Force is constant.*" The contrary Power, Energy, "is that which produces or quickens motions separating, and which resists or retards motions binding together two or more particles of matter or of the ethereal medium." It is not, like Force, bound up with matter so that it cannot be transferred, and it may be active or passive, kinetic or potential; but of it also we are told that "*the sum-total of Energy in the universe is a fixed quantity.*" Such is the doctrine, laid down without the least doubt or hesitation, which is to give us "a clearer conception of cosmic dynamics."

It is perhaps a natural right of man to define words in any sense he pleases, provided he adheres strictly to those definitions afterwards; though there are grave objections, which hardly need statement, to the inexperienced tyro upsetting phraseology which is thoroughly accepted. And certainly no scientific man would be prepared to say that there is nothing in the idea of two opposite and balancing kinds of what our pair of cosmic philosophers prefer to call Power. That is a very old idea, as only lately shown by the lecture on "Antagonism" of Sir William Grove. But there is in the first place no "ambiguity" whatever in the accepted meanings of Force and Energy as now used; and in the second place, to say that there are two kinds as here defined, each of which by itself is a constant sum, is simply contrary to ascertained facts. It is, in fact, sheer and utter nonsense; as can be seen in a moment. If any form of the nebular hypothesis be true, that very "orbital motion" of the planets, for instance, which is here described as Energy, is directly due to the Force of gravitation, which produced that motion; and half the processes of daily life consist of similar interchanges between Messrs. Allen and Clodd's chemical Force, and kinetic Energy. It is only as regards the sum of *all* energy, using the term in the accepted scientific sense, that conservation or constant sum can be affirmed.

But even in that sense, the Conservation of Energy is not a matter of certainty, but a vast assumption, which "cosmic philosophers" are especially disqualified from making, as those of them who really comprehend the subject have well understood. It is a great standing difficulty in several ways. Those physicists who affirm it, as a rule expressly *deny* its sufficiency as a "cosmic philosophy," and, contrariwise, insist on the absolute necessity of some definite beginning in time, or practically some Creative power, which is not acknowledged here. Any

ordinary authority as to this point might be charged with teleologic bias; but the late Professor W. K. Clifford is one whom materialists are bound to treat with respect, since he was by far the most eminent authority in dynamics of their own school.\* In reply to the assertion that the quantity of matter and energy in the universe is fixed and invariable, Clifford insists that the argument "will not hold water for a moment;" and goes on to explain that the statements we make to this effect are simply "as nearly true as we can make out for gross bodies," but "there is nothing to tell us that they are absolutely exact in any particular case, or that they are always and everywhere true. If it were shown conclusively that energy was lost from the ether [a part of Mr. Clodd's argument], it would not at all follow that it was handed on to anything else: the right statement might be that the conservation of energy was only a very near approximation to the facts." He further suggests of energy so transferred to the ether, that "there is no reason why it should not go to the making of atoms;" and it is unnecessary to do more than allude to the remarkable manner in which this startling idea of the possible new appearance or disappearance of matter *now*, has been revived by Mr. W. Crookes in his last address to the Chemical Society.

The same great misconception as to our supposed "knowledge," is shown in the little which is said about forces in detail. Even such a simple thing as the distance-law of molecular attraction is absolutely unknown to us. In regard to gravity, Newton's well-known letter to Berkeley is here cited, as to the absurdity of matter acting upon matter "through a vacuum;" and it is added that for the "explanation" of gravitation (amongst other phenomena) it is necessary to suppose space filled with ether; as if gravitation were thereby any better "explained." The truth is, that this simplest, and to us most familiar of forces, is to-day more than ever an inscrutable and outstanding mystery. Le Sage attempted to "explain" it by impacts upon the gross bodies of matter, of ether particles; the bodies being thus *driven* together by the shelter from impacts in the line between them, which they afforded each other. This is the only tolerable theory ever proposed. But it has hopelessly broken down. Clerk-Maxwell showed that such bombardment of ether-atoms must immediately raise matter to a state of incandescence; and Laplace proved that the facts of astronomy did not allow of the *time* for the transmission of the force of gravitation which such a theory renders necessary. It has moreover been shown, that while the theory leads correctly to the law of inverse squares, it does not lead to the proportion of the mass, and in other ways brings out results glaringly false. Some supposed improvements

\* Such as desire to form "definite" ideas of what is really known about Force and Energy, will find the subject set forth by one of the clearest expositors of these matters who ever lived, in some notes of a lecture delivered by Professor Clifford on March 28, 1873, published after his death in *Nature* of June 10, 1880.

for which a kind of provisional patent was recently taken out by Mr. S. Tolver Preston, make matters rather worse than better, and, in fact, bring the inventor himself to the conclusions that gravity does not extend to the stars, and that such of these as have proper motion move in straight lines! The last word on this subject was uttered only a month or two ago, in a discussion before the Berlin Physical Society, between two such intellectual giants as Professor Paul Du Bois-Reymond and Professor von Helmholtz; when it was agreed by both that gravity was simply "incomprehensible," and that we can affirm literally nothing but that it is an "inherent property" of matter, acting according to the two laws so well known.

The doctrines of Force and Energy here briefly discussed are again, after all, matters of detail, however great the misconceptions or even blunders contained in them; and it may be thought that an undue importance has been attached to them. They have, however, a very serious significance. Surely it is noteworthy, that persons who have not really mastered even the elements of what is known concerning the actions and relations of physical forces, in those comparatively simple merely physical matters, wherein these can with some exactness be traced, should undertake to instruct us so positively and confidently concerning their far more mysterious, obscure, and complicated actions and relations in a higher sphere. Cosmic philosophers have, in truth, never got on very well with the physicists, for reasons these latter know very well. Mr. Herbert Spencer's own statements concerning physical matters were by no means free from grave defects, which have been pointed out often enough, and were mainly due to confusion of terms. Objections to them have never been met, for they are not met by the current sneers at "the (T + t) school." Such have been plentiful enough, and their motive is obvious, for the physicist is almost as great a bugbear to your cosmic philosopher as the theologian. But that school has, after all, conquered the greater part of our knowledge of molecular physics; and it simply demands exactness of statement, and deduction really founded upon a basis of ascertained facts. The need for these moderate demands will appear still more clearly, as we listen to what is told us of the making of the universe:—

"We must make a start somewhere. And we are therefore compelled to posit a primordial, nebulous, non-luminous state, when the atoms, with their inherent forces and energies, stood apart from one another. *Not evenly* distributed [the italics are mine], else Force would have drawn them together as a uniform spherical mass round a common centre of gravity, and Energy, awakened by the collision of atom with atom, would have passed profitlessly in the form of heat to the ethereal medium; but *varying* in position and character, with *special* gravitation towards *special centres*. This theory of *un-stableness* and *un-likeness* at the outset, squares with the unequal distribution of matter, with the movements of its masses in different directions and at different rates, and with the ceaseless redistribution of Matter and of Power. . . . If all that is, from fire-fused rock to the genius of man, was wrapped up in primordial matter, with its forces and energies, we can

speak of simplicity only in a relative sense as contrasted with the infinite variety around us which has been evolved."

This statement is intelligible, and is an acknowledgment that the cosmic philosophy has no real claim to be "cosmic" or complete at all; that it cannot possibly start with the real *beginnings* of a Cosmos, but can only take up a process already initiated, by means it knows nothing about. Unstableness and unlikeness do "square" with what we now find; but the intellect at once asks *how* things came to be thus unstable and unlike. However, the passage is the most explicit admission yet made that Mr. Spencer's system has really but a vacuum for its foundation. His Evolution is not a passage to the heterogeneous from the really "homogeneous," as it pretends. The fundamental proposition is well known to be, that "the condition of homogeneity is a condition of instability." On the contrary, that is precisely what it is not, and cannot be. Mr. Spencer says, of unstable equilibrium, that "the *interference of any further force*, however minute, will destroy the equilibrium." Quite so; but then this "further force" must be accounted for; and his concrete illustrations are even more beside the mark. He cites (1) a stick poised on its lower end; (2) particles strewn upon the surface of a fluid; (3) a mass of water; (4) a piece of red-hot matter, &c. In each case there is no homogeneity whatever, and the change of state is due entirely to the *great difference* of the forces acting in different directions; indeed, he has to admit this, and it makes an end at once of the very foundation of his system. Mr. Clodd, then, has to admit this in terms. Nevertheless, in the space between the two very passages above quoted, he writes as follows:—

"All changes of state are due to the rearrangement of atoms through the play of attracting forces and repelling energies, resulting in the evolution of the seemingly *like* into the actual unlike, of the *shapeless* into the shapely, of the *simple* into the more and more complex, till the highest complexity is reached in the development of living matter."

It will be noticed how the admissions made above, are afterwards quietly evaded or ignored by the use of the words again distinguished by italics; and this process is very characteristic of the "cosmic" school of philosophers. They cannot possibly do without causes and beginnings utterly beyond our knowledge; and at times this is admitted, though with a strange blindness to the fact that the unknown Cause must have possessed an *activity*, and a really *originating* power, which might well be potent afterwards also, and possibly be translated into other modes of action beyond their ken. But only take one's eyes off them for a moment, and they are quietly assuming the "homogeneous" again, and talking about "*like*," and "*shapeless*," and "*simple*," with a childlike smile as bland as that of the heathen Chinese contemplating a game of euchre—

"Which the same  
He did not understand."

Such slipperiness of barefaced assumption is still more objectionable, from the scientific standpoint, when we proceed to the origin of Life and of Consciousness. For critical readers, there is an apparently candid occasional statement that we really "know" nothing whatever. As to Life, we are told that "the ultimate cause which, bringing certain lifeless bodies together, gives living matter as the result, is a profound mystery;" and of Consciousness, that "the gulf between consciousness and the movements of the molecules of nerve-matter, measurable as these are, is impassable . . . we can neither affirm nor deny, we can only profess ignorance." Very humble is this pretension of limiting the statement to actual knowledge! and it is by no means forgotten to contrast such a cautious and "impregnable position of physical science" with the alleged "unverifiable assumptions of dogmatic theology." But, while a little of this kind of thing is provided against such objections as are here put forth, far other is the bulk of what is set before the common people, and is commonly understood and believed by them, and meets us in every quarter. Describing protoplasm, correctly enough, as the physical basis of life, and mentioning its other main constituents, it is then said of carbon, that, "combining with the foregoing elements, it *gives rise to protoplasm.*" Again—

"Given the matter which composes it, and the play of forces and energies of which that matter is the vehicle, wherein lies the difference which gives as one result non-living substance, and as another living substance? The answer obviously is that, *the ingredients being the same, the difference must lie in the mixing.*"

This time the italics are Mr. Clodd's. It is true that countless experiments made in the endeavour to produce a speck of living protoplasm, even with the aid of dead organic matter to start with as raw material, have failed; but "this failure can have no weight against the argument, that *we cannot think any limit* to the possibilities of Nature's subtle transmutations." There is no real distinction even, for—

"Although the living thing affects us much more nearly than lifeless stones and rain, it hides no profounder mystery than they. The 'affinities,' as we call them, which lock the elements into beautiful crystalline forms, are no whit less wonderful than the motions in matter through which the same elements manifest the phenomena of life. The origin of life is not a more stupendous problem to solve than the origin of water. Both protoplasm and water have properties that do not belong to the individual atoms which compose them, and the greater complexity of the living structure does not constitute a difference in kind, but only in degree. It does not seem, after all, such a far cry from the crystal to the amoeba as from the amoeba to Plato and Newton."

We have seen already what wild statements can be made by cosmic philosophers who are ignorant of physics; and such daring assertions as the above are not made by such as have really studied, with scalpel and



microscope, the details of biology. Professor Huxley, as is well known, affirms \* that "the properties of living matter distinguish it *absolutely* from all other kinds of things," and points out that, independently of the volitional element consistently rejected by him, and of its chemical composition, it differs in its "disintegration and waste, and concomitant reintegration," and in "its tendency to cyclical changes." The bearing of this on its place in Nature has already been pointed out. By far the best argument for the materialistic doctrine here laid down is due to an authority already quoted; but Professor Clifford really did know what he was talking about in physics and chemistry, and hence, though his attitude in these matters (as is well known) was sufficiently pronounced and even aggressive, he only professes to put forward "justification for the *belief* [the italic is his own] that non-living matter can, under proper conditions, produce organisms."

Briefly, his argument starts from the extremely complex constitution of the hydrocarbon compounds. We are introduced first to the *acetylene* molecule, formed of two carbon atoms and four atoms of hydrogen; and the formation from three of these, by passing acetylene through a red-hot tube, of the *benzene* molecule, with its six carbon atoms and six hydrogen atoms, each acetylene molecule dropping two hydrogen atoms in the process. Clifford asks how this comes about, and observes that the first or germinal step is frequently a difficulty in forming chemical compounds, but that, when once begun, "the new compound has the property of assisting the formation of its like; nobody knows why this is." So if any one likes to say that the benzene cannot be made out of the simpler molecules without some few molecules of pre-existing benzene, "it is impossible to disprove his statement," since no test we have is delicate enough to do so; the intended bearing of which is obvious. But no chemist supposes this, and "it is generally held that the benzene molecule is formed by the collision of three acetylene molecules in favourable positions; this collision is a *coincidence*," which in this case takes place very often in a single second. There is another isomeric molecule composed of the very same atoms as benzene; but this rapidly breaks up, and "becomes extinct because it is not adapted to the conditions;" or, as put in other words, the benzene "is produced by coincidence and preserved by natural selection."

More complex molecules by far are then mentioned, and it is suggested that in this case the "*coincidences*" which would bring the respective atoms into the precise "position" for combination, would be much more rare in calculable proportion. Then we come to the enormous number of single atoms † in "one molecule" of living matter; the potential coincidence now must be "a very elaborate coincidence."

\* *Encyc. Brit.*: "Biology."

† Mr. Herbert Spencer states that an atom (molecule) of albumen "consists of 482 ultimate atoms of five different kinds." The atomic constitution is really unknown.

"How often does it happen in a cubic mile of sea-water? Perhaps once a week; perhaps once in many centuries; perhaps also many millions of times a day. From this living molecule to a speck of protoplasm visible in the microscope is a very far cry, involving, it may be, a thousand years or so of evolution. . . . Once started, however, there it is; the spontaneous generation believed in as a possibility by the evolutionist has taken place.

"Why then do the experiments all 'go against' spontaneous generation? What the experiments really prove is, that the coincidence which would form a *Bacterium*—ready a definite structure reproducing its like—does not occur in a test tube during the periods yet observed. Such a coincidence is the nearest thing to a 'special creation' that can be distinctly conceived. . . .

"Allowing that this makes the thing possible, does it give any reason for believing that it has actually taken place? We might get a direct demonstration if we knew the constitution of protein, and could calculate the chances of the coincidence which would lead to its formation in the sea."

This is perfectly fair so far as it goes; but the vast difference between such hypothesis and the New Dogmatism will be readily seen. It is manifest that, as regards "proof," the question is not only in itself inscrutable, but must ever remain so. No one doubts that at some point Abiogenesis *did* take place; that Life appeared where there was no Life before. Imagine a man of science present then as a spectator, and seeing it take place: if it happened on a wide scale he would be bound to call it an operation of "natural law," but the ultimate cause would be beyond him; the fact would remain that there was something "absolutely" *different* happening, and he could not tell how. As to mere "coincidence," however, if one were disposed to imitate a certain Dr. Kinns, on Clifford's own showing a very impressive mathematical argument might be constructed to show the *odds* against its happening by chance, rather than by forces acting under Design. As nearly as I can make out (it must be remembered that the real atomic constitution of protein, if it has any, is not known, and probably never will be), the very lowest number that could possibly express it would use figures enough to fill several lines of this page.

The New Dogmatism, however, reckons nothing of all this, but talks glibly about "the undue importance accorded to the living," and the "slow abrasion of the artificial lines which divide the living from the non-living," precisely as Vogt and Hæckel teach us that a man is no more "alive" than a stone. We are told again, therefore, that Life is "due to the sun's radiant energy," and as this passes into space the dust returns to earth as it was; for "*life is only a local and temporary arrest of the universal movement towards equilibrium.*" It will be seen at once that, if this sentence truly represented any actual knowledge of the case, it makes any future life (of the same individual) simply and

\* Again it may be noted, that it is *not the chemists* who make this kind of assertion. Sir Henry Roscoe insisted before the British Association last year that protoplasm is "*not a compound*," but "*a structure built up of compounds.*" All microscopical advances during the last ten years have made more and more untenable much that has been inconsiderately written upon the "structureless" nature of protoplasm.

literally impossible; it would be absolute demonstration. And that is in truth the conclusion which is come to, and gloried in, by those whose faith is sufficiently reckless to swallow the materialistic creed. Perhaps their "virile contempt" for a future existence might not seem so very manly to those who stood by the dying bed of the late Emperor of Germany.

With regard to the origin of species, concerning which Mr. Clodd follows the usual lines, as it is not only here taken for granted that, upon the whole, descent with modification is a sound scientific conclusion, but as personally I believe its yet firmer establishment by scientific, and frank acceptance by religious teachers, to be of the last importance for a truly Christian teleology, it is not worth while to take much exception in detail, however valid, to what is stated. But one or two remarks must be made, for reasons which will appear. Amongst much that is admirably condensed, there is throughout to be found here also the same essential fault of making absolute statements concerning matters which at best are only plausible hypothesis, and not always even that. It is no longer amusing to have trotted out as a serious illustration Darwin's well-known passage concerning the connection "between the proportion of old maids and an abundance of red clover."\* But more generally, Mr. Clodd's statements about organic evolution, like most of those commonly current, affirm a potentiality on behalf of Natural Selection as Darwin taught it, which is doubted, if not rejected, by the best science of the day. He hints at some limitations, and appears even to have read Mr. Spencer's last comments on the subject,† but conveys broadly that the work has been done by Natural Selection. This assumption is just what Mr. Spencer so emphatically condemns. He compares the obtuseness of this school of dogmatists to that which previously prevailed in regard to the facts of evolution; charges them with inattention to evidence; and remarks, in justification of his own questionings, that nowadays most naturalists are more Darwinian than Darwin himself, which is unquestionably true. Mr. Darwin did put forth Natural Selection as the sufficient cause of the formation of species; but the whole history of the gradual acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution since, is in great part a record of the gradual demonstration that such a cause is insufficient. Darwin himself not only afterwards amplified his Sexual Selection, avowedly to supplement the defects of the other, but clearly stated that the stress he had laid upon Natural Selection was "one of

\* I have been unable to determine whether Darwin himself ever meant this seriously, or was indulging the quiet humour he plainly shows occasionally. It is quite disposed of by the simple facts, which I have verified amply (the reader will please receive any necessary apologies for investigating seriously what I myself believe to have been only meant as a joke), that—in the country especially—an altogether inappreciable proportion of the cats are kept by old maids, and that domestic cats there feed scarcely at all with field-mice. Serious or silly, it is a purely fancy picture.

† "The Factors of Organic Evolution."

the greatest oversights as yet detected" in his work. Professor Cope suggested his well-known theory, of distinctions arising from accelerated or retarded development transmitted to posterity. Dana, again, suggested his theory of "cephalization"—i.e., that development of brain and brain-power determined correlative changes in other bodily organs. Professor Weismann framed another theory concerning "germ-plasma," which more resembles Darwin's, but has found few friends. Mr. Romanes' theory of "physiological selection," one of the most recent, seems to gain more acceptance every day; and Mr. Spencer himself attaches immense importance to the action of the environment, and the old theory of Lamarck about the transmission of functionally acquired modifications. Probably every one of these theories—and more could be named—explains something, some of them perhaps much: the one point about which biologists are agreed, is the incompetence of Natural Selection to explain the phenomena.

Now, this is not only an important "distinction," but is even of more importance than Mr. Romanes seems to imply. The ascription of practically everything to Natural Selection, in the name of science, was not only one great cause originally—as much as crude theology—of the assumed conflict between scientific dogma and religious dogma, but is a distinct cause of conflict and contradiction at this very moment. The *sufficiency of natural selection* was at first the Darwinian doctrine, and is the common doctrine of the popular evolutionist school yet, as the book before us shows; and the gradual establishment of its insufficiency, is most demonstrably the present cause of the disbelief in truer scientific conclusions, in many theological quarters. Mr. Spurgeon, for example, has just put his pen to the statement, that "in a very short time the *hypothesis of evolution* will be the football of contempt; already it is ceasing to be the fetish which certain persons made of it." We all know that, as Mr. Romanes points out, Mr. Spurgeon is confusing two widely different things; and I am very sorry for it, though Professor Huxley and others may possibly think such mistakes in a Christian teacher rather a good thing than otherwise. But is it altogether *his* mistake, after all? It is distinctly the history of the *doctrine of Natural Selection* which has produced that statement, under a confused misunderstanding at least as little blameable in professed theologians as in professed scientific teachers. I do think that the theologian has some right to complain of Evolutionists, for not having been accurate and cautious enough in *their* statements to make the real issue clear to him; and the more so, because there really has been a very curious cycle of opinion, which the poor man may be excused for stumbling at somewhat. We have, first, Mr. Darwin himself rejecting Lamarck's theory in the broadest terms, and all the biologists for a while echoing him, and giving him the credit, with Wallace, of establishing the one grand *vera causa*, to which Mr. Herbert Spencer

gave another name that has also been a power in the history of thought. It was, most certainly, *not* Evolution generally which Darwin taught, especially in his first edition. And now we have Mr. Spencer depreciating Natural Selection in its turn, and himself insisting more and more on the theory of Lamarck!

It must be further pointed out that Mr. Clodd, following his school, entirely ignores or mis-states the formidable difficulties which still confront organic evolution. The gigantic one (*i.e.*, to a materialist; it does not affect a teleologist) of *time*, he dismisses with a sentence to the effect that, "however the question may be settled," the result cannot affect the evidence. It will be remembered that Professor Huxley \* also avers that the Evolutionist has "nothing to do with time," but simply takes his time "from the physical philosopher's clock." Now this is simply not so, and it was only said *when the difficulty came into view*: theologians are not the only people who shift their ground. Mr. Darwin himself discussed the question as a most vital one, and assumed more than three hundred millions of years since the Secondary period. But Hæckel is far more emphatic. He says † that "Darwin's theory, as well as that of Lyell, renders the assumption of immense periods absolutely necessary;" and again, "this slow and gradual development must certainly have taken a length of time which surpasses our power of comprehension;" and again, ‡ "the infinitely long series . . . . require for their historical development a succession of periods probably comprising many thousands of millions of years." Dozens of such passages could be quoted; and that was the current doctrine till "the (T+t) school" demonstrated very clearly that such periods were simply impossible, unless there had been some strange breach in the apparent uniformity of Nature.

Of the other difficulty Mr. Clodd writes:—

"One great, but unduly over-rated stumbling-block—the absence of intermediate forms in the fossil-yielding rocks—has been removed by the discovery of many more connecting links in the long chain of life than could be expected, when we take into account the small minority of ancient forms which have escaped the havoc of the past, and when we remember how much smaller are the chances in favour of the preservation of the more fragile, rare, and unstable transitional forms than of the species which they connect."

It is clear that there is not the slightest ground for the assertion that transitional forms are either more rare or more fragile. Each stage, at a given date, is by the hypothesis *the fittest* for that date, as much as a different form for some other date. Such reasoning is simply coined to fit the difficulty, and is utterly vicious; but the current literature of the school is full of it. Even if it were sound, however, it does not touch the core of the difficulty, which is connected

\* *American Lectures.*"

† "History of Creation," i. 128.

‡ *Ibid.* ii. 298.

rather with the *character* of the gaps in the series than their mere extent, though it is obvious, even as regards this, that the more stress is laid upon "imperfection," the more is the *time*-difficulty increased. The point, however, is this. We have, in such cases as the ascertained series of forms of *crocodilia* and *equilæ*, that absolute "proof" of *actual modification as a matter of fact* which so many theologians ignorantly ask for. To me, as to so many others, the demonstration goes legitimately very much farther, in spite of difficulties in detail. But it is not fair to ignore the fact of how soon and where the series stops. We come upon these types, after all, already highly specialized, and can only trace certain modifications in a type already provided for us. *The type itself*, in every case yet known, is lost to us a little way back. It is these facts, respecting the *nature* of the gaps, rather than their mere extent, which lead men like Mr. W. Carruthers, for instance, still to disbelieve in even organic evolution. The present chief of the Linnean Society, and President only a year or two ago of the Biological Section of the British Association, cannot exactly be sneered at as a man of no account; neither is he an "antiquated" man;\* nor can it be alleged that he is deterred by any theological prepossessions, as might no doubt have been truly said of Agassiz. I do not think that he and others give sufficient weight to other lines of evidence, and to the cumulative argument; and it is probable that a reconstruction of our views concerning the significance itself of the "imperfections in the geologic record" may by-and-by remove the difficulty; but to say it "has been removed," in the way alleged, is simply a farce, and it is not by ignoring work still to be done that science can be advanced.

The new creed is equally dogmatic in face of the profound problems of Mind and Thought. We have the same occasional affectation of humility already found; "we can neither affirm nor deny, we can only confess ignorance." But we soon find that our Agnostic, who professes to know nothing, here again undertakes to tell us everything. He affirms unhesitatingly that Mr. Spencer's theory about the origin of nerves "has been confirmed by all recent biologic research;" whereas the result of one of the most extensive and recent researches into this special subject leads Mr. Romanes (whose evolutionist orthodoxy cannot be questioned) to say† that "now the facts cease to lend any countenance to Mr. Spencer's theory touching the formation of nerves out of protoplasm or other contractile material," though they do still countenance his views respecting the "improvement of functional capacity" in nerve-tissues when formed. Again, "Thought and

\* Mr. W. Carruthers was born in 1830. Comparing him with the most prominent English Evolutionists of standing, Mr. T. H. Huxley was born in 1825, Mr. Herbert Spencer in 1820, Dr. Tyndall in 1820, Mr. Charles Darwin in 1809.

† "Jelly-fish, Star-fish, and Sea-urchins: being a Research into Primitive Nervous Systems." 1885.

emotion have their *antecedents* in molecular changes in the matter of the brain, and are as completely within the range of causation, and as capable of mechanical explanation, as material phenomena." And this is the proof:—

"If the theory of evolution be not universal, the germs of decay are in it. And here we pass from what is interesting to what is of serious import for us; because, if the phenomena of mind are not capable of the like mechanical explanation as the phenomena of stars and planets, and of vegetable and animal life, evolution remains only a speculation to fascinate the curious. It can in that case furnish no rule of life or motive to conduct, and man, 'the roof and crown of things,' would be the sole witness against their unity and totality. If there be in him any faculty which is no part of the contents of the universe, if there be anything done by him which lies outside the range of causation, then the doctrine of the conservation of energy falls to pieces, for man has the power to add to that which the physicist demonstrates can neither be increased nor lessened."

Our cosmic philosophy is here separated from any scientific foundation whatever. It is purely a metaphysical argument, and in this case the metaphysic is so horribly bad. Nakedly put, it is simply this: "Evolution is all or nothing; *therefore it must be all!*" Such statements do not justify any serious comment; but they confront us on every side more tacitly, as in Hæckel's reproach that all who do not accept dead physical automatism are "dualists," and plenteous hints by English writers that teleologists supplement such automatism by the "interferences" of a "*caprice*," which may be left to answer themselves. But the supposed argument from the Conservation of Energy is specious enough to deserve a few words, especially as it has been used by both Mr. Spencer and Professor Huxley. None the less, only people who do not really understand what is meant by the Conservation of Energy, or, if they know it, have not borne it in mind, would use this argument, even though for other reasons they might adopt the materialistic creed.

The apparent foundation for the argument is, of course, that all action of the mind is undoubtedly connected somehow, in our present experience, we do not know how, with molecular changes in the brain. To begin with, however, there is not the very slightest ground for affirming that the "molecular changes" are the *antecedent* of the thought as alleged, while every man's self-consciousness seems against it, so far as that goes. And in the second place, the argument in any case travels in a mere circle, and means nothing; because the "molecular changes" alluded to, however caused, *fill their place* in the chain of transmutations of Energy, quite apart from consciousness and volition. They leave no gap, in the chain of transformations, for consciousness to fill. The cosmic philosopher argues, in his usual loose fashion, as if there was a transformation of so much molecular motion into thought and emotion; but he quite forgets that if this were so he must, con-

versely, transform the thought or emotion, when they have operated, *back again* into "molecular motion;" so that even thus his reasoning is self-destructive. The physicist will however tell him, moreover, that all transformations of what he knows as physical Energy must inevitably be traced, through the most complex cycle, amongst the *physical molecules themselves* and their changes, and that everything must be fully accounted for *there*. Any other conclusion is incredible to him; and there will still remain, *outside* the Energy thus completely "conserved," that original mystery of Consciousness, which has baffled philosophy from the beginning and may elude it to the end.

Further, as regards this point, only ignorance of all that is meant would suppose as the alternative, a man "adding" to the Energy of the universe. To choose amongst the transformations of Energy by which the work of the Cosmos is done, is not to *add* any fresh Energy to it; if it were so, Nature is exposed to the same deceptive argument, for something causes these transformations to take place; there they are, anyhow. There is no more Energy than before, after any of them: and yet, nevertheless, tremendous effects have been produced. To take one simplest example. Whatever human volition may mean, suppose a cask of gunpowder has been manufactured and placed in a certain position; this store of potential energy we will make our philosopher a present of. We give our Man, whatever he may be, a lighted match. Something or other in him can *choose* whether he drops that match six inches to the right or left. What amount of "molecular change," or energy, or anything merely physical, is represented by—not his effort in dropping the match, remember, but—the *choice* of six inches one way or the other? But there is a tremendous difference in the effects. That, simply, is what we mean by volition; but no one pretends it has *added* to "that which the physicist demonstrates can neither be increased nor diminished." It is this simple *direction* of the transformations of Energy, not any creation of Energy, which alone is in question; and all the wild biologists in the world will never long persuade mankind to disbelieve that consciousness of such direction, which is the most primary experience we possess.

Before closing, a few sentences must be devoted to what the New Dogmatism has to say about the evolution of language, because it brings into still clearer relief a mode of dealing with actual evidence which is very characteristic of it. Two points must suffice. Mr Clodd first states in the most categorical way, as of a simple, well-known perfectly indisputable fact, that "words themselves reveal under analysis the history of their origin from a few simple root-sounds, which were *instinctive cries* or *imitations* of various natural noises;" that "all abstract terms have a concrete origin;" and that it is *certain* our modern language has been developed "from mimetic sounds." The evolution of language, which few doubt, is a very interesting subject



for speculation ; but the actual evidence for such statements as these is matter for philological science ; and this at present pronounces ~~dead~~ against them, in spite of the special pleading, ingenious and instructive as it is, of De Brosse and Wedgwood. Mr. Tylor, a thorough evolutionist, will only admit that "perhaps one-twentieth" of root-words are thus formed, and cites ample evidence of the fact that deaf-mutes form words of their own, to which they give constant meanings. Many of the conclusions in Professor Max Müller's last work on "The Science of Thought" will furnish debatable matter for a long while ; but very few will dispute his authority on such matters of fact as the nature and history of "roots," and it is just flatly against all the above. He utterly derides the "mimetic" theory ; he persistently maintains that the more fundamental roots represent *concepts*, or ideas conceived, rather than *percepts*, or things perceived ; and the utter irreconcilability of such conclusions as Mr. Clodd's with the known facts of the case, is expressly cited by him as reason why he cannot accept Darwin's theory of the descent of man.

Mr. Clodd further states, in the same absolute manner, that "to this day gesture language is the sole mode of communication between certain wandering tribes of North American Indians ; and there are other tribes whose stock of sound-signs is so limited *that they cannot understand one another in the dark.*" There is hardly a higher authority on this special subject than Colonel Garrick Mallery, U.S.A., who read a long and interesting paper upon it only a few years ago before the Anthropological section of the American Association at Cincinnati, and who himself leans to the idea that gesture language really was the original language, which is not unlikely. But he will have none of this as to present facts. He says :—

"The report of travellers that among Indians, as among other tribes of men, some were unable to converse in the dark, because they could not gesture, is false. It is the old story of *aglossos* and *barbaros* applied by the Greeks to all who did not speak Greek, repeated by Isaiah of the 'stammering' Assyrians, and now appearing in the term *slav* (speaker) as contradistinguished by the Russians from the Germans, whom they stigmatize as *njemen* (tongueless)."

The statement appears to have been really adopted from Mr. Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," in which this well-known and quite "unbigoted" anthropologist cites a great variety of evidence for it, including Lord Monboddo, Spix and Martius, Madame Pfeiffer, Mr. Mercer, Dr. Milligan, Captain Burton, and the Rev. J. G. Wood. But, Tylor adds, "Unfortunately *the evidence is in every case very defective ;*" and he goes on to show that the Veddahs of Ceylon were certainly wrongly accused by Mr. Mercer, that Madame Pfeiffer's savages probably suffered the penalty of the imputation "for no worse fault than using a combination of words and signs, in order to make what they meant as clear as possible to her comprehension," and so on.

All this Mr. Clodd coolly passes over, and simply gives as positive, well-known, undisputed fact, the bare statement which, in his opinion, best suits his system of philosophy.

It might not be unprofitable to discuss briefly the destructive effect of cosmic philosophy of this kind upon any theory of knowledge. As Mr. Clodd truly says, "necessary truths" become simply "transmitted experiences;" or, as Clifford taught, there is "no absolute truth" about geometry (or anything else); or, as Professor Huxley\* puts one example, "the necessary truth that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, means that we *have no memory and can form no expectation* of their so doing." But the limits of space warn me to conclude this brief attempt at a calm examination, from a purely scientific standpoint, into the real amount of knowledge and fact which supports the New Dogmatism now meeting us on every side. We have seen that, at heart, it is perfectly conscious of having, at all of the four really cardinal points, no support at all. It is obliged to admit to really critical readers that its purely physical evolution, "since it can throw *no* light on the genesis of Matter, or on the origination of Motion, or on the beginnings of Life or of Mind, leaves great and small alike a centre of impenetrable mystery." Yet it hesitates not to assure the uninstructed reader, in far plainer words, that "*the story of Creation is shown to be the UNBROKEN record of the evolution of gas into genius,*" and to deduce, as a "scientific" conclusion, that "theories about gods and all other spiritual beings have nothing whatever to do with man's duty to his fellows." Such is what is put before us as a "cosmic philosophy."

About fourteen years ago† the late Professor W. K. Clifford wrote: "The word 'philosopher,' which meant originally *lover of wisdom*, has come in some strange way to mean a man who thinks it his business to explain everything in a certain number of large books. It will be found, I think, that in proportion to his colossal ignorance is the perfection and symmetry of the system he sets up." About a year later he wrote again, this time specially about points which he took as landmarks of popular theology: "It is a well-known peculiarity of these things, that if any the barest possibility of conceiving them, by any violence to the intellectual faculties, can be made out, there they are, established in triumph, to the satisfaction and comfort of every orthodox congregation." It is difficult not to be reminded of these words, which it is manifest may have an application very different from that intended. We too have now seen how mere conceptions are converted into certainties, how difficulties are ignored, and unwelcome facts suppressed, and even blank ignorance made to do duty for knowledge. There would appear no very pressing necessity to "defend" any reasonable teleology against such a rival creed, and I

\* Hume, p. 119.

† Address to Sunday Lecture Society, Nov. 1, 1874.

have attempted no such task. But it is impossible not to see, in what we have had before us, both an intellectual and a moral significance.

In the first place, it may of course be urged that the true creed of science is not to be confounded with such sweeping and baseless assertions as have been quoted, and that these latter do not affect the evidence for the main fact, as rightly distinguished by Mr. Romanes, that Evolution or development, by whatever factors effected, has been the method of Creation, though the primal and some of the secondary causes may baffle our investigation. Professor Huxley, for instance, would probably object to much that has been quoted in these pages as much as I have done. That is perfectly true. But it implies a great deal more. Let us take it for granted that Professor Huxley's own teaching has been scientifically exact, and clearly expressed, and generally all that it should be, where the really ultimate questions are concerned. Yet much that has been cited here, and that of the most sweeping kind, professes to be founded on his teaching, and indeed simply to translate really scientific teaching into more "popular" form. If, then, really sound and scientific statement is capable of such crude interpretation, in the very name of science too, and without castigation from authorities it professes to follow; then neither ought the dogmas or the documents of Christian teleology to be attacked as they have been, or judged by every popular interpretation of even their professed believers and friends.

Secondly, and finally, Christian teleologists have had thrown at them for a long while now the pretty plain imputation that they are blinded by "superstition," and that the materialistic school, which often usurps the name of science, is the sole possessor of a "passion for truth." With a courtesy of form not always imitated, many of Professor Huxley's keen sentences imply that meaning with sufficient clearness, and we have heard about "theologic bias" long enough. Some of us begin to see that an *anti*-theologic bias may be quite as real, and have quite as evident results. We understand perfectly, that it is no business of a scientific man as such to tell us anything about a God. But the New Dogmatism simply *will not have* a God, anywhere: that is the self-evident fact about the whole business. The old Deists did see necessity for some sort of original Cause and some sort of Moral Governor in the universe; they said that, if God were not existent, "it would be necessary to invent Him." The new Materialists would laugh Robert Elsmere to scorn, and have got far beyond that. They tell us plainly that they see no such necessity, and do not need God anywhere, or for any reason. If there were a God, He must be bigger than they are; He must be able to do things they cannot do; He—why—actually He must know a great deal that to them is unknown!—it would be insufferable. No: they will not even patronize God any more; they simply will not have Him; and what we have

seen is largely a demonstration of what they will put up with, rather than recognize a Creator in any way.

Now such an attitude of mind will necessarily affect opinions, and judgments of "evidence" on all manner of questions; and we have no reason for disguising that it must be so. People who neither want, nor wish for a God, and will even take such tortuous paths to avoid any possible token of His presence, are not at all likely to find evidence of Him, or to see things as others see them. They assure us this is all because they "know" so much more than we do. Possibly; though it may begin to appear why we are not so altogether convinced of that as perhaps we ought to be. But just consider the other tremendous possibility, which is at least intellectually conceivable, and till yesterday was even deemed quite reasonable: *only just suppose there should be a God after all!* We too sometimes find it hard to refrain from a quiet smile, as we reflect upon the strange reversal of the position they now assume which must, if what we believe be true, one day inevitably take place in the consciousness of our present clever teachers. For the humiliating conviction must in that case be one day *forced* upon them, unwilling as they may be, that if they could indeed find in their philosophical Cosmos no evidence of and no necessity for Design and Method and Power that were Divine, working all through, and in, and behind the outward mechanism which was all they could see, the fault was their own; that it was not because there *was* none such, but because they shut their eyes to it, with a blindness that in any other case they would have been the first to stigmatize as approaching intellectual stupidity.

LEWIS WRIGHT.

## THE TRUE POLICY OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

I AM not among those who believe that invasion of these islands is now impossible. I think it ought to be made so. I think that we ought not to depend on the support of any foreign Power for the safety of our homes. But the precautions which have been long neglected cannot be made good in a few days or months.

If we wish to put our home defences into proper order we must gain time for doing it. Meantime, this island is not the most vulnerable part of our great Empire. The whole Empire is exposed to danger from other attacks than those which are directly delivered at its heart. Starvation leads to death as surely as the blow of a dagger. I am certain that we can possess the means, if we will use our proper power, of protecting our shores, our commerce, and our Empire, not merely from danger, but from attack. We can do this at once, if we will.

I propose, therefore, to lay before the readers of this REVIEW a short summary of the grounds on which that contention is based.

It is not, perhaps, unknown to some of my readers that I have set forward the same arguments in more complete detail elsewhere.\* But as many may be ready to read a short statement who could not examine an elaborate book, I think it important that at this moment the nature of my arguments should be understood. Many reviewers have not time to read the books they review, and accordingly, largely as my book has been reviewed, the number of reviews which have cared to give a summary of my argument have been indefinitely small. It is, however, of some importance to notice that among these the best and most important—that in which the whole argument was most fully stated—was the *Kölnische Zeitung* of March 22. As the writer of that article, which was known to have been inspired from the highest

\* See "The Balance of Military Power." Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

source, declared the argument to be unanswerable, it may be worth the while of Englishmen to consider what it is.

Three objections have been raised to what I have urged. The first is, that the Central Powers of Europe do not care for the alliance which, I maintain, at the present moment would secure peace in Europe and in Asia. The second is, that the English people could not be made to understand its value, and would fear to be entangled in foreign alliances. The third is, that we could not depend on the alliance lasting.

To the first objection my reply is that I have had such communications on the subject from those who can speak with authority that I know it not to be true. The article in the *Kölnische Zeitung* represents the views of those who, not in one Empire only, govern Europe.

My best answer to the second is that I have tried the question by addressing large audiences, and that I have found that the moment the case was fairly laid before them, all those who heard it were enthusiastically in favour of the policy I advocate.

As to the third objection, that we cannot rely upon the alliance lasting, my reply is twofold—First, that the very strength of the alliance is such that it will ensure peace; that the effect of peace is to prevent either Russia or France from having its power so broken as to cease to be menacing to the Central Powers; that as long as both are menacing our alliance is, for the reasons I have assigned, essential to the safety of the Central Powers; hence that we have an exceptional security for the permanence of the alliance.

Secondly, at the very lowest, we gain time. The nation is only now awaking to a sense of the situation in which we stand in presence of armed Europe. We can at once make our naval power so great, and felt to be so great, that we can at this hour make what terms we please, on the understanding that we will perfect our amphibious strength. We cannot add the proper complement of artillery to our Volunteers, or take any of the other necessary steps without by some means or other gaining time. Thus only can we gain it.

Moreover, no addition to our navy or to our home defences will directly protect India, or save us from those difficulties in her defence of which I speak in the following pages. Only in one way can we make our proper strength tell in the defence of all parts of our dominion.

A few years ago the term "Mervousness" was invented. It is worth while to remember what it was intended to imply at the time. It was not intended to express doubt of the danger which would ensue to our Indian Empire if the frontiers of Russia were pushed forward as far as Merv. It was intended to express contempt for the sheer

madness of those who at that time thought it possible that the Russian Empire might be extended to Merv. It was then declared that the difficulties in the way of Russia on her advance towards Merv were so stupendous that the notion of taking such an impossible event into the calculations of practical politics was ludicrous and absurd.

It is altogether irrelevant to the question raised in the following pages whether Russia has or has not had a deep design in all her advances through Asia towards the frontiers of India. Those of our politicians who regard her as the most innocent of all possible lambs may be right without affecting the argument here put forward. The question is not why she has done what she has done, but whether she has done it or not? If a man perpetually breaks to you his most solemn pledges, charity may suggest that you should put forward the best possible explanation of his action, but prudence requires that you shall take bonds from him in the future for the fulfilment of his pledges. With this preface I propose now to examine the maps of Europe and of Asia, in order to consider our points of vantage and of weakness.

Russia has already begun to extend the railway which has been completed from the Caspian to Merv. She is running a branch line from near Merv to the new frontier laid out by our Commissioners between her and Afghanistan. The main line of the railway has already been extended beyond Merv to Samarkand. She is carrying the branch line as fast as she can to the new frontier in order to reach the valley of Heri-Rud, in which lies the town of Herat. She has thus long since passed far beyond Merv, which a few years ago was looked upon as the point of danger for us in her advance. So far she has had to deal with almost a pure desert; but the Heri-Rud is a fertile plain which would provide ample supplies for troops. As this fertile valley still lies within the territory of Afghanistan, it is of the greatest importance to us that Russia should not break her treaties with us to seize Herat.

It has become necessary for statesmen no longer to assume as a certainty that Russia will not advance on any point which she has promised to leave untouched. She has again and again broken her promises before. I am very strongly of opinion myself that her advance on India is deliberate and designed, but I by no means press the point. I wish only to show that it is of the greatest importance, in case Russia should choose to advance on Herat, that we should be able to stop her doing so, and that we cannot do it from India. In the valley of the Heri-Rud she is able to feed her troops, and thence she can advance from a secured base, in which by her railway she can accumulate force at her leisure. She can depend on collecting there

all the resources she requires to push on. Supposing Russia should by any accident break her word pledged to us, as she has done a great many times before, and supposing that we think it at least advisable that we should have the means of defending ourselves from such a danger, it would be practically impossible for us to stop her by advancing an army from our Indian frontier. For if we did so we must advance through a line of mountains up to Herat, through a country of wild tribes, governed only nominally from Cabul. With the Governor at Cabul we can no doubt make a treaty, but as the Afghans are not a settled nation under orderly government, but a mere congeries of tribes, it is perfectly certain that the moment our troops met with anything supposed to be a check these wild tribes would break upon our lines of supplies. The attempt is therefore one of the greatest difficulty and danger. Rather than incur this risk it would be better to let the Russians advance towards the frontiers of India and expose themselves to these wild tribes in their rear.

Can we solve the difficulty by action anywhere else? I think we can. It is that problem which I propose to consider in connection with the geography of Europe. We all of us realize that the strength of England "cometh but by sea," that is to say, that our navy and our power of transshipping troops due to our vast mercantile marine is the only power that we can exercise so as to make our voice heard in the counsels of the world.

I ought, however, in the first place, before I deal with the power which our navy and mercantile marine can exercise in Europe, to press upon my readers the great danger which our vast mercantile command of the sea creates for us. It must be remembered that we are in an extraordinary degree in possession of the commerce of the world. I do not think it is possible to exaggerate in figures the extent to which English capital is invested in the ships of the whole world. Our steam carrying-trade is just double the steam carrying-trade of all the countries outside Greater Britain; but that does not convey any idea of the extent of the interest which England has in the commerce of the world.

To take one instance which must be familiar to all who travel. The whole shipping trade of the important port of Antwerp, the largest on the Continent, is in the hands of English firms. The same statement is true of many other foreign ports. Therefore, however strong our navy may be compared with the other navies of the world, the task which our navy has to perform in protecting the commerce in which we are interested is out of all proportion great compared to the task of any other. Power to fulfil assigned work can only be judged by comparing the power with the work to be done. A child may better be able to fulfil its task if it only has to carry an



ounce than a man if he has to lift a ton. Now the task which our navy has to undertake is like that of lifting a weight which is out of all proportion greater than the weight to be lifted by any other navy in the world. How easy is the task which others have in attacking us! During the war between North and South in America, a few cruisers found their way among the ships of the North. The Southern States had no navy whatever, while the North had then a very powerful fleet. Yet the action of those few cruisers produced the most enormous effect in transferring the carrying trade of America to our flag. Now, supposing a few cruisers to attack our commerce, plying as it does between all the ports and harbours of the world, what could happen but that freightage rates would go up immediately, and that almost the whole of our commerce would be transferred to another country. The carrying-trade of America has never returned to her. Would ours return to us?

Is there, then, anything in the existing condition of our possessions on the map of the globe which enables us to meet that danger? Yes; if our navy is of the strength which it ought to be, there are conditions which give us an advantage over every other country. Scattered over the face of the globe, within convenient steaming distance of one another, we possess coaling stations. If those coaling stations are so securely in our hands that no one can during war-time get the coal but ourselves, we possess this enormous advantage over hostile cruisers, that, whereas our ships have the means of steaming at will over all parts of the ocean, the others have not, and therefore we can secure our commerce. But if those coaling stations are not protected and defended, what must happen, and what will happen, is this, that the first cruiser that wants to prey upon our commerce goes into the coaling station the moment any squabble occurs, fills up her bunkers with the coal she wants, burns the rest, and steaming off to the next coaling station, repeats the process, and might thus defy pursuit by the strongest navy of the world. That is an operation which it is perfectly easy for any single cruiser to carry out, and there is no reason why one or two cruisers might not in that way sweep and plunder the commerce of the world. It is, therefore, necessary that our coaling stations should be thoroughly protected. Every English statesman of both parties has had this fact before him for at least fifteen years, and understands it; and it is only the fear of asking for a certain sum of money, and thus losing some popularity, that has hitherto prevented the proper defence of those coaling stations. It rests with the nation to insist that that shall be done thoroughly and promptly.

At the same time, our enormous mercantile marine, whilst it causes us this danger, presents us also with an exceptional power, by enabling us to take advantage of what is so well described in the last

volume of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimea" as "the amphibious power of England"—that is, the power of transferring and landing at any given point a military force more rapidly and effectively than any other Power in the world. The instance which Mr. Kinglake cites is the operations which we were able to undertake in the Sea of Azof, where, without loss of a single man, we destroyed the Russian commerce, and carried the invasion into the very heart of the Empire. In the Franco-German war of 1870 the one danger which the Germans feared when making their invasion of France was, that the French, having complete command of the sea, as against the small German navy, might be able to ship an expedition of soldiers, which could strike at any point of their northern coast on the Baltic. The strength of that probable expedition the Germans never placed at more than 50,000 men, but as that 50,000 could strike at any point of their northern coast, it was necessary to defend all the coast line, and the Germans had to keep back for that purpose no fewer than four *corps d'armée* of about 35,000 men each, or in all 140,000 men.

Next, I propose to examine the map of Europe to see where this power can most effectively be exercised. The place where most obviously, to use Mr. Kinglake's happy phrase, "land and sea must intertwine," is the great peninsula of Italy. Each little port and harbour along that coast—which is particularly difficult to defend, owing to its great length and the Apennine chain which separates the eastern from the western shore—is exposed to attack delivered by "amphibious strength." The Italians themselves are fully alive to the danger of invasion by sea from France. Their mountain frontier, which fronts France, is so strong that some of their own soldiers look upon it as "too strong." One of their generals put it in this way: "I, Deputy for the Italian Alps, general in the army, every time that I stand in my place in Parliament, shall say everything for the navy and nothing for the army." The Italians have an exceedingly fine army; they have, in fact, a surplus of 300,000 men, who would be available for the support of the alliance with Germany and Austria in case of war between these countries on one side and France and Russia on the other. Yet these men could not be stirred beyond the frontier, because of the danger from France by sea, due to the short distance between the French and Italian coasts, and to the fact that the island of Corsica, in the possession of France, and her long southern seaboard give to the French such opportunities against Sardinia and Sicily and the long Italian coast, that the Italians fear that the moment war is declared all their ports would be at once exposed to the French fleet. They also fear that the short distance would enable the French to ship something like four *corps*

*d'armée* against Italy. It is no exaggeration to say that not one man of these 300,000, who would be otherwise available to march beyond their frontier, can be stirred because of the danger from France. England alone would be able to relieve that Italian army from the defence of their coast, and could transfer the control of the Mediterranean by supporting the Italian navy, ensure the protection of the Italian ports, and set free 300,000 troops to join the Central alliance—a force that could be offered by no other Power. By our naval action alone, and without moving a single soldier from England, we are able to take this action in Europe, which will stop a Russian move on Herat, by offering to the Central Powers, which can coerce Russia much more easily than we can, 300,000 men, receiving as a *quid pro quo* a guarantee against Russian aggression in Asia. But that is only the first gift we have to offer.

Let us now look at the North of Europe. In 1864 Denmark was deprived of the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein by the action of Prussia and Austria, and those provinces now remain a part of Prussia. The Danes, having lost one part of their country, have put a strong line of fortresses on the narrow neck left to them. They have 60,000 troops they can put into those fortresses, and it would be extremely difficult for any country to make a direct attack and carry them. As Denmark has a seaboard of very considerable extent, she is pretty easily coerced by a naval Power. It is almost certain that France and Russia, having complete command of the sea, would be able—if Denmark were unwilling to attack the Power which has already robbed her of two provinces—to coerce Denmark into lending herself to any scheme which they might desire. The Czar has lately been living on friendly terms at the Danish Court, and although we do not know all that passed, he is not likely to have been idle there. If Denmark would lend herself to a scheme of aggression, what might happen is this. France might easily send 50,000 men to Denmark, and Russia might do the same. By that means the 100,000 Franco-Russians added to the 60,000 Danes would make up 160,000 troops gathered in Denmark. On their frontier towards Germany the French have, since 1870, spent 130 millions sterling, and it is naturally towards that frontier that the German scheme of defence is most elaborated. Germany has her great fortress of Metz far beyond the Rhine, but along the Rhine she has a complete series of fortresses, of which Strasburg is the most notable, giving her complete command of the passages of the Rhine. She has sixteen railway bridges alone, and a large number of other bridges which she can either destroy or protect. The whole line of German defence thus lies forward towards the French frontier, and there is nothing to prevent any large body of French troops landed in Denmark from marching upon the heart of the German Empire. Since then the Germans in

1870 kept back 120,000 or 140,000 men to fend off the attack of 50,000 Frenchmen, it is certainly not an overestimate to say that for the purpose of fending off such a force as could be put into Denmark by France and Russia, it would be necessary to keep at least an army of 200,000 men back from the frontiers on either hand.

Nor would the troops which Russia at all events could so employ be troops that would diminish her strength elsewhere. Sixty or eighty thousand men sent from Russia into Denmark would not mean that she would have to deduct that number from the troops that she would be pouring over the German frontier. For she has something like 7,000,000 of men ultimately available. The numbers she can pour over the German frontier are limited only by the difficulty she would have in moving and feeding great numbers by bad roads and bad railways. Any troops, therefore, that she can employ in a different direction are simply so many added to the force which she is able to send against Germany. If our navy, joining the Germans, transferred the command of the Baltic from the Russians to the Germans, in this question of Denmark alone we confer upon the alliance the advantage of at least 200,000 Germans, who must otherwise be kept back in order to protect the heart of the Empire from an attack through Denmark, so that our support to Italy and our protection of Germany against this danger from Denmark, would together set free 500,000 men for the alliance of Central Europe. For such assistance we may demand a good return.

The third study of European geography to which I wish to draw attention is this. The old kingdom of Poland is busted into the heart of Germany, and looks as if Russia were almost holding a pistol at the head of Germany in Berlin. The great feature of all that country is the River Vistula, which runs through Russian territory, crosses the frontier, and passes out to the Baltic. Prussia has all along her part of the Vistula a strong series of fortresses, and Russia also holds the northward bend of the Vistula by a series of strong fortresses. Looking at the position of these on the map, it will be seen that the course of the Vistula gives to any German army in occupation of East Prussia the opportunity to strike across the line along which any Russian troops in those provinces are supplied and fed, and cut them off from Russia. That danger to Russia is enhanced by the fact that the kingdom of Poland is cut off from Russia by enormous marshes. The whole communication, therefore, between the mass of the kingdom of Russia and Poland itself depends on the railways which connect Russia with Poland, and these again depend on the bridges which exist over the Vistula. There are only two bridges—those of Warsaw and Ivangorod—over the Russian Vistula. Moreover, the country to the west of Poland is without railways, and most difficult

for military movements, while the Germans have ample railways over their part of the Vistula leading from all parts of Germany into East Prussia. That is, no doubt, very largely the reason why Russia has been crowding her troops in such enormous numbers into Poland, because she knows it will take her a long time to get her army there, while Germany can get her army ready and strike far more rapidly than she can. As a general result, it would be infinitely more easy for Germany, in attacking Russia, to make her attack upon Poland. But her being able to do so depends on her having a secure hold upon her province of East Prussia by continuing to possess her seaboard fortresses along the Baltic—Memel, Königsberg, and Danzig. For from these her army, when attempting to move into Poland beyond the Russian Vistula, would largely draw its supplies. Therefore it is practically certain that one of the earliest attempts of Russia, possessed as she would be of the command of the Baltic, and able to march an army by land from her depôts of Kovno and Dubno, would be to attempt an attack upon Memel, Königsberg, and Danzig, the Prussian defences of the Baltic. These fortresses are all connected together by three shallow arms of the Baltic, which run in between them. The consequence is, that as long as the attack upon those fortresses is only made by land, it is practically impossible to invest them or take them. But if a double attack were made upon them, by land and by sea, then they could be completely invested. The naval command of the Baltic is therefore vital to both Russia and Germany. If Germany possesses it she can in all security carry out her attack upon Poland, trusting the defence of East Prussia to an army which would rest securely on the Baltic fortresses. If Russia possesses it she can sooner or later reduce these fortresses, and thereby at one and the same time make the advance of a German army beyond the Russian Vistula impossible, and begin herself a serious advance against Germany. Therefore, thanks again to the fact that among the German fortresses the shallow arms of the sea "much intertwine," our navy ought to be able to offer a third most valuable accession to the strength of the Central Alliance. With such terms to offer to such an alliance Britain can claim her *quid pro quo*. With the Central Powers we could make it impossible for Russia either to attack us in India or to disturb the peace of Europe. The Central Alliance now formed in Europe is beyond all question a peace alliance. Neither Germany nor her Emperor desires war. As it is vital to the interests of Britain to maintain the peace of Europe as long as possible, it is also our interest to add to that force for the security of peace by increasing the Powers which make for the peace of Europe; but I do not think we ought to give that increase without obtaining a guarantee that if peace is to reign in Europe it shall also reign in Asia. In Russia there are all the conditions of social disturbance which are

constantly tempting the Czar to make war in some direction or other, so as to distract attention from home troubles, and the great danger is that if Russia finds the force in Europe too strong for her she may turn to Asia and try to let her blood out on us there. It is essential for us, on the one hand, if we possibly can, to add strength to the Central Alliance, but only to do so on condition that Russia should be prevented from attempting to touch Herat or the Herirud, or to break the treaties she has made with us in regard to Asia. The one thing on which the question of our being able to secure such an alliance depends, is simply the question of whether we can in England keep sufficiently clear in foreign policy of party struggles to give the statesmen of the Continent reason to depend upon the security that is given by the word of England. We cannot afford to allow such matters to become the strife of partisans, but we must give to our statesmen the feeling that national opinion is behind them. Our navy is at this moment not in a condition to carry out my suggestions; but I think that with this vast Empire and our enormous commerce, we should be ready to make such sacrifices as will give us a navy strong enough to support our allies, and will enable us to utilize our great mercantile marine so as to be able to ship 70,000 men at a moment's notice. It is exceptionally necessary for us, because of the physical geography of the globe, because of our surrounding seas, and because of the places where land and sea much intertwine in Europe, to gain that grand advantage of having an army which can be at once shipped on board our magnificent transports, so as to secure that power which Germany and Italy dread from France, and to give support to Italy, Austria, and Germany in Denmark, provided they guarantee us our own security in Asia. I do not think that is too much to ask for the greatest Empire that ancestors have ever left to their children.

F. MAURICE.

## STATE-SOCIALISM.

### I.

STATE-SOCIALISM has been described by M. Leon Say as a German philosophy which was natural enough to a people with the political history and habits of the Germans, but which, in his opinion, was ill calculated to cross the French frontier, and was contrary to the very nature of the Anglo-Saxons. Sovereign and trader may be incompatible occupations, as Adam Smith asserts, but in Germany at least they have never seemed so. There, Governments have always been accustomed to enter very considerably into trade and manufactures, partly to provide the public revenue, partly to supply deficiencies of private enterprise, and partly, within more recent times, for reasons of a so-called "strategic" order, connected with the defence or consolidation of the new Empire. The German States possess, every one of them, more Crown lands and forests, in proportion to their size, than any other countries in Europe, some of them, indeed, being able to meet half their public expenditure from this source alone; and besides their territorial domain, most of them have an even more extensive industrial domain of State mines, or State breweries, or State banks, or State foundries, or State potteries, or State railways, and their rulers are still projecting fresh conquests in the same direction by means of brandy and tobacco monopolies. But in England things stand far otherwise. She has sold off most of her Crown lands, and is slowly parting with, rather than adding to, the remainder. She abolished State monopolies in the days of the Stuarts, as instruments of political oppression, and she has abandoned State bounties more recently as nurses of commercial incompetency. She owes her whole industrial greatness, her manufactures, her banks, her shipping, her railways, to some extent her very colonial possessions, to the unassisted energy of her private citizens. England has been reared, on the principle of

freedom, and could never be brought, M. Say might not unreasonably conclude, to espouse the opposite principle of State-Socialism, unless the national character underwent a radical change. And yet, while he was still writing, he was confounded to see signs, as he thought, of this alien philosophy obtaining, not simply an asylum, but really an ascendancy in this country. It appeared to M. Say to be striking every whit as strong a root in our soil and climate as it had done in its native habitat, and he is disposed to join in the alarm, then recently sounded at Edinburgh by Mr. Goschen, that the soil and climate had changed, that the whole policy, opinion, and feeling of the English people with respect to the intervention of the public authority had undergone a revolution.

Mr. Goschen had, in raising the alarm, shown some perplexity how far to condemn the change and how far to praise it, but he was quite clear upon its reality, and was possessed by a most anxious sense of its magnitude and gravity. "We cannot," said he, "see universal State action enthroned as a principle of government without misgiving." Mr. Herbert Spencer took up the cry with more vehemence, declaring that the age of British freedom was gone, and warning us to prepare for "the coming slavery." M. de Laveleye, who is unquestionably one of the most careful and competent foreign observers of our affairs, followed Mr. Spencer, and although, being himself a State-Socialist, he welcomed this alleged new era as much as Mr. Spencer deprecated it, he gave substantially the same description of the facts; he said, England, once so jealous for liberty, was now running ahead of all other nations on the career of State-Socialism. And that seems to have become an established impression both at home and abroad. The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has devoted several successive sittings to the subject; the eminent German economist, Professor Nasse, has discussed it—and with much excellent discrimination—in an article on the decline of economic individualism in England; and it is now the current assumption of the journals and of popular conversation in this country, that a profound change has come over the spirit of English politics in the course of the present generation—a change from the old trust in liberty to a new trust in State regulation, and from the French doctrine of *laissez-faire* to the German doctrine of State-Socialism.

But this assumption, notwithstanding the currency it has obtained and the distinguished authorities by whom it is supported, is in reality exaggerated and indiscriminating. While marking the growing frequency of Government interventions, it makes no attempt to distinguish between interventions of one kind and interventions of another kind, and it utterly fails to recognize that English opinion—whether exhibited in legislative work or economic writings—was not dominated by the principle of *laissez-faire* in the past any more than



in the present, but that it really has all along obeyed a fairly well-defined positive doctrine of social politics, which gave the State a considerable concurrent rôle in the social and industrial development of the community. The increasing frequency of Government interventions is in itself a simple and unavoidable concomitant of the growth of society. With the rapid transformations of modern industrial life, the increase and concentration of population, and the general spread of enlightenment, we cannot expect to retain the political or legislative inactivity of stationary ages. As Mr. Hearn remarks, "All the volumes of the statutes, from their beginning under Henry III. to the close of the reign of George II., do not equal the quantity of legislative work done in a decade of any subsequent reign" ("Theory of Legal Duties and Rights," p. 21). The process has been continuous and progressive, and it suffered no interruption in the period which is usually supposed to have been peculiarly sacred to *laissez-faire*. On the contrary, that period will be found to exceed the period that went before it in legislative activity, exactly as it has in turn been itself exceeded by our own time. On any theory of the State's functions, an increase in the number of laws and regulations was inevitable; it was only part and portion of the natural growth of things; but such an increase affords no evidence, not even a presumption, of any change in the principles by which legislation is governed, or in the purposes or functions for which the power of the State is habitually invoked. A mere growth of work is not a multiplication of functions; to get a result; we must first analyse the work done and discriminate this from that.

Now, in the first place, when compared with other nations England has been doing singularly little in the direction—the distinctively Socialistic direction—of multiplying State industries and enlarging the public property in the means of production. Municipalities, indeed, have widened their industrial domain considerably; it has become common for them to take into their own hands things like the gas and water supply of the community which would in any case be monopolies, and their management, being exposed to an extremely effective local opinion, is generally very advantageous. But while local authorities have done so much, the central Government has held back. Many new industries have come into being during the present reign, but we have nationalized none of them except the telegraphs. We have added to the Post-Office the departments of the Savings Bank and the Parcels Post; we have, for purely military reasons, extended our national dockyards and arms factories since the Crimean war, but without thereby enhancing national confidence in Government management; we have, for diplomatic purposes, bought shares in the Suez Canal; we have undertaken a few small jobs of testing and stamping, such as the branding of herrings; but we are now the only European nation that has no State railway; we have refrained from

nationalizing the telephones, though legally entitled to do so; and we very rarely give subventions to private enterprises. This is much less the effect of deliberate political conviction than the natural fruit of the character and circumstances of the people, of their powerful private resources and those habits of commercial association which M. Chevalier speaks of with so much friendly envy, complaining that his own countrymen could never be a great industrial nation because they had no taste for acquiring them. In the English colonies, where capital is more scarce, Government is required to do very much more; most of them have State railways, and some, New Zealand for instance, State insurance offices for fire and life. These colonial experiments will have great weight with the English public in settling the problem of Government management under a democracy, and if they prove successful will undoubtedly influence opinion at home to follow their example; but as things are at present there is no appearance of any great body of English opinion moving in that direction.

But while England has lagged behind other nations in this particular class of Government intervention, there is another class in which she has undoubtedly run far before them all. If we have not been multiplying State industries, we have been very active in extending and establishing popular rights, by means of new laws, new administrative regulations, or new systems of industrial police. In fact, the greater part of our recent social legislation has been of this order, and it is of that legislation M. de Laveleye is thinking when he says England is taking the lead of the nations in the career of State-Socialism; but that is nothing new; if we are in advance of other nations in establishing popular rights to-day, we have been in advance of them in that work for centuries already. That peculiarity also has its roots in our national history and character, and is no upstart fashion of the hour. Now, without raising the question whether the rights which our recent social legislation has seen fit to establish, are in all cases and respects rights that ought to have been established, it is sufficient for our present purpose to observe that at least this is obviously a very different class of intervention from the last, because if it does not belong to, it is certainly closely allied with, those primary duties which are everywhere included among the necessary functions of all government, the protection of the citizen from force and fraud. To protect a right, you must first establish it; you must first recognize it, define its scope, and invest it with the sanction of authority. With the progress of society fresh perils emerge and fresh protections must be devised; the old legal right needs to be reconstructed to meet the new situation, or a new right must be created hitherto unknown perhaps, unless by analogy, to the law. But even here the novelty lies, not in the principle—for all right is a protection of the weak, or ought to be so—but in the situation alone; in the rise of the factory

system, which called for the Factory Acts; in the growth of large towns, which called for Health and Dwellings Acts; in the extension of joint-stock companies, which called for the Limited Liability Acts; in the monopoly of railway transportation, which called for the regulation of rates; or in the spread of scientific agriculture, which required the constitution of a new sort of property, the property of a tenant-farmer in his own unexhausted improvements.

This peculiarity of the industrial and social legislation of England has not escaped the acute intelligence of Mr. Goschen. Mistrustful as he is of Government intervention, Mr. Goschen observes with satisfaction that the great majority of recent Government interventions in England have been undertaken for moral rather than economic ends. After quoting Mr. Thorold Rogers' remark, that these interventions generally had the good economic aim of preventing the waste of national resources, he says:

"But I believe that certainly in the case of the Factory Acts, and to a great extent in the case of the Education Acts, it was a moral rather than an economic influence—the conscientious feeling of what was right rather than the intellectual feeling of ultimate material gain—it was the public imagination touched by obligations of our higher nature—which supplied the tremendous motive-power for passing laws which put the State and its inspectors in the place of father or mother as guardians of a child's education, labour, and health" ("Addresses," p. 62).

The State interfered not because the child had a certain capital value as an instrument of future production which it would be imprudent to lose, but because the child had certain rights—certain broad moral claims—as a human being which the parents' natural authority must not be suffered to violate or endanger, and which the State, as the supreme protector of all rights, really lay under a simple moral obligation to secure. Reforms of this character are naturally inspired by moral influences, by sentiments of justice or of humanity, by a feeling that wrong is being done to a class of the community who are placed in a situation of comparative weakness, inasmuch as they are deprived—whether through the force of circumstances or the selfish neglect of their superiors—of what public opinion recognizes to be essential conditions of normal human existence. Now, most of the legislation which has led Mr. Goschen to declare that universal State action is now enthroned in England has belonged to this order. It has been guided by ethical and not by economic considerations. It has been employed mainly in readjusting rights, in establishing fresh securities for just dealing and humane living; but it has been very chary of following Continental countries in nationalizing industries. When therefore Mr. Spencer tells M. de Laveleye that the reason why England is extending the functions of her Government so much more than other nations "is obviously because there is great scope for the further extension of them here, while abroad there is little scope for the further extension of them," his explanation is singularly

inappropriate. England has not been extending the functions of government all round, but she has moved in the direction where she had less scope to move, and has stood still in the direction where she had more scope to move than other countries. And it is important to keep this distinction in mind when we hear it so often stated in too general terms that we have discarded our old belief in individual liberty and set up "universal State action" in its place.

But those who complain of England having broken off from her old moorings, not only exaggerate her leanings to authority in the present, but they also ignore her concessions to authority in the past. English statesmen and economists have never entertained the rigid aversion to Government interference that is vulgarly attributed to them, but with all their profound belief in individual liberty they have always reserved for the Government a concurrent sphere of social and economic activity—what may even be designated a specific social and economic mission. A few words may be usefully devoted to this English doctrine of social politics here, not merely because they may serve to dispel a prevailing error, but because they will furnish a good vantage-ground for seizing and judging of a principle of government which is to-day in every mouth, but unfortunately bears in every mouth a different meaning—the principle of State-Socialism.

It is commonly believed that the English doctrine of social politics is the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and our economists are continually reviled as if they sought to leave the world to the play of self-interest and competition, unchecked by any ideas of social justice or individual human right. But in truth the doctrine of *laissez-faire* has never been held by any English thinker, unless, perhaps, Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer's first work, "Social Statics," was an exposition of the theory that the end of all government was the liberty of the individual, was the realization for every citizen of the greatest amount of liberty it was possible for him to enjoy without interfering with the corresponding claims of his fellow-citizens. The individual had only one right—the right to equal freedom with everybody else, and the State had only one duty—the duty of protecting that right against violence and fraud. It could not stir beyond that task without treading on the right of some one, and therefore it ought not to stir at all. It had nothing to do with health, or religion, or morals, or education, or relief of distress, or public convenience of any sort, except to leave them sternly alone. It must, of course, renounce the thought of bounties and protective duties, but it must also give up marking plate, minting coin, and stamping butter; it must take no part in building harbours or lighthouses or roads or canals; and even a town council cannot without offence undertake to pave or clean or light the streets under its jurisdiction. It is only fair to say that Mr. Spencer refuses to be bound now by every detail of his

youthful theory, but he has repeated the substance of it in his recent work, "*The Man versus The State*," which is written to prove that the only thing we want from the State is protection, and that the protection we want most of late is protection against our protector.

This theory is certainly about as extreme a development of individualism as could well be entertained; and though it has been even distanced in one or two points by Wilhelm von Humboldt—who objected, for example, to marriage laws\*—no important English writer has ventured near it. The description of the State's business as the business of protecting the citizens from force and fraud, has indeed been familiar in our literature since the days of Locke, and isolated passages may be cited from the works of various political thinkers, which, if taken by themselves, would seem to deny to the State any right to act except for purposes of self-protection. John Stuart Mill himself speaks sometimes in that way, although we know, from the chapter he devotes to the subject of Government interference in his "*Principles of Political Economy*," that he really assigned to the State much wider functions. When we examine the writings of English economists and statesmen, and the principles they employ in the discussion of the social and industrial questions of their time, it seems truly strange how they ever came to be credited with any scruple on ground of principle to invoke the power of the State for the solution of such questions when that seemed to them likely to prove of effectual assistance.

The social doctrine which has prevailed in England for the last century is "the simple and obvious system of natural liberty" taught by Adam Smith; but the simple and obvious system of natural liberty is a very different thing from the system of *laissez-faire* with which it is so commonly confounded. Its main principle, it is true, is this:

"Every man," says Smith, "as long as he does not violate the laws of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest his own way, and to bring both his industry and capital into competition with those of any other man or order of men. The Sovereign is completely discharged from a duty, in the attempting to perform which he must always be exposed to innumerable delusions, and for the proper performance of which no human wisdom or knowledge could ever be sufficient: the duty of superintending the industry of private people and of directing it towards the employments most suitable to the interests of the society" ("*Wealth of Nations*," book iv. c. 9).

But while the Sovereign is discharged from an industrial duty which he is incapable of performing satisfactorily, he is far from being discharged from all industrial responsibility whatsoever, for Smith immediately proceeds to map out the limits of his functions as follows:—

\* It is only fair to this eminent man to remember that his mature opinions must not be looked for in his essay, "*Ideen zu einem Versuch die Gränzen der Wirksamkeit des Staats zu bestimmen*," which was written in his early youth, and never published until after its author's death. Although in this work he condemns all State education, he lived to be a famous Minister of Education himself, and to take a great part in establishing the Prussian system of public instruction.

"According to the system of natural liberty, the Sovereign has only three duties to attend to—three duties of great importance, indeed, but plain and intelligible to common understandings: first, the duty of protecting the society from the violence or invasion of other independent societies; second, the duty of protecting, as far as possible, every member of the society from the injustice or oppression of every other member of it, or the duty of establishing an exact administration of justice; and thirdly, the duty of erecting and maintaining certain works and certain public institutions which it can never be for the interest of any individual or small number of individuals to erect and maintain; because the profit could never repay the expense to any individual or small number of individuals, though it may frequently do much more than repay it to a great society."

The State is required to protect us from other evils besides the evils of force and fraud—infectious diseases, for example, are in the context mentioned expressly—and to supply us with many other advantages besides the advantage of protection. Some of these advantages were of a material or economic order, and others of an intellectual or moral. The material advantages consist for the most part of provisions for facilitating the general commerce of the country—such things as roads, canals, harbours, the Post, the Mint—or provisions for facilitating particular branches of commerce; and among these he instances the incorporation of joint-stock companies endowed by charter with exclusive trading privileges; and the reason which, according to Smith, entitles the State to intervene in this class of cases, and which at the same time prescribes the length to which its intervention may legitimately go, is that individuals are unable to do the work satisfactorily themselves, or that the State has from its nature superior qualifications for the task. The intellectual or moral advantages which Smith asks from the State are mostly provisions for sustaining the national manhood and character, such as a system of compulsory military training, or a system of compulsory—and if not gratuitous, still cheap—education; and it is important to mark that he asks for these measures, not on the ground of their political or military expediency, but on the broad ground that cowardice and ignorance are in themselves public evils, from which the State is as much bound, if it can, to save the people, as it is bound to save them from violence or fraud. Of military training he observes:—

"To prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness which cowardice necessarily involves in it from spreading themselves through the great body of the people, would deserve the serious attention of Government, in the same manner as it would deserve its most serious attention to prevent a leprosy or any other loathsome and offensive disease, though neither mortal nor dangerous, from spreading itself among them, though perhaps no other public good might result from such attention besides the prevention of so great a public evil" ("Wealth of Nations," book v. c. 1).

And he proceeds to speak of education:—

"The same thing may be said of the gross ignorance and stupidity which in a civilized society seems so frequently to benumb the understandings of all

the inferior ranks of people. A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward, and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still more essential part of the character of human nature. Though the State was to derive no advantage from the instruction of the inferior ranks of people, it would still deserve its attention that they should not be altogether uninstructed."

Compulsory military training and a system of national education would no doubt be conducive to the stricter ends of all government; the one would strengthen the defences of the nation against foreign enemies, and the other would tend to the diminution of crime at home; but Smith, it will be seen, explicitly refuses to take that ground. The State's duty in the case would be the same though no such results were to follow, for the State has other duties to perform besides the maintenance of peace and the repression of crime. It would probably be admitted, he thinks, that it was as incumbent on the State to take steps to arrest the progress of a "mortal and dangerous" disease as it was to stop a foreign invasion; but he goes further, and contends that it was equally incumbent on the State to arrest the progress of a merely "loathsome and offensive" disease, for the simple reason that such a disease was a mutilation or deformity of our physical manhood. And just as the State ought to prevent the mutilation and deformity of our physical manhood, so the State ought to prevent the mutilation and deformity of our moral and intellectual manhood, and was bound accordingly to provide a system of military training and a system of popular education, to prevent people growing up ignorant and cowardly, because the ignorant man and the coward were men without the proper use of the faculties of a man, and were mutilated and deformed in essential parts of the character of human nature. At bottom Smith's principle is this—that men have an original claim—a claim as original as the claim to safety of life and property—to all the essential conditions of an un mutilated and undeformed manhood, and that is really only another expression for the principle that lies at the foundation of all civil and human right, that men have a right to the essential conditions of a normal humanity, to the presuppositions of all humane living, to the indispensable securities for the proper realization of our common vocation as human beings. The right to personal liberty—to the power of working for ends of our own prescribing, and the right of property—to the power of retaining what we have made, to be the instrument of further activities for the ends we have prescribed for ourselves—rest really on no other ground than that the privileges claimed are essential conditions of a normal, an un mutilated and undeformed manhood, and it is on this broad ground that Adam Smith justifies the State's intervention to stop disease and supply education.

Smith held but a poor opinion of the capacities of Government management, and especially of English Government management,

which, he asserted, was characterized in times of peace by "the slothful and negligent profusion that was natural to monarchies," and in times of war by "all the thoughtless extravagance" that was peculiar to democracies; but nevertheless he had no hesitation in asking Government to undertake a considerable number of industrial enterprises, because he believed that these were enterprises which Government with all its faults was better fitted to conduct successfully than private adventurers were. On the other hand, Smith entertained the highest possible belief in individual liberty, but he had never any scruple about sacrificing liberty of contract where the sacrifice was demanded by the great moral end of government—the maintenance of just and humane dealing between man and man. For example, the suppression of the truck system, which is sometimes condemned as an undue interference with freedom of contract, was strongly supported by Smith, who declared it to be "quite just and equitable," inasmuch as it merely secured to the workmen the pay they were entitled to receive and "imposed no real hardship on the masters—it only obliged them to pay that value in money which they pretended to pay, but did not really pay, in goods." It was only a just and necessary protection of the weaker party to a contract against an oppressive exaction to which, like the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," his poverty might have consented, but not his will. Precisely analogous is Smith's position concerning usury laws. Usury laws are seldom defended now; for one thing, money has become so abundant that the competition of lender with lender may be trusted to as a better security for fair and reasonable treatment of borrowers than a Government enactment could provide. But Smith in his day was strongly in favour of fixing a legal rate of interest, because he thought it was necessary to prevent the practice of extortion by unscrupulous dealers on necessitous clients. His views on truck and usury show that he had no sympathy with those who contend that the State must on no account interfere with grown-up people in the bargains they may make, inasmuch as grown-up people may be expected to be quite capable of looking effectively after their own interest. Smith recognized that grown-up people were often in natural circumstances where it was practically impossible for them to assert effectively not their interests merely, but even their essential claims as fellow-citizens; and that therefore it was the State's duty to come to the aid of those whose own economic position was weak, and to force upon the strong certain responsibilities—or at least secure for the weak certain broad, positive conditions—which just and humane dealing might demand.

Now, in these ideas about truck and usury, as in the proposals previously touched upon for checking the growth of disease or cowardice or ignorance, is not the principle of social politics that is applied by Smith precisely the principle that runs through our whole recent



social legislation—factory, sanitary, and educational—the principle of the State's obligation to secure the people in the essential conditions of all normal manhood? German writers often take Smith for an exponent, if not for the founder, of what they call the *Rechtsstaat* theory—the theory that the State is mainly the protector of right; but in reality Smith's doctrine corresponded pretty closely with their own *Kultur-und-Wohlfahrtsstaat* theory—the theory that the State is a promoter of culture and welfare; and if further proof were wanted it might be found in the fact that in his doctrine of taxation he departs altogether from the economic principle, which is popularly associated with the *Rechtsstaat* idea, and is supposed to be a corollary of it, that a tax is a *quid pro quo*, a price paid for a service rendered, and ought therefore to be imposed on individuals in proportion to the service they respectively receive from the State; and instead of this economic principle he lays down the broad ethical one, that a tax is a public obligation which individuals ought to be called upon to discharge in proportion to their respective abilities. The rich cannot fairly be said to *get* more good from the State than the poor; they probably get less, because they are better capable of providing for their own defence; but the rich are able to *do* more good to the State than the poor, and because they are able they are bound.

Such is the social doctrine of Adam Smith, and it is manifestly no doctrine of rigid individualism, calling out for freedom at any price, or banning all interference with the natural play of self-interest and competition. And this doctrine has been substantially the doctrine of his successors as well. It would be beyond our present scope to trace the history of the doctrine of social politics through the writings of the whole succession of English economists, nor is it necessary. We shall choose a representative economist from the group who are generally reckoned the most narrow and unsympathetic, who are accused of having shifted political economy off the broader lines on which it had been launched by Smith, who are counted the great idolaters of self-interest and natural law, and the scientific associates of the much-abused Manchester school—viz., the disciples of Ricardo. Ricardo himself touches only incidentally on the functions of the State, but he then does so to defend interventions, such as minting money, marking plate, testing drugs, examining medical candidates, and the like, which are meant to guard people against deceptions they are themselves incompetent to detect. Moreover, he was a strong advocate for at least one important extension of the State's industrial rôle—he would establish a National Bank of issue with exclusive privileges; and it is not uninteresting to remember that in his place in Parliament he brought forward the suggestion of a system of Government annuities for the accommodation of working men, which was introduced by Mr. Gladstone half a century later, and has been denounced in certain quarters as

that statesman's first step in Socialism, and that he was one of a very small minority who voted for a Parliamentary inquiry into the Social system of Robert Owen.

But if Ricardo is comparatively silent on the subject, we fortunately possess a very ample discussion of it by one of his leading disciples, Mr. J. R. McCulloch. When Ricardo died, James Mill wrote to McCulloch, "As you and I are his two and only genuine disciples, his memory must be a point of connection between us;" and it was on McCulloch that the mantle of the master descended. His "Principles of Political Economy," which may be said to be an exposition of the system of economics according to Ricardo, was for many years the principal textbook of the science, and will still be admitted to be the best and most complete statement of what, in the cant of the present day, is called orthodox political economy. McCulloch, indeed, is more than merely the expositor of that system; he is really one of its founders, the author of one of its most famous dogmas, at least in its current form, the now exploded doctrine of the Wagesfund; and of all the adherents of this orthodox tradition, McCulloch is commonly considered the hardest and most narrow. There are economists who are supposed to show a native generous warmth which all the severities of their science are unable to quell. John Stuart Mill is known to have come under St. Simonian influences in his younger days, and to have been fond ever afterwards of calling himself a Socialist; and Professor Sidgwick, in our own day, is often credited—and not unjustly—with a like breadth of heart, and in publishing his views of Government interference, he gives them the name of "Economic Socialism." But in selecting McCulloch, we select an economist the rigour of whose principles has never been suspected, and yet so striking is the uniformity of the English tradition on this subject, that in reality neither Mr. Mill nor Mr. Sidgwick professes a broader doctrine of social politics, or goes a step further, or more heartily on the road to Socialism than that accredited champion of individualism, John Ramsay McCulloch.

McCulloch's "Principles" contains—from the second edition in 1830 onward to the last author's edition in 1849—a special chapter on the limits of Government interference; and the chapter starts with an explicit repudiation of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, which was then apparently only beginning to come into vogue in England.

"An idea," says McCulloch, "seems however to have been recently gaining ground that the duty of Government with regard to the domestic policy of the country is almost entirely of a negative kind, and that it has merely to maintain the security of property and the freedom of industry. But its duty is by no means so simple and easily defined as those who support this opinion would have us to believe. It is certainly true that its interference with the pursuits of individuals has been, in very many instances, exerted in a wrong direction, and carried to a ruinous excess. Still, however, it is easy

o see that we should fall into a very great error if we supposed that it might be entirely dispensed with. Freedom is not, as some appear to think, the end of government; the advancement of the public prosperity and happiness is its end; and freedom is valuable in so far only as it contributes to bring it about. In laying it down, for example, that individuals should be permitted, without let or hindrance, to engage in any business or profession they may prefer, the condition that it is not injurious to others is always understood. No one doubts the propriety of Government interfering to suppress what is or might otherwise become a public nuisance; nor does any one doubt that it may advantageously interfere to give facilities to commerce by negotiating treaties with foreign powers, and by removing such obstacles as cannot be removed by individuals. But the interference of Government cannot be limited to cases of this sort. However disinclined, it is obliged to interfere in an infinite variety of ways and for an infinite variety of purposes. It must, to notice only one or two of the *classes* of objects requiring its interference, decide as to the species of contract to which it will lend its sanction, and the means to be adopted to enforce true performance; it must decide in regard to the distribution of the property of those who die intestate, and the effect to be given to the directions in wills and testaments; and it must frequently engage itself, or authorize individuals or associations to engage, in various sorts of undertakings deeply affecting the rights and interests of others and of society. The furnishing of elementary instruction in the ordinary branches of education for all classes of persons and the establishment of a compulsory provision for the support of the destitute poor are generally also included, and apparently with the greatest propriety, among the duties incumbent on administration" (p. 262).

\* He allows State ownership and State management of industrial works, wherever State ownership and management are more efficient for the purpose than private enterprise—in other words, where they are more economical—as in the cases of the coinage, roads, harbours, postal communication, &c. He would expropriate land for railway purposes, grant a monopoly to the railway company, and then subject it to Government control in the public interest; he would impose many sorts of restrictions on freedom of contract, freedom of industry, freedom of trade, freedom of property, and freedom of bequest; and, what is more important, he recognizes clearly that with the growth of society fresh interferences of a serious character will be constantly called for, which may in some cases involve the application of entirely new principles, or throw on the Government work of an entirely new character.

For example, he is profoundly impressed with the dangers of the manufacturing system, which he saw growing and multiplying all around him, and so far from dreaming that the course of industry should remain uncontrolled, he even ventures, in a remarkable passage, to express the doubt whether it may not "in the end be found that it was unwise to allow the manufacturing system to gain so great an ascendancy as it has done in this country, and that measures should have been early adopted to check and moderate its growth" (p. 191). He admits that a decisive answer to this question could only be given by the economists of a future generation, after a longer experience of

the system than was possible when he wrote, but he cannot conceal the gravest apprehension at the preponderance which manufactures were rapidly gaining in our industrial economy. . And his reasons are worthy of attention : the first is the destruction of the old moral ties that knit masters and men together.

“ But we doubt whether any country, how wealthy soever, should be looked upon as in a healthy sound state, where the leading interest consists of a small number of great capitalists, and of vast numbers of workpeople in their employment, but unconnected with them by any ties of gratitude, sympathy, or affection. This estrangement is occasioned by the great scale on which labour is now carried on in most businesses ; and by the consequent impossibility of the masters becoming acquainted, even if they desired it, with the great bulk of their workpeople. . . . The kindlier feelings have no share in an intercourse of this sort ; speaking generally, everything is regulated on both sides by the narrowest and most selfish views and considerations ; a man and a machine being treated with about the same sympathy and regard ” (p. 193).

The second reason is the suppression of the facilities of advancement enjoyed by labourers under the previous *régime*. “ Owing to the greater scale on which employments are now mostly carried on, workmen have less chance than formerly of advancing themselves or their families to any higher situation, or of exchanging the character of labourers for that of masters ” (p. 188). For the majority of the working-class to be thus, as he expresses it, “ condemned as it were to perpetual helotism,” is not conducive to the health of a nation. The third reason is the comparative instability of manufacturing business. It becomes a matter of the most serious concern for a State, “ when a very large proportion of the population has been, through their agency, rendered dependent on foreign demand, and on the caprices and mutations of fashion ” (p. 192). That also is a state of things fraught with danger to the health of a community. McCulloch always treats political economy as if he defined it—and the definition would be better than his own—as the science of the working of industrial society in health and disease ; and he always throws on the State a considerable responsibility in the business of social hygiene ; going so far, we have seen in the passages just quoted, as to suggest whether a legal check ought not to have been imposed on the free growth of the factory system, on account of its bad effects on the economic position of the labouring class. We had suffered the system to advance too far to impose that check now, but there were other measures which, in his opinion, the Legislature might judiciously take in the same interest. It is of course impossible, by Act of Parliament, to infuse higher views of duty or warmer feelings of ordinary human regard into the relations between manufacturers and their workmen ; but the State might, according to McCulloch, do something to mitigate the modern plague of commercial crises, by a policy of free trade, by adopting a sound monetary system, by securing a continuance of peace,

and by "such a scheme of public charity as might fully relieve the distresses without insulting the feelings or lessening the industry of the labouring classes" (p. 192).

As with commercial crises, so with other features of the modern industrial system; wherever they tend to the deterioration of the labouring class, McCulloch always holds the State bound to intervene, if it can, to prevent such a result. He would stop the immigration of what is sometimes called pauper labour—of bodies of work-people brought up in an inferior standard of life—because their example and their competition tend to pull down the native population to their own level. The example he chooses is not the Jewish element in the East-end of London, but the much more important case of the Irish immigration into Liverpool and Glasgow; and while he would prefer to see Government taking steps to improve the Irish people in Ireland itself, he declares that, if that is not practicable, then "justice to our own people requires that measures should be adopted to hinder Great Britain from being overrun with the outpourings of this *officina pauperum*, to hinder Ireland from dragging us down to the same hopeless abyss of pauperism and wretchedness in which she is sunk" (p. 422). This policy may be wise, or it may not, but it shows very plainly—what appears so often in his writings—how deeply McCulloch's mind was penetrated with the conviction that one of the greatest of all the dangers from which the State ought to do what it well can to preserve the people, was the danger of falling to a lower standard of tastes and requirements, and thereby losing ambition and industry, and the very possibility of rising again.

"This lowering of the opinions of the labouring class with respect to the mode in which they should live, is perhaps the most serious of all the evils that can befall them. . . . The example of such individuals or bodies of individuals as submit quietly to have their wages reduced, and who are content if they get only mere necessities, should never be held up for public imitation. On the contrary, everything should be done to make such apathy be esteemed discreditable. The best interests of society require that the rate of wages should be elevated as high as possible—that a taste for comforts and enjoyments should be widely diffused and, if possible, interwoven with national habits and prejudices. Very low wages, by rendering it impossible for increased exertions to obtain any considerable increase of advantages, effectually hinder them from being made, and are of all others the most powerful cause of that idleness and apathy that contents itself with what can barely continue animal existence" (p. 415).

And he goes on to refute the idea of Benjamin Franklin, that high wages breed indolent and dissipated habits, and to contend that they not only improve the character and efficiency of the labourer, but are in the end a source of gain, instead of loss, to the employer. But, although the maintenance of a high rate of wages is so great an object of public solicitude, it was an object which it was, in McCulloch's judgment, outside the State's province, simply because it was outside its power, to do anything directly to promote, because while authority

could fix a price for labour, it could never compel employers to engage labour at that price; and consequently its interference in such a way would only end in injury to the class it sought to befriend, as well as to the trade of the country in general. Still, McCulloch is far from wishing to repel the State's offices or the offices of public opinion in connection with the business altogether. In the passage just quoted he expressly makes an appeal to public opinion for an active interference in a direction where, he believes, its interference might be useful; and as for the action of the State, he approves, for one thing, of the legalization of trades unions, and, for another, of the special instruction of the public, at the national expense, in the principles on which a high rate of wages depend.

In regard to the Factory Acts, while he would have the hours of labour in the case of grown-up men settled by the parties themselves, because he thought them the only persons competent to settle them satisfactorily, he strongly supported the interference of the Legislature, on grounds of ordinary humanity, to limit the working day of children and women, because "the former are naturally, and the latter have been rendered through custom and the institutions of society, unable to protect themselves" (p. 426); and he seconded all Lord Shaftesbury's labours down to the Ten Hours Act of 1847, to which he objected on the ground that it involved a practical interference with all adult factory labour. On the other hand, he was in favour of the principle of employers' liability for accidents in mines and workshops, because there seemed no other way of saving the labourers from their own carelessness, except by making the masters responsible for the enforcement of the necessary regulations (p. 307).

But McCulloch's general position on this class of question is still better exemplified in the view he takes of the State's duty on a matter of great present interest, the housing of the poor. Here he has no hesitation in throwing the principal blame for the bad accommodation of the working-classes of that day, for the underground cellar dwellings of Liverpool and Manchester, the overcrowded lodging-houses of London, and the streets of cottages unsupplied with water or drainage, on "the culpable inattention of the authorities." Mr. Goschen vindicates the legitimacy of Government interference with the housing of the people, on the ground that it is the business of Government to see justice done between man and man. When a man hired a house Government had a right to see that he got a house, and a house meant a dwelling fit for human habitation. The inspection of houses is, according to this idea, only a case of necessary protection against fraud, like the institution of medical examinations, the assaying of metals, or the testing of drugs; and protection against fraud is admitted everywhere to be the proper business of Government. McCulloch bases his justification of the intervention on much broader

grounds. Government needs no other warrant for condemning a house that is unfit for human habitation but the simple fact that the house is unfit for human habitation, and it makes no difference whether the tenant is cheated into taking the bad house, or takes it openly because he prefers it. In fact, the strongest reason, in McCulloch's opinion, for invoking Government interference in the case at all is precisely the circumstance that so many people actually prefer unwholesome houses from motives of economy.

"Such cottages," he says, "being cheap, are always sure to find occupiers. Nothing, however, can be more obvious than that it is the duty of Government to take measures for the prevention and repair of an abuse of this sort. Its injurious influence is not confined to the occupiers of the houses referred to, though if it were that would be no good reason for declining to introduce a better system. But the diseases engendered in these unhealthy abodes frequently extend their ravages through all classes of the community, so that the best interests of the middle and higher orders, as well as of the lowest, are involved in this question. And, on the same principle that we adopt measures to guard against the plague, we should endeavour to secure ourselves against typhus, and against the brutalizing influence, over any considerable portion of the population, of a residence amid filth and disease" (p. 308).

The last clause is remarkable. The State is required to protect the people from degrading influences, to prevent them from being brutalized through the avarice or apathy of others, and to prevent them being brutalized through the avarice or apathy of themselves. It is not what many persons would expect, but here we have political economy, and the most "orthodox" political economy, forcing people to go to a dearer market for their houses, in order to satisfy a sentiment of humanity, and imposing on the State a social mission of a broad positive character—the mission of extirpating brutalizing influences. Yet, expected or not, this is really the ordinary tradition of English economists—it is the principle laid down by Smith of obliging the State to secure for the people an un mutilated and undeformed manhood, to provide for them by public means the fundamental conditions of a humane existence.

McCulloch's position comes out more clearly still in the reasons he gives for advocating a compulsory provision for the able-bodied poor, and a national system of popular education. With regard to the impotent poor, he is content with saying that it would be inhumanity to deny them support, and injustice to throw their support exclusively on the benevolent. A poor-rate is sometimes defended on what are professed to be strictly economical grounds, by showing that it is both less mischievous and less expensive than mendicancy; but what strikes McCulloch is not so much the wastefulness of private charity in the hands of the benevolent as the injustice of suffering the avaricious to escape their natural obligations. Few, however, have much difficulty in finding one good reason or another for making a public provision

for the impotent poor; the *crux* of the question of public assistance is the case of the able-bodied poor. A provision for the able-bodied poor is practically a recognition in a particular form of "the right to labour," and the right to labour resounds with many revolutionary terrors in our English ears, although it has, as a matter of fact, been practised quietly, and most of the time in one of its most pernicious forms, in every parish of England for nearly three hundred years.

Now, on this question McCulloch was a convert. He confessed to the Committee on the State of the Poor in Ireland, in 1830, that he had changed his views on the subject entirely since his previous evidence in 1825. He had formerly been, he said, "too much imbued with mere theory, with the opinions of Malthus and Townsend;" but he had become a firm believer in the necessity and the public advantage of a legal provision for the able-bodied poor, and he strongly recommended the introduction of such a system into Ireland, in the first instance as an instrument of individual relief, but also as an effectual engine of social improvement. He gives the reasons for his conversion partly in his evidence, and partly in a more systematic form in his "Principles of Political Economy." First, Malthus had attributed to the Poor Law itself effects which really sprang from certain bad arrangements that had been engrafted on the English system of relief, but were not essential to it—viz., the allowance system, and the law known as Gilbert's Act, which deprived parishes of the right to refuse relief except in workhouses, and forced them to provide work for paupers, if paupers desired it, at or near their own houses. These two arrangements, in McCulloch's opinion, converted the English provision for the able-bodied poor from what we may term a wise and conditional right of labour into an unwise and dangerous one. In the second place, he had come to see that a legal provision for the poor, instead of having, as was alleged, a necessary tendency to multiply pauperism, had in reality a natural tendency to prevent its growth, because it gave the landlords and influential ratepayers a strong pecuniary as well as moral interest in producing that result. Its object was thus to establish in every parish a new local stimulus to social improvement, and it was on account of this effect of a Poor Law that McCulloch thought it would be specially beneficial to Ireland, because there was nothing Ireland needed more than just such a local stimulus. In the third place, he had become more and more profoundly impressed with the increasing gravity of the vicissitudes and fluctuations of employment to which English labourers were subject, since England became mainly a manufacturing country, and that unhappy feature of manufacturing industry was his principal reason for invoking legislative assistance. A purely agricultural country, he thought, might be able to do without a Poor Law, because agricultural employment was comparatively steady; but in a manu-



facturing country a Poor Law was indispensable, on account of the long periods of depression or privation which were normal incidents in the life of labour in such a country, and on account of the pernicious effect which these periods of privation would, if unchecked, be certain to exercise upon the character and habits of the labouring classes, through "lowering their estimate of what is required for their comfortable and decent subsistence" ("Political Economy," p. 448).

"During these periods of extraordinary privation the labourer, if not effectually relieved, would imperceptibly lose that taste for order, decency, and cleanliness which had been gradually formed and accumulated in better times by the insensible operation of habit and example, and no strength of argument, no force of authority, could again instil into the minds of a new generation, growing up under more prosperous circumstances, the sentiments and tastes thus uprooted and destroyed by the cold breath of penury. Every return of temporary distress would therefore vitiate the feelings and lower the sensibilities of the labouring classes" (p. 449).

McCulloch quotes these words from Barton, but he quotes them to express his own view, and their teaching is very explicit on the duty of Government to the unemployed in seasons of commercial distress. In such seasons of "extraordinary privation" the State is called upon to take "effectual" measures—extraordinary measures, we may infer, if extraordinary measures were necessary—for the relief of the unemployed, not merely to save them from starvation, but to prevent them from losing established habits of "order, decency, and cleanliness;" from getting their feelings vitiated, their sensibilities impaired, so that they were in danger of remaining content with a worse standard of living, and sinking to a lower scale in the dignity of social and civilized being. In a word, it is held to be the duty of the State to prevent, if it can, the temporary reverses of the labouring class from resulting in its permanent moral decadence; and as the object of the State's intervention is to preserve the dignity, the self-respect, the moral independence and energy of the labouring class, the manner of the intervention, the choice of actual means and steps for administering the relief, must, of course, be governed by the same considerations. "The true secret of assisting the poor," says McCulloch, borrowing the words of Archbishop Sumner, "is to make them agents in bettering their own condition, and to supply them, not with a temporary stimulus, but with a permanent energy" (p. 475).

The same principles come out even more strongly in McCulloch's remarks on national education. He says, "the providing of elementary instruction for all classes is one of the most pressing duties of Government" (p. 473); and the elementary instruction he would provide would not stop at reading and writing, but would include even a knowledge of so much political economy as would explain "the circumstances which elevate and depress the rate of wages" (p. 474). It was the duty of Government to extirpate ignorance, because, "of

all obstacles to improvement, ignorance was the most formidable ;" and it was its duty to establish Government schools for the purpose, because charity schools impaired the self-respect and sense of independence which were themselves first essentials of all social improvement.

"No extension of the system of charity and subscription schools can ever fully compensate for the want of a statutory provision for the education of the public. Something of degradation always attaches to the fact of one's having been brought up in a charity school. The parents who send children to such an institution, and even the children, know that they have been received only because they are paupers unable to pay for their education ; and this consciousness has a tendency to weaken that sense of independence and self-respect, for the want of which the best education may be but an imperfect substitute. But no such feeling could operate on the pupils of schools established by the State" (p. 476).

There is no question with McCulloch about the right of the State to take steps to forward the moral progress, or to prevent the moral decadence, of the community—or any part of the community—under its care ; that is simply its plain and primary duty, though there may be question with the State, as with other agencies, whether particular measures proposed for the purpose are really calculated to effect it.

After this long, and we fear tedious, account of the opinions of McCulloch, it would be needless to call more witnesses to refute those who so commonly accuse English economists of teaching an extreme individualism. For McCulloch may be said to be their own witness ; they hold him up as the hardest and narrowest of a hard and narrow school ; one of the ablest of them, Mr. J. K. Ingram, who writes McCulloch's memoir in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, going so far as to accuse him of exhibiting "a habitual deadness in the study of social questions to all but material considerations." We have adduced enough to disprove that statement. The reader of McCulloch's writings is constantly struck to observe how habitually his judgment of a social question is governed by ethical rather than economical considerations, and how his supreme concern always seems to be to guard the labouring poor from falling into any sort of permanent degradation, and to place them securely on the lines of progressive elevation. But perhaps a word may be required about the Manchester school. Mr. Ingram states—and again his statement probably agrees with current prepossessions—that McCulloch occupied "substantially the same theoretic position as was occupied at a somewhat later period by the Manchester school" (*Encyc. Brit.*, art. "Political Economy"). We have seen what McCulloch's theoretic position really was, and it is certainly not the Manchester doctrine of popular anathema, it is not the *Manchesterism* of the German schools. But the Manchester men can scarcely be said to have properly had anything in the nature of a general theoretic position. They were not a school of political

philosophy—they were a band of practical politicians leagued to promote particular reforms, especially two reforms in international policy which involved large curtailments of the rôle of Government—viz., free trade with other countries, and non-intervention in their internal affairs; but they were far from thinking that, because it would be well for the State to abstain from certain specific interferences, it would be well for it to abstain from all; or that if the State had no civilizing mission towards the people of other countries, it had therefore no civilizing mission towards its own. Cobden, for example—to go no farther—was a lifelong advocate of a national system of education, he was a friend of factory legislation for women and children, and, with respect to the poor, he taught in one of his speeches the semi-socialistic doctrine that the poor had the first right to maintenance from the land—that they are, as it were, the first mortgagees. The Manchester school is really nothing but a stage convention, a convenient polemical device for marking off a particular theoretical extreme regarding the task of the State; but the persons in actual life who were presumed to compose the school were no more, all of them, adherents of that theory than Scotchmen, off the stage, have all short kilts and red hair. And as for that theory itself, the theory of *laissez-faire*, it has never in England been really anything more than it is now, the plea of alarmed vested interests stealing an unwarranted, and we believe an unwelcome, shelter under the ægis of economic science. English economists, from Smith to McCulloch, from McCulloch to Mr. Sidgwick, have adhered with a truly remarkable steadiness to a social doctrine of a precisely contrary character—a social doctrine which, instead of exhibiting any unreasonable aversion to Government interference, expressly assigns to Government a just and proper place in promoting the social and industrial development of the community. In the first place, in the department of production, they freely allow that just as there are many industrial enterprises in the conduct of which individual initiative must, for want of resources or other reasons, yield to joint-stock companies, so there are others for which individuals and companies alike must give place to the State, because the State is by nature or circumstances better fitted than either to conduct them satisfactorily; and in the next place, in the department of distribution, while rating the moral or personal independence of the individual as a supreme blessing and claim, they have no scruple in calling on the State to interfere with the natural liberty of contract between man and man, wherever such interference seems requisite to secure just and equitable dealing, to guard that personal independence itself from being sapped, or to establish the people better in any of the other elementary conditions of all humane living. We sometimes take pride at the present day in professing a distrust for doctrinaire or metaphysical politics, and we are no doubt right;

but that reproach cannot justly be levelled against the English economists. They were not Dutch gardeners trying to dress the world after an artificial scheme ; that is more distinctive of the social systems they opposed ; their own system indeed was to study Nature, to discover the principles of sound natural social growth, and to follow them ; but they had no idea on that account of leaving things to grow merely as they would, or of renouncing the help of good husbandry. They had, as we have seen, a positive doctrine of social politics, which required from the State much more than the protection of liberty and the repression of crime ; they asked the State to undertake such industrial work as it was naturally better fitted to perform than individuals or associations of individuals, and they asked the State to secure to the body of the citizens the essential conditions of a normal and progressive manhood.

Now this doctrine—which may be called the English doctrine of social politics—seems to furnish a basis of considerable practical value for discriminating between a wholesome and effective participation by Government in the work of social reform, on the one hand, and those pernicious and dangerous forms of intervention on the other, which may be correctly known by the name of State-Socialism. But that I must reserve for a subsequent article.

JOHN RAE.

## THE PAROCHIAL SYSTEM AT FAULT.

"CHRISTIANITY," we have been assured, "is not in possession in South London."\* Sweeping as the statement appears to be, it has received the direct sanction of the Bishop of Rochester, and must therefore be counted with as a verdict approved by some at least of those whose judgment upon the question should be most convincing. There are no grounds for supposing that any general statement of this kind, which is true of South London, is not, upon the whole, equally true of London north of the Thames. And, if this be so, it is difficult to see how Churchmen can possibly allow the verdict to pass without scrutiny of the methods which, to some extent at least, have proved inadequate to the great end before them. It may be that the methods in themselves are good enough, but that they are imperfectly followed; still, wherever the fault may lie, it is quite as well that the truth should be fully understood. Without here discussing this statement in its general application to London south or north of the Thames, one may be permitted to ask whether facts do not at present point to a serious breakdown in the parochial system? I do not mean as to the theoretical competence of the Church to do its duty by any parish in which it is adequately represented, but as to the degree in which the parochial system is now followed, and more especially as to its practical decadence before methods which are essentially congregational. The existing facts do not seem to be very well understood, perhaps because, whenever the question of Disestablishment is discussed in detail, the advantages of the parochial system have a foremost place in the statement of defence. The recognized relations of the incumbent to the whole population of his parish, and the opportunity thus presented for in-

\* *The Record*, January 6, 1888.

fluencing those who will not seek the parson, but may be open to admonition if sought by him, are the subject of frequent eulogy. The system is in theory most admirable, and deserves all that can be said in its favour. But how far is it carried out to-day? Hitherto it has been customary on all sides to assume that the Church's system is still, in practice as well as in theory, essentially parochial; that the incumbent endeavours to reach all the dwellers in his parish, whether they do or do not come to church; and that it is for them alone he spends himself in work. There have been, curiously enough, but few attempts to test this theory by facts, partly perhaps because the multiplication of parochial organization has proceeded so rapidly of late that attacks upon the parochial system would appear at once ungenerous and unjust. But, as a matter of fact, the whole apparatus of classes, meetings, clubs, and countless other machinery is not peculiar to the parochial system. It may cluster around a chapel, always provided that its ministers and its people care to spend and be spent in such works. It is possible to indicate chapels which, in organization for the members of their own body, and in care for the surrounding poor, are no less busy than adjacent churches, whilst the congregations of many are drawn as largely from residents in the immediate neighbourhood as those of some churches around them. Even Mr. Spurgeon, as the registers of the Tabernacle show, draws more than 50 per cent. of his hearers from within a radius of one mile. But whilst much of Nonconformity is seeking to work upon what may be called parochial lines, there is a disposition on the part of some Churchmen no longer to look on the parish as a plot of ground to be thoroughly tilled in every part, a plot the limits of which should not be overstepped; but rather to regard the church and the organizations which cluster around it as things which anybody may use if they please, conveniences to which the attention of the parishioner shall not be invited more frequently or more pressing than that of anybody else within reach. This is not confessed in so many words, but it unquestionably expresses the truth as to many parishes. And even where the case is not so bad as this, the parochial system is often giving way before congregationalism pure and simple. No London congregation is wholly parochial; few, save those composed entirely of the poor, are chiefly parochial. The poor have, of course, fewer temptations to go astray; they are less independent in their views as to doctrine or as to the personal characteristics of the clergy they sit under; they have in many cases ties to their parish church which do not bind their more prosperous neighbours. They have children at the day or Sunday-schools, the wife may attend a mothers' meeting, the father the club, the son a Bible-class or Young Men's Society, and the daughter a branch of the Girls' Friendly Society. Yet even amongst the poor, congregationalism is a vigorous

plant. An inspection of the Bible-class and Girls' Friendly rolls in a large parish showed that at least two-fifths of the members came from other parishes. A Bible-class for adults has been found to supply much the same evidence. Of the thirty-two lay workers in a large London parish, who were *bond fide* members of the congregation, only eighteen lived in the parish. The fact requires little explanation. A parish well organized naturally draws recruits from its less vigorous neighbour, as one member of a class or a club tells his acquaintances about it. In this way agencies may even prosper, although the very persons for whom they are presumed to exist—*i.e.*, the parishioners—know little and care little about them. But it is amongst the middle and upper classes of church-goers that congregationalism is most rampant. There its developments sometimes produce the strangest results. It is not so long ago, for example, since A. (the incumbent of a prosperous parish in London) called upon B. (a clerical neighbour), to complain that some of his parishioners had been encouraged in attendance at B.'s church. A. hinted that, in his judgment, the action of B. was unneighbourly and immoral. "What?" retorted B., "do you protest against one of your parishioners attending my free and open church, whilst you quietly pocket money by letting seats in your own church to C. and D., and E. and F., who are all parishioners of mine?" A. had not seen the matter in that light before. Yet this is not the worst that can be said, for it is a widely accepted fact that a London churchwarden has been known to write to a member of another congregation, offering to secure for her seats in his church at a reduced rental.

The causes of congregationalism are, of course, many. A popular preacher, for example, unquestionably robs his neighbours; he cannot help it. One of the best filled churches in the whole of London, the incumbent of which is deservedly amongst the most popular and useful of workers and preachers, draws its congregation very largely from distant parishes. Whilst wealthy residents around go elsewhere or go nowhere, the church at their doors is always well filled; filled at the expense of other men's empty benches. But the harm is not done by the popular preachers alone. There are other and more weighty causes than the pre-eminence of a few notable men. There is the matter of pastoral visitation. It is very doubtful whether in nine-tenths of the middle-class London parishes the systematic visitation by the clergy goes much beyond that of the regular attendants at church, and of any sick whose cases may come to the notice of district visitors. In some instances this is absolutely confessed, with an audacity which argues either overwork, ignorance, or an unwholesome contempt for duty on the part of somebody. In many London churches you may see an announcement, informing the worshipper in rather curt and repellent terms

that, if he will place his name and address in a box, or give them to the vergers, he will be called upon by the clergy. In other cases the parish magazine is the medium for the same announcement; or a board outside the church sometimes does duty for the purpose. In all such cases the inference is the same—that it is no particular business of the parson to call upon parishioners; but still, if anybody wishes it, the boon will not be withheld. A suburban vicar, writing a few months ago to a Church newspaper, ventured even to go further than this. He seemed to regard the demand for systematic visitation as wholly irrational, and offered the suggestion that, if parishioners would send in subscriptions to some parochial fund, their clergy would then be aware of their existence. This letter was not a sorry jest perpetrated by a designing Liberatorist, but a document properly authenticated to the satisfaction, we must presume, of the editor who gave it publicity. The condition of neglect to which these instances testify occasionally finds expression in words, but appears to excite comparatively little interest in Church circles. The facts, however, are often sadly humbling. Here are three cases which may serve as examples of many more. The first is that of a London layman, who has lived nineteen years in the same suburb; for nine of these his house was contiguous to one church, and for the other ten he has lived within two hundred yards of another. For many years he attended the adjoining church with more or less regularity; but during the whole time no clergyman has ever called at his house. He now attends a Congregational chapel, largely supported by the wealthy, the pastor of which does not bargain to visit his flock. He is the type of many others, who, without any strong attachment to the Church, are easily persuaded to accept the inefficiency or the indifference of their own clergy as sufficient reason for thinking ill of the Church's system as a whole. The second case is that of a journalist, holding a lay-reader's license, who, willing to work in his own parish, has never once been called upon by the clergy. The sole recognition of his existence has been a stray notice thrust into the letter-box during the progress of a parochial mission. The third instance is that of a clergyman, unoccupied in pastoral work, who during fifteen months attended his parish church with such regularity as occasional duty permitted; but was never in that time discovered either by the vicar or the curates of the church in the next road. In the Church's Office for the ordering of deacons, the candidate promises to "*search* for the sick, poor, and impotent people of the parish." Does the use of notice board, or the fly-leaf of a magazine—the circulation of which may be under three hundred—satisfy this promise? Again, the priest solemnly promises to "use both public and private monitions, and exhortations, as well to the sick as the whole, within his cure."



Further, the Church's injunctions as to Confirmation and the Lord's Supper all presuppose a knowledge of parishioners quite incompatible with the notice-board plan of relations. But surely it cannot be disputed that the Church expects from the incumbent a pastoral superintendence of his people at their own homes, in which the initiative shall come from the clergy. The descent to the notice-board and parish magazine method of invitation seems to imply that a parson does not claim it as his duty or his right to visit all whom the Church has placed under his charge. In other words he voluntarily accepts the place of a minister to such persons as shall ask his services, a position much more akin to that of the chapel pastor than that of the church parson.

The causes which contribute to a very wide-spread neglect of systematic visitation are many. Sheer laziness need not be dwelt on, because it will produce a total failure in all branches of Christian work, whilst inadequate visitation is often found side by side with efficient work of other kinds. Want of courage and tact are perhaps responsible for much; indeed it is quite certain that some men are personally disqualified for this part of their duty. But there are other and more easily remedied causes. This very congregationalism itself is amongst them. The vicar of one of the largest parishes in London, deploring sincerely his inability to compass more work, said: "You see, some of my people come a long way; and by the time I have gone a couple of miles or so and paid one visit, the afternoon is over." Exactly so; and because of this the evil goes on perpetuating itself. Another and most fruitful cause is the extraordinary affection men often have for extra-parochial work. Some, even with important parishes that could fill every moment of their time, are, week after week, drawn into accepting laborious engagements wholly unconnected with the work of their own charges. Outsiders declare that lives are frittered away upon committees, and in the discharge of public engagements, whilst parishioners complain of the vicar's absence. The parson may justifiably claim, like other toilers, to find recreation in occasional change of work; but *est modus in rebus*, and no reflex benefits compensate for direct opportunities lost. That they themselves are often unconscious of the evil was curiously manifested in the answer of a London incumbent to a suggestion that he should undertake a piece of extra-parochial work: "I am very sorry, but *unfortunately* I have an engagement in my own parish." The mental position implied in this neglect seems wholly unrecognized. Yet if a clergyman accepts a benefice he surely undertakes, in return for its stipend, to discharge the accompanying duties. He is not doing it if, with people unvisited and organizations neglected, he often whiles the day away at committee-rooms or in placid enjoyment of meetings. Some offenders in this way can nevertheless boast of well-organized

parishes, because they possess a positive genius for setting other people to work; because, too, their freely given help secures them the aid of societies which supply assistance to the clergy. Perhaps it would not be unwise for such bodies, when overhauling their arrangements, to consider in how many instances their grants are given to clergy who are not wholly devoted to their own parochial duty. It may be said, of course, that these are extreme cases. Well, they are sufficiently numerous to account for much of the congregationalism existing amongst church-going people to-day. But, upon the other hand, it would be grossly unfair to ignore the hard and systematic work so widely and well done in this direction. There are parishes where nearly every house contains not one but two or three or even more families; and yet systematic visitation goes steadily on despite the ceaseless changes of the population. There are incumbents who, not content with calls at recognized hours, lay themselves out to make friends with their male parishioners by visiting in the evening or on Sunday afternoon. The wealthy are sought out as well as the poor. Where this is done the congregational impulse receives a very severe check.

But the frequent neglect of systematic visitation is not the only cause. Doctrine and ritual do their part. In these matters the Church of England is no homogeneous body. The extreme High Churchman, with his prayers for the dead and his preference for pre-Reformation uses in celebrating what is strangely like the Mass, is more remote in feeling from the ultra-Protestant than a Baptist is from a Wesleyan. There are Church newspapers, which chronicle with modified approval Nonconformist news and rarely say a word for Church defence, that never weary of attacking the Ritualist, his faith and his practice. There are many men who would preach in a Nonconformist chapel to-morrow (bishops permitting), but would rather go to the stake than share the worship of St. Alban's, Holborn, and conform to the uses of its pulpit. Whilst there are these ever-widening divergences of opinion, it is clear that the parochial system must be wholly discarded by many. Take a familiar instance. A Prime Minister appoints to a vacant benefice an extreme Ritualist. The building itself has been the work of Low Churchmen, the services have been of the Low Church type, the doctrine distinctly Evangelical. The change comes, and the old congregation goes. Another is soon found, it is true, but the original members are lost. They instantly become Congregationalists, and find, near or far, a resting-place in conformity with their old tastes. The same thing happens when the case is reversed, or when a Broad Churchman succeeds an Evangelical. Nay, more than this, so little is the parochial system a tie upon the rank-and-file of Churchmen, that an objection to the new preacher's style or method is often

enough to set the hearers roving. It is not so long ago since a change of incumbency occurred at a popular church in London. The departing vicar, a man of rare eloquence, had gathered an attached congregation. At his removal it fell to pieces; and although there was no change of doctrine or ritual, the new-comer had virtually to start again. The church is now as full as ever; but where are many of the old faces? I admit that the disintegration is often less than might have been expected; that in many cases a total change in doctrine and ritual sends but comparatively few away. Yet in such instances experience has shown that it is the backbone of the congregation—the parish workers, the Sunday-school teachers, the mainstay of the existing organization—that resents the change. The constant members remain rather from a stolid indifference to matters of doctrine, and indisposition to incur inconvenience, than from any real attachment to the church as the church of their parish. It results from this that whenever a church is served by clergy who are very distinct in doctrine and ritual, who are either very High or very Low or very Broad Churchmen, the prevalence of Congregationalism amongst the parishioners will be all the greater. As a matter of fact, this is usually the case. A certain percentage of such extreme churches are practically empty, and when, by reason of clerical efficiency or less satisfactory attractions, the church is full, it will often be found that non-parishioners are crowding the seats that ought to be filled from the streets around.

Yet one more cause of Congregationalism is the comparatively poor quality of the average Church sermon. But before the clergy are wholly condemned, something has to be said. The development of parochial organization has carried with it at least one defect: it has lessened the time available for reading and for the adequate preparation of the weekly sermons. Many a parson, remembering the homiletical requirements of the week, and glancing at his list of classes, meetings, and clubs, together with his school and other (parochial) engagements—quite apart from the duty of pastoral visitation—must sigh for the freedom of his Nonconformist brother. In view of the amount of work taken up by the average town incumbent, and the little time left for reading, the only marvel is that their sermons are as good as they are. However able a man may be, however extensive the stock of knowledge with which he began his ministerial life, he cannot go on preaching useful sermons unless time is secured for reading and for thought. That such opportunities might be won from the surrender of extra-parochial work must sometimes be true; and that much more time would be available if many burdens, suited only to lay shoulders, were removed from those of the parson, is equally certain. But at present we are only concerned with the fact; and nothing is more

obvious than that town clergy leave themselves a wholly insufficient time for sermon preparation. Assistant curates for the most part cannot help themselves, but their comparative inexperience and helplessness certainly calls for more consideration than is usually given by the incumbent-master. The result of all this is that the average sermon not seldom repels instead of attracting the hearer. Its composition is at times marked by solecisms horrible enough to make the blood of a purist run cold. But its chief defect is a too evident lack of independent thought. Statements have evidently been accepted and transferred to the preacher's pages without any attempt at investing them with an originality of the preacher's own.

The ten minutes' sermon is, indeed, one way out of the difficulty. But a really good ten minutes' sermon would unquestionably imply more time in preparation than a discourse twice as long; and the fact that most exceedingly short sermons are also exceedingly weak is, doubtless, a proof that the additional time has not been given. More is the pity. Great as the attractions of complicated ritual, gorgeous ceremonial, and good music appear to be for some minds, the power of an able sermon is really greater. There is nothing to which a London congregation so readily responds as to a good sermon. Its doctrine may not wholly fit into that of the hearer; its characteristics may in some other points be held offensive; but if it disclose care and knowledge, if it bear the impress of sincerity, if it be delivered as the speech of a man who believes what he is saying, and wishes to speak straight to his hearers' hearts—then it is very certain to find a willing audience. The public are really not hypercritical. Very modest gifts, belonging to what may be called the tub-thumping school of oratory, have been known to fill a large church with eager congregations, the members of which in some instances had a personal dislike for the preacher. The orator may use manuscript, or employ notes, or discard both and close his Bible with ostentatious complacency as soon as the text has been given out—it matters little, so long as the substance be good, the delivery beyond question sincere, and the speaker's life not contradictory to his admonitions. Every incumbent knows quite well that the advent of a better preacher than himself into the neighbourhood will, to a greater or less degree, affect his congregation, the degree depending chiefly upon the closeness of his own relations with them. An obvious remedy for this strong temptation to Congregationalism would be to raise all round the standard of preaching. But there are no signs that this is being attempted. Every assistance is, indeed, offered to overworked clergy in the way of homiletic magazines, volumes of sermons, of sermon outlines, or of purple *panni* for the decking of home-made discourses. The rapidity with which these are poured from the press, and the singularly weak character of much that finds

a very ready sale, point to a demand that is, if not discriminating, at least steady. But the evil is deep-seated. The truth is that a University man may be ordained and enter the pulpit of the church to which he has been licensed without ever having previously addressed two words to any gathering of Christian people; without ever having written or otherwise prepared a single sermon, save that composed in the throes of the examination-room for the eye of the bishop, who, a day or two afterwards, gave him "authority to read the Gospel in the Church of God, and to preach the same, if thou be thereto licensed by the bishop himself." So far as deeds go, only one bishop on the bench has openly exhibited doubt as to the fitness of any graduate to preach when once he has been ordained. In the case of candidates who have kept terms at some theological college, practice in sermon preparation will have been obtained. But the great body of University men do not enter a theological college or hall, and too often present themselves to their bishop with no more conception of sermon-making than has been gathered from their own attendance at church. In this particular they are distinctly worse off than candidates for the ministry of Nonconformist bodies. But the evil does not end here. Before a deacon is admitted to priest's orders, he is, for the most part, required to send the bishop two sermons composed and preached during his diaconate. From a curate who has never written a sermon out, a bishop has been known to accept two slips of notes. These sermons, or sermon-outlines, will receive a few words of criticism, and then, upon obtaining priest's orders, the candidate receives "authority to preach the Word of God." Most curates are as hard-worked during their diaconate as at any time; in the majority of cases they never receive a single hint from their incumbents as to the style or matter of their sermons. Perhaps, when they do, such advice is not always received with docility. Yet they are turned loose to preach without any care having been taken to see that they are qualified for the work. The result is that many sermons, good in matter, are hopelessly bad in style. But the speaker is "six feet above criticism;" he may say what he likes ("and no reply," as an eminent Queen's Counsel observed). Unless the curate, and in after-years the incumbent, is a resolute and methodical person, he will find the organization of a town parish leaves little or no time for study. To such hours of reading as he may get at the end of a hard day he can only bring a tired mind and a body that craves sleep. Every one is familiar with the results, not the least of which is that parishioners stray from the pews of their own church to those where the sermon displays more intelligence or more care.

How far is this disposition to Congregationalism affecting the attitude of Church people towards disestablishment? It is hard to

say. There is much activity in Church defence just now; but, singularly enough, some of those who display the most zeal are persons who have never exhibited any marked affection for the services or the commands of the Church. In too many minds the defence of the Establishment has taken up exactly the same position that the programme of the Liberation Society has in the minds of others. It has become an article of a political creed, and the Church, because identified with the fortunes of a party, is championed with a zeal that its true merits, although they may deserve it, would never of themselves obtain. This identification is not general—nay, it is warmly repudiated by those who love the Church best; but it nevertheless exists. In the face of this activity, in the face, moreover, of the remarkable development in parochial organization, and generally in what may be called Church life during the last ten or fifteen years, it may seem unwarrantable to suggest that any facts are making for disestablishment. Yet it is difficult to see how the habit of congregationalism can fail to loosen the hold of the Establishment upon the mind of the people. The clergy and the organization of each parish ought to be living embodiments of the advantages which flow from an established and endowed Church. But if so many laymen find their own parish church to be, upon one ground or another, intolerable to them, it is hardly surprising that they should get lukewarm as to the merits of the system which sets over them a parson whom they never see, and permits the services of the church to be conducted upon lines which virtually prohibit their attendance. Nor, again, is it difficult to understand that the Congregationalism which springs from differences of doctrine and of ritual is seriously sapping the love of many for their church. Some philosophical minds are ready to count it all joy that the Church of England should contain within her ample bosom persons who differ so widely upon some essential doctrines of the Christian faith, as well as upon the interpretation of the Book of Common Prayer, as apparently to have nothing but their name in common. But the cleavage is too real to be satisfactory. In the time of danger there is a good deal of loose talk as to the closing up of ranks, and the presentation of a united front to the common foe. It means little or nothing. The old distrust and dislike is not removed. Upon both wings there are, indeed, men who make no secret of welcoming disestablishment. The church of their parish is not, perhaps, the church of their choice; the resultant tendency to think more of the congregation to which they join themselves than of the Church of England as a body is soon manifest in their views. If an extreme High Churchman, vexed with the threats of further legislation intended to curb the freedom of his incursions into the pre-Reformation usages, he is tempted to believe that the Church, loosed from her fellowship with the State, might govern her-

self more fairly. If a Low Churchman, shocked and angered by the apparent unfaithfulness of ordained men to the Protestant and Evangelical character of the Reformed Church, he is prone to believe that, when disestablishment comes, these innovations will be more readily restrained. If, too, Congregationalism be merely the result of an ill-organized parish and indolent clergy, then it is quite certain that the spectacle of inefficiency presented to the parishioner's gaze must weaken his regard for the Church as a body. The evil may, so far as it favours disestablishment, be working slowly; but it is none the less working surely. Men are beginning to see that the parochial system does not make it certain that the spiritual profit of the people shall be the one aim of the clergy assigned to its care. The more hasty judges say bluntly that the parochial system has broken down; the more cautious content themselves with deploring the all too patent fact that, however obvious its merits in theory, in practice its advantages are often discarded. When the consciousness of this becomes general, those who are responsible for the parochial activity of the Church, and have failed in their duty, will have dealt a blow for disestablishment infinitely more effective than all the assaults of the Liberation Society and its friends.

AUGUSTUS R. BUCKLAND.

## THE AWAKENING OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE development of most nations from small and rude beginnings has been a slow process, having some analogies with the growth of human beings from childhood to maturity of power and intellect; but in the case of the United States of America, for the first time in many centuries, large colonies of civilized men were brought together, having few ties but those of neighbourhood and the necessity of common defence. There was not to be the gradual rise of peoples from barbarism, but the assimilation and union of powers and capacities already developed. Excepting a few scholars from Oxford and Cambridge, the bulk were workers. According to Emerson, the Lord said—

“ I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted as great;  
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen  
Shall constitute a State.”

The State was to be formed in due time, but at the outset it was bringing together the contents of quarries and demanding the stones to rise a building.

It is not intended here to dwell on the slow and painful experiments in government, but chiefly to observe the circumstances that attended the growth of literature.

The first pressing needs were to provide shelter, food, and clothing, to set up churches and schools, to maintain order, and to ward off attacks from the Indians and French. A poet—if there had been one—might well have been silent in the midst of such trials; he must have been melancholy as an uprooted tree. Would he describe the aspects of nature? Those were not lordly forests to be admired, but only stubborn *woods* to be felled and cleared. Would he sketch the picturesque Indians? He would have small pleasure in the paint



and feathers of savages that lurked about his cabin to brain his prattling children and carry away his wife captive. His toils and adventures would serve as themes only for writers of a later time of peace and plenty. Occasionally some exiled man of letters was heard of across the Atlantic. George Sandys, an Englishman, translated Ovid, at Norfolk, Va. Bishop Berkeley, while he lived at Newport, R.I., wrote a poem containing the famous line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." But they were not American authors, any more than Tom Moore was an American author because he wrote a few songs while on a visit to Virginia. The literature of the United States must be limited to works of authors born in its domain, or reared under its institutions.

About a century must be allowed for the colonics to become *settled*, to become attached to the soil, and to work out the problems of government, religion, and education, each in its own way. We find that at the beginning of the Revolution the Southern colonies had no public school system and no literature. They had a great and increasing number of slaves, and they were experiencing the natural results of absolute mastership upon character. Children grew up to be adepts in managing dogs and horses, and were superb creatures physically, but were generally ignorant of books. There were many things to be admired in the Southern people: their bravery, hospitality, and easy manners were charming: but we are looking for the beginning of literature.

The Middle States had fewer slaves, and therefore fewer social evils, but the people showed small aptitude or taste for letters. The Quakers were indifferent to books, except upon their own doctrines. The Germans were ignorant, and had debased their native language without learning anything but a "Hans Breitmann" English. The Irish, who were on the northern frontier of Pennsylvania, were constantly fighting the Indians. The mental cultivation of the Dutch of New Amsterdam may be inferred, not unfairly, from the charming burlesque of Washington Irving, "Knickerbocker's History of New York." There was no prominent work by a writer of the Middle States before the Revolution, excepting the "Journal of John Woolman," praised by Charles Lamb in the "Essays of Elia." Benjamin Franklin, to be sure, lived in Philadelphia, but he was by birth and training a Bostonian. The novels of Charles Brockden Brown, not really very important, were a little later.

The Pilgrims who founded the colony of Plymouth were excellent people, tolerant for their age and merciful, but were not highly educated. The Puritans of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which afterwards absorbed the Plymouth colony, were bigoted and gloomy, but were strong in such learning as their religious convictions allowed. Playwrights and song-writers had no place among them. Of all

the English poets of the time only Milton and Marvell would have been welcomed. "The Bay Psalm Book"—a version made and printed at Cambridge, Mass., about 1640—is the most wooden and doleful piece of Scripture versification in the world, not excepting the one in use in Scottish churches.

It is well known that schools were set up in New England from the beginning. This was probably because the first colonists embraced so many educated men. It is said there were seventy graduates of Cambridge and twenty graduates of Oxford in the small colony of Massachusetts Bay. The Latin School and Harvard College were established about the same time, only a few years after the settlement of Boston. These were the sure foundations of the intellectual eminence of the region. Such education as was permitted by the Puritan Church was universal, or at least accessible to all. And there were many writers there; but there is scarcely one of the period whose works are now read by other than antiquaries and historical students. It is true there is a formidable list in the cyclopædias, and there is an agreeable account of some of them in Professor Tyler's "History of American Literature;" but it is easier to read *about* them than to read them. One and all their books are "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." The only authors in all the colonies previous to the Revolution who have general readers to-day are Jonathan Edwards, Franklin, and Jefferson. Mather's "Magnalia," Ward's "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," Anne Bradstreet's poems, and the like are merely literary curiosities.

There was every reason against the production of original literature in the colonial and provincial periods. The minds of men were long absorbed in questions of theology, then in setting up government, and in struggles with the royal authority. The Indians and French left them little peace. The soil of New England was poor, and remains so; her commerce and manufactures had not been developed. There was no reading public except for religious works, no journals and no art; beauty and gaiety were under ban. But, most of all, the people were colonists—not Americans, but exiled Britons, bound by tender ties to the old home. There was no national sentiment, for there was no nation, no American flag, no glorious past, and only a vague aspiration for the future. And after the war of the Revolution the people were exhausted. The most highly cultivated, who might have contributed to literature, had espoused the Tory cause and left the country.

At the proper time New World ideas were to form the staple of thinking, and New World scenery, flora, and fauna were to be the dress and decoration of history, romance, and poem.

It was not until the early part of the present century that there were signs of a literary awakening. There were two centres in which

light began to appear, New York and Boston. A number of writers appeared in New York, who gave lustre to the new metropolis. Washington Irving was a brilliant and successful man of letters, conspicuous in a coterie of ambitious youths. His was a joyous life, with purely literary associations; he showed no sign of being touched by any philosophy of the time, and in his work was but slightly influenced by the life and ideas of the New World. Among his friends were Paine, the author of "Home, Sweet Home;" Drake, who wrote the pretty and fantastic poem, "The Culprit Fay;" Sands, author of verses which seemed promising, but which, it is to be feared, the world has forgotten; and Fitz-Greene Halleck, who came very near being a distinguished poet.

About the same time James Fenimore Cooper began to bring out his long series of novels. His indebtedness to Scott is obvious, but, his pictures of frontier life are vivid and powerful, and his descriptions of nautical manœuvres, and of the scenery of the sea, have seldom been surpassed.

Without citing other authors, it may be said the advantage at that time was all on the side of New York; and when the poet Bryant removed there, followed years later by the graceful and vivacious Willis, the city of the Puritans had little to show compared with its great rival. Boston had Channing, the great preacher and essayist; Dana and Pierpont, poets; Ware, the author of "Zenobia," and other classical romances; Webster, the orator, and scholars like Everett, Bancroft and Hedge, who gave a charm to society, and were beginning to be heard of in the *North American Review*. There were undeveloped possibilities, but nothing had been produced to equal the finished works of Irving, the delightful novels of Cooper, or the poems of Halleck, Drake, Bryant, and Willis. Unfortunately Irving and Cooper left no successors, Halleck was immured in a counting-room, Bryant absorbed in a newspaper, and Willis wasted in fashionable life; and in thirty years New York was almost as barren of original literature as it had been under the reign of the Dutch burgomasters.

Boston was to have its turn, but in an unexpected way. Literature could not grow like mushrooms, in a cave or a cloister, and for generations light and air had been admitted only through ecclesiastical windows. The Puritan clergyman

"To himself had fitted the doorway's size,  
And meted the light to the need of his eyes."

The New England colonies under democratic forms were pure theocracies. This was especially true of Massachusetts, where none but Church members could be admitted as "freemen" and give votes. Sectarians were imprisoned or banished, and law and public opinion sustained the clerical authority in all points. And it must

be admitted that, as long as there was danger from French and Indians, and from the visionaries and the evil minded who were bent on the disruption of the colony, the stern rule dictated by the clergy to the magistrates was salutary. But the time came when that discipline must be relaxed, and this was what the clerical party had not the wisdom to understand. After the war of the Revolution there was a new class to deal with, and not a tractable one. Uncle Toby said, "our army swore terribly in Flanders," and we may believe the Yankee soldiers did not exclusively talk theology in camp. In fact the influx of free thinking and free drinking that followed the returned army was disastrous. People began to "stay away from meetin'," and the old penalties could not be enforced. The tone of morals was lowered, and the general intemperance caused debasement and poverty. The period from 1785 to 1820 is the darkest in the history of the State. The orthodox pastors had no influence except over their own flocks, and the irritation of outsiders against a long hated domination led them into shameful excesses for mere bravado. For a while the morality, industry, and thrift of the State were in the ancient Church, while drunkenness, profanity, and misery were the badges of the defiant band outside its pale. This animosity also had a political phase: the religious party were Federalists to a man, partisans of John Adams, friendly to the mother country; the recalcitrants were adherents of Jefferson, admirers of Napoleon. Meanwhile Methodists and other Dissenters formed congregations of the stragglers and civilized them. The laws were gradually modified, and, as new meeting-houses were built, people availed themselves of the right of "signing off from the parish"—that is, withdrew from the support of what had been the Established Church. In time all the Churches became voluntary associations, but it was not until a comparatively recent date that the separation of Church and State was complete.

Meanwhile, in the ancient Church a change had been going on for some time, a change confined principally to the eastern part of the State, and to the vicinity of Boston. It was a change from Calvinism to Unitarianism, coming down, as one might say, by easy stages, through Hopkinsianism, Arminianism, and other modifications. In some instances whole Churches changed their creed, but generally there was a division—sometimes one party, and sometimes the other, retaining the organization, the meeting-house, and the records. The development of literature was far from the thought of either party, yet the movement was one of the causes of the literary awakening from which such important results have followed. What a man may think of the five points of Calvinism may have little to do with his producing a literary work; but if the rulers of his Church consider belles-lettres sinful, he will hardly accomplish much. The garden of

imagination was effectually warded by ministers and deacons. This was not a matter of doctrine so much as of discipline, as was shown, after the theological conflict, when the startled orthodox, holding still to their faith, but liberalized and broadened, rivalled their opponents in the field of letters.

As it is no longer a sin to write a novel, unless it is a poor one, and as the creation of beauty is not a subject for Church discipline, the Unitarians have been losing their monopoly, and, relatively, their importance among religious sects. The total of liberalism has steadily increased, but it is diffused. But, at the time referred to, *something* had to be done to break the yoke of priestly domination, to get out of the ruts of custom, to show that laughter was as natural as solemnity, and give free play to torpid or benumbed faculties. For two centuries in a community of able and educated men there had been no literature. A gloom like that of the monastic ages had hung over the land, extinguishing gaiety, dulling perception, and repressing the natural elasticity of mind. In the sharp discussion of doctrine, and in the animated struggle for power, and for the control of colleges and endowments, there came a vivid enlightenment, as from the clash of flint and steel. Minds that had never encountered even a breath of an adverse current of air were now aroused as by a tornado. Controversy had stimulated the reasoning powers, and opened new vistas to thought. A new glory was reflected upon the visible world, and the sense of poetry awoke.

The assailants of orthodoxy had small notion of the results that were to follow. While they were opening the way for free thought

“They builded better than they knew.”

The well-meaning and generally excellent men who had towered and thundered in Puritan pulpits found themselves uncrowned Popes, respected as Christian ministers but deprived of temporal power. It was a victory for both parties, for the protestants against Puritan infallibility enfranchised their opponents as well. Literature was in time to become the exclusive property of neither party, but at the outset, and for many years afterward, the Unitarians numbered in their ranks an overwhelming proportion of the authors known and valued at home and abroad. Excepting Whittier, the saintly Quaker, Fenimore Cooper, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who is now an Episcopalian,\* it is probable there was not an American poet, historian, or novelist of high rank; between 1830 and 1850, who was not in substantial accord with the ideas of Channing.

As scientific medicine has absorbed much that was good in the

\* The Episcopalian form of worship is now as fashionable as the Unitarian service formerly was. Doctrine is avoided—by the new-comers among the hearers—and in a congregation like that of Trinity Church in Boston there are probably as many shades in belief as in costume.

schools that from time to time have threatened to destroy it, and has thereby gained in its ways and means, while the new systems one by one have sunk into neglect, so Christianity appears to gain by the absorption of what is true in every new or heretical form of faith, assimilating vital ideas, rejecting errors, correcting misconceptions, and becoming more glorious in increasing light. To say nothing of written creeds, the progressive portion of the orthodox, in spirit and life, are as liberal and free-minded now as were the Unitarians in the days of Channing.

The great prize that fell to the Unitarians was Harvard College, and with the control of that institution came literary, social, and political eminence. Their preachers were the leading scholars and writers; their followers filled the high places in the State.

The original Unitarians were spiritually minded, and full of the glow and energy that attend new movements. Readers of Channing do not need to be told of his eloquence and piety. He and his associates held to the dignity and perfectibility of human nature, and they laboured without ceasing to raise men, by means of religion and philosophy, to their own high level of thinking and conduct. The Puritans had preached faith; they preached works. It was the old contest, old as the time of the apostles. The pulpits on both sides resounded with earnest and sometimes angry eloquence. Printed discourses and tracts were innumerable. Influences came like rain and dew. Light radiated from the ancient classics and from contemporary literatures, then for the first time intelligently studied. German poetry, especially, came like a new sense, and new ideas began to germinate. It may be added that the influence of German literature and of German music continues in New England. There is a widespread knowledge of German masterpieces, of the classic *lieder*, and of the great sonatas and symphonies.

If the mingling of races has produced such results in character—as in the British Islands—why should not the mingling of literatures? If the ideal man of the future is to be the epitome of human excellences, will not the ideal literature be the sum of human thought and achievement?

A scholar in Oxford or Cambridge, with so much behind him, if he is animated by great examples, may also at times feel crushed by them; the richness of libraries bewilders him; the power of the past generations gives him a sense of his insignificance; but in the New World the ardent young disciple lifted himself into the sunshine like a pine tree. Nothing was over him but the blue dome, nothing behind him but the shadow of a vanishing superstition, and all before him the future was like the dawn of a new day. Life leaped along his nerves. Letters, poetry, and art were so new, so enchanting to his fresh susceptibilities. The grace and elegance of Greek and Latin

classics, the wealth of English literature, and the depth and splendour of Goethe and his compeers, came upon him with overpowering force. He seemed to be taking possession of a newly discovered continent in the tropics. There are sermons of that time which have illustrations drawn from Nature akin to the rhapsodies of Ruskin. The speeches of Daniel Webster at Plymouth in 1820, and at Bunker's Hill in 1825, are not merely eloquent, they glow with poetic images, and with the patriotic feeling which inspired so many American authors. English critics have decried Webster's warmth and exuberant imagery as if they were merely ill-judged attempts at fine writing; but these critics were breathing another atmosphere, and virtually living in another age: *they* had not seen the rocks melt and the mountains upheaved; no elemental disturbance like that in New England has been felt in these islands since the time of Cromwell.

But it should be said that the prose of this period, especially in the earlier portion, was in a semi-pedantic, Blair-ish style. In the sermons we hear the rustle of the silk gown: in the orations there is a profusion of ornament and a flavour of antiquity, for the influence of the age of Queen Anne lasted longer in the United States than in England.

Any orderly narration must fail to give an idea of the change from the seventeenth and eighteenth to the nineteenth century, but it might be placed in a vivid light if one could form a correct notion of the typical man of the colonial era. Consider the educated Puritan. In his sombre dress, manners, and speech is seen the stamp of his religion and his century. He is hedged in on every side. The qualities and forces of the world of matter are unknown to him; but a stern and jealous God wields those forces in aid of a moral government of the world. The sciences are mostly unborn; only the gigantic conceptions of astronomy loom vaguely in his mind. Comets, shooting stars, and the northern lights are messages from the unseen world. Portents and omens cause "a fearful looking for of judgment." The earth is only a dismal cemetery. Ocean, mountains, forests, rivers, and lakes, the flush of spring, the colours of autumn, awake no sense of poetry in his soul. The gracious influences of literature have never touched him. Shakespeare—if he has heard his name—is godless and profane. The fair forms of the old mythologies are abhorrent; he cannot look upon the verse of Virgil or upon the statues of Phidias for fear of breaking the commandments. Latin for him means the colloquies of Erasmus, and of Greek he knows only the New Testament. Living "ever in his great Taskmaster's eye," he has no thought or desire for any literature or learning that is not a part of His solemn service. So in every look, thought, and suggestion of the man, and in every cir-

cumstance of his life, there is a want of all that engages, stimulates, supports, and encompasses the man of culture in our time. The change has been from centre to circumference—from sad-coloured garments to brooding soul. The doors of the old century have been shut, and those of the new have been opened—on golden hinges turning—and now it is felt that natural and spiritual laws are in harmony, that truth and beauty are reciprocal, that Nature is something to be loved as a part of the vestment of the Creator, that pure letters, art, and music are as truly religious as psalms and sermons, and that the right use of all the faculties, with reverence and brotherly love, constitutes man's best service to his Maker.

It should, perhaps, have been stated earlier that no literature was possible in America until the loose confederation of colonies had become a consolidated nation. John Adams, in a well-known passage, had prophesied that the Declaration of Independence would be commemorated "by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty;" that it would "be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other." The national spirit was of slow growth, but year by year it affected powerfully the character and ideas of the people. They came to feel that they were a nation, with a nation's dignity and responsibilities. This was one of the indispensable conditions of national literature, no less important than the freeing of men's minds from superstition and from the rule of bigots.

It is seldom that any great intellectual movement goes on singly, or in a right line: there are always lesser movements, sometimes in accord, but often divergent. The Unitarians claimed that their existence was a protest or reaction against Puritanic formalism, and for a time they were full of enthusiasm, like all new sects; but they were becoming formal in their turn. Their sermons were moral essays, and their worship was losing its pristine fervour. Then there was a protest against *them*. The new protest was not a negation: it was positive in spirit, though vague in terms.

The Unitarians had put forth no formal creed, and no statement of philosophy, but they had generally agreed with the Calvinists, and with Locke, in rejecting the theory of innate or intuitive ideas. The protest came from the Transcendentalists, who were at first a very small number of the Unitarian body, but whose influence upon literature, morals, organized benevolence, and political ideas came to be great beyond calculation. Emerson was the conspicuous man, but there were others who sympathized with the new philosophy, whose great abilities, learning, and generous natures, should have more than a passing notice, if the limits of an article permitted.\* Emerson

\* A. Bronson Alcott, recently deceased, was an eloquent talker, but left little of value in print. A clever sketch of him may be seen in Lowell's "Fable for Critics": like many caricatures, it is an admirable likeness. George Ripley an eminent critic,



wished to call the new philosophy Idealism, but the name is not fully descriptive. A Transcendentalist, obviously, is one who believes in what transcends human reason or experience. The name came from Kant, the doctrine is as old as Plato.

"It was something more than a reaction against formalism and tradition—more than a reaction against Puritan orthodoxy. It was due, in a very small degree, to the study of the ancient pantheists. Practically it was an assertion of the immanence of divinity in instinct. Running through all was the belief of the presence of the living God in the soul, in immediate inspiration, in boundless possibility, and in unimaginable good." \*

Metaphysicians of all schools had confessed the impossibility of proving the being of God, or the immortality of the soul, aside from revelation. The new philosophers said—Why attempt to prove them? The ideas of God, of immortality, and of the moral law, are intuitive. This was the chief point made by Theodore Parker, who placed these ideas, with consciousness, among self-evident truths. If the doctrine could be accepted it would save a world of difficulty. What a new light would be thrown upon history as a record of God's dealings with men! What nerve and what boundless hope would be given to the reformer! What inspiration to the poet!

Transcendentalism became known in England through the marvelous eloquence of Coleridge, who had it from Schelling. Wordsworth received it, and the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is declared to be an almost inspired statement of one of its chief tenets. The new ideas came to Massachusetts partly through Wordsworth and Coleridge, and partly through the works of Cousin, Jacobi, and Fichte. There came back also from Germany enthusiastic Harvard students who had been fascinated with Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Richter. Boston and Cambridge became German hives; everybody was studying the language for the sake of the new philosophy, and was one of the most influential of the school. Theodore Parker was among the earliest apostles. For a brilliant description of him, partly a travesty, the reader can consult the same "Fable." Rev. James Walker, President of Harvard College, Professor Convers Francis, and Rev. James Freeman Clarke preached powerful sermons upon the doctrines. Among Transcendental poets were Whittier, Lowell, and Cranch; also Charles T. Brooks and John S. Dwight, translators of German poetry. Bancroft, the historian, shows his sympathy with the philosophy, as did Lydia Maria Child, the ablest writer among the women of the United States, excepting Mrs. Stowe. J. Eliot Cabot, the biographer of Emerson, was a writer for the *Dial*, as were Thoreau and Margaret Fuller. George William Curtis, a writer of force and elegance, and Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, contributed to the *Harbinger*, a periodical that succeeded the *Dial*. The great Dr. Channing was in sentiment a Transcendentalist, though he did not acknowledge the theory. His relatives, William H. and William Ellery Channing, were disciples of Emerson. But among the younger men the most distinctive, and, after Emerson, perhaps the most brilliant, representatives of the school, were David A. Wasson, John Weiss, Thomas W. Higginson, Samuel Longfellow, Octavius B. Frothingham, and Samuel Johnson. Samuel Longfellow is the author of some of the most beautiful hymns of the century, and is the biographer of his brother, the poet. Higginson has written many books, and is a man of great and versatile power. Frothingham has written a history of the Transcendental movement. Wasson was a thinker who would have been conspicuous in any age but that of Emerson. Weiss was a keen and even brilliant writer, who died too early for his just reward of fame. Johnson has written "The Religions of India," and other scholarly works.

\* Frothingham's "History of Transcendentalism in New England."

of the poetry which was touched by it. Ripley, Dwight, and Frothingham translated German classics. Edward Everett expounded German art criticism to eager listeners at the University. Carlyle, having translated "*Wilhelm Meister*," wrote with the generous spirit of his best years upon leading German authors in the *British Reviews*, and followed up the line of thought in "*Sartor Resartus*," a work that appeared first in book form in Boston. At the beginning of his career he appears to have been in sympathy with the doctrine; and it was not until twenty years later that he renounced his faith in human nature, and became scornful and unjust. It is not claimed that Goethe and Richter and others named were Transcendentalists, but the tone of the new philosophy was reflected in their works, as it was in the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge. All these authors were much read and quoted in Eastern Massachusetts.

One prominent result in literature was to carry out the revolution, which had been begun in England, against eighteenth-century ideals and models. With faith in human nature and bright hopes of human destiny there could be no sympathy with scepticism, mockery, and despair. The thoughts and the morals of Pope belonged to the age that went down in the carnage of the French Revolution. Shakespeare, whose star, in the opinion of that artificial school, was nearing the horizon, once more rose to the zenith. The beauty of unadorned Nature as a source and inspiration of poetry was acknowledged almost for the first time.

But the Transcendentalists were not the sole movers in the reaction against the eighteenth century; they were joined by many who did not even know what Transcendentalism was. Nor were they the sole agents in the introduction of German literature; many influential German scholars had no sympathy with that philosophy. They were not the sole nor the chief leaders in the numerous philanthropic movements which followed; no, for the awakened and emancipated Calvinists, who were the majority of the people, joined heartily in those great enterprises. And of the early authors, whose works, appearing at this time, promised so much for our literature, not many were Transcendentalists, although nearly all had been consciously or unconsciously stimulated by the new thought. It may be assumed that the spirit which breathed new life into a hitherto practical and plodding people came from three sources: first, from the sharp discussion which had put the old theology on its defence; next, from the slowly increasing momentum of national feeling; and lastly, from the strong and fervid utterances of those who had been illuminated and quickened by German literature and by the new philosophy of hope. This series of influences was felt equally in letters, in society, and in politics.

After the Puritan was reclaimed from intolerance and moroseness, enlightened by the study of literature, inspired by a new pride of country, and busy in rescuing men from slavery and vice, he was an uncompromising Puritan still. Statutes and customs were venerable only when based on truth and justice. It was time to clear away rubbish, to look to the foundations, and build on eternal verities. The idea of right was like the Word of the Lord, "piercing even to the dividing asunder the joints and marrow."

True, the Puritan had no claim of discovery in this. The doctrine is as old as the decalogue. But to repeat the commandments is not to keep them; and it is still more difficult to observe or enforce them in legislation, in trade, and in the cloudy foreign policy of States. So it is not strange that the New England reformers, although coming after the unresisted rule of the most zealous religionists the world ever saw, found work enough to do.

Much as has been done, much yet remains. Those who see no glory but in the past resist change, saying, "the old is better." Such are they who look fondly back upon the life pictured by Carlyle in his "Past and Present" as Britain's golden age; but the time when only nobles were free, and only priests could read, and when the people were submissive sheep, tarred with their lord's cipher, was not a golden age. There will never be a golden age until practical Christianity, universal education, and constitutional government are in accord, and there is equity and reciprocity between governors and governed.

Here it is necessary to specify certain events which followed the theological struggle, the advent of poetry and philosophy from abroad, and the increase of patriotic feeling at home. It is impossible to dissociate these influences or to place them in the order of cause and effect; nor can any strict order be followed in mentioning occurrences or results. But it will be seen that all happened within a few years, and that it was a period fruitful in materials for history. The cluster of dates is significant.

The theological disintegration began in the latter part of the last century, and at first was generally a silent negative protest. The active discussion began about 1815, and reached its crisis in about fifteen years, having produced its most important results before 1825. The patriotic feeling had been rising in the same period, as evidenced by Webster's orations in 1820 and 1825, upon the anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims and upon laying the corner stone of the monument on Bunker's Hill, and by the address of welcome to Lafayette by Edward Everett in 1824.

The temperance reformation, which in time wholly changed the habits of the rural population and raised the level of life, morals, and conduct throughout the State, was begun in 1830.

Garrison began his holy crusade in 1831; and the agitation, both by moral means and by political combinations, never ceased from that time until the proclamation of freedom to the slave by Lincoln in 1863.

Wendell Phillips, the Mirabeau of the Anti-Slavery Conventions, made his first important public speech in Faneuil Hall in 1837. After Webster he was the most powerful orator of the New World.

Horace Mann was appointed secretary of the State Board of Education in Massachusetts in 1836, and began then his great work of recreating the system of common schools. Nothing more important for the State was ever done by one man.

The sermons of Channing and of President Walker, which led toward the new philosophy, were preached between 1830 and 1840.

In 1836 Emerson published "Nature," the first of his great works, and the starting-point of his philosophy.

Bancroft, who had been one of the German students mentioned, published in 1834 the first volume of his "History of the United States"—the work to which he has devoted his life, and on which at the age of eighty-seven he is still daily engaged. President Jared Sparks published the first volume of the "Life and Writings of Washington" in 1837, the first of his long series of historical labours.

In 1837 also appeared the history of "Ferdinand and Isabella," by Prescott, followed soon after by other brilliant works.

Richard Hildreth's novel, "Archy Moore," the hero of which was a slave, was published in 1838. It was the precursor of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Ten years later the same writer published an able "History of the United States."

The career of Whittier, poet and reformer, began in 1832. For thirty years he toiled unceasingly for the cause of the slave, as an editor and a contributor for newspapers, and as one of the founders of the Free Soil Party.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his earliest and some of his finest lyrics just after his graduation from college in 1829. Longfellow's book of travels, "Outre Mer," was published in 1835; his first collection of poems, "Voices of the Night," in 1839. Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" appeared in 1837; Lowell's first poems in 1840. The *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists, with Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Ripley, Thoreau, and others for contributors, began in 1840. Charles Sumner, the anti-slavery senator, made his first public appearance in 1845 in an address on Peace, entitled "The True Grandeur of Nations." Francis Parkman, the historian of the French settlements in North America, published his first volume in 1849.

The writers named were all residents of Boston or its vicinity, and

are all distinguished in the world of letters. The list could be greatly enlarged for American readers. It will be admitted that the almost simultaneous appearance of so many first fruits of genius in a population of less than a million lends some countenance to the theory of influences here propounded. Why was there not a similar blossoming in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Charleston? There was no superior intellect in New England, and it must have been due to the concurrence of influences described.

The dates of but two philanthropic societies have been given. But it would be impossible even to mention the many projects of reform which were brought forward in this time of ferment, of self-sacrifice, and of generous endeavour. There were improvements in drainage and in sanitary details of dwellings; in diet, dress, and cleanliness; in the ventilation of schoolhouses and churches; in planting cemeteries with trees and flowers; in laying out village commons and city parks; in books and newspapers; in the general tone of manners and speech; in house decoration and domestic art; in theatres, churches, and music. In fact, so great are the changes within fifty years, it seems to the writer that he has been unconsciously sharing in the awakening and civilization of some rude tribe. It seems impossible now that society half a century ago was what it is now remembered to have been.

As one of the minor instances of progress may be mentioned "The Harvard Musical Association," of Boston. This was a society mainly of Harvard men, established in 1837 by John S. Dwight, a disciple of Emerson, a student of German, and a contributor to the *Dial*. As one of the results there is now a native orchestra; and the Boston people have been educated in classical music, until the works of Beethoven are as generally known as those of Shakespeare. The orchestra has become one of the finest in the world, and the grand Music Hall, which had its origin in the Harvard Society, is crowded twice a week from autumn to spring by delighted audiences. The Harvard Society gave orchestral concerts for many years, but does so no longer, since that is now done on a grander scale by the proprietor of the Music Hall; but the labours of the Society made classical concerts possible.

Other great improvements came during this fruitful period. The railway from Boston to Worcester was built shortly after 1830, and was soon extended to New York. The result was a revolution in trade and social intercourse. In 1832, Samuel F. B. Morse, a native of Massachusetts, conceived the idea of the electric telegraph, and in 1842 he set up the line between Baltimore and Washington, the first successful line in the world. About the same time came friction matches, a small matter, but, on a morning with the thermometer at zero, a momentous thing to a boy who had to go to a neighbour for a live coal when the fire had gone out in the hearth at home; and

the spent tinder would not catch the spark from flint and steel. Then stoves came to replace open fires, and to relieve the arctic temperature of shivering wooden houses. The vast Dutch ovens were superseded, and with new utensils washing-day lost its terror, and the housewife her weekly scowl. Perhaps the most important among the discoveries was that the inhalation of ether produces insensibility to pain, a fact first proved at the Massachusetts General Hospital in October 1846.

But it is necessary to be more explicit. There is no desire to connect railways, telegraphs, stoves, friction matches, and ether with the Transcendental philosophy! These inventions, and the multitude that came after—sewing machines, planing machines, machines for turning gun-stocks and other irregular forms, agricultural machines, and so many more—were due to the inventive genius of a quick and versatile people, who had been instructed in the simple elements of physics, mechanics, and chemistry, and who were seeking to turn all the powers of Nature to account in lessening labour and increasing comfort. This was one of the practical results of universal education. But it was a strange chance—if there is any chance in human affairs—that the ideal and the practical met and fraternized. It was like the kiss between righteousness and peace. There was a newborn literature and a dawning science; the rule of morals was supported by philosophy as well as religion; the vices of appetite were to be restrained; justice was to be supreme in the State and in the hearts of men; light was diffused in the darkest quarters; and then, as if it had been planned, the army of workers appeared—workers who did thinking as well, and who revolutionized industry. New England soon became a congeries of workshops and factories, producing like magic all the articles that had been painfully and singly wrought by hand. The poorest States in the Union were soon among the richest. And by 1860 the population as a whole were as well housed, fed, clothed, and educated as any like number of people in the world. The ideal and the practical had met. Literature, ethics, benevolence, and educated industry were at accord.

It must be admitted that none of these intellectual or moral movements were free from excesses, and at times froa absurdities. In such a breeze some craft carried too much sail. "New truth," as Hawthorne said, "is as heady as new wine." The number of schemes of reform was endless. Each might have a semblance of truth, and yet be lacking in wisdom. Some fancied the use of animal food, especially pork, to be a survival from savagery—something like the legacy of original sin. Some were going to make the development of character, the improvement of the race, and the punishment of crime, exact sciences by means of phrenology. Some objected to compulsory vaccination, others to compulsory education.

Many at one time inveighed against capital punishment, and it was done away with in some of the States. But it has been restored in most of them, if not all—for the millennium has not yet come. There were also "non-resistants," who would endure penalties, but who claimed to be outside the pale of society, and would neither vote, pay taxes, serve on juries, or be sworn as witnesses. Thoreau and Bronson Alcott were touched by this madness, and were both locked up in Concord Gaol for refusing to pay a poll tax of about six shillings. A considerable number claimed for women an equality of civil rights, including suffrage. This claim is still convincingly argued, as valid in principle, and there is no doubt it would be conceded if it were not shown that the greater proportion of women are indifferent or hostile to it.

Through the struggle of contending ideas some few sound principles held men's minds. The feeble, Quixotic schemes died of natural causes. During this whirlwind Emerson was hopeful and tranquil; he lived in the upper region of the troubled atmosphere, and had no part in anything fantastic.

The Transcendental school is seldom mentioned, except as a thing of the past. The relative positions have changed; the doctrine survives, but is held by the conservative Unitarians, and by nearly all the liberal "orthodox" in the Eastern States. The time of "storm and stress" is now little more than a memory; but the brilliant men who were inspired by it, or unconsciously influenced by it, have left their writings and their noble work done for humanity as evidence of the power of an idea, and of the capability of mind and will under the stress of a generous enthusiasm.

The results of the temperance reformation were almost incalculable. Clergymen of all denominations gradually became total abstainers, and have remained so. The change that was wrought, especially in rural districts, within the memory of living men—beginning with 1830—can hardly be realized. The movement has continued to advance, never wholly successful, but always vigorously supported—a failure when it relies on force, mighty when it stands on moral grounds.

The anti-slavery cause absorbed or brushed aside many of the minor reforms, and moved on resistless until the national crime was ended and terribly expiated. The hardest task fell to the anti-slavery agitators, a small and at first an uninfluential body, but animated by sincere conviction and holy motive. They, in connection with the new philosophers, created the "ethical passion" which later made the political movement possible. The world seemed united to isolate and outlaw them. They were reprobated by both political parties as disunionists. They were denounced by the clergy as bringing fire-brands into the Church, and by merchants and manufacturers as

ruining trade. As the tumult rose, public opinion became more despotic. The young lawyer, if he listened to his conscience, lost his clients, the physician his patients, the clergyman his parish. Literature was under censorship. Neutrality was impossible. Popular newspapers catered to the mob, in which wealth and fashion were arm-in-arm with baseness and violence. The time was full of outrages. Garrison was hauled through Boston with a rope around his neck. Whittier was greeted with a shower of stones at Concord, New Hampshire. Lovejoy was assassinated at Alton, Illinois. The hall of the anti-slavery people in Philadelphia was burned, and the office of Whittier's newspaper sacked. All this was before any move had been made in politics: the violence was to prevent any discussion of the subject. The strife might have continued indefinitely if it had been confined to moral discussion. Garrison had demolished and pulverized the moral defences of slavery, but that did not matter, for he and his associates were not "in society," and their opinions were of small consequence in Church, State, or Nation. But the organization of anti-slavery men as a political party soon forced a recognition. In less than twenty years that party was triumphant in the election of Lincoln to the Presidency. Still, that political party could not have been organized except Garrison had prepared the way. He and his associates had educated the conscience of their generation, and then it was for the political anti-slavery leaders to gather the forces and lead them to victory. The moral sentiment of the North was slowly won in spite of public officers, preachers, and the influential classes.

The high ideas of duty—of the elevation of moral over material interests, of the righteousness that exalteth a nation—were derived largely from the philosophers whose chief was Emerson. The heroic efforts of Garrison can scarcely be over-estimated; but the spirit which finally roused the North, though it came originally from him, \* was breathed by her poets and philosophers and voiced by the eloquence of enlightened statesmen.

Boston in 1630 was a gloomy outpost of civilization—

"Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow"—

but two centuries later it had come into tentative relations with the world of letters; and for the next fifty years, 1830 to 1880, its progress and that of the region under its influence was great. Its influence was not limited to Massachusetts, nor even to New England; for New England is the mother of the States between Canada and the Ohio River. Central and Western New York were peopled from New England, and the emigration went on successively into Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska. Some Southerners settled in the southern parts of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois;



and the Middle States contributed a large quota. But the predominating number in these great States were New Englanders or their descendants, who had carried their families in covered ox-carts, with their axes and rifles, and who had taken with them the language, laws, and religion of these isles, as well as the dearly bought experience of their Puritan and revolutionary sires. The movement of this army might be traced by the log school-houses and churches in its track. They were

". . . . taught by freedom and by great events  
To pitch new States as Old World men pitch tents."

Providence opened the way by successive enlargements of the national domain. The first barrier fell with the downfall of the French power in North America, and the shrinking away of their Indian allies. The next extension came with the purchase from Napoleon of Louisiana, which included a large part of the region west of the Mississippi. The last was the conquest of California from Mexico, the fruit of an unjust war, but overruled by Providence for the good of mankind.

There has been in history no march of a nation like that. Starting from the sands of Cape Cod, the valley of the Connecticut, and the slopes of the Green Mountains, it went on resistless over the fertile West, until it scaled the Rocky Mountains, and paused only on the shore of the Pacific. It was not as when Celtic or Teutonic tribes poured into Europe. No terror preceded, no rapine or destruction followed its track. Everywhere was peaceful industry: the ring of the axe, the lowing of cattle, the hum of spinning wheels, the sports of school-children, the voices of praise and song. More fortunate than their forefathers, the western emigrants carried institutions ready made, and found civilization waiting for them.

The rudeness of frontier life rapidly passes away. Flouring mills are now within sound of the Falls of Minnehaha; palatial hotels and opera-houses stand on the sites of Indian villages; and within a generation the most remote settlement may be in education and the arts where Massachusetts is to-day.

This jubilation may appear digressive, but it is hardly so. This stupendous fact of an illimitable extension had an influence upon literature no less than upon the national character and statesmanship. It was an uplifting for every writer—a broadening of his horizon, as well as an enormous increase of his public. In no vain sense the nation was felt to be sufficient for itself, with a right to its ideas. Before that time, scarcely an author had the courage or the confidence to utter his honest thought. This new declaration of independence was set forth with characteristic eloquence and power in a discourse by Emerson, entitled, "The American Scholar," delivered at Harvard College in 1837. The character and tone of American literature after that period will amply confirm these observations.

In the historical literature of the United States there is an assured step which shows not merely the mastery of materials, but a grasp of principles, and a sympathy with the movement toward a reign of liberty and justice. Bancroft is the representative of enlightened democracy, and his learned and powerful expositions have settled, as far as historical works can settle, the line where liberty and law meet, as well as the relations of the Central Government with the reserved rights of the separate States. From his history we gain the idea of stability as well as beneficence. We feel the grandeur of the plan of government, and look upon the silent and resistless force exerted in its wide domain with something of the expansiveness of view that we give to the planetary system. The history of Bancroft, though perhaps not ideally perfect, has given tone to the national literature. If it is said that he has favoured the party of Jefferson, the answer is that the views of Jefferson have mainly guided the course of the nation. The limitations devised by Adams and Hamilton had to give way, and, rightly or wrongly, the Republic is committed to the doctrine that in the people are the sources of all power.

It is only necessary to refer to the ardent spirit of liberty that animates the works of Motley, and to the more tranquil expression of the same feeling in Prescott. Parkman, also, is in full sympathy with the ideas of the age.

If we turn to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we see the power of the regenerated Puritanism, and the active philanthropy which followed the Awakening. Mrs. Stowe was a Puritan to the core, the daughter of a Boston preacher.

The poets give strength to the doctrine of this article. Without assigning them a rank above their deserts it may be said that no group of poets in any era was more distinguished for elevation of sentiment, for philanthropy, patriotic spirit, or sincere, unformalized Christianity.

The whole burden of Whittier has been—

"The love of God and neighbour,  
An equal-handed labour,  
The richer life where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty."

The apostle of peace and goodwill, he is also the rebuker of intolerance and injustice. Beauty in Nature and the beauty of holiness are blended in his simple creed. The Quaker's "inner light" and the Transcendentalist's intuitive ideas have similar tendencies, if different sources.

The early poems of Lowell are full of the same earnest spirit. He deplores the trifling of those who only string together pretty rhymes. In his view the poet is a prophet of God, with a burden of God's great designs for man. And when, later, in the "Biglow

Papers," he displayed a wit that is scarcely paralleled in English verse, it was pure and wholesome comedy without a suggestion of coarseness or sensuality. Lowell lived in the centre and source of the Awakening, and in his philosophy, thought, and methods he is a product of the influences that regenerated his State.

Holmes exhibits more of the negations than of the affirmative qualities of the Awakening. Although the faults of the Puritans and some features of their theology are so often the subject of his eloquent invective, he is himself a true scion of the old stock. He has in quintessence the sharp and curious traits of the Puritan intellect—with additions and ameliorations; and, while in one way cosmopolitan, he is humorously provincial. But no broad lines can be used in sketching a character so full of surprises; only the lightest touches can convey any idea of a genius that keeps us in suspense between sentiment and laughter. In spite of his inclination for eighteenth-century models in verse, and his early repugnance to the Abolitionists and to the Emersonian philosophy, he is a child of the Awakening. Could one under Puritan rule have written the "One Hoss Shay," the "Tall Young Oysterman," or the exquisitely tender and comic "Last Leaf"?

As to Emerson, if little space is given to him, it is because little needs be said of the great leader of the movement. He is not simply a writer, but a vivifying force. His works are not merely literature, but the inspiration of the makers of literature. Of the New World he is its Pharos and the barometer of its conscience. With him the world is *not* going to the bad. If, like Carlyle, he does

" . . . rim common-sense with mystical hues,"

he does not, like him,

" . . . give God and Nature his own tits of the blues."

He is the optimist in philosophy as in life—the best antidote to Schopenhauer's luxury of despair. \*

While Longfellow was far from being a philosophical poet, yet in himself and in his verse were seen many of the influences of the Awakening. His early poems are European rather than American. They are not imitations; they are strictly his own; yet Herder or Uhland might have written in German "The Psalm of Life," "The Beleaguered City," or "The Footsteps of Angels." The bee is none the less an original worker when you set its hive on the moor in order that its honey may have a flavour of heather. In moral purpose Longfellow was a poet of his era. He felt strongly the impulse that came from Channing, Emerson, Garrison, and Sumner. Such poems as the "Quadroon Girl," the "Slave of the Dismal Swamp," and "The Witnesses," abundantly show his feeling. The "Arsenal at Springfield," one of the finest of his short poems, was written

after Sumner's masterly oration on Peace, "The True Grandeur of Nations." The well-known apostrophe to the Union with which his poem, "The Building of the Ship," concludes—

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!"—

shows to what a height his patriotism rose.

Hawthorne, in regard to methods, was of no age. He sought the dramatic or the romantic element as he would have distilled an elixir; and human hearts have always been the same. But though he kept aloof from the philosophy of his illustrious neighbour, his masterly style and fresh, suggestive thought would have been impossible in the preceding century. In the new order of things there was a change in the point of view. A man with a genius akin to Hawthorne's might have been a spectator of the tragic scenes of "The Scarlet Letter" without suspecting their poetry or pathos; just as Hawthorne's grandfather, the judge, saw unmoved the sufferings of the wretched beings he doomed to the gallows as witches. A Hawthorne must have descended from Puritan ancestors; his books have the life and soul of New England; but the power to represent those ancestors and their life could only come after disenthralment, after the clearing away of superstition, and by the action of a great and free mind under the influence of the masters of dramatic art.

The New England constellation has well-nigh set. Three conspicuous stars only remain above the horizon. The compelling influences before mentioned, if not already spent, have been diffused, and operate in a wider region. A new cycle is beginning, concerning which one may well hesitate to prophesy. If one were to discuss the prospects of American literature, there would be ample materials; but this article is limited to the presentation of a single phase and to the doings of a single generation of men.

It appears, however, that in New England there are more dilettante essayists and critics than creators. The best history of the Civil War, for thinkers, that of Dr. Draper, was written in New York. Cable and Miss Murfree have shown that new sources of fiction exist in the South. The contributions to the magazines come from nearly every section of the United States. In these days of swift communication no hamlet is really isolated; and up to this time there is no centre, which, like London, absorbs the intellect of the provinces. New York is a commercial metropolis, and publishes many books, but it is not the literary centre of the nation. By-and-by some centre may be developed. Wherever that centre may be, and whatever new influences may control it, there will always be in the history of American letters a bright and memorable page for the literature of the New England Awakening.

If the Republic is to go on increasing in numbers and wealth, and the balance is maintained between centripetal and centrifugal forces,

it will in the course of the next century present a grand spectacle to the world. Let us hope that its growth in letters and art may be as ample as in material things, and that political ambition and the pursuit of gain may not draw off too large a proportion of its intellectual power. There are influences which will continue to act upon coming generations—influences which will place truth and justice, light and love, above all earthly good. Then, in the fulness of time, when events have lost their prosaic newness, and history has grown venerable, some poet may appear whose dominating glance will be thrown backwards. Then Philadelphia and Boston—who knows?—may be names to conjure with, like Athens and Sparta; Washington and Lincoln may be as heroic as any of Plutarch's men; the westward march of the pioneer settlers may become a bloodless epic; and the awful splendours of the Civil War may loom vast among the tragic ordeals of nations.

F. H. UNDERWOOD.

## THE NEW NATIONAL INSURANCE LAWS OF GERMANY.

“**WE** expressed Our belief in February last that attempts to heal social evils are not alone to be made by means of repressive measures against social democratic excesses, but by simultaneous positive measures for the improvement of the condition of the working classes. We consider it Our royal duty to ask the Reichstag once more to take this work to heart, and We shall look back upon all the successes with which God has visibly blessed Our Government with still greater satisfaction, if We are able in the future to possess the consciousness of having left to the Fatherland new and permanent guarantees for its internal peace, and of having provided for those needing assistance greater certainty of that help which they have a right to claim.”

The Emperor William's Message to his Parliament on the 17th of November 1881, of which the above are the opening words, inaugurates a new era in European legislation. It admitted most completely the right to public assistance, it recognized that the modern State is bound to take positive steps to secure the life of the great mass of the people against the vicissitudes to which it is subject, and it initiated a series of legislative experiments of great boldness and magnitude, which are well worthy of the observation and study of other nations. Legislation for the protection of labour was, of course, no new thing; it had, however, before that time been of a purely negative character, reforming abuses and imposing prohibitions. But the new social legislation of Germany introduced measures of a positive and active kind, and required the State to undertake responsibilities and make provision for wants which had previously been thought to be outside its province, and to belong to that of the individual. The objects indicated in the Message were to provide help for the whole of

the working classes of the country—First, in cases of temporary sickness or shorter illness resulting in death; secondly, in cases of illness or permanent disablement caused by accidents, mainly the result of daily work; and thirdly, in old age and weakness, resulting in incapacity to earn a living. This gigantic scheme—one never attempted before in ancient or modern times—has produced a trio of laws, two of which are now in full operation, and the third, at the present time in the hands of the Bundesrath (Council of State) for decision, is for the insurance of “old age” and “invalid” pensions.

These laws are called “Insurance” because that principle has been adopted on a national scale to provide the necessary means; and to secure their success compulsion of the most stringent kind has been applied. In proposing them, however, the Government has proceeded with a wise caution, step by step. The Act passed first—that for Sick Insurance—was the lightest in burden and easiest to carry out, and it utilized existing institutions. The second—for Accident Insurance—required the creation of new and extended organizations, and time has been allowed for these to get into working order and become consolidated before proceeding to the last and far the most important law of the three—i.e., that for Insurance for Old Age and Invalid Pensions. The two former are insignificant in comparison with the last, whether we regard the numbers to be assisted, the funds required, the machinery needed for its due execution, or the ultimate results on the social and moral life of the people. To pass this law has been the real and main object of the Imperial Government, the other two being auxiliary measures. On it, apart from repressive measures, the Government mainly relies to stem the wave of Social-Democratic influence which is flooding the country with increasing force, by giving to the working classes a direct interest in the stability of the State, and a palpable proof that the State is doing for them what they have hitherto been unable to do for themselves.

Whether this object will be attained, whether the terms offered are sufficiently high, time only can show. I do not propose here to discuss the merits of these laws, whether regarded as constructive acts of statesmanship or in the light of the principles of political economy, or, finally, from the point of view of their results on the moral and social life of the people. Such a discussion, opening out issues many and varied, would be far more extended than the limits of this article would allow, nor till the Acts have been in operation for some years can sufficient data be forthcoming on which to base a sound judgment. But some account of their scope and tendency, and of the organizations created to give them effect, may be of interest to English readers, especially at this present time, when the principles of the English Poor Law administration are again brought into controversy. Living in Germany, and engaged in manufacture in

the large town of Chemnitz, I have had some practical experience in the working of the two Acts now in operation for sick and accident insurance, and this must be my excuse for attempting the somewhat difficult task of analyzing them.

### I. SICK INSURANCE.

The object of the Sick Insurance Law of June 15, 1883, is to provide help during any illness that results in loss of wages, including illness caused by accident. Help worthy to be called such, and equal to its task, can, in the opinion of the Government, only be obtained by compulsory insurance applied under the authority of the State and with the assistance of the employers. Only those who are in regular employment for wages are subject to this compulsion. It applies to all workmen and employés of similar social status and to day labourers in regular work, and it is permissive in the case of agricultural labourers, as well as of persons employed in home industries. Workmen and others not under compulsion, but who are in industrial employment, have the right of insurance by voluntary entrance.

Within the circle of compulsion, the law allows great freedom in the forms of its application; it favours, however, the formation of corporate trade unions of the different industries, based on self-management. The reasons for this principle are—first, that it is the most rational, the relative danger of illness in each branch of industry being equal; secondly, because self-management is most suitable, and exercises a good moral influence; and lastly, because the close connection of the members renders easy the control which is necessary to prevent deception.

The law may be divided into three parts—first, that which deals with the machinery for carrying out the insurance; second, that which defines the assistance to be given; third, that which prescribes the amount of assistance, and the methods of raising the necessary funds to provide it.

In the first place, various existing institutions organized on a legal basis are, with certain modifications, utilized. These are: (a) The provincial State sick clubs for miners, founded under the mining laws; (b) the guild sick clubs for journeymen and apprentices, recognized under the Imperial Law of July 18, 1881; (c) the independent sick clubs, founded and managed by workmen themselves, and which are of two classes—i.e., (1) those certified according to the Imperial Law of April 7, 1876, and (2) the voluntary clubs founded under provincial State laws.

Workpeople not included in any of the above categories, but to whom compulsion applies, are grouped into local unions, as far as possible each trade by itself; or the workmen in each concern, if it be a sufficiently



large one, form one club. Local sick clubs have thus been formed alongside the older existing societies in the individual communes or districts for the various branches of industry, each trade as far as possible by itself, as well as separate factory sick clubs for the larger industrial concerns, and building sick clubs for the larger building and contractors' works. Communal sick insurance is obligatory in every commune and town on all persons not included in one of the above classes. The older existing societies have, of course, been compelled to revise their statutes and to register in accordance with the new law; they are under the same supervision and responsible to the same authorities as those created under the Act.

Remembering that the mining guild and building clubs are for special classes, it will be noticed that the main action of the law lies in the creation and organization of the "Orts," or local, and the factory sick clubs, the communal club being subsidiary, and established only to fill up the gaps. The law favours the formation of these, and tries to give them predominance without superseding the freedom to join other voluntary clubs; and, as it lays the burden of one-third of the total expense on the employer, such stimulus is not without influence.

This variety of form, suited as it is to various trades, circumstances, and local needs, offers advantages not otherwise to be obtained, enabling workpeople employed in smaller clubs to assist in their management, and thus preventing misuse. The combination of smaller local clubs into larger district ones is permitted when desirable, and the authorities are empowered to close such as are not stable and safe. Smaller factories with less than fifty employes having no sick club are obliged to pay their quota, in proportion to the hands employed, to the local or communal union of their district.

These are the institutions created by the law: we now turn to the provision prescribed by it, premising only that this is the minimum, and that each union can grant more at its own option. Every insured person has the right to assistance for *thirteen weeks*\* in case of illness, consisting of—First, free medical advice and treatment, including dentistry, free medicine and minor surgical appliances, such as spectacles, trusses, &c.; secondly, from the third day after the notification of the illness, a money allowance, amounting to 50 per cent. of the average wages upon which the insured person's subscription is assessed, or, in place of this, free board and treatment in a hospital, with, in certain exceptional cases, a modicum of sick money; thirdly, in case of death, an amount equal to twenty times the local daily wages of an ordinary day labourer payable to the survivors; lastly, females, married or unmarried, receive for three weeks after their confinement the ordinary sick money.

\* After this period the destitute sick come upon the local poor relief funds.

The full money value of this assistance is estimated as equivalent to at least three-quarters of the assessed average wages. Double insurance is allowed, the workman being free to insure himself in other clubs; the employer, however, is not compelled to contribute to this. A probationary time is not obligatory for compulsory, but may be required from ordinary, members. Further assistance within certain limits may be allowed, and can be extended even to members of the family of the insured, but widows and orphans are strictly excluded.

The funds required to meet this expenditure are raised in the following manner:—The subscriptions of the members of the mining clubs are not regulated by this Act, they being already established under provincial laws. For the remaining categories of workmen the law limits the subscriptions as follows:—First, for members of the communal unions, to 1 per cent., or at the most  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., on the customary local rate of wages of ordinary day labourers: this rate is fixed by the local communal or municipal authority; second, for members of the factory, guild, building, and local trade clubs, to 2 per cent., or at the most 3 per cent., on the average rate of wages of the class of workman for which the club exists. For the latter categories, earnings up to four marks a day only can be taken into account in full; if higher wages be earned, only one-third of the earnings above four marks a day can be insured. The employed may be grouped into classes according to their average earnings, and on this assessment the subscription and sick money is paid. In factory and building clubs the average earnings of each individual may be made the bases.

To these subscriptions of the employed, the employer has to add 50 per cent., so that he pays one-third of the total amount required. Thus the highest total amount comes to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. for the communal unions, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the other classes. Voluntary members have to pay the employers' quota themselves.

If these maximum subscriptions prove insufficient to meet the requirements of the clubs, various consequences follow. In the communal unions, the commune must make the deficiency good, reserving the right of recouping itself out of later surpluses; in factory and building clubs, the employer; in guild clubs, the guild must pay the deficit, without any right to repayment. The local trade clubs must, in the event of insolvency, be wound up. The expenses of management are borne by the commune, the employer, and the builder for their respective clubs; for the guild and local trade clubs, by the clubs themselves. I have not yet heard of a case where the maximum subscription was insufficient to meet the expense.

No act has to be done by the workman in order to place himself under insurance; he has literally nothing to do, neither to give notice

of membership nor to pay personally any subscription. This is a main point in the Act. He enters the insurance, *ipso facto*, by taking work: it is only when he desires *not* to enter that he must make a declaration and give proof that membership in another club exempts him from compulsion. The employer is responsible for the working of the Act with regard to his employé's; he has to pay the *whole* subscription, and is empowered to deduct each person's amount from his weekly wages. He is also responsible under penalty for the due notifications of entrance and exit of members of the club, where required. This is the indirect method of compulsion for the working classes. All the books and accounts are required to be kept in certain forms, and are regularly audited and examined by the authorities entrusted with the supervision of these clubs. Considerable powers are granted to the authorities for this purpose, and are unsparingly used. Reports and statistics must be annually forwarded to the Imperial authorities in Berlin, and are laid before the Reichstag.

According to the Official Report published last year by the Imperial Statistical Bureau in Berlin, 4,665,918 persons, or 10 per cent. of the population, were insured at the end of 1885, and 17,384 sick clubs and unions were registered as in full activity during that year. In the latter there had been dealt with—

Cases of illness . . . . .	1,726,631
Days „ . . . . .	24,306,697

And the expenses\* of illness amounted to £2,280,228 16s. 0d.

The total income was . . .	£3,164,749	3	0
„ „ expenditure was . . .	2,528,170	14	0
„ „ of reserve funds was . .	1,247,980	1	0

Of the expenditure £247,941 18s. was for expenses of management, which is equal to 9 $\frac{1}{10}$  per cent., leaving 90 $\frac{1}{10}$  per cent. for the direct purposes of the Act.

A short description of the sick club belonging to the manufactory with which I am connected will give the reader an example of the practical working of the clubs created under this Act. All the work-people are members, excepting a few who belong to other clubs. They are thus arranged into classes according to their average earnings:—

Class A, for foremen and workmen assessed at .	3s. 0d. per day.
Class B, for other male workmen, assessed at .	2s. 6d. „
Class C, for females over sixteen years of age, assessed at .	1s. 4d. „
Class D and E, for females and boys under sixteen years of age, assessed at .	1s. 0d. „

On this assessment, the subscriptions and sick money are paid. The rate of subscription for this year is fixed at 2 per cent. on

\* For medical attendance, sick money, burial charges, confinements, &c.

these amounts. The firm is responsible for the payment of the subscriptions, which it pays weekly into the club funds, and deducts two-thirds from the weekly wages, paying the other third itself. The cash, the accounts, books, registers, &c., are all kept by and at the expense of the firm, by a clerk appointed by it. The reserve fund is invested in bonds, which are deposited with the authorities. Out of this fund the current expenses are met. Medical men are appointed to attend the members, and apothecaries to supply medicines. Their bills are sent direct to the club, and paid by it. Each case of illness has to be notified in the office to the sick club clerk, who gives an order for the attendance of the medical man. Some clubs allow the members to send for their own doctor, and simply pay his bill. The medical man certifies the illness, also the incapacity for work, and the time when the patient is again fit for it. A committee of management, chosen by the members, and presided over by the head of the firm or his representative, assists in the management, appoints the medical men, visitors to watch the sick, and auditors of the accounts, which are, however, re-audited by the authorities, to whom they are sent, with copies of the proceedings of the general meetings, &c. The books are all open to the inspection of the authorities appointed by the law to supervise the working of the Act,\* and any change in the statutes of the club or the rate of subscription has to receive its sanction. In a general meeting the firm votes, its votes counting equal to half the number of the members present. Thus, if thirty members are present, the firm has fifteen votes. The firm is not present and does not vote when the members elect their own representatives to the committee of management, and on certain other occasions. Everything has to be done strictly in accordance with the provisions of the law and the statutes of the club. Any member feeling himself aggrieved can lodge a complaint before the public authority. Most of the factory sick clubs are organized in this way.

## II. ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Compensation for injuries received or death caused, in daily employment could be claimed in Germany under the Employers' Liability Act of January 21, 1873. The main principle of this law laid it down that railway companies were responsible for accidents to their employees, unless the company or employer could give proof that the accident was caused by *force majeure*, or by the carelessness of the injured person; on the other hand, that for accidents in factories, mines, quarries, &c., the employer was liable only when carelessness on his part could be shown. These claims were enforced in the

\* In towns this is the *Stadt*:ath.

civil courts, and they were based on a civil right as against the employer's liability. Experience proved that this was insufficient to protect the employed, who often could only obtain just compensation after prolonged and expensive lawsuits. It further tended to embitter the relations between the employers and the employed. In order to meet this, it was necessary to give up altogether the principle of the civil right as against the employer, and to base the right to compensation on another foundation—viz., that of public law, the same upon which poor relief rests, with the distinction that, while the latter is accompanied by loss of civil rights, the former is not. Hence the law passed on July 6, 1884, of which the following are the leading principles:—1, To base the right to compensation on public law, and not on the private liability of the employer; 2, To lay the burden of compensation not on the State, but on the employed, by means of corporate trade unions, on the principle of reciprocity and mutual insurance and of equality of danger; 3, That its application should be compulsory; and, 4, That for the first thirteen weeks the burden of illnesses and disablement from accident should fall upon the sick insurance fund; while accident insurance should only obtain in more serious cases, resulting in death or total or partial disablement, and incapacity to earn for longer periods than thirteen weeks. It thus comes in after the thirteen weeks of sick insurance.

The Act for giving effect to these objects, and the machinery created under it, are alike complicated in the extreme. Unlike the Sick Insurance Act, it had to create entirely new organizations, which have proved to be costly as well as complicated. The following few pages give the reader, as briefly as possible, an idea of (1) the scope and organization of the Act; (2) the assistance to be given under it; (3) the manner in which the funds are raised for its purposes and other collateral matters.

First, as to the scope and organization of the Act. All employers under the old Liability Act of 1873, using motors, manufacturers of explosives, and building contractors, &c., whose work entails liability to accidents, are compelled to insure their workpeople against death or the consequences of such injuries as are not cured within thirteen weeks. Compulsion can, by statute of the Trade Corporate Union, be extended to the higher paid officials, and proprietors themselves are permitted to insure. Private companies being forbidden,\* this insurance is effected only through the "*Berufsgenossenschaften*," or Trade Corporate Unions, created under the Act, each composed of the employers and proprietors in the same branch of industry, or in several allied branches having similar economic interests and

\* Many private companies existed as business concerns whose object was this insurance. They have all had to be wound up.

conditions. These Trade Corporate Unions are formed, by the voluntary choice of the trades, either for certain trade districts or for the whole kingdom, and are based on reciprocity. The Mining Sick Insurance Unions have all been formed into one "Accident Union," under certain special conditions for the whole of Germany. These "Trade Corporate Unions," thus formed, require, in order to secure the protection of minorities and the solvency of the unions, the sanction of the "Bundesrath," or State Council, which can, however, only be refused on certain grounds. If sick unions are not created voluntarily by the various industries, the "Bundesrath" is empowered to order their formation where needed. In case of insolvency the union is dissolved, the State paying existing liabilities, and the members are transferred to other unions. This is the only financial responsibility the State undertakes in connection with the Act. Alterations in the constitution of the unions, to remedy initial errors in their formation, or to meet the wishes of the industries interested, can be made on formal application.

The unions can decentralize their management by organizing sections, and appointing "trust representatives," with duties defined in their bye-laws. All these duties and rights, as well as details of the organizations of the unions and their sections, are strictly defined by the Act. Under certain conditions, the unions can join together to undertake a common risk or devolve a part of the risk on the sections. In carrying out the affairs of the union, full self-management is allowed, the interference of the authorities being permitted only to the extent necessary to protect public interests.

All the unions are placed under the supervision of a new Government Department at Berlin, called "The Imperial Insurance Board," which exercises supreme authority in regard to their organization, legal administration, and management. It is composed of a president, and at least two councillors appointed for life by the Emperor, further of four members of the Bundesrath,\* as well as two representatives each of the employers and employed, elected by them. It is assisted by two judges when judicial cases come before the Board for decision. Provincial State Insurance Boards may be created for the separate States under the authority of the Imperial Board, with similar functions for the purposes of the Act; this, however, has only been done in isolated cases, the need for them not having been felt.

Secondly, as to the assistance to be given. The compensation granted by the unions to the persons injured in their districts, and in case of death to the survivors, is given irrespective of the question whether the accident is caused even by great negligence on the part of the person injured or by another. Only when the injured person has intentionally caused the accident does the right to assistance lapse.

\* The Bundesrath is the Imperial State Council, composed of the representatives of the various States which form the Empire.

The compensation consists of a round sum for burial expenses, the payment of the cost of maintenance and medical care during the illness (after the first thirteen weeks, which fall on sick insurance), a pension in case of partial or total disablement to the person injured, and a pension in case of death to the survivors. The amount of the pension is a fixed proportion of the annual wages of the injured person, calculated on certain averages, the lowest rate being the wage of day labourers, and the highest, four marks a day. In case of total disablement it is two-thirds of the wages, and in case of partial disablement, and for survivors in case of death, a certain proportion of this amount, as given in the scale below. The amount of the compensation is determined by the management of the union, based upon a preliminary examination by the police authorities, at which all parties are present. Appeals against these decisions can be made to a court of arbitration, which is formed permanently for each union or section, and is composed of equal numbers of members of the union and of representatives of the insured, under the presidency of a disinterested public official. The court is of the character of a special court of justice. In more serious cases appeal can be made from this court to the Imperial Insurance Board at Berlin, but none can be made to the civil law courts.

Except in cases of widows re-marrying, compensation is given in the form of a pension payable monthly; it cannot, with this one exception, be capitalized and paid in a lump sum: the reason for this is obvious—i.e., that the main object of the law may not be frustrated. The following scale shows the amount of the pensions granted under the Act:—

Weekly wages of the person to be compensated, the week equal to six days.	A. In cases of total disablement.	B. In cases of death.					
	66½ per cent. of the annual wages.	Burial expenses equal to twenty times the daily earnings, but not less than 30s.	For the widow, 20 per cent. of the wages.	For each fatherless child till its fifteenth year, 15 per cent. of the wages.	For each fatherless and motherless child till its fifteenth year, 20 per cent. of the wages.	For living ancestors if the person killed were their only supporter till their death, 20 per cent. of the wages.	Capitalized amount for the widow on re-marriage.
s. d.	Monthly pension. s. d.	s. d.	Monthly pension. s. d.	Monthly pension. s. d.	Monthly pension. s. d.	Monthly pension. s. d.	£ s. d.
6 0	17 4	30 0	5 2½	3 11	5 2½	5 2½	9 7 2½
9 0	26 0	30 0	7 10	5 16½	7 10	7 10	14 0 10
10 0	28 11	33 4	8 8½	6 6	8 8½	8 8½	15 12 0
20 0	57 10	68 8	17 4	13 0	17 4	17 4	31 4 0
24 0	69 4	80 0	20 10	15 7	20 10	20 10	37 8 10
*30 0	75 2	86 8*	22 6½	16 11	22 6½	22 6½	40 11 2½

\* When the earnings are above 4s. daily, only one-third of the amount above 4s. is calculated.

Towards this assistance the insured have not to pay one farthing, the total burden falling on the employer, as well as all the expenses of the costly organization of the union. This table shows that the assistance is substantial, and equal to its object—viz., to place the injured person or his survivors in comparative comfort for the rest of their lives. Thus, a man earning 20s. a week receives, if totally disabled, 57s. 10d. per month for the rest of his life, and in case of his death, his widow, with two children, receives 43s. 4d. per month till the children are fifteen years old, an amount amply sufficient to secure them from needing further public relief. The pensions are paid by the Post Office on the written warrants of the unions to the persons insured or survivors. These amounts are repaid annually by the unions without interest for the advance.

The amounts annually required by the unions for these payments, for a reserve fund, and for the expenses of management, are divided amongst their members—i.e., the employers—*pro rata* each year. Thus each year's wants are covered by annual subscriptions of the members. Reserve funds are to be laid aside, and after about eleven years, as soon as each has reached double the amount of a year's expenses, the interest is to be applied to meeting current expenses. Each employer must subscribe to his union according to the risks with which he burdens it. He is charged, on the one hand, according to the amount of wages and salaries absolutely paid by him during the previous year to persons in his employ under compulsory insurance, and, on the other, according to the degree of danger which the nature and conditions of his concern carry with them. These degrees of danger are arranged in classes, and tariffs are calculated in which the subscriptions are graded according to danger by the unions. These tariffs require the sanction of the Imperial Insurance Board, and are based on the statistics of accidents in each branch of industry. Later on an example will be given of one of these tariffs—viz., that of the Saxon Textile Corporate Trade Union. This method of raising the revenue exercises a double pressure, first, on the employers, to prevent accidents as much as possible by care and supervision in their concerns, and again on the unions to secure the same end. The law, therefore, gives the latter power to issue regulations for the prevention of accidents, applicable not only to the employers, but to work-people also, the former being rendered liable to be graded in a higher "danger class," involving higher subscriptions, and the latter to severe money penalties, which augment the union fund.

The insured workmen and officials are not members of the union as before stated, nor do they assist in any way in bearing the financial burden. But as their interests are so largely at stake, the law provides for their due representation. Their representatives are elected by the managing committees of the sick insurance unions and



clubs (composed of workmen), and take part in the police examinations of accidents. Their opinions are taken regarding the regulations for the prevention of accidents; they compose also part of the court of arbitration, and of the Imperial Insurance Board itself. In each case the representatives of the workmen equal in number those of the unions. Employers are relieved from all civil legal liability for the negligence of their officials to persons under this law who are injured, but they are still liable for such criminal negligence as is punishable by law to the injured person or his survivors as well as to the sick and accident insurance unions.

The law of May 28, 1885, extends the operation of this law to persons employed in the carrying trades. For the post, telegraph, marine and military services, and for the State railway factories and works, the Empire or State is responsible under special sections of the Act. It has also been extended to agricultural labourers and persons employed in forestry.

A single concrete example will help the reader to see how the Act is worked. All the textile industries of Saxony united to constitute one union under the name of the Saxon Textile Trade Corporate Union, having its seat in Dresden. It comprises sixty-eight sections, representing different textile industries with varying degrees of danger, all graded into seven classes, according to the following tariff:—

Danger Class A is liable to 20 per cent. of the rate of subscription.

"	"	B	"	30	"	"	"
"	"	C	"	40	"	"	"
"	"	D	"	60	"	"	"
"	"	E	"	75	"	"	"
"	"	F	"	90	"	"	"
"	"	G	"	100	"	"	"

Class A comprises mostly manual industries, such as hand-loom weaving, tambouring, embroidery, &c.; Class B, industries such as power-loom weaving, hosiery, lace, gloves, &c. Each class represents a higher degree of liability to accidents.

The following are the statistics of this Union for the first two years:—

	Concerns insured.		Workmen insured.		Accidents notified.*		Deaths notified.		Amount per head for— Pensions and reserve fund, in marks.		Expenses of management, in marks.
1886	2,750	...	116,000	...	1,122	...	25	...	0.52	...	0.3012
1887	3,999	...	130,000	...	1,250	...	10	...	1.13	...	0.2346

And the total expenses were—

	In 1886.		In 1887.
Expenses of management	£1,747 1 11	...	£1,349 19 0
Amount paid for compensation	752 16 4½	...	2,566 12 10
Reserve funds	2,258 9 5½	...	4,917 5 7
	£4,758 7 9		£9,333 17 5

These amounts had to be raised on the wages paid by members of

the union, which, for the year 1886, came to £23,105,962. Each member has to fill in the forms sent him by the union, for the correctness of which he is responsible.

This resulted for each class as follows :—

In Class A, 1s. subscription was paid on every	£81	13	0	of wages
" B, 1s. " " "	53	15	3	"
" C, 1s. " " "	40	6	6	"
" D, 1s. " " "	27	7	9	"
" E, 1s. " " "	21	10	1	"
" F, 1s. " " "	17	18	5	"
" G, 1s. " " "	16	2	7	"

According to the Report presented to the Reichstag by the Imperial Insurance Department for 1886, there were 62 unions in activity in Germany, with 269,174 members—i.e., concerns—and 3,478,435 insured workpeople, besides 251,878 workpeople in State factories, &c. The wages of the former were £111,416,943 5s. 7d., upon which premiums had to be paid. These unions paid in 1886—

Compensations, medical expenses, &c.	£85,584	19	11½
Reserve fund . . . . .	270,093	18	1
Expenses of management . . .	116,214	14	4
Expenses of arbitrations . . .	13,862	7	7
Insurance contracts taken over *	29,406	13	3½

£515,162 13 3

5,985 workpeople were killed and 92,319 injured. Compensation was paid in 9,723 cases, besides 7,840 injured in the various State factories. The bulk of the accidents are dealt with under sick insurance.

These expenses of the unions for the whole Empire give an average of not quite half per cent. on the wages of the insured workpeople—the exact amount is 9s. 2½d. on £100. The proportion of expenses to compensation paid is very high, but, being the first year, the expenses of organization and forming the unions come in, and will not occur again, while the compensations granted will necessarily increase annually with the increasing number of pensions granted year by year and continuing till death. After eleven or twelve years the reserve fund will not require annual additions, and the interest on it will be available for revenue. In any view, however, it will at once be seen that the organization is costly.

### III. OLD AGE AND INVALID INSURANCE.

The Bill to give effect to this is now before the Bundesrath for the first time, and will be laid before the Reichstag this session.

The accident insurance law is now in full operation for all the various industries of the country, comprising a total of about ten

\* There are existing assurances which the law compels the unions to take over.

millions of workpeople. By its means an organization is ready at hand, through which a system of insurance against "old age" and invalidism can be carried out.

It is proposed by this Bill that pensions for "old age" should be granted, regardless of any proof of disablement, to persons who have attained a considerable age—say, the seventieth year—and pensions for disablement regardless of age to those who can prove their incapacity to earn a living, so far as they are not already provided for under the Accident Insurance Act.

Invalid insurance will obtain when the incapacity to earn is the result of illness, weakness, or such accidents as have not occurred in actual work. It would be desirable to make at the same time provision for widows and orphans, but it is not advisable to undertake this part of social-political legislation until, in carrying out this law, experience has been gained whereby, amongst other things, a sound judgment can be formed as to how far the various industries will be able to bear an increased burden. Besides, a number of institutions for widows and orphans already exist, which, if not fully, are partially adequate to the need. Through this new organization also, a number of institutions, which now divide their means between sick workmen and their widows and orphans, will no doubt be enabled to increase their provision for the latter, as the workmen will not require their support in the same degree as before. Like the sick and accident insurance, old age and invalid insurance will be compulsory; and, agreeably to the Imperial rescript of November 17, 1881, will be carried out on the basis of Trade Corporate Unions. The most suitable means for carrying it out seem to be the existing "*Berufsgenossenschaften*" (Trade Corporate Unions) for accident insurance. Self-management by the parties themselves is also specially necessary when it is a question whether or not a member is capable of work, and is to receive a pension at the cost of his employer and fellow-workmen. New machinery, therefore, is not necessary for the successful carrying out of the new business, but a special department must be created within each "*Berufsgenossenschaft*" for the objects of the law. Should any individual trade appear unequal to the task of carrying out this insurance, on account of its smallness or from other causes, several will be allowed, agreeably to clause 30 of the accident insurance law, to join together to administer the law in common. Nor can there be any objection to empower the Bundesrath to order the formation of such unions compulsorily.

Through this organization it is possible to reach all members of the working classes employed for wages and the lower officials in factories, &c., a total of about twelve millions of people. Great importance is attached to this fact, chiefly because serious difficulties would arise, owing to the constant changes of the trades and residences

of the workmen, if the new organization were confined to single classes of workmen, or to certain territorial districts; for "old age" and "invalid" insurance presupposes permanent conditions and permanent subscriptions till the commencement of the disablement or of the prescribed age; and only under such conditions can the amount of subscriptions be ascertained with any degree of certainty. If compulsory insurance were confined to certain occupations, the result of discharge or transference from such an occupation to a non-compulsory one would be that the claim already earned to a pension would be diminished or could only be retained by the later payment of double subscriptions. These difficulties would increase in proportion as the circle of the workmen included in the new organisation was narrowed. The alternation between compulsory insurance and freedom from it would increase the difficulties of management and supervision, and, as may be foreseen, the rushing of workmen to such occupations as would secure to them, with the assistance of their employers and the State, the benefits of this insurance, might possibly seriously derange the labour market.

It is not altogether possible to avoid the giving up of their membership by insured members. Taking into account simultaneously all classes of workmen, it will be found that such cases fall into two groups—(a) those who give up every employment carrying with it compulsory insurance; (b) those to whom compulsory insurance does not apply owing to temporary loss of employment. In these cases the result of the deficiency of subscriptions would certainly be a diminution of the pension. Permission to pay the deficiency afterwards with simple and compound interest, or allowance for such subscriptions as have been paid in former years beyond the normal working year of three hundred days, will mitigate this disadvantage. To avoid undue hardship, periods of certified illness, accompanied by loss of earnings, will be reckoned as working days without any subscription. In cases resulting from military service in times of peace or war, the Empire must make up the amount, such service being performed in the interest of the Fatherland. The changes of employment and of the homes of the workpeople involve the further difficulty, that the same individuals are not continuously employed in the same insurance union districts, and that each workman will thus pay his subscriptions first to one and then to another union. The question therefore arises on which of these unions the burden of the pension is to fall. It ought not to fall on that in which the disablement commenced. This would only be permissible on the hypothesis that the actual state of things would result in an average of the burdens to be borne amongst the individual unions. This hypothesis, however, is false. For under such an arrangement, older persons whose disablement was impending could

only find work with difficulty. Thus, those unions which offer facilities for lighter employment for older persons, and in which, therefore, they will be more numerous<sup>ly</sup> employed, would be placed at a disadvantage in favour of other branches of employment, which, on account of the heavier work, require younger men, whose powers, however, are used up more readily. In order, therefore, to keep the accounts clear between the different insurance unions, it is recommended that the amount of each pension should be ascertained by a special Bureau of the Imperial Insurance Office, which will then debit its amount *pro rata* among the various unions to which it belongs. This amount will be determined by the length of employment, and consequently according to the amount and insurance value of the subscriptions paid during succeeding years to the different unions. Subscriptions paid in younger years will have in general more value in the cases of invalid insurance than the equally high subscriptions of later years. The amounts of the pensions falling upon individual insurance unions will thus be ascertained by means of tariffs based on experience and computed by actuaries. The computation thus required to be made by the Imperial Insurance Bureau for each individual case, and based upon this tariff, cannot offer much difficulty.

The object of this insurance will be identical with that of accident insurance—i.e., the grant of a pension, since this alone guarantees that the recipients will receive its benefit permanently. The insurance of a capital sum, often suggested, cannot be recommended, as no sufficient precautions can be taken that the capital will not be wasted. This would defeat the object in view, which is to secure for the evening of life a sure support independent of the poor rates.

In looking at the question whether the pensions should be the same for all insured, or whether they should be regulated by the rates of local wages or other conditions, the Government came to the conclusion that with some 12,000,000 insured persons, neither the varying amounts of individual earnings nor the average earnings of the different industries, nor any other sound principle, could be found upon which they could be varied, and the conclusion is arrived at that all these considerations point to one uniform pension as relatively the best, the amount for all to be the same, and graded only in accordance with the condition that before obtaining it a longer or shorter period of work must be accomplished, and consequently a larger or smaller total sum of subscriptions must have been paid. It therefore follows that the subscription must be paid for all alike, regardless of difference of wages, and the diverse occupations ought to vary from each other only in so far as the different degrees of disablement caused by them require, according to insurance principles, higher or lower rates of subscription in order to produce the same pension. Such a gradation of the rates of subscription is, however, absolutely necessary, as

without it, the less dangerous occupations, especially the agricultural, would have to bear the greater danger of other branches, and be thus unfairly burdened. During the first years after the Act comes into operation the rate of subscription will be, in the main, one based on general insurance calculations, as the differences of danger between the various branches of occupation are at present unknown.

It is necessary at first not to fix the amount of the pension too high, and accordingly an "invalid" pension of 120 marks (£6 sterling), annually increasing to 250 marks (£12 10s.), according to the duration of time the workman has been employed, is considered sufficient, females receiving two-thirds of these amounts. On the other hand, the "old age" pension need not exceed the nominal amount of 120 marks, as the man who has grown old in his employment can declare himself an invalid as soon as he is incapable of work, and then obtain an invalid pension. A time of probation (*carenz-zeit*) of not too short duration is necessary and unobjectionable; and it is recommended to fix its duration at thirty years for the "old age" pensions, and at five years for the "invalid" pensions.

The total cost of carrying out such a system is estimated at an annual average of 156,000,000 marks (£7,800,000), of which the State, the employers, and the workmen will each have to bear about one-third. Without State support it cannot be carried through. If the cost reaches approximately this amount, it gives an average of 18 marks annually per head for those insured; or, reckoning the year at 300 working days, a little less than 5 pfennigs (five-eighths of a penny) daily, exclusive of management expenses. Dividing this amount—or say 6 pfennigs (including management expenses)—by 3, the employer and workman would have to pay 2 pfennigs (exactly a farthing) each on an average per working day. In this calculation, the more unfavourable view has been taken as a precaution. But in fact the result of more detailed calculations since begun shows that the total cost will come out less; as, in the estimates already made, the agricultural and forestry labourers were grouped in the same class of risk and age as the factory and industrial workmen, although the conditions of the former are far more favourable.

If the total number of those incapable of work, as proved by labour statistics, be taken as a basis, and the pensions proposed applied to them, the result will be an annual requirement of about 162,000,000 marks (£8,100,000 sterling). This amount, however, even allowing for a possible increase of numbers, will be reduced to about 145,000,000 marks (£7,250,000) when those cases of disablement provided for by accident insurance, as well as those independent of help, are deducted. But even with the required 162,000,000 marks, the average subscription of a male worker does not reach one farthing per working day, and this petty sum every employer and every workman can surely

afford.\* The subscriptions will besides vary in amount in the different branches of employment, according to the risk, and will, in the agricultural occupations, be less than the average, they being more favourable to health. In this way, agriculture will, notwithstanding its present depressed state, still be able to bear the new burden, which will besides somewhat lighten that of the poor rates.

To raise this amount, the principle of insurance is recommended for both the employers and workmen, or the use of premiums, the rate of which is to be fixed beforehand.

It is recommended that the State quota be made in the form of an annual grant. It is estimated that in the first year about 800,000 marks (£40,000), after twenty years an annual average of 52,000,000 marks (£2,600,000), and after about seventy years double that amount will be needed. The system of stamps is recommended for the collection of the subscriptions of employers and workpeople. To that end the individual insurance unions will issue stamps distinguishable from each other by the names and order numbers of the unions, the subscriber—i.e., the employer—purchasing a suitable number of stamps and sticking them in each workman's receipt book. He will then deduct one-half of the cancelled amounts from the workman's wages next pay-day. As soon as the receipt book is full, it will be added up by the union, and the amount of subscriptions paid in the course of each year to the individual unions will then be ascertained, and a receipt for this carried forward in each new receipt book, the old books being then closed and laid aside for reference. The receipt books will serve both as proof of the amount of subscriptions paid by the owner to the different insurance unions, and of the amount of his claims, with the sum to be borne by each union. Loss of the receipt book will only practically affect the loser for a short time, as the total amount of his previous subscriptions, and with it the amount of his claims during past years, can be obtained from the old receipt books laid aside. The post-offices can be used as in the case of accident insurance, for payment of the pensions. The amount of the pensions will be fixed by the organs of the insurance unions, the right of complaint before a court of arbitration and of appeal to the Imperial Insurance Office being reserved.†

Such are these three German measures of national insurance, and

\* The workman pays for sick insurance 1 to 3 per cent, and the employer  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the wages, or, with average earnings of 600 marks (£30), and 300 working days per annum, 2 to 6 pfennigs for the workman, and 1 to 3 pfennigs for the employer. According to calculations made before the Act for accident insurance came into operation, the burden of this, which is borne entirely by the employer, amounts to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the wages, which, on the same basis, gives 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  pfennigs per day and head.

† Since this article was put into type, the Bill has passed the Bundesrath with but little alteration. The rate of subscription has been fixed at 21 pfennigs (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.) per week (not per day) for men, and 14 pfennigs (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.) for women. Provision is made for revising the rates within ten years, and for varying the rates for different industries. And there are special arrangements for admitting persons of certain ages at once to the pension benefits, without waiting for the probationary period to elapse.

from this sketch of their scope and aim their intimate interdependence is self-evident. They complete each other, and form one whole. The objects proposed to be compassed seem to be rather those of a communistic brotherhood than of a modern military State; yet, paradoxical as it may seem, they are the indirect outcome of the military character of the State, being in some measure the correlated duty rendered by the State to the individual in return for his military services.

The advantages to be gained by them are classed by their promoters as political and social.

The former consist in showing to the democracy that the State cares for its welfare, so that the tide of Social Democracy will be stemmed. The benefits granted are immediate and palpable, and, if the State be upturned, they will be lost. An increasing number of persons will annually be receiving pensions, who, with their relatives, will be interested in the stability of existing institutions, and thus a strong conserving influence will be leavening these classes. If, in 1885, 17,563 cases were compensated for accidents alone, in a few years 100,000 or more will be. Add to these the large number drawing old age and invalid pensions, and there will soon be half a million whose daily bread is dependent on the State. This will be the nucleus of the future Conservative party among the working classes.

The social advantages consist in the trustworthy and substantial assistance given as a right; and it is believed that in a few years they will have gone far, for a moderate expenditure of some twelve or fifteen millions sterling, to abolish poverty in the Empire. The health and physique of the people will also be indirectly benefited, as these laws tend to produce healthy conditions of work, by the pressure brought to bear on employers and employed. Again, the burden of sickness, decay, and mortality caused by unhealthy occupation will fall where it ought—i.e., on the consumer—for it is clear that the subscriptions of all parties concerned must in the last instance form an element in the cost of production. *In the exact degree in which an article is produced under more or less healthy and safe conditions will the burden of its unhealthiness be added to its cost. This is a sound principle and will go a long way in reconciling the nation to the acceptance of the laws.* Lastly, the educational influence on the working classes in carrying them out will not be unimportant.

Against these advantages objections have been urged. First, that these laws run counter to the teachings of political economy by interfering with the action of natural economic laws. Secondly, it is feared that they will encourage individual improvidence amongst the people and sap the independence of the insured. This transference of duties which go to form a great part of individual moral responsibility from the shoulders of the individual to those of the State is dangerous; it demoralizes men, by absolving them in some degree



from the consequences of their own acts. Thirdly, it is urged that the burdens will cripple the national industries and lessen their power to compete with foreign nations. Fourthly, that these laws are class legislation of the worst kind, putting the burdens of one class on the shoulders of another. Fifthly, that they promote simulation and idleness. This objection would appear to be not unfounded, as the Acts themselves attempt to provide means to meet the evil. Sixthly, it has been objected from the Social Democratic side, that, although the assistance provided under the sick and accident laws is substantial, and equal to the object aimed at, that proposed to be granted under the old age and invalid Bill is totally inadequate to its purpose. A pension of 120 marks (£6), increasing up to 250 marks (£12 10s.) annually, is not sufficient even in Germany to provide a person with the bare necessities of life. Such a provision will not compass either the social or political aim desired. It is insufficient alike for a provision for old age or premature decay of earning powers, and for the production of that favourable feeling of contentment desired by the Emperor in his Message. The comparative smallness of this pension leads again—Lastly, to the objection that there is no finality about these measures, and that, if the democratic classes have the power and will to demand more, it will be difficult to refuse it. It leaves the door of temptation open to them to shift their own burdens still more on to other shoulders.

It is yet too early to balance the advantages which will result from the passing of these laws against the possible evils they may cause. This bold experiment in the difficult field of social legislation will bear fruit: other countries are already following in the same track: a Bill for Accident Insurance has, I believe, been already introduced in France: and the Social Democracies of Europe will doubtless successively bring pressure to bear upon their respective Governments to pass measures with similar aims. It will be wise, therefore, for us to study their working and results, for such questions as these laws deal with require to be taken in time, to be calmly considered and worked out, if the measures which attempt to regulate them are to have a healing influence, and yet to be just to all classes of the community.

If this trio of laws prove successful without producing any serious collateral evils, the late Deutscher Kaiser, through his initiative, will have earned another claim to the love and gratitude of his people. He will have crowned his brilliant military reign with the noble work "of having left to the Fatherland new and permanent guarantees for its internal peace," exemplifying Schiller's words—

"Das ist's, was den Menschen zieret,  
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,  
Dass er im innern Herzen spürt  
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand."

HENRY M. FALKIN.

## RECENT ORIENTAL DISCOVERY.

THE great event of the season, so far as Oriental History is concerned, has been the discovery of a number of cuneiform tablets at Tel el-Amarna, in Upper Egypt. Tel el-Amarna stands on the site of the new capital built by Amenophis IV., more usually known as Khu-en-Aten, "the heretic king" of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, after his quarrel with the priests of Thebes. Its existence continued for but a short time after his death. With the return of the Court to the orthodox religion of Egypt it was deserted by its inhabitants, and its ruins show no traces of subsequent occupation.

It is among them that the *fellahin* have discovered a large collection of clay tablets, inscribed with cuneiform characters of a cursive Babylonian form, and in the Babylonian language. They turn out to consist, for the most part, of letters and despatches sent by the governors and kings of Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia to the two Egyptian monarchs Amenophis III. and IV., and a note in hieratic upon one of them states that a large portion of them had been transferred from Thebes to the new capital of Khu-en-Aten, along with the rest of the royal archives. Palestine at the time was held by Egyptian garrisons, the *matsartu* or "body-guard" of the governor, as they are termed in the despatches; and the representatives of the Egyptian Government seem to have been busily employed in sending news home about all that was going on. Among the cities of Palestine from which letters were despatched we may mention Byblos, Simyra, Akko or Acre, Megiddo, and Ashkelon; and reference is made in one of them to a coalition, at the head of which was the King of Gath.

Five of the letters are from Burna-buriyas, of Babylon, whose date was about B.C. 1430, which approximately fixes the period to which the reign of Khu-en-Aten must be assigned. But the largest number

relate to Queen Tii, the mother of Khu-en-Aten, who, we learn, was the daughter of Dusratta, King of Mitanni. Mitanni lay on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, between Carchemish and the mouth of the Balikh, and as it is identified with the country called Naharina by the Egyptians, the geographical position of the latter is at last ascertained. It was doubtless from Mitanni that Queen Tii brought that worship of the Solar Disk which her son endeavoured to force upon his unwilling subjects. In the age of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty the people of Naharina were the dominant power in Syria; it was not until the rise of the nineteenth dynasty that the Hittites took their place. But the Hittites were already pressing southward, and one of the tablets, in which mention is made of the North Syrian city, Tunep or Tennib, contains an urgent request for assistance from the Egyptian king against these formidable invaders. It may be added that upon one occasion a *targumannu*, or "dragoman," was sent with the letter, the first example known of a word which has since played so important a part in the Oriental world.

This unexpected revelation of active literary intercourse from one end of the civilized East to the other in the century before the date assigned by Egyptologists to the Exodus, is likely to produce a revolution in our conceptions of ancient Oriental history. It is needless to point out what an interest it possesses for the student of the Old Testament, or what important bearings it is likely to have upon the criticism of the Pentateuch. The most unexpected part of the discovery is the fact that the medium of literary correspondence was the Babylonian language and script. It is true that here and there we come across evidences that the writers were not of Babylonian origin, as when the king is called a "Sun-god," in accordance with Egyptian ideas, or when the first personal pronoun is expressed by the Phœnician *anaki* instead of the Assyro-Babylonian *anaku*. But the language of Babylonia is generally correctly written, and the scribes show that they had acquired a very thorough knowledge of the complicated cuneiform syllabary. It is evident not only that good schools existed throughout Western Asia, but an acquaintance with Babylonian literature as well. We can now explain the presence of the names of Babylonian deities, like Nebo or Rimmon, in Canaan, as well as the curious resemblances that exist between the cosmologies of Phœnicia and Babylonia.

Perhaps the most important result of the discovery is the evidence it affords us that some part, at any rate, of the books preserved in the libraries of Canaan were written in cuneiform characters, not upon papyrus, but upon imperishable clay. There is therefore some hope that when the excavator is able to exhume the buried relics of cities like Tyre or Kirjath-Sepher, "the town of books," he will find among them libraries similar to those of Assyria or Babylonia. Not only do we now know that the people of Canaan could read and write before

the Israelitish conquest, we also know that they wrote upon clay. The "scribes" mentioned in the Song of Deborah (Judges v. 6) have become to us living realities.

The discontinuance of the old literary intercourse, and of the international language and script which accompanied it, must have been due to the advance of the Hittites and their long wars with the Egyptians, followed by the Israelitish invasion of Palestine. Western Asia was for a time a scene of bloodshed and disorder; Egypt had fallen into decay, and the cultured populations of Canaan were struggling for life and home. On the north were the Hittite tribes, on the south the children of Israel. When order began to reign again, the influence of Babylonia had passed away, and its cumbrous syllabary had been superseded by the simple Phœnician alphabet. The date at which this was introduced into Phœnicia has now to be fixed by the progress of archaeological research.

In Egypt, Mr. Naville, continuing his excavations at Bubastis on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has made a very curious discovery. Among the relics of ancient monuments heaped together on the site of the old temple of Pasht he has found a mutilated statue which bears upon it the name of King Ra-ian. Not only is the name new, and not very easily explicable from Egyptian sources, but it also goes to confirm the views of those who, like Mr. Cope Whitehouse, have maintained that Arab tradition should not be altogether despised and rejected. The Pharaoh Rayan has long played a prominent part in Arab legend; he was the reputed creator of the Fayûm, and it was from him that the Wady Rayan—now so famous in connection with the scheme of constructing a great storage-lake for the Nile—is said to have derived its name. Joseph was his Minister, and he belonged to those Amalokites of Midian, who, in the Arab writers, represent the Hyksos of Manetho. Egyptologists have hitherto refused to see any grains of truth in these Arab stories; but the discovery of the name of Ra-ian on the monument of Bubastis will oblige them to reconsider their decision, more especially if Mr. Griffith is right in identifying the prænomen of King Ra-ian with the mutilated cartouche on a lion of black granite, now in the British Museum, which belongs to the age of the Hyksos.

Mr. Flinders Petrie has been working in the Fayûm this winter at Biyahmu and Howâra. At Biyahmu he has settled the question as to the position of the statues described by Herodotos as standing on the top of two pyramids in the middle of Lake Morris. He has found remains of them, one of the fragments being inscribed with the name of Amen-em-hat III., the creator of the Fayûm, and he has also found that the sides of the two pedestals on which they stood were on one side sloped at an angle, so that at a distance they would have seemed of pyramidal shape. As the ground on which the pedestals stand is actually two feet lower than it was at the time of their erection, while there are indications that a road

passed between them from the very first, it is evident that the Lake Moëris of Herodotos can never have had any existence, but must have represented an inundation of the Fayûm. Herodotos must have visited the spot when the dyke was broken which prevented the waters of the high Nile from inundating the cultivated land.

Mr. Petrie agrees with Lepsius in placing the site of the famous Labyrinth at Howâra, and he believes he has discovered the traces of it in the deep beds of limestone chippings which cover a large area of ground there. Indeed at one spot he considers that he has come across a portion of the pavement. The question will be decided next winter, when he returns to the scene of his labours. We are told by Strabo that the tomb of the Pharaoh who created the Fayûm (Amen-em-hat III.) was in a pyramid adjoining the Labyrinth. Mr. Petrie has accordingly been patiently tunnelling into the heart of the brick pyramid of Howâra, and just before suspending his work for the season was rewarded by discovering a tomb roofed over with massive stones, which had never yielded up its secrets since the day when the pyramid was piled over it. If the body of Amen-em-hat III. is found within, all doubt as to the site of the Labyrinth will be removed; in any case Mr. Petrie has before him a prospect such as has never before fallen to the lot of an Egyptologist—that of opening for the first time the sepulchre of a Pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty.

The University Press of Cambridge must be congratulated on a work it has just published in two volumes. This is Mr. Doughty's account of his "*Travels in Arabia Deserta*," a country which may be said to be more unknown than Central Africa. The book reads like the work of a traveller of the sixteenth century. The quaint style, the novelty of the country traversed by the author, the humble fashion in which he travelled, living on the charity of the natives, and sharing with the Bedouins their wretched fare, not to speak of his old-fashioned abhorrence of Mohammedanism and all its works, transport us to an age which we had fancied was long since past. It was unfortunate for Mr. Doughty that he travelled in districts never before trodden by a European, at a time when the war between Turkey and Russia had excited the fanaticism of the Mohammedans of Arabia to the highest pitch, and he was not unfrequently in danger of his life. Apart from the contributions he has made to our geographical and geological knowledge, it is to him that we owe the copies and squeezes of the Nabathean inscriptions at Medain Salihh, which have been published by the French Government, and already described in this REVIEW. It was Mr. Doughty also who first made known the existence of the Nabathean monuments at Teyma, subsequently visited by Professor Euting and M. Huber, the oldest and most important of which is now in Paris.

It is with mixed feelings of envy and admiration that I mention the "*Mémoires*" of the French Archæological School at Cairo, sumptuously

published by the French Government, of which the fourth volume has now appeared. It contains Coptic MSS. of the fourth and fifth centuries, edited and translated by M. Amélineau, which are of the highest value for the history of Coptic Christianity, and therewith of Egypt itself. The elaborate introduction of M. Amélineau indicates the light which they shed on a dark but important period, and paints in graphic colours the character of Coptic Christianity. In all essential characteristics it was the old faith of the people under another name. The earlier volumes of the "*Mémoires*" are mostly devoted to the study of the hieroglyphic monuments, or the later Arabic age of Egypt, and one of them contains the whole of the lengthy texts inscribed on the walls of the tomb of Seti I. France can always find means for the endowment of science, whatever be her Government or the pressure of taxation; it raises a blush to remember that wealthy England not only cannot provide funds for such a purpose, but has even reduced the pittance formerly granted to its National Museum.

A. H. SAYCE.

## CHAOS IN THE WAR OFFICE.

A ROYAL Commission has recently been appointed (the Marquis of Hartington, Chairman) "to inquire into the civil and professional administration of the Naval and Military Departments, the relation of those Departments to each other and to the Treasury, and to report what changes in the existing system would tend to the efficiency and economy of the public service."

The subject, it need hardly be said, is one of national concern; and, having had considerable experience in the War Office, I am in hopes that my views on the matter may be of some public interest, and may throw light on a very difficult and complex question.

Before proceeding to a consideration of recent changes, and of the present condition of the War Department, it will be useful to enter into a short historical retrospect, explaining the arrangements in bygone days. Previous to the Crimean war, the administration of the Army was conducted by various departments of the State, in a great measure independently of each other. The command, discipline, and movements of the Infantry and Cavalry were under the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards, the finance of these two branches being regulated by a Secretary at War, who was in Parliament, and was sometimes a military man. The Secretary of State for the Colonies was also, as regards policy, Minister for War, but took no part in Army administration. The Commissariat was under the Treasury; the clothing was provided regimentally by colonels. The Militia were under Lord-Lieutenants of counties, supervised by the Home office.\* The *personnel* of the Artillery and Engineers, the armaments and munitions of the

\* For details see Report of Sir J. Stephen's Commission on Warlike Stores, 1867, pp. vii. and viii.; and Sir Matthew Ridley's Commission on Civil Establishments, 1867, paragraph 15.

Navy and Army, military equipments and stores, the fortifications, barracks, and the finances of all these various departments, were regulated by the Master-General of the Ordnance. He was always a distinguished officer, usually in Parliament, and often in the Cabinet; and was assisted by a Board, consisting of the Surveyor-General, the Principal Storekeeper, and the Clerk of the Ordnance. The members of the Board were also, as a rule, military officers, and some of them in Parliament.\* The annual expenditure in those days, that is, between Waterloo and the Crimean War, was small as compared to the present.

There are two salient points to be observed in the above arrangements: one, that the general administration of the Army was regulated by a variety of independent authorities; but, on the other hand, the various branches were fully represented in Parliament, and many of them by men of great military knowledge.

The difficulties of the Crimean War, and the abnormal sufferings of our troops in that campaign, led to a sudden and complete change in our military administration. A Secretary of State for War was established, a civilian and in Parliament, and the various departments, hitherto scattered, were placed under his authority. The Master-General of the Ordnance and his Board were, however, abolished.†

It will, I think, be generally admitted that the appointment of a Minister of War was right in principle; and that the concentration of the various branches under one head was likely to be advantageous to the public service. But the abolition of the Master-General and Board, in depriving the supply departments of the guidance and control of men of military experience, weakened the administration. The great Duke of Wellington, who, it must be borne in mind, had held the offices of Prime Minister, Master-General, and Commander-in-Chief, was strongly of opinion that the duties of the Ordnance were conducted with care, economy, and efficiency. The late Viscount Hardinge, who also had been successively Clerk of the Ordnance, Master-General, and Commander-in-Chief, held the same views.‡

Had the Master-General and Board been retained, and placed under the Secretary of State as his advisers, many of the subsequent difficulties, especially as regards armaments and supplies, would, I think, have been avoided. The absence of professional representatives of the Army in Parliament has also been detrimental to efficient and economical administration.§

In the sudden creation of a War Department under the circumstances above noted, it was only to be expected that many difficulties

\* For details of their duties, see Report of Select Committee on Army and Ordnance Expenditure, 1849, pp. 729 to 746, and 561.

† See Report of Select Committee on Military Organization, 1860, p. 5.

‡ Select Committee on Public Expenditure, 1828, pp. 4-8 and 84; also Committee on Civil Administration of the Army, 1837, p. 37.

§ See views of Mr. Sidney Herbert, Committee on Military Organization, 1860, p. 465-8.



and some confusion of authority would arise ; and during the ensuing years various Committees and Commissions inquired into its working, with more or less success.\*

In 1870, however, a considerable simplification ensued, as a result of the reports of Lord Northbrook's Committee—that is to say, the various analogous departments were focussed, and the War Office was organized under three principal heads :—

1. *Personnel*. 2. *Matériel*. 3. *Finance*.†

The command, discipline, recruiting, movements, and education of all branches of the service, including the Militia and Volunteers, were placed under the Commander-in-Chief and an adequate staff. This arrangement was a beneficial one in every way. It diminished correspondence, removed friction, and the armed forces of the Crown have benefited by this concentration of authority.

In like manner the Supply Departments were placed under a Surveyor-General of Ordnance—that is, the provision of armaments, munitions, and reserves for the Navy and Army, the fortifications, barracks, clothing, food, and military equipments of all kinds, and contracts were vested in him. And, just as the Commander-in-Chief was assisted by a competent staff for *personnel*, so, in like manner, the Surveyor-General had experienced officers under him to regulate and administer the various difficult and costly services just recapitulated. It may in fact be said that, by the arrangements of 1870, the Surveyor-General's department included the civil duties formerly appertaining to the Master-General. There was no Board, but still there was a distinct concentration of authority over *matériel* and supply ; and the Secretary of State had two chief advisers, both of whom were invested with great powers and responsibility over the main departments of the Army.‡

As the expenditure of the supply branches now amounts to more than eight millions sterling per annum, it will be desirable to consider the status of the Surveyor-General a little more in detail. Lord Northbrook's Report of 1870,§ in proposing the arrangements above detailed, pointed out, that, looking to the magnitude of the expenditure and the importance of the business connected with the supplies of an army, it would be an advantage to the service, and an assistance to the Secretary of State, were the department represented in Parliament. It went on, however, to remark that the duties involved special qualifications, and consequently it would be unfortunate were the appointment considered one to be conferred on a member of Parlia-

\* Commission of 1860 on Military Organization, and Commission on Transport and Supply Departments, 1867.

† See Orders in Council, June 4 1870, defining the duties of Commander-in-Chief, Surveyor-General, and Financial Secretary.

‡ In the *Nineteenth Century* for June 1888 there is an article by Lord Charles Beresford, entitled "A Workable Admiralty," in which this very system is strongly recommended as suitable for Naval administration.

§ Third Report of Lord Northbrook's Committee, February 1870, p. xi.

ment as a matter of course. In fact it was, I think, evident, that the position was one requiring military knowledge and experience.

The Order in Council of June 1870 was, however, silent on both points; and gave power to the Secretary of State to appoint a Surveyor-General without any qualifying terms either as to Parliament or military knowledge. During the last few years, Lord Northbrook's words of caution have been disregarded, and the appointment has been held exclusively by civilian members of Parliament; and between 1883 and 1887, owing to the frequent changes of Government, no less than four Surveyors-General held the office in succession; the Secretary of State having also changed five times in the same period. The administration of this important branch of army supply must necessarily have been greatly weakened by these causes.\*

There is another point of great moment as regards the duties of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. For many years past, and until the last few months, it has been held that the armaments, munitions, and reserves for both the fighting services—that is, for the Navy as well as the Army—should be provided by one department. The subject has been considered and reported on over and over again by a succession of Committees and Commissions† during the last fifty years, and, although opinions were not unanimous, on the whole the preponderance of authority was strongly in favour of unity of administration in this respect.

Summarized shortly, the arguments in favour of unity were that, as a great naval, military, and colonial Power, it was highly advantageous to the State that the armaments, munitions, and stores for the two fighting services should be identical in system and pattern, so as to be interchangeable and available for both. Not only that, but there was economy in the reserves being held by one set of store officers at foreign stations; and the same argument applies to the great national reserves at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Weedon, Woolwich, Marchwood, Dublin, Cork, and elsewhere. There was a further advantage in unity, namely, that the varied experience of officers both by land and sea were utilized in the consideration of changes and improvements from time to time. In fact, the two services hitherto have gone hand in hand, and worked together for the common good.

Those who may wish to study this important question more in detail will find that, in addition to the late Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge, there were many experienced officers who held strong views in the above sense. The names of Sir James Kempt and of Sir Hussey Vivian, who were both Masters-General, as well as those

\* See Report of Sir J. Stephen's Commission on Warlike Stores, 1887, pp. ix., x., xi.; also pp. xxxix. and civ.

† See Reports of Committees and Commissions of 1828, 1834, 1837, 1849, 1860.

of Sir Alexander Dickson, Sir John May, and Sir Thomas Hastings, R.N., may be quoted.\*

It may perhaps be said that these are matters and opinions of ancient history; but the problem—that is, what is the best organization for armaments and reserves—remains the same now as then, and, indeed, owing to the wide expansion of the Empire, and to the vast increase in our commerce of late years, its solution has become more vital than ever. I have already quoted the results of Lord Northbrook's Commission of 1870, which, after some years of comparative confusion in the War Office, virtually re-established a Supply Department, on the old lines of the Board of Ordnance. But we have other and very recent opinions tending exactly in the same direction. The Commission on Warlike Stores, presided over by Sir James Stephen, last year recommended that: "The office of Master-General should be revived so far as the management of the Stores and Manufacturing Departments is concerned. The Master-General should be a soldier of the highest eminence. He should hold office for a term of, say, seven years certain."† They further advised that he should be assisted by a Council.

The Royal Commission on Civil Establishments, also of last year, presided over by Sir Matthew Ridley, came to much the same conclusion, and said:‡ "We are of opinion that the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance should in future be, what he was intended to be—viz., a military officer of high standing and experience, and that he should not be a member of the House of Commons. The appointment should be, we think, for five or seven years, and should be renewable for a fixed period."

From the above remarks, it will be seen that there is considerable unanimity of opinion, past and present, on the great principle in question—namely, that there should be one distinct department for the due management of fortifications, barracks, armaments, and all general equipments of the Army, and of manufacture; and that, with a view to secure unity of purpose, the Navy, as well as the Army, should be supplied from the same source. As a great and expanding naval, military, and colonial Power, with fleets, fortresses, and depots all over the world, it seems apparent that, both in regard to efficiency and economy, unity of system, pattern, and authority is essential.§ Successive Masters-General of Ordnance, men of the highest eminence in the great wars at the beginning of the century, concurred in this view, and agreed that the Ordnance was an efficient

\* See Royal Commission of 1834, pp. 6 and 21; also Commission of 1837, pp. 10, 13, and 34; and Committee on Ordnance Expenditure, 1849, pp. 207, 208.

† Royal Commission on Warlike Stores, 1887, pp. civ., cv.

‡ Royal Commission on Civil Establishments, 1887, p. ix.

§ See evidence of General Maitland and Captain Noble, Lord Morley's Commission, 1887: Replies to Questions 1160 and 8886.

and a necessary department of the State ; and all recent inquiries have moved in the same direction. But there is more to be said. In the appendix of the fifth Report of House of Commons Committee on Army and Navy Estimates, 1887, voluminous extracts are given of recent correspondence between the Treasury, War Office, and Admiralty, regarding the proposed separation of the naval and military armaments ; and it appears clear that the proposal will lead to increased cost, double reserves, duplication of staff, and will inevitably end in diversity of pattern, and confusion and loss of efficiency in war.\*

In view of the above-quoted opinions and reports, it will naturally be supposed that, in any scheme of reorganization, the necessity of strengthening the weakened authority over *matériel* would have been the first consideration. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising to find that a course the very opposite has been followed, and is now being carried out. The provision of naval armaments has been handed over to the Admiralty ; the department of the Surveyor-General broken up, its various branches scattered about like wrecks on a sea-shore, and the duties divided almost at random between the military and financial elements of the War Office.

The grounds of so sudden and complete a departure from all previous experience require close scrutiny, but there is little to go upon. The only documents yet published which throw any light on the subject are the new Orders in Council, dated December 29, 1887, and a memorandum by the Secretary of State, of February 27, 1888, which has been laid before Parliament. From a study of these papers it appears that the War Office is now divided into two parts, Civil and Military, instead of three, as heretofore. The Order in Council, in defining the new duties of the Commander-in-Chief, lays down that in addition to those connected with the *personnel*, he is now charged with the responsibility for supplies of food, clothing, armaments, munitions, and all other stores, as well as the construction and maintenance of fortifications and barracks. The financial control over all these services, however, is gone in the other direction—that is, to the Civil department, presided over by the Financial Secretary, so that responsibility is on one side, but the power on the other. Mr. Brodrick, the present Financial Secretary, in a speech not long ago to his constituents, explained, “that his labours had been enormously increased by the control of eight millions of money, for which the Surveyor-General was formerly accountable.”†

\* I must point out that in the correspondence above noted my name has been frequently quoted by the War Office, without my knowledge or authority, as being in favour of separation of naval and military armaments ; whereas my views, formed after long study, are, and have been for years past, exactly the reverse. It was quite by accident that I recently discovered this misrepresentation of my opinions, and at once called the attention of the Minister for War to the matter, who has since rectified the error in official letters to the Departments concerned.

† *Times*, February 2, 1886.

The Secretary of State, in his Parliamentary memorandum, explains that the object of these vital changes is to give the military authorities complete responsibility over all departments of the Army, so that they may be able to advise him with complete knowledge of the requirements of the country. That the Surveyor-General's department required strength in a military sense is abundantly clear; but, to transfer his chief responsibilities to the military staff, who were already more than fully occupied with their own special functions, is hardly likely to achieve the desired result. In the proceedings of the Committee of the House of Commons on Army and Navy estimates in 1887, evidence is recorded that, before these changes were made, the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General were already overburdened. The Adjutant-General, it was alleged, had to get up every morning at six o'clock to commence work; and the other officer was apparently in much the same condition.\* For the future it is difficult to see how they can go to bed at all! Under these circumstances, as a mere matter of administration, it is not apparent how the public service can be benefited by handing over to their charge and care, under the Commander-in-Chief, a whole series of departments of a totally different character, in addition to what they had before. Even in time of peace this concentration of work will, I should suppose, be found very embarrassing; and in time of war such an arrangement must inevitably break down. But this is by no means the end of the question. Whilst the responsibilities of the military staff have thus been vastly increased, and their duties multiplied, the real power has passed into other hands. Hitherto the Surveyor-General of Ordnance not only administered all questions of *matériel*, but he was vested with financial power—that is, assisted by the heads of the various branches, he was the adviser of the Secretary of State, both as to the due maintenance of supplies and reserves, and also of the necessary expenditure involved. He had real responsibility combined with power. By the new arrangements these two elements are dangerously divided, responsibility resting on the overloaded shoulders of the military staff, whilst the financial power has been transferred to the civil element. Under such circumstances it is to be feared that the two departments must inevitably drift into conflict. These opinions may no doubt be disputed; they are the essence of the case; but a careful and dispassionate consideration of the records and opinions I have quoted seems to lead to the one conclusion.

It is further necessary to point out that, in the recent dislocation of the War Office, there were certain departments for which it was apparently difficult to find a home. Hitherto, the Director of Artillery, acting under the Surveyor-General, was not only responsible for the

\* Second Report of Committee of House of Commons on Army and Navy Estimates, 1887, p. 9, and third Report, pp. 1 and 2.

due provision of munitions and reserves, but also had authority over the manufacturing establishments. His duties, however, have now been bisected. He still retains the supervision and inspection of *matériel*, but the control of the manufactories, including clothing and the contract branch, has been transferred to the Financial Secretary.\* The latter officer, however, is a civilian and in Parliament, who changes with the Government; he is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and is not necessarily in the least acquainted with the requirements of the Army or with the administration of manufactories; and yet he is now invested with considerable powers over both one and the other. Surely this is a dubious experiment. All these are grave considerations, and cannot be ignored by the Royal Commission which is now inquiring into the Naval and Military Departments and their relation to each other.

It is quite apparent that the whole subject is one of a very difficult and complex nature. In the first place, the conditions and circumstances of our Empire are different from, and far more varied than, those of the great European Powers. We have interests, territorial and commercial, all over the world, the due protection of which requires continuity of policy, and also that the two fighting services should be able to act cordially together for the common good. In the next place, we are living in an age of incessant change and improvement in everything that relates to warlike *matériel*. Rifled ordnance, small-arms, machine guns, torpedoes, explosives, and, indeed, all matters connected with military and maritime warfare, are receiving the constant impulse of scientific inquiry and progress. All these questions require time and expenditure of money before a solution can be arrived at, and before action can be taken, and even then scientific opinions often differ as to the results likely to be attained.

Economy, combined with efficiency, is a maxim constantly put forward as one to be followed by those in responsible positions at the War Office and Admiralty. It is, no doubt, an admirable principle in itself; but, amidst the often conflicting opinions of scientific men on new inventions and discoveries, and the incessant clamour of the ignorant and unscientific, it is extremely difficult, and requires the greatest vigilance on the part of military experts to advise as to the proper and adequate expenditure of public money, amounting to many millions sterling per annum.

In addition to these difficulties, we must not forget that our mode of government adds to the complications. Not only are the Ministers at the head of the two combatant services liable to constant removal, but the estimates of expenditure are dependent on annual votes of Parliament. The separate items are canvassed and criticized from different points of view—personal, political, or patriotic—and not

\* See Order in Council, December 29, 1887, defining the duties of the Financial Secretary.

necessarily with military knowledge. Again, although there is a general and natural wish for economy in the abstract, still there are many local and personal interests represented both in Parliament and the press of an opposite tendency. There is, in short, a great deal of free criticism, not always founded on experience, and the motives of which it is difficult to fathom.

All these circumstances considerably affect naval and military preparations; and the public become somewhat mystified, and are alternately swayed first in one direction and then in another. I do not pretend to offer an entire solution of these conflicting elements, but hope that the historical summary given in the foregoing pages may be of some public service, and of assistance to those who have to determine the main principles of naval and military administration.

\*  
JOHN ADYR, General.

## THE PRESENT PROBLEM IN INDIA.

MR. JOWETT, in the felicitous speech in which, on behalf of his Balliol brethren, he bade the new Viceroy God-speed, laid his finger on the root difficulty of Anglo-Indian rule. India, he said, is an Asiatic country which cannot be altogether governed by Asiatic methods. The Master's fine touch was felt in the word *altogether*. English statesmen have long recognized the main difficulty, and it has never been more trenchantly set forth than in the June number of this REVIEW. Every careful observer perceives that India cannot be held down by British Viceroys as it was held down by the Mughal emperors. It is equally apparent that any sudden change to English forms of government would be attended with the gravest dangers. We ourselves have set forces in motion in India which render it impossible for us to stand still. The old native props of empire are undermined or have fallen away. How far is it practicable to utilize the new forces in their place? This is the perennial problem which, in varying forms, each ruler of British India from Clive downwards has had to solve at his peril. At one period it presented itself as a military necessity; at another period as a diplomatic necessity; at a third period as an administrative necessity; but at all times as a necessity so imperative, that any attempt to shrink from it has been a sure sign of weakness on the part of a Governor-General. It is a difficulty that underlies our whole position in India, a difficulty to be encountered not by heroic remedies but by timely precautions; a problem not of reconstruction or of substitution, but of transition and development.

Twice during the present century this problem has received a memorable solution. It is now presenting itself a third time with an insistence which will admit of no long delay. On each occasion the



Governor-General of the time was forced into action by a train of circumstances so irresistible that he seemed to be almost a passive instrument in the hand of Fate. At the beginning of the century the Marquis of Wellesley found that the basis on which Clive and Hastings had built up the British dominion in India would no longer support the fabric. That dominion had been won by English generals who took sides, to England's advantage, with the native Powers in their scramble for the fragments of the Mughal Empire; and by English administrators who wrung treaties and grants impartially from the local combatants, and from the shadowy central throne. The great southern wars of Warren Hastings and Lord Cornwallis made it clear that this holding of the balance was only profitable—in fact, only possible—as long as no preponderating native sword was flung into the scale. During nineteen perilous years it seemed as if the ascendancy of the British Libra would give place to the Scorpio of Mysore, with the Maratha Sagittarius to follow. The old mechanism of alliances with the Indian princes was worn out, indeed, was turned against us by those princes themselves.

Lord Wellesley perceived that the English must either become supreme in India, or run the perpetual risk of being driven out of it. From the previous system of alliances with the country Powers he developed a British Protectorate. He and his brother, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, compelled the native States to enter into subordinate relations to our Government. The diplomatic disarmament of India which the two great brethren thus inaugurated furnished a new basis for British rule. On the one hand, it gradually reduced the military forces of the native States to impotence; on the other, it guaranteed them against aggression from their neighbours, and, in the end, from the revolt of their own subjects. On this system, perfected by Lord Wellesley's successors, the English supremacy rested during fifty years. But it soon disclosed an ugly and unforeseen feature. Two generations of potentates grew up without any necessity to guard themselves against external attack or to set limits to internal oppression. The sacred discipline of self-preservation, the last hold which Providence has on princes, became in the native courts a tradition of the past. A new Providence from beyond the sea had taken charge of India, a Providence which freed the protected chiefs from the natural motives for exertion and from the normal checks upon misrule. One Governor-General after another remonstrated in vain. The princes of India sank deeper into sloth and self-indulgence, the worst of them wallowing in debauchery broken by furious outbursts of oppression, the best of them dreaming away their years in dim discontent. Before the middle of the present century the evils of the system had manifestly outgrown its benefits. A high-minded English statesman, coming to the task of ruling India with the vigour and

unsullied aspirations of youthful maturity, determined that the old order should give place to a new.

The India upon which Lord Dalhousie looked out in 1848, amply justified his conclusion that British administration was better for the people than native government. While sternly keeping faith with the princes, to the letter of their treaties, he availed himself of every opportunity (as it seemed to him every legitimate opportunity) which arose for bringing the native States directly under English rule. This policy culminated in the annexation of Oudh. In the previous generation, Lord William Bentinck had solemnly warned the king of that great and miserable province. Lord Hardinge, the immediate predecessor of Dalhousie, had imperatively reiterated the warning. The Court of Directors reluctantly resolved that they could be no further responsible for maintaining a misrule which was an outrage on humanity. Lord Dalhousie carried out their perilous decision, declaring formally, as the ground of annexation, that "the British Government would be guilty, in the sight of God and man, if it were any longer to aid in sustaining by its countenance an administration fraught with suffering to millions."

The permanent aspects of the policy which received in this act its greatest historical expression, were for a time obscured by the Mutiny of 1857. When the sky cleared after the tornado, the native dynasties found themselves firmly secured in their rights, but subject to a supervision which now makes supersession the normal consequence of misrule. "The Crown of England," Lord Canning declared in 1862, "stands forward the unquestioned and paramount ruler of India, and is for the first time brought face to face with its feudatories. There is a reality in the suzerainty of the Sovereign of England which never existed before." A later Viceroy summed up the new situation of the native princes in two memorable correlatives: "the permanence of their rule," and "the certain punishment of crime." The British protectorate of the princes, planned by Lord Wellesley, had developed, under the Queen, into a British protectorate of their peoples.

Within our own territories an equally profound change had taken place. The old simple method of the Company was to hold India by means of a garrison and a close corporate body of English administrators, known as the Covenanted Civil Service. This idea gradually lost credit in Parliament, after the Charter of 1813 threw open the Indian trade to the British nation. It lost ground still more slowly in the Court of Directors. But down to the Mutiny of 1857 it remained the dominant idea among the Company's servants in India and it still retains some hold on the Anglo-Indian mind. Mr. Meredith Townsend, whose valuable experience was gained in Bengal from 1848 to 1860, or practically during the period which produced the Mutiny:

postulates that idea in his brilliant article, "Will England Retain India?" in the June number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. And starting from this postulate of government by a garrison and a close English corporation, he comes, I think legitimately, to the conclusion that England will not. He correctly cites the Mutiny as a proof of the instability of a rule which had nothing behind it but a handful of civil servants and troops. Long before the storm broke, indeed from the time of William IV. downwards, the danger had been foreseen, and attempts, both legislative and executive, had been made to avert it by incorporating the natives into the administration. These measures had borne small fruit, owing partly to the apathy of the nation at large to Indian affairs, partly to the active opposition of the English community in India, partly to the passive resistance of the Company's servants, but also in a great measure to the circumstance that no considerable body of natives had then been educated to the standards which would have qualified them for high office. Mr. Townsend's statement regarding Anglo-Indian rule by a close official corporation and a garrison, if put into the past tense, accurately describes the India of the Mutiny. "That corporation and that garrison," he says, "constitute the 'Indian Empire.' There is nothing else. Banish those fifteen hundred men in black, defeat that slender garrison in red, and the Empire has ended. . . . They are the Empire and there is no other."

It did not need the Mutiny to reveal the risks of such an experiment in exotic government. What the Mutiny did, was to compel the national recognition of those risks, and to convince England, by arguments of agony and blood, that so perilous a method must be abandoned. During Lord Dalhousie's rule practical steps had been taken towards a change. Parliament provided for a Legislative Council on a liberal basis in India. The Company's close Civil Service was by statute thrown open to competition in England. The great Education Despatch of 1854 laid the foundation of an adequate system of public instruction for the native races. The Acts for establishing the three universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay followed, under Lord Canning, in 1857. But before these measures could begin to produce their effects, the Mutiny rudely awakened England to the perils of panic among an uneducated population, and to the dangers of disaffection among hereditary ruling classes destitute of any personal interest in the permanence of our Government. The British nation resolved to reconstitute its great Eastern dependency on a broader and more solid basis. Anglo-Indian government by means of a garrison and a close corporation of civilians had manifestly broken down. The Company disappeared amid a conflagration of revolt, and out of its ashes rose, phoenix-like, the India of the Queen. The British protectorate of Lord Wellesley had in half a century passed into direct

British rule. "We hold ourselves," were her Majesty's solemn words in assuming the government of the country, "bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. . . . And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

In 1858, the dead letter of William the Fourth's Act thus became the living principle of Indian government under the Queen. The princes of India started afresh with their dynastic rights firmly guaranteed, but also with their dynastic responsibilities stringently insisted on. The people were assured that they had only to qualify themselves by education, ability, and integrity, in order to be impartially admitted, so far as may be, to public offices. We should never forget the qualifying words "so far as may be." To do so would be to beg the question, and at the same time to withdraw it from the scope of practical politics. But one Viceroy after another has given to the Indian people his own interpretation of her Majesty's words. These interpretations now leave no doubt as to the nature and extent of the pledge which the Sovereign, speaking on behalf of the British nation, gave to the Indian people, and of the spirit in which it is to be construed. Let me quote the words of the last four Viceroys—of rulers differing so widely on some other questions as Lord Northbrook, Lord Lytton, Lord Ripon, and Lord Dufferin.

Lord Northbrook declared :—

"There is one simple test which we may apply to all Indian questions. Let us never forget that it is our duty to govern India, not for our own profit and advantage, but for the benefit of the natives of India."

Lord Lytton, at the solemn ceremonial of proclaiming the Queen Empress of India in 1877, said :—

"But you, the natives of India, whatever your race, and whatever your creed, have a recognized claim to share largely with your English fellow-subjects, according to your capacity for the task, in the administration of the country you inhabit. This claim is founded in the highest justice. It has been repeatedly affirmed by British and Indian statesmen, and by the Legislation of the Imperial Parliament. It is recognized by the Government of India as binding on its honour, and consistent with all the aims of its policy."

Lord Ripon stated more explicitly his view as to the character of the promise conveyed by her Majesty's Proclamation of 1858 :—

"The document is not a treaty, it is not a diplomatic instrument, it is a declaration of principles of Government which, if it is obligatory at all, is obligatory in respect to all to which it is addressed."

He formally repudiated a doctrine which would take away from or limit its effect. Such a doctrine he declared in Council,

"seems to me to be inconsistent with the character of my Sovereign and with the honour of my country, and if it were once to be received and acted upon by the Government of England, it would do more than anything else could possibly do to strike at the root of our power and to destroy our just influence. Because that power and that influence rests upon the conviction of our good faith more than upon any other foundation, aye, more than upon the valour of our soldiers and the reputation of our arms."

Lord Dufferin, in 1887, summed up the immediate situation in cautious but weighty words:—

"Glad and happy should I be if, during my sojourn among them [the people of India], circumstances permitted me to extend, and to place upon a wider and more logical footing, the political status which was so wisely given a generation ago by that great statesman, Lord Halifax, to such Indian gentlemen as by their influence, their acquirements, and the confidence they inspired in their fellow-countrymen, were marked out as useful adjuncts to our Legislative Councils."

Such are a few recent commentaries of the Queen's representatives on the words of their Sovereign. Taken as a whole, they amount to a counsel of self-preparation to the people of India—to an assurance that when the natives of that country have qualified themselves for a free and an impartial admission to public offices, her Majesty's promise will be honestly fulfilled. Declarations, differing as to their subject-matter, have been made to the feudatory chiefs. Instead of quoting sentences of successive Viceroys, I shall reproduce at length a speech of the one who did perhaps more than any other to conciliate the princes of India to the Queen's rule.

Lord Mayo thus addressed the chiefs of Rajputana:—

"I, as the representative of the Queen, have come here to tell you, as you have often been told before, that the desire of her Majesty's Government is to secure to you and to your successors the full enjoyment of your ancient rights and the exercise of all lawful customs, and to assist you in upholding the dignity and maintaining the authority which you and your fathers have for centuries exercised in this land.

"But in order to enable us fully to carry into effect this fixed resolve, we must receive from you hearty and cordial assistance. If we respect your rights and privileges, you should also respect the rights and regard the privileges of those who are placed beneath your care. If we support you in your power, we expect in return good government. We demand that everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of Rajputana, justice and order shall prevail; that every man's property shall be secure; that the traveller shall come and go in safety; that the cultivator shall enjoy the fruits of his labour, and the trader the produce of his commerce; that you shall make roads, and undertake the construction of those works of irrigation which will improve the condition of the people and swell the revenues of your States; that you shall encourage education, and provide for the relief of the sick.

"Be assured that we ask you to do all this for no other but your own benefit. If we wished you to remain weak, we should say: Be poor, and ignorant, and disorderly. It is because we wish you to be strong that we

desire to see you rich, instructed, and well-governed. It is for such objects that the servants of the Queen rule in India; and Providence will ever sustain the rulers who govern for the people's good.

"I am here only for a time. The able and earnest officers who surround me will, at no distant period, return to their English homes. But the Power which we represent will endure for ages. Hourly is this great Empire brought nearer and nearer to the throne of our Queen. The steam-vessel and the railroad enable England, year by year, to enfold India in a closer embrace. But the coils which she seeks to entwine around her are no iron fetters, but the golden chains of affection and peace.

"Chiefs and Princes, advance in the right way, and secure to your children's children, and to future generations of your subjects, the favouring protection of a Power who only seeks your good."

Alike to the princes and the people of India, it has been a counsel of self-preparation. Fit yourselves for the fulfilment of the Sovereign's promise, says one Viceroy after another to the people of British India, and that promise shall be fulfilled. Be strong, they say to the princes, strong with the strength of a righteous rule, and of wealth, and of knowledge. The princes and people now answer in effect that they have done their part. The princes are become strong. A new generation of feudatories has grown up in the Indian Etons which Lord Mayo and other Viceroys established for chiefs, or under the tuition of the picked English officers appointed to train them to noble standards of public responsibility and of personal duty. They now ask to be allowed to use their strength for the defence of the empire. The people of the British provinces point to the three qualifications of "education, ability and integrity," prescribed by the Queen's proclamation. As regards integrity, they affirm that in the branches of administration to which they have been freely admitted, in the dispensation of justice, in the conduct of public instruction, in the department of finance, their integrity is now publicly established and authoritatively acknowledged. As regards ability, they claim that in the administration of justice they have proved themselves superior, and in the general conduct of public instruction equal to European officials of the same class; while they have given promise of high efficiency, so far as scope has been allowed them, in the department of finance. In these branches of the uncovenanted service to which they have been admitted, they desire that the evidence of their integrity and ability may be laid before a body appointed by the Queen or by Parliament. With reference to the Covenanted Civil Service, to which they have not yet been practically (although nominally) admitted, they ask that their fitness may be determined by precisely the same tests, conducted in their own country, as the examinations by which candidates for that service are selected in England. As regards the third qualification mentioned in the Queen's Proclamation—namely, education—they point to the three-and-a-third millions of pupils in schools directed or recognized by the State; to the thirty thousand

young men who, during the last ten years, have passed the entrance examination of the Universities ; to the six thousand who have obtained degrees in the three older ones alone, besides the vast numbers who have stopped short at lower diplomas or certificates. They maintain that, as far as education goes, the classes from whom the upper grades of public servants under our English rule are drawn, have complied with the test prescribed by the Queen's Proclamation with a cordiality and success unexampled in history. The princes and people alike claim that, in their different ways, they have done their parts. They now ask, in their different ways, that the ruling power shall do its part. This is the great problem which lies before the new Viceroy of India.

But it is not the whole problem. For we have not only given pledges which we are asked to fulfil, we have also nurtured aspirations which we are expected to satisfy. We have chosen as our school-books for India the splendid narratives of English freedom ; we have compelled the university youth to study the great masters of English national eloquence. The list of works officially prescribed for the colleges of India is in itself an education in political rights. And we could not have done otherwise. For the English language, if expurgated of the language of liberty, would be no vehicle for the education of a people. During a full generation, according to the Asiatic span of life, we have forced upon the educated classes of India the political ideas of England. Is it any wonder they should now demand some of the political institutions of Englishmen ? It is no sufficient answer that those political institutions were in England of slow growth. So also were the political ideas of England of slow growth ; so also was the science of England of slow growth ; her economic doctrines, her free trade, her popular education, her system of sanitation, her railways, her telegraphs, her penny post, were all of slow growth. But we, in our ripe age, have taken all these slow growths of England, and have forced them in their maturity upon India. We have pressed the political ideas of England on India, we have compelled India to learn England's science, to accept our economic doctrines, our free trade, our popular education, our sanitary theories, our railways, our telegraphs, our cheap post. We congratulate ourselves, and rightly congratulate ourselves, at the rapidity with which these slow growths of England have sprung up into vigorous life upon their new Asiatic soil. We call the result progress, and proudly point to that progress as England's work in India.

But when the tree of knowledge which we ourselves have planted begins to bear its fruit, when the instincts of nationality which we ourselves have awakened begin to throb in the Indian heart, when the progress of which we are so proud in all other directions begins to take a political turn, then some of us fancy it a sufficient answer to

point out that the political institutions of England are of slow growth. That, assuredly, will not be the answer of the English nation. I am not one of those who think that we can safely accept the logical consequences of our position, and grant political institutions to India at as rapid a pace as we have forced political ideas upon her. I prefer the simpler and more honest course of admitting that the speed in the propagation of ideas and in their political realization must be different. And I am glad to find, from the moderate resolutions of the Indian National Congress, that the responsible leaders of educated India take the same view. We must candidly acknowledge that we have not allowed the Indian races to work out for themselves their new civilization. We have forced upon them our Western ideas *per saltum*. Our aim should be, by a steady and well-considered advance, to prevent our Western institutions coming also in on them at a rush. This impossibility of accepting with safety the logical consequences of our own action and teaching—this inherent, but, I trust and believe, temporary, falseness in our position, is the first great complication in the present problem in India.

The second complication proceeds from a different cause. In our haste to educate British India on Western methods, we have modernized the intellectual classes, without allowing our system time to leaven the Asiatic mass. We have, therefore, two populations in India to govern—a population, comparatively small in numbers, but powerful in energy, wealth, and intelligence, who have accepted the political views and are now asking for some of the political institutions of the West; and another population, far more numerous, but silent and inert with the silence and inertia of the East. To Englishmen of our day, accustomed to universal popular education and to almost universal suffrage, such a state of things seems unnatural and anomalous. But we are apt to forget that popular education and an extensive suffrage are, even in England, essentially products of our own time. The England which won for herself a foremost place in Europe in the last century was a country in which a great gulf separated the intellectual and ruling classes from the unenfranchised and uneducated mass of the people. While our system in India has during thirty years been increasing the distance between these sections of the population, our whole efforts in England during the same thirty years have been to diminish it. To our grandfathers, with their firm belief in a governing class and a governed mass, and their quasi-religious sanctions for contentment in the position of life to which men are called, the spectacle of a small, but intelligent and politically active body, standing forth as the leaders of a politically inactive population, would have seemed by no means unnatural. Until our own days distinctions of this sort formed, alike in the East and the West, the accepted basis of social order. In England, the present programme is to efface the



political effects of such distinctions. In India, the result of British rule has tended to substitute distinctions of intelligence, wealth, and political activity for the old distinctions of race and of caste.

There will always be leaders of a people. I believe that it is infinitely safer for England that the basis of leadership in India should be an intelligent political activity, which we can understand and reckon with, rather than caste prejudices, which refuse to listen to reason. Popular leaders of any sort may, to the bureaucratic mind, seem a nuisance. But, as there must be popular leaders of some sort, even such thinkers will admit it is better that they should be of a class inconvenient rather than dangerous. In this, as in many other matters of Indian government, the policy adopted since the Mutiny has substituted a system of daily friction for a system of disastrous surprises. In a truly conservative country like India, with a powerful aristocracy and with masses of small proprietors and tenure-holders firmly rooted in the land, the natural development of that policy will raise up, and is at this moment raising up, safeguards against excessive demands of any particular class. Meanwhile the wide difference between the educated section of the Indian races and the great body of the people undoubtedly intensifies the difficulty of the situation. I do not think it an adequate answer, to bid the intelligent and politically active class wait till the masses come to something like their own level. Such an answer would in all countries and in all times, whether in ancient Greece and Rome, or in modern Europe, or in England down to within the last twenty years, have been no answer at all. The safe and honest course is to acknowledge how seriously political progress is complicated in India by the wide difference between the politically active section and the masses, but to resolutely accept the problem, with all its difficulties, rather than to leave its solution to less cautious workers.

I have called this problem the present problem in India, for I believe that several influences are now gathering strength which will compel its consideration. The Indian political leaders have attentively studied the methods by which the great colonies of Britain enforce attention to their wants. They have established, on a representative basis, an annual Congress, which powerfully expresses their views. It is easy to point out defects in the electoral constitution of that body, and it is perfectly true that a section of the Mohammedans have held back from it. But an assemblage of six hundred deputies, coming together at a great personal outlay and at much personal self-sacrifice from all the provinces, to state their political wants, and each one of them claiming to be the duly authorized mouthpiece of a town or district or local electoral body, is a phenomenon never before witnessed in India, and of grave import to all serious men. This assemblage contains representatives of all classes of the Indian

community, from the Mohammedan princely houses and Hindu Rajahs, down to the petty tradesman, the artisan, and the peasant. It is attended by men of all the Indian races and religions, Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsee, Native Christians, Eurasian, and permanent European settlers in India. Each year its electoral organization becomes better developed, its sense of responsibility and its consciousness of power increase, the Mohammedans take a more important share in its proceedings, and it justifies more fully its claims to be considered a National Indian Congress.

Having thus created an authoritative organ of political expression in India, the Indian leaders are now establishing an Indian Political Agency in England. In taking this step they have been influenced by the example of the various Colonial Agencies in London. Whether such an Indian Agency will have useful results or any permanent existence cannot yet be foreseen. For while the yearly National Congress in India has become an accomplished fact, the Indian Political Agency in England is in the first experimental stage. The Agency will have to encounter two dangers from which the Indian Congress is exempt. The success of the Congress has been largely due to the strong conservative element in its organization and control. But that conservative element has still a distaste for the voyage to Europe, and, however able the direction under which the Indian Political Agency has now started, a difficulty may arise in keeping it under the personal guidance of the cautious and responsible leaders in India. The success of the Indian Congress is also due to the fact that it has confined itself to stating its own case and to minding its own business. The second danger of the Indian Political Agency in England is that, in its desire to make friends, it may be led into alliances with extreme parliamentary parties. I sincerely trust that its managers will take a higher view alike of their own duty and of the English nation: that they will realize that this joint question of justice to India and of the stability of our rule in India, is not a question for any knot of politicians, but, please God, for the whole British people. Apart from speculations as to the future, we now actually see the two strange phenomena of a spontaneous Native Parliament in India, and an Indian Political Agency in London.

There are also two other influences vigorously at work which tend to compel action: the English and the Indian Press. Until recent years, the Press in England exercised scarcely any influence on Indian affairs. At certain great crises, or on the renewals of the East India Company's Charter at intervals of twenty years, there was a faction fight of pamphleteers. But in the Press, as in Parliament, Indian questions were regarded as the most dreary department of party polemics. There was no authoritative body of facts before the public; Indian affairs were an art and mystery for experts who never

agreed; Indian debates were wont to lose themselves in a welter of contradiction and uncertainty. Soon after the management of India passed from a close corporation to Parliament and the nation, the Queen's Government determined that the data should be supplied to enable the control to be intelligently exercised. The measures taken under six successive Viceroy's have now placed the facts regarding every province, district, and town of India before Parliament and the English public, with a completeness and in an accessible form, such as has not been yet accomplished for any country of Europe. Indian questions have ceased to be almost necessarily questions of *à priori* polemics: they can be dealt with by the deductive methods of honest discussion, and criticized on the basis of verified facts. This change will not disclose its full results until the next great Parliamentary inquest on Indian affairs.

Meanwhile the Press in England brings to every salient event of Indian administration, whether a threatened scarcity, or a tribal disturbance, or a town riot, or a frontier raid, or a native State crisis, or a preventable outbreak of disease, a well-informed criticism before unknown. The increased interest of Englishmen in Indian affairs is shown, not only by a flow of articles in the monthly, weekly, and daily Press; but also by the efforts of the purveyors of news. Scarcely a morning passes without a newspaper telegram from India. The special Monday telegrams in the *Times* form one of the most striking feature of English journalism in our age. I take the *Times* of the day on which I write these pages, and find that its Indian telegrams aggregate 2414 words, which, if paid for at the ordinary rate, and not under its own arrangements, would represent £482. This vast and costly body of information endeavours to present a picture of Indian affairs from week to week. The picture may be strongly coloured by the Anglo-Indian surroundings and sympathies of the correspondents. That is, perhaps, inevitable. But it is a picture such as was never before presented of the daily events of an empire six thousand miles distant. The English public are growing accustomed to regard Indian affairs as one of the many subjects of interest brought before them each morning. And any morning the wire may flash news of some measure, or some disaster, or some event, which will rivet the attention of the nation, and, for the time being, make India the great public question of the day.

While the Press in England is thus becoming a more active factor in Indian affairs, the Native Press in India has sprung up into vigorous, some indeed think dangerously vigorous, life. The Native Press in India suffers under two disadvantages. In the first place it has grown suddenly into a power, without passing through that early period of discipline to which our own English Press was subjected. Such discipline may be too harsh or too long continued. But experience

has shown that it is salutary to healthy, youthful growth. It would be impracticable, however, to so far put back the dial-plate in any British dominion as to subject the Press to effective political restraints. In India, at any rate, the attempt has been made, and has been deliberately abandoned. The result is that, while the higher class of the native newspapers are generally moderate and loyal, and while the Native Press as a whole is a distinct aid to good government in India, there are native journalists whose tone and utterances give deep grief to all true friends of India. Such utterances are vigilantly watched for by the Anglo-Indian Press, and are brought prominently before the public in England by newspaper correspondents and by telegrams. While, therefore, many of the lower native journals are foolish and violent, their folly and violence are made to appear even greater and more widely spread than they really are. It is as if a hostile German correspondent had telegraphed to Berlin the most foolish and violent things that were said in the least responsible English journals against Mr. Disraeli, or against Mr. Gladstone, as fair samples of the tone and character of the English Press. The whole of the Native Press suffers in the eyes of English critics from the misdeeds of its most unworthy members.

The responsible political leaders in India feel this as acutely as their well-wishers do in England. A native member of the last Congress went, however, beyond the sense of that assemblage, when he declared that the articles in some of the vernacular papers "would qualify, and should qualify, the writers for prison diet." The President of the Congress more wisely counselled moderation of tone and fairness in criticism. The truth is that, while we justly complain of a section of the Native Press, the Native Press complains with equal justice of certain of the Anglo-Indian journals. There is a constant process of mutual exacerbation and recrimination going on, of which we in England only hear the Anglo-Indian version.

Sir Richard Garth, formerly a Conservative member of Parliament, and subsequently Chief Justice of Bengal, has impartially described the most recent phase of this journalistic stone-throwing. After stating that the proceedings of the National Indian Congress "were conducted in a spirit of loyalty to Her Majesty and of respect to the Indian Government, which should commend them to our sympathy," he adds :—

"I am aware that amongst many of our countrymen, and by a certain section of the Press, both here and in India, these Congresses have been regarded with disfavour. Their motives have been impugned; their proceedings ridiculed; and attempts have been made to depreciate their importance, by disparaging the rank and position of the delegates who composed them. All this seems to me very much to be regretted. It is unjust, ungenerous, and impolitic. Such attacks are directly calculated to foment that unhappy spirit of disloyalty, which has manifested itself of late in the Native

Press at Calcutta, and which led in Lord Lytton's time to the passing of that unhappy measure, the Vernacular Press Act. Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is undoubtedly the fact, that the gentlemen who attended these Congresses are for the most part in high social position, and the recognized leaders of native thought and opinion; and if, in their honest endeavours to correct abuses, and to bring about what they believe to be wholesome reforms, they are treated unfairly by the English Press, what wonder is it that the crowd of disaffected scribblers, who write in the native papers, should vent their spleen and indignation in the only way that is open to them, by abusing the British Government."

It is of the utmost importance that the truth should be known in England about the Native Press. For it is rapidly growing into a political power in India. An attempt has for some time been made to impartially collect the opinions of the native journals into a monthly summary of about fifty pages. This serial gives, under the title of *The Voice of India*, a fair and complete presentment of native opinion on all the principal questions dealt with by the Press during the preceding four weeks. I have carefully perused each number since its first issue, and I know of no other means by which an Englishman can gain so clear or so interesting an insight into that strange new world which we call British India. He will be chiefly struck, I think, by the fairness and justice of the criticisms in general, and by the wide diversity of view among the native journalists themselves on the larger questions. It is a magazine which should lie on every English club table, and be filed in every English public library. All Englishmen interested in Indian affairs—alike the missionary, the merchant, and the statesman—would do well each month to glance through its pages.\*

The present problem in India is, therefore, to gradually but honestly fulfil the pledges given by the Sovereign to the people, and safely to satisfy the aspirations deliberately encouraged by her representatives. The problem is complicated by the rapidity and efficiency with which we have forced our political ideas and our Western modes of thought on India, and by the widened gulf thus placed between the active and powerful classes who have come under our influence and the more inert mass of the people. The solution of the problem is rendered pressing by the political organization which has, during the past three years, sprung into a power in India, and by the growing influence of the Native Press. The exact terms of the problem have of late been placed before the English Government and the English nation with perfect precision. For it must be remembered that we are dealing with no Laputa sages meditating *in vacuo*, but with a vigorous, practical, and strongly organized movement, which understands clearly

\* It can, I believe, be ordered through any bookseller; but its regular agent in England is Mr. Martin Wood, 14 Cookspur Street, London, and its rate of subscription, including postage, is only £1 per annum.

what it aims at, and which shows great skill in its methods for enforcing its requests.

These requests, as embodied in the resolutions of the National Indian Congress, have been so fully explained in the *Times*, in this REVIEW for July, in the *Westminster Review* for August, and in many other journals, that I need only summarize them here. The Congress ask for the complete separation of the executive and judicial functions, so that in no case should a man be prosecuted and tried by the same officer. Much has been already done by the Indian Government to remedy this state of things, and the time is surely come, in all settled provinces of British India, to put an end to it altogether.

"Imagine," writes Sir Richard Garth, the late Chief Justice of Bengal, "an active young magistrate, having heard of some daring robbery, which has alarmed the neighbourhood, taking counsel in the first place with the heads of the police with a view to discovering the offender. After two or three vain attempts he succeeds at last, as he firmly believes, in finding the right man; and he then, still in concert with the police, suggests inquiries, receives information, hunts up evidence, through their agency, for the purpose of bringing home the charge to the suspected person. Having thus done his duty very zealously in the first stage of the case, he next proceeds to inquire, as a magistrate, whether the evidence, which he himself has collected, is sufficient to justify a committal. And, having come to the conclusion, not unnaturally, that it is, he afterwards, upon the self-same evidence, tries the prisoner in his judicial capacity, without the assistance of a jury, and convicts him. However monstrous this may appear to an English public, the picture which I have presented is by no means overdrawn."

Thus wrote the last Chief Justice of Bengal in his "Plain Truths about India," published in July of the present year.\* My more limited observation would not lead me to state the case so strongly. I have elsewhere described the system in detail. But can we wonder at a Conservative English country gentleman and Chief Justice of Bengal strenuously supporting the Indian Congress in their demand for fair tribunals, and in their cognate resolutions with a view to extending the jury system and to securing for Indian prisoners a trial before an unbiassed judge?

"It is not," concludes Sir Richard Garth, "that the Indian public have any want of confidence in European officers as such. But to be tried by a man who is at once the judge and the prosecutor is too glaring an injustice; and it is only wonderful that a system so indefensible should have been allowed to prevail thus long under an English Government."

In their proposals with regard to the financial, as with regard to the judicial, administration, the Indian Congress have the highest English authorities on their side. A public expenditure of nominally seventy millions sterling a year goes on without being subjected to any authoritative and public examination or criticism. If the Indian

\* "A Few Plain Truths about India." By the Right Hon. Sir Richard Garth, Q.C., late Chief Justice of Bengal. London: Thacker & Co. 1888.

Government requires a new tax it asks the Legislative Council to pass the necessary Act; but practically the Council is powerless to refuse it, for the money must be promptly found to carry on the Government. Except when a new tax is needed, the Budget does not come before the Indian Legislature at all. It is hurried through the English House of Commons during the last few hours of the Session, and these few hours are sometimes devoted to the airing of Anglo-Indian fads and fancies rather than to any serious financial debate. No one can reasonably expect the British Parliament to effectively control Indian expenditure. But the strictly English Chambers of Commerce of Calcutta and Madras ask, not less firmly than the Indian Congress, that the Indian Budget shall be annually laid before the Indian Legislature.

"Under the present system," writes the late Chief Justice of Bengal, "the Indian people have no voice whatever in their own financial arrangements. The Government are all-powerful; they spend what they please, tax as they please, borrow as they please. . . . I believe I am correct in saying that only upon three occasions since the year 1872 has the Budget been submitted to the Indian Legislature. . . . It is the constant recurrence, year after year, of these and other matters of complaint, without any means being afforded to the public of fairly testing their propriety, which has given rise in great measure to the present feeling of dissatisfaction."

This state of things has only to attract the attention of practical English financiers in order that it shall be reformed. On the one hand, it is producing a discontent with the Indian accounts among English experts; on the other hand, the freedom from all authoritative scrutiny has developed a sensitiveness to criticism among the Anglo-Indian officials, which would be amusing if it were not fraught with real peril. The leading financial organ in England has already spoken plainly on the subject, and apparently with stronger effect than all the remonstrances of the Indian Congress or of the Anglo-Indian Chambers of Commerce. A single article in the *Economist* at once drew forth a long resolution of the Government of India. The *Economist*, in pointing out the inadequacy of the reply, thus summed up the situation:—

"Another evil that calls for redress is the absence of any effective outside control over the financial administration of India. The people of India, as we have frequently pointed out, have practically no voice in the matter. The Budget is drawn up by the Finance Minister, and published in the official *Gazette*, and there, so far as the people of India are concerned, the matter ends, except that they have to pay whatever sum is demanded from them. The British Parliament is supposed to exercise supervision and control; but although this is the theory, every one knows that, in practice, Parliament never devotes more than a few hours at the far end of a Session to the consideration of the Indian Budget, and then scrambles through the discussion in the most perfunctory and superficial fashion. In this loose way £70,000,000 of money are drawn each year from the pockets of the

poor taxpayers of India, and spent according to the virtually uncontrolled discretion of a handful of Government officials, there being not even an independent non-official audit of the accounts. That these officials are a body of honest and honourable men, filled with a sense of their responsibility and striving earnestly to promote the best interests of the people of India, every one acknowledges. Still, they are only human, and prone to err; and it is in the very nature of things that absence of control leads to laxness, and to the growing up of practices that are apt to develop into abuses. That it has proved injurious to the financial administration of India there is abundant evidence, and it is high time that Parliament should take the matter in hand, and either itself exercise in reality the supervision it is in theory supposed to exercise, or devolve that duty upon some other competent authority."

I have given prominence to the demands of the Congress in regard to the judicial and financial administration, because they are susceptible of clear and concise statement. Its political programme would require a more elaborate examination than is possible at the end of this paper, and I would refer the reader either to the *Times* articles of last May, or to the admirable exposition in the August issue of the *Westminster Review*. The Indian Congress desires to see the elective principle, which has worked well in the Indian municipalities, very cautiously extended to the Legislative Councils. It desires that the right of asking questions—a right granted to all our great colonies, and without which English Parliamentary Government would now come to a stand in a week—should be accorded in the Indian Legislature, subject to stringent safeguards, and formally exempting matters connected with military policy from interpellation. It thinks that the time has come to repeal or modify the existing Arms Act. By this measure a population of small farmers, who in 1885 lost 22,907 persons and 59,029 cattle by snakes and wild beasts, are to a large extent deprived of the means of self-defence. The time has obviously come to treat disarmament in the settled provinces of India, no longer as a question of policy, but of police. The municipalities and local boards responsible for local order might safely be left to decide as to the persons who may be allowed to use arms, and as to the restrictions to be imposed on carrying them. The Congress also desires that military colleges should be established, with a view to training selected youths for the army; and that a system of native volunteering should be sanctioned. It is understood that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is particularly interested in the former project. But both these proposals must be determined by military considerations, with regard to which the opinion of a civilian like myself would carry little weight.

As to the demand for a fairer system of selection for the Covenanted Civil Service, the higher Engineering Service, and other well-paid branches of public employment, two things are clear. First, that by confining the examinations to England, we are keeping the Sovereign's



promise to the ear, but making it of no effect. As the Earl of Derby said: "Suppose, for instance, that instead of holding these examinations here in London, they were to be held in Calcutta.\* How many Englishmen would go out there, or how many would send out their sons, perhaps to spend two or three years in the country on the chance of obtaining an appointment?" Secondly, that it is possible, by safe and cautious changes, to meet the fair requests of our Indian fellow-subjects. The age of admission to the Covenanted Civil Service ought to be raised to nearer its former limits. The success of the natives as judicial officers, and their desire that the executive and judicial functions should be completely separated, open the way for holding examinations for the Civil Service in India as well as England. The judicial branch of that service might be recruited practically from the natives and Anglo-Indians, by examinations held in India; while it might be reasonably and definitely declared that the executive branch demands physical and other qualities which can be best secured by examinations, open to natives as to all British subjects, in England. The natives, by their fulfilment of the conditions laid down in the Queen's Proclamation, are rendering it really practicable to carry out its promises. Thus, at one time it was supposed that while they would cordially qualify themselves for educational or judicial work, they would shrink from the training of the engineer. But a recent return shows that the number of students in Indian engineering colleges has increased by nearly one-half during five years, and now amounts to close on five hundred. That the time has come to reconsider the method of appointing to this and other superior services in India, the recent inquiry conducted by the Indian Public Service Commission clearly shows.

The Indian Congress does not desire that action should be taken in regard to this or any other matter on its own statement of the case. What it asks is, that the evidence bearing on certain questions of Indian administration should be laid before a Royal Commission. This is the substance of its first resolution in 1886, and all its later work has been to formulate the questions to be brought before such a body. It must be remembered that India was long accustomed to a searching Parliamentary inquiry every twenty years. The action of Parliament in 1813, in 1833, and in 1853 produced on each occasion salutary and timely reforms in the conduct of Indian affairs. Since India passed to the Queen, thirty years have elapsed without any Parliamentary inquiry of this sort. Although, as we shall see, the analogy between the two systems is not perfect, yet if such an inquiry had been granted, even four years ago, it is probable that the Indian National Congress would not now be in existence. Six hundred representatives, of whom about one-half travelled on an average nearly a thousand miles apiece, while many journeyed over two thousand, do not

come together without the conviction that they have very serious requests to urge. By delaying inquiry we are practically forcing the people to take the matter into their own hands. We are foolishly teaching them the use of political agitation. A further delay, not necessarily to concede, but to fairly consider their requests, will still more disastrously teach them the value of political pressure. Lord Lansdowne has now to face a danger which no previous Viceroy of India had to encounter. He has to deal with an organized political agitation such as never before existed in India. During his tenure of office that agitation will either be rendered innocuous or it will become perilous. For the one thing that England cannot risk in India is an *imperium in imperio*. The cheers which answered the Master of Balliol's sketch of his old pupil's character had therefore a depth of meaning which seldom attaches to after-dinner applause. "He is one of those few men," said Mr. Jovett in wishing Lord Lansdowne farewell, "who can understand popular feeling and sympathize with it, without being carried away by it."

I believe that as the East India Company, in the last century, passed from a trading body into a territorial ruler; as its balance of power, based on native alliances, passed in the beginning of this century into a British Protectorate; as that British Protectorate passed after the Mutiny into the India of the Queen; so the India of the Queen must now pass, in a larger measure, into an India for the people. In each case the change has been the result of forces which we ourselves have set in motion, but which when set in motion gather a momentum that we cannot with safety resist. In each case the change has been a natural development, inevitable in itself, and necessary for the continued success of our rule.

In India, requests are being made calmly and loyally, but firmly and persistently, to which we cannot further delay an answer. In England we have a strong coalition of political parties able to answer those requests in the unmistakable voice of the nation. Conservative Governments have, for several reasons, proved well fitted to deal with Indian affairs. They have not shrunk from carefully considered advance, and their decisions are rather less unpalatable to our own countrymen in India than the same measures, if the work of a Liberal Government, would be. For we must remember that the strong class-traditions of the Anglo-Indian community unfortunately render it opposed to native political progress. From the time when one of its orators proposed to lynch Lord Macaulay to the time when some of its members burned Mr. Ilbert in effigy, it has always regarded Indian reform as a menace to its own caste, or to its interests or prestige. Every humane man who knows how hard is the lot of many of our countrymen in India, would wish to wound their class susceptibilities as little as possible, and every wise man must desire that all changes in India should be introduced with

the smallest race-friction. It is because the Conservative party, while refusing to allow these class-susceptibilities to stand in the way of justice to the Indian people, has always dealt considerably with them; that it is peculiarly suited for the treatment of Indian affairs.

What is to be gained by delay? In India the question is still in the safe stage of a reasonable but persistent demand for inquiry. In England, we have a Government strong enough to deal with the question on its real merits. Put off, and the subject will pass beyond the calm stage in India; while in England, Indian reform may be rushed upon the nation with the first flood-tide of democracy. Meanwhile misrepresentation is at work and angry feelings are being stirred up on both sides. From the days of Warren Hastings and Philip Francis downwards, Anglo-Indian discussions have been carried on with a vehemence of personal abuse which has done much to render Indian questions distasteful to sensible, fair-minded people in England. Foolish and irritating misstatements regarding the composition and objects of the Indian National Congress frequently appear in the English and Anglo-Indian newspapers. One day we are informed that the movement is "led by a renegade Englishman, who is now travelling about the country engaged in spreading his gospel of sedition." As a matter of fact, the Englishman who has most conspicuously identified himself with the movement is a retired civilian, who received the C.B. for his gallantry in the Mutiny, and who, after holding high posts under the Supreme Government and in his own province, has been induced by his scientific pursuits to remain in India. He is the only Covenanted Civil Servant of anything like the same distinction who is now a permanent settler in India, and it is a significant fact that he should range himself with the Native Congress in its requests for administrative reform. Yet, because in so doing he has to oppose the local feeling among his countrymen, this distinguished and venerable officer, decorated by his Sovereign, is "a renegade Englishman." Another day, we are seriously assured that the movement is the wicked machination of a dismissed native official. As a matter of fact, each year the Congress has been presided over by native gentlemen of high position, who had enjoyed, or have since received, marks of the confidence and goodwill of the British Government. To all such silly misrepresentations the Congress has made one dignified reply. It has simply sent to every member of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons a copy of its verbatim proceedings, with a list of its delegates, showing the race, caste, and employment or social position of each one of the six hundred and seven.

I sincerely trust that the Congress will not allow any misstatements or perversions, however irritating, to tempt it out of its quiet and useful work. It must remember that Government has never

expressed one word of disapprobation with its proceedings. So long as those proceedings are strictly legal and cordially loyal, it is mere folly of newspaper correspondents to attempt to attach discredit to British subjects who are temperately and respectfully asking for what they—and good Conservatives like the late Chief Justice of Bengal—believe to be their rights. The Congress has only to go on respectfully reiterating its requests, in order that those requests shall be fairly considered. It must not only be impassive under calumny, but it must expect a great deal of perfectly honest opposition, alike from the Europeans in India and from certain classes of the natives. For in a rigidly bureaucratic country like India, the whole official body, whether native or European, naturally tends to support the existing system, and legitimately desires to stand well with the powers that be. The same remark applies to the attitude of the native gentry towards a Government which is to them the sole fountain of favours and honours. We must not be surprised, therefore, if certain of the native officials and of the native gentry, from honest conviction or from self-interest, oppose the Congress. Nor should English opinion be misled by occasional meetings in India of native officials or individuals who think their interest lies in opposing the Congress. The wonder is rather, in a country where official promotion and distinctions are so highly prized, and where official favour still exercises so great an influence, that such a number of native officials and of native gentlemen of position should have boldly come forward to lead and direct the movement.

Nor must the Congress insist on getting what it asks, exactly in its own way. It desires a Royal Commission or a parliamentary inquiry, and it points out that under the Company such an inquiry took place every twenty years. But the analogy is not perfect. For the periodical inquests of Parliament into the delegated administration of the Company may perhaps be held to be superseded by the direct daily control of Parliament under the Queen. I do not think that a Parliamentary inquiry or a Royal Commission would involve a temporary dislocation of the Indian executive or weaken its authority. But if the Congress can only convince Her Majesty's Government of the expediency of granting its requests, those requests will be granted either with or without such an inquiry. The five chief administrative reforms which it urges, in regard to the judicial procedure, the production of the Budget in the Legislative Council, the modification or repeal of the Act prohibiting the possession of arms, a fairer system of selection for the superior services, and the raising of the limit of age for candidates for the highest of them—the Covenanted Civil Service—are questions which can be dealt with quietly and unobtrusively on the reports of the various Indian Commissions, and on the memorials from the Indian Chambers of Commerce and of the

Indian Congress, which are now before the Government. The more strictly political programme of the Congress may require longer consideration. But meanwhile a substantial instalment of reform might be conceded, and the main administrative defects of the present system might be remedied, by the ordinary mechanism of legislation.

To men like myself, who keenly realize the evils of continued local friction and race animosities in India, but who are convinced that development on certain lines has now become necessary alike in justice to the natives and for the stability of our rule, there seems to be a real danger in delay. What we desire is that the question should be fairly considered on its merits by a Government strong enough to speak with the voice of the nation. What we fear is that the question may be forced upon Parliament on a side issue, by some mismanagement or misfortune in India, or by the mere recurrence of those scandals which form the *natural fungus growth* of worn-out systems. It is because we believe that England can now do safely and deliberately what she may hereafter be tempted to do with less calmness and in greater haste, that a cautious Conservative like Sir Richard Garth and men brought up in a quiet Liberal school like myself, urge the wisdom of present action. Meanwhile we are pursuing a short-sighted and perilous course. With one hand we are pushing on education and pressing our political ideas and Western methods of thought upon the people. With the other hand, we are repressing the aspirations which we have created, and waiving aside the loyal and moderate representations which we have taught the people to make.

Among the marvels that Pilgrim saw in the house of the Interpreter was a fire, upon which one kept casting oil while another constantly poured water. Yet did the fire maintain its work and continually burn higher and hotter.

W. W. HUNTER.

## REMINISCENCES OF JOHN LEECH.

I FIRST had the opportunity of meeting John Leech in the year 1853, at Ivy Cottage, Queen's Road, Bayswater, the home of Augustus Egg; other interesting men were of the company, but these being already known to me, I gave special attention to Leech. He was about six feet in height, well proportioned, and firmly set up. I remember, as I first surveyed him, being much impressed by his modest bearing (a bearing, even in those days, of a fashion but little seen save in beaux of waning years). There shewed in him no hurried anxiety for attention, but he gained it without demand, exhibiting meanwhile a patient deference to others. A yielding and pliant carriage enhanced the gentle impression. A likeness in him to Charles II. (such as one often sees between faces with widely divergent claims to admiration) struck me when first I saw him, and would ever recur afterwards; this, I think, depended upon the slight projection of the lower lip beyond the upper one, which characteristic he shared with his royal autotype.

His tone towards me had more of the frankness of a fellow-worker of equal age than of the cautious reserve to be expected of one a decade older than myself. Leech had for years been an artist of well-deserved and increasing reputation. I, with my comrades, after a hard fight, had barely succeeded in winning the first breathing-space from that storm of condemnation and fierce misrepresentation which was our earliest professional portion. It was interesting to me to watch his well-restrained features as he followed the talk of the dinner-table, while he took up any good story to see how it looked from varied points of view, debating, not always mutely, how it would lend itself to illustration; for he insisted that nothing depending upon *words* alone was suitable for pictorial illustration, that the characters must

be in themselves amusing, and broadly intelligible in their relation to one another without the letterpress, which should give only a superadded touch of individuality to the subject.

Ours was a delightful party; we were on bachelor terms, smoking at will after dinner and talking freely without fear of being misunderstood. Our gentle-hearted host was evidently loved by Leech, as he was by all of us. The two had been much diverted by an observation they had lately made at Greenwich Fair, of a man very like a battered-down prizefighter, with a booth for the execution of black profile portraits, who had inscribed under his name over its entrance: "Member of the Royal Academy of Arts." The veteran Mr. Mulready, who sat next to me at table, had himself been a famous amateur proficient in the noble art of pugilism, which coincidence provoked some sly but delicately pointed joke about the connection between the two professions, with the sturdier of which his benign and finely chiselled features seemed little in harmony: the sage, who could be very irate, took the raillery in the best part, with pleasant mirth. There was another story of personal observation which Leech enjoyed, but it was a surprise to find that in his determination not to wound the feelings of any readers he rejected it because it could not be given without dwelling upon the phrase, "the patience of Job" (thirty years since there was a fastidiousness on such points, worth noting here, which would scarcely be understood now).

The name of Kenny Meadows being mentioned by me as of one who had made himself, both wittingly and unwittingly, very amusing on an occasion when I had lately met him, Leech recounted his experience with the same artistic Bohemian (whose mannerism alone, it is but honest to say, prevented him from taking a lasting place among the men of genius of that day).

The anecdote related was of an interview begun with the most profuse and overwhelming compliments on the part of Meadows towards his younger rival. It was their first meeting. Leech was taken by surprise at the fervid compliments of this then ruler among the illustrators of *Punch*. He was gravely sober at the beginning of the evening, and sadly sober he seemed in his declaration of serious humility when proclaiming admiration for Leech's work. He himself, he plaintively declared, was not really worthy of the name of artist; indeed, when first he saw the illustrations by the young man whom he was addressing, his impulse had been to give up art altogether. Why should he—when left so far behind—go on giving proof of his incapacity? But he had home claims to consider, "and so he went bungling on," only hoping there would be some left in the crowd to look with kindness upon the intention with which he worked, which, "upon his word," was not so unworthy as the execution would make a casual observer think.

Leech continued, "I am not really exaggerating his words or manner. I was glad of a pause in which to assure him of my keen admiration of his work, and I instanced many of his drawings in *Punch*, and his designs brimming over with poetic conceits in the 'Shakespeare' volume, to prove that I had given earnest attention to his inventions, and to repudiate any sort of idea that I could accept the verdict he had passed upon his own works." The self-humiliated Meadows' rejoinder was, that it was "deuced liberal" of Leech to say what he did, and with that he filled himself a glass of gin-and-water, saying that, after all, it was wise to make the best of things, and to have a merry hour when it offered. Leech, rejoicing at the opportunity of escaping more on this head, followed Meadows into other regions of conversation, but, later in the evening, by an easy slip, the latter got back to the old ground, and by way of apology instanced some of his own works as not, after all, having fallen so miserably short of the spirit he aimed at, and, growing in self-assurance, he pointed out where it had distanced other men's efforts! Leech readily acquiesced, but this was not enough for the erowhile humble Meadows, who, encouraged by the late hours and their fruits, turned upon Leech and said, with rapt dogmatism, that nothing was worthy in art without *Poetry*, that most illustrating of the time, except his own, was bald and worthless by reason of its barrenness of the said *Poetry*. "Give me imagination or nothing, my dear boy," he exclaimed; "I don't want your common-place facts done with a little trick of caricature as it is called. Why can't you aim at something better, something higher? I would rather do nothing than the things *you* do, which not only in design but in execution are unworthy of a true artist."

Leech's shrug of the shoulders, expressive of bearing infinite disgrace, was the gesture of a comedian, but a hearty and good natured laugh gave the real expression of the feeling left in his kind soul; there was not a jot of malice there against the severe judgment on himself. The Scandinavian hero returning from victory so sedate that he might have been supposed to have suffered a defeat, and from disaster in the field so composed that he might have been thought victorious, could not have outrivalled Leech in his manner of accepting both the worship and the repudiation of his elder rival.

And so the evening went. Every word of Leech's, and, indeed, even his occasional withholding of talk, proved his interest in all that was loving and innocent, his attention to all unaffected exhibitions of human character, and his patient politeness towards what he cared not for, displayed a natural sweetness, and showed him ever watchful and cautious not to lose the passing lesson; this all convinced me that his work had not caught the happy kindliness, the refinement and humorous point which all the world enjoys, by any blind chance, but as a well-earned prize due to a nature of precise and trained instinct.



As we separated I realized greatly, although not to the full degree, which time alone could make clear, the value of this first meeting with John Leech.

It was not a small part of the price to be paid for my life in the East, that for a long time I lost opportunity of improving my friendship, for it quickly became such, with Leech. When in 1856 I returned to England he was established in Brunswick Square, and soon after I was invited by Mrs. Leech to dinner; the lady's brother and some other friends were present. The wife was beginning to pass from the princess-like stage, with its tacit assurance of unasked-for worship, to the more domineering habits of a queen; she had still the good looks of youth, although the slender litheness of maidenhood was steadily maturing into the fuller form, more compatible with the matronly character she aspired to. The change had probably come insensibly to both, but with the truest love and chivalry on the part of the husband it was not unnoticeable that he playfully rebelled against the increased imperious rule. The conversation for a time was about the East and the Crimea, but soon it led on to other questions, in which all in turn might take the lead. We had talked of Oriental types of female beauty, which reminded my hosts of loveliness nearer home. Dwelling upon the unequalled charms of ladies known to both of them, Leech descanted upon their perfections, and affected a greater enthusiasm as Mrs. Leech revealed a more uncontrollable disposition to limit the range of their worshipfulness. Once, he said, he had tried all he could, and ever unsuccessfully, to portray the exquisite grace of a young lady, the daughter of a friend; she was "too beautiful," he declared, and he must get her to sit to him. But good Mrs. Leech here openly protested and asserted roundly that she would have none of it; she could not understand how some ladies, married to artists, *allowed* their husbands to have models. But this was not a model, Leech pretended to plead. "Ah! it is all the same in principle; it is not necessary. You can draw better out of your own head, and I will not have it," she concluded with good-humoured firmness. "Did you ever see a man so trodden upon," said Leech, standing up by the side of his not very tall wife and looking much oppressed. "Well, I know Hunt will lend me his studio," and the mock contention which the guests affected to treat quite seriously was renewed, one arguing for the lady's position, and the other remonstrating on the husband's behalf.

If, in such an hour of abandonment to the spirit of mirth, there had been any thought that Leech held laxly his love for his home idols, he should have been seen when I met him soon after on the platform of the Crystal Palace Railway, with his wife and their two children. I accompanied them by train, and we talked all the way, but nothing prevented the husband and father from being the inces-

sant guardian, with gentleness and forethought, of the comfort of his charges during the little journey.

There was some public movement on foot about this period in recognition of the services of a Government official who had died in office. No sympathy was stinted on the part of our friend as he referred to this, but he ended his remarks by saying, what had fuller meaning when his life had prematurely closed—"All this is unquestionably right, but the universal outburst of appreciation of this governmental servant, because he died at his post, makes it impossible not to reflect how little the national intelligence appreciates the services of men working, not, it is true, for the rights and protection of the honest and industrious public against injustice from the base and idle, and for the nation against external enemies, but for the defence of humanity from its lower instincts and for the awakening of its finer nature. Art, in all its forms, aims at enabling men to see the world from another standpoint than the selfish one, which in uncultured state they claim as their birthright. You must reach a man's heart to temper this savage humour, which is not always the less when not declared—which is indeed often concealed by an outside of *bonhomie*, and which can rarely be reached by open assault. Poets and artists of audacious penetration may sometimes pursue human nature far beyond the first outworks of selfishness, into inner and mysterious deceptions and retreats, and shame with unexpected light the inner recluse of hard-heartedness; but every depicter of life, however unpretending, who interests men in the fortunes and feelings of their fellows in the world's career, opens, in the hearts of even the lightest thinkers, a well of sympathy which may in the end burst out as living water; and I will not scruple to say that this may be so when the situations illustrated are not tragic; they may even be humorous, as in most of my work, and yet not fail to awaken the kindlier feelings of men not otherwise to be reached; and it seems to me blindness to estimate the purpose of an artist's, an author's, or any imaginative worker's life, so triflingly as, in our country, the practical orderers of affairs do. You will not think that I am eager for patent honours such as are given abroad so liberally—the giving of prizes, and ribbons to wear in the coat, is in my eyes not desirable, because the decision must always be influenced by personal considerations and fashion, and these are too powerful already, and I think it is wisely enough decided to be un-British."

Entering into the question outside the pale of his own experience, the talk became of the nature of a mutual growl; and it would have left nothing calling here for record, had not Leech, when I ceased to encourage him to travel further afield in the inquiry, said: "It is indeed a difficult pursuit, under existing conditions, at the best, for a man to get his living by. Many have certain difficulties greater than

mine, but I compare my life to that of Captain Barclay when he walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours—the end of the race never coming for me. When I am just settling down from my last feat, Time comes and wakes me up to begin afresh. Monday has its quota of work waiting, and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday each has its full task. Wherever I go I am followed by the same inexorable time-master. What a blessing a break would be to me, that I might begin only at my own choice, and not while still fagged! I enjoy the work immeasurably when I am at it, but to be always driven in the mill, there is no hiding it, is very wearing. The favourite course in England for encouraging Art is to hold out inducements for an unlimited number of men to become artists; this is wrong, but the few who prove their ability, ought to be able to work at their ease without anxiety for the future."

When we neared a large circle of acquaintances in the Palace grounds, Leech withdrew his heart far within, out of sight and reach of all present, who looked upon him in no other light than that of the happy bringer of cheerfulness to the large world that loves English humour.

There was another gathering at Egg's about this time; it was a bachelor garden party on a summer evening at "The Elms," Campden Hill, where he then lived. We had games. Think of old "Annt Sally" in the sunny air having her exalted beauty heightened on her very throne by the king of artistic humorists! What millionaire could have commanded such extravagant indulgence? But there Leech was, as I entered, with easily procured brushes and colours, head aside, standing back, critically judging his work; yet wofully doomed to disappointment was the ambitious artist, for, after further effort, he was forced to confess that his attempt was like gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and adding an odour to the violet, and the wooden old lady was left with her original imperturbable smile, to invite the attacks of her assailants.

The evening refectation was long delayed by our interest in bowls and croquet and the "frog-table," at all of which we played the longer by the light of candles, some of them burning quietly on the grass in the summer twilight.

When we had settled indoors, Leech and I were only listeners to the circling talk; but to me there is an appropriate echo in its strain now that five-and-twenty years have drawn away so many of that company of friends. The kindly host, our hero, John Phillip, Henry O'Neil, Charles Collins, Robert Martineau, and A. Solomon (now among the silent ones), were of the party; there were others, now of world-wide reputation, men of pen and pencil who still work amongst us. "Solomon, Solomon," spoke a shrill voice above the chattering hubbub, "tell of your experience with the little child you became nurse to on your last journey to Paris." It was said with the con-

sciousness of one who derived some credit from the introduction of an amusing story to the company.

Solomon's deprecation of the idea that the history of his experience could justify general attention did not discourage the all-round appeal, "Do let us have it, Solomon;" so the light-complexioned, but unmistakable, son of Judah, with modest frankness, consented to sacrifice his dignity. "Well," he said, "I was travelling second-class. When at two stations beyond Boulogne (the train having already stopped nearly its full time), a countrywoman suddenly appeared at the door, with a little girl in her arms of about three or four years old, asking in a confiding but loud voice whether any passenger would take charge of this child, and deliver it up to a grandfather who would inquire for it at Creil. No one ventured. Some were not going so far, some had other reasons. The train was just moving, the woman was in desperation. I said, were I not a foreigner I would offer. The woman thereupon said, 'That matters not;' and immediately disburdened herself of her charge. Almost before I knew it, I was thus guardian of the little girl, who was crying desperately as the train moved away, and the mother disappeared." Here arose "the crackling of thorns" very briskly from those who, at the outset, had made comments on Solomon's amiability as simply folly, and out of the chorus came, "Tell them how she kicked you with her sabots." "Yes, she did at first, and I had to look in the bundles given with her to find something to soothe the screaming creature, and at later stations I had to get out to buy novelties to amuse her, but for long all was in vain. Fresh passengers who came in abused me for being such a nuisance. At further stations I took the child out to wash her face, and to divert her at the buffets. I had scarcely a moment to think of my position till after a good half of the long journey, when she began to be reconciled to me. I then remembered stories of women getting rid of children by such means, but I never doubted the good faith of the mother, and I learnt from fellow-passengers that to send a child thus was not unusual in France: Night came, the little girl sobbed herself to sleep, but woke up to new despair, which it took long to calm. No! I did not wish for the delivery up of the charge so much for my own sake as for hers. She was not a little vixen; it was only natural that the tiny creature should be passionate. At Creil, sure enough, an aged farmer put his head in at our carriage in its turn, and said: 'Eh! te voila mon enfant!' The child seemed scarcely trustful of him; he was strange to her; but he was full of *bonhomie*, with the recognized family likeness, and was most hearty in his greeting to me, although not saying a word to intimate that he thought it singular that I should have had the charge of his grandchild; and so the adventure ended," said Solomon, with a kind of tacit apology for the undignified figure he had cut.

When the impulse to laughter had subsided, and there was a hiatus which seemed to demand comment on the story, there spoke, in memorable words, an author still living: "Solomon, whatever may be the last judgment—whether it be according to the faith of Jew or Christian, or neither—depend upon it, that story of your troubles with the little French girl will not be lost as a record in your favour before the account is quite made up." The man addressed was little prepared for such approval, and still less expecting it were the majority of the merry guests, but the look that passed round said that the speaker was the master bowman who had cloven the mark, shattering vain judgment at the stroke.

There is compensation for "the calamity of so long life" in the power it gives to see the issue of events of a past generation, as also in the opportunity of recording these without danger of wounding any of the actors. Recognizing this, I do not refrain to record an incident which proves how rigid Leech could be when he saw reason for inflexibility.

There was then in London society a musician of undeniable executive power, who had failed so far to get due recognition and the ready prospect of exhibiting his further powers. I had been affected with a sense of the hardness of his lot, and I devoted myself to doing my very best to get him a fair trial, but I was hampered by the fact that he was altogether unbounded in his estimate of his own powers; for, in season and out of season, while he flattered and coaxed his friendly hearers, he gave tongue to this exalted view of his own genius, while also he took a low one as extreme of the merits of rivals and non-appreciators, against whom he was so bitter that when contemptuous criticisms of their works had been exhausted, he did not scruple to have recourse to traducing their private characters with silly tales, some of which were at least of the order which, as Tennyson writes, are over the blackest of lies. I had endeavoured frankly to convince the man himself that his course made generous natures recoil at the invitation to befriend him when patronage might otherwise have been extended in his favour.

It was pleaded to the captious world that he was not without redeeming qualities, and, for the rest, that unjust neglect soured men whom better fortune might have made generous, or at least not prone to be malignant; that a life spent by a worker in fruitless endeavours to get a fair trial in his own country is enough to destroy all human patience; but no excuses were accepted by the majority as sufficient for the particular case. Leech, I learnt, had been horrified at scandalous words against some of his friends which the desperate aspirant for fortune had uttered; so I should have avoided in every way, while it was a matter of choice, bringing them together.

In this state of things I was once with Leech going into a club

where my unpopular friend had to be passed. I was walking behind when he stopped me, asking, quite loud enough to be heard ahead, that I should introduce him. Leech was sitting down. I had to make the best of the request, and at the presentation Leech turned and bowed frigidly, returning at once to the conversation on the other side, without vouchsafing a word to the user of "evil arts." He seemed to dread the calumnious as did Bacon, who writes, comparing them to basilisks, thus, "which if they are first espied lose their life—that is, their power of doing hurt; but if they attack you first they endanger." By Leech's determined avoidance of the maker of mischief, he had provoked the patient malice of the other. Long afterwards I heard the story told of Leech's "boorishness," with much caricatured mimicry of manner and tone of speech, and his genius was assailed in every form of contempt, pity, and affected ridicule of the thought that "such miserable *little* work as his"—the size being shown at the time with the two hands—"could deserve even passing attention;" but it was an extraordinary testimony to the unimpeachability of Leech's reputation for honour, or of the limits of my toleration as a listener, that never in my hearing was one word of slander uttered by the musician against Leech's private life.

Leech's pleasure in getting into his Dutch house at Kensington, with a special studio built for himself, was great. I dined with him soon after he settled there; he gloried in the quaintness and spaciousness of the house, and said that in his large bedroom he felt like the Prince of Orange going to rest. He had decked it with appropriate furniture, an old Hollander's picture of birds, chosen by Millais, with other things to fit it for an artist's home, were in their proper places. At this time he was unbounded in his admiration of the beauty and character of a young widow lady whom Mrs. Leech loved no less; he was quite gravely concerned that some sensible unmarried man did not fall in love with her and win her. It is a characteristic of genius such as his to think aloud; his large and kindly nature would fain have seen all the world happy.

The new house had one terrible defect, soon to be discovered. It stood where it was encircled by streets and mews infested by organ-grinders. The nuisance was insufferable and yet incurable, and worse for Leech from his being at the top of the house where the sound from five or six instruments was heard, all playing different tunes at the same time. When a timid messenger was sent out some truculent offenders were unfindable—hidden deep in stable-yards, and others were so far away, for all but noise, that it seemed unreasonable to require their removal. One lady, in a house opposite, told the servant that she had no patience with Mr. Leech's nervousness, and that he must learn to get over it, for she should have any musicians who liked to come into her front garden, where they could not be

interfered with. I took the opportunity of knowing the lady to plead with her for her neighbour, but she boasted of the message she had sent, and declared that she should persevere in her course. The horrible torment began an hour or two after sunrise, and was waiting upon him from the moment he entered his studio till late at night. The back room only made the grinders far and near in the south more audible when the hated persecutors in the north had driven him from his *atelier*. Sundays were the only days free from the horror. It was high time that a Bill such as Mr. Bass brought in should become law. This did then in a degree give protection, although the benefit has been reduced to sensitive workers in exposed houses by the introduction of machines of pony and two-men power, which will strike down their victims, under favourable conditions, at a good quarter-of-a-mile distance. Even the protection given was not gained without much sacrifice of precious time in co-operation of men doing the imaginative work of the country, and it came very late for poor Leech, as will be seen in the sequel.

On the occasion of a visit which I paid with Millais to his studio, while Leech was consulting about the painting of his enlarged designs in oil colour, a conversation took place between the two which is not without its interest in illustrating the fanciful element in Leech's character. The palette being produced, it had upon it some dry patches of pigment systematically arranged, and now dry from the last days' painting, "Why, what's the good of preserving morsels of old paint like these? All of them together when new would not cost fourpence!" said the impulsive painter. Leech pleaded: "I know, my dear fellow, but, 'pon my honour, it's not out of stinginess, it is only because I haven't the heart to scrape up into a mess the beautiful little buds and blossoms of sweet colour; often, it is true, they get dry, as now, and they have to be thrown away, but then they have lost their preciousness independently of my choice, and I have no self-reproach. I could not help feeling real pain if I wasted them while yet they were alive, as they seem to be when fresh. It seems foolish, I know," he added, "but I can't help the childishness. I really can't."

In the interests of a relative who was anxious to complete her education, with a view to becoming herself a schoolmistress, I chose my friend Leech as the best adviser for the course to be pursued. He assured me that his sisters, who had experience of the needful kind, would be pleased to help me and the lady referred to. So modestly dignified and perseveringly attentive were these gentlewomen in the aid they gave, that they greatly confirmed a conviction instinctively entertained, that the qualities of true nobility found stamped upon the nature of men finally distinguished in the world of genius have been acquired in the home training of early days, and that this good

influence reaches other worthy members of the family, although for the benefit only of smaller circles than that affected by the worker for the larger world.

Of the interest professed for adventure by flood and field it is seemly to speak in connection with Leech's tastes, for there was an impression from his drawings in *Punch* and elsewhere that he was a reckless Nimrod, and, as a piscator, a wader in deep torrents. Of the last I know nothing; but once meeting me in the road as I was riding a screw hack hired to provide me exercise, and the best air that could be reached when waning daylight had dismissed me from the studio, he stopped me. He laughed covertly at the reputation he had acquired, and confessed that often he disappointed the expectations of kind hosts with studs, who brought out fiery and vicious animals as just suited for him. That he enjoyed a good gallop across country was confessed in his enthusiastic reference to the incidents of the field, but he avowed that his main object was to see the fun, and breathe in the spirit of the sport as indulged in by others, rather than to challenge it wildly himself. Yet he had enough of the prejudice of a man enjoying the meet to denounce the habit of an author of the day in writing of a "pack of dogs," and in otherwise abandoning the time-honoured vernacular of the hunting field.

An instance of Leech's quickness and facility of a remarkable kind is furnished in the following recollection of him.

One Friday night I had sat down to much correspondence, intending before concluding to write of two or three amusing facts picked up, which might suit him for illustration. It had become very late, and I was clearing away my papers, when, with vexation, I remembered that his letter had not been written. I seized the pen and on a page I drew two horizontal lines, quite dividing the space. In the top I put "Scene: Kitchen Garden, Country Cottage. *Dramatis Personæ*: Factotum, Master—Master entering," and then a line or two of dialogue. The second subject I treated similarly, and the third also, which was not so promising. I then enclosed this, without a word, to Leech, and posted it with my other letters about 2 A.M.

The following Wednesday evening the two subjects, admirably treated, were in *Punch*. When next I saw him he was eager with excuses for not having written. He added, "The letter when it was opened at breakfast was most opportune, for I had to leave town by five, and I was bound to furnish two designs before going, and I had come down without gaining the wildest notion what to do. The subjects in your note were ready made, and I was able to sketch them without a moment's waste of time."

It may in the future, perhaps, be not unprofitable to cite our hero as one who, in that day of its unreformedness, did not regard the constitution of the Royal Academy as absolutely perfect. There was



much talk on the subject, because of a Royal Commission being appointed to take evidence on the condition of the institution, with a professed view to effecting improvements in its influence upon the profession of art; and, should this be possible, on the taste of the country generally. How far Leech's views coincided with my own, or differed from them in other particulars, I need not here recall; but I may record his amusement—it was nothing more—at the notion that an artist, however great his inventive faculty and power of expression, should not be qualified for the dignity of membership in the State body—which was founded to tabulate the art genius of the day—unless he were either a painter in oils, a miniature-painter, a sculptor, an architect, or *an engraver of other men's designs*; that, however great his artistic ability in rendering his own thoughts, the very fact of his giving his time to express many thoughts of his own mind, rather than to hatching and stippling from paintings already completed, was fatal to his claim of equality with the great professors of the kind enumerated. “From my point of view, it is natural,” he said, “that such a regulation should seem irrational.” Perhaps now that twenty-five years have enabled the most prejudiced to see the relative sizes of the artists of the generation, although the Academy has not made the change suggested one of its reformatations, it is probable that even its members would not consider it a misfortune if they could show the name of the genial and inexhaustible humorist among their number. Time has worked many reformatations, for did not the Royal Commission recommend such as a condition of Government support? and of course these have been effected. And have not many artists, who before vowed that nothing should ever induce them to join a body so injurious in its then condition to the true interests of art, since been elected, and have they not, after their enrolment, declared that all the abuses of the institution have disappeared, and that henceforth all is well and as it should be; except in the continuance of expressions of discontent outside at the enormous power of the institution to enforce its view of art as the only legitimate one for the country?\*

Another subject of more perennial import on which he expressed himself seriously, was the change then taking place in the character of book illustration, for which I and my compeers were responsible to a great degree, from the nature of the designs we had done for the illustrated edition of Tennyson's general poems. He approved thoroughly of the more exact drawing of figures and other forms, but he complained that draughtsmen had latterly been cultivating this excellence so exclusively that the vitality of the actors in the scenes depicted was disregarded, so that the groups were of *poses plastiques* rather than the transient arrangements of human figures in the course of move-

\* Written in 1885.

ments from one motion to another. It was easy to see that this was owing to the habit of drawing from models placed in position, without having a previous conception firmly embodied in a sketch, and copying these attitudinizers servilely line for line, when all animation, if this had ever been in their posturings, had departed.

Leech argued, as Hogarth did, that, for all art invention, the trained memory must be at command; in other words, a man must draw action from previous observation and study of Nature in its motions and expressions, without any individual posing to him. Let him, by all means, perfect his rough design by the use of life. Fear of mannerism and recognition of the infinite variations of the forms of Nature ought to spur an artist to make continual use of the life, but he should take care that in the process he do not lose the vital principle emanating from the inventive mind, which alone makes art permanently precious to humanity. Hogarth, Cruikshank, Gilbert, and, to leave strict book illustrators, the whole body of great designers of all schools and ages, were vigilant that not a line should pass out of their portals which bore damaging traces of the use of the unintelligent or wearied sitter. "It was not," he said, "from incapacity, but from inventive indolence, that the habit was taking root in recent times, and this, if not discouraged, he was sure boded ill for art." Beyond this point, the investigation was continued, but it became a dialogue with considerations extending to all branches of the subject, and there would be no excuse for giving the reflections as simply Leech's.\*

\* I now see reason to give the reflections arising from the inquiry in fuller form, because it is only where the issue of a new movement can be compared with the forecast, that the practical value of the latter can be appreciated.

In book illustration, then, it seems that the evil in a great degree has had its short day, and that much of the good of more careful drawing remains; the evil has been fairly and even fully surmounted. Nothing has ever appeared from the book illustrator with more life and instantaneous power of seizure than the best English designs of the last ten or twenty years, and with this merit, certainly, the accuracy and delicacy of form are incorporated most admirably. But in larger art, the increased habit of copying from Nature—albeit this is done in different manners—has certainly largely resulted in disregard of the preciousness of what may be called the element of transiency, the essence of interest of well-nigh every scene made up of human life, and also of what is called inanimate Nature, which slavish copying of the still facts destroys in the artist's production.

The practice is finding advocates and followers not under the cloak alone of recent example; for it is said, with the intention of justification, that all the beautiful and most impressive works of art deal with the impassive alone, and it is true that many of the greatest works dream in the dignity of repose; but the calmness of the Phidian gods, of the guardians of the Medicjan tomb, of the San Sisto Madonna and the child-Jesus in her arms, is a different thing from the deadness and dulness of the groupings like those called *tableaux vivants*, to which, when composed for permanent contemplation, the discriminating judgment of Leech took exception. Further, to lay down such a law from precedent of the course taken by the great masters of old, is not only to ignore the subtle difference between living and dead work, but to shut out the very obvious fact that in the Parthenon marbles, where appropriate (as in the metopes and in the horsemen of the friezes), there is movement of the most conspicuous kind, which is most happily given. At later date the licence of reason for this preference is revelled in by the artists of all countries down to our day. Giotto in many a design thus breaks the trammels of the grave from which art was emerging in his time, and every quattrocentist followed with processions and dancing figures. Michelangelo, in the pathetic "Pieta" at the Duomo of Florence, in the Awakening Slave, and

It is appropriate here to call up a queer but very able member of the artistic world, who, twenty-five years since, with many other merits, was a cause of wit in Leech.

Mike Halliday's name will—though the circle of his friends is diminished—even yet make the retiring company look back, and see with satisfaction the claim made for his rescue from forgetfulness.

Early in life he had reason to think that full provision would be made for all his possible wants and tastes (which, as Nature had left him a good foot short of the stature marked out as his right by his broad round shoulders, it was perverse of her to make determinedly athletic). Dumb bells and Indian clubs of enormous size, with boxing gloves, foils, and single-sticks, still held distinguished posts in his bath-room, and even overflowed into his studio. Photographs of himself in every past phase of his life were there, beginning with student days in Heidelberg, drinking with boon companions, amongst whom it defied a hasty scrutiny to detect the Englishman. Again he figured dressed as a Highland laird in kilt, dancing the sword-dance; and the next picture gave him in the skittle yard, another as he rode mounted on the back of an enormous Irish hunter, and finally his effigy presented him as he appeared years ago ready to start in a steeplechase. But this last character was one about which he indulged shyness even to his most trusted friends, until warmed to extreme confidence, perhaps, over a pipe. He had unbosomed himself to me one moonlight night when leaning over the gunwale of the good ship the *Swiftsure*, which had taken us off a French Messagerie boat on its voyage through the Sea of Marmora from Constantinople, where it had been stranded on a rock by the Greek pilot.

The mystery was about the turning point in his life, when all the sweet illusion that it was to be a kaleidoscopic comedy faded away, and in a moment he found himself, amid the relics of a sad dissolving view, in gentleman-jockey garb, with a hard and stern world to face, or rather, it should be said, to hide from for a time. A good friend of his own blood opportunely came to his aid, and enabled him to take

throughout his work at the Sistine Chapel, fairly carried the practice into the cinquecento.

Raffaële, as a born prince, carried this and every other grace which his predecessors, the discoverers and conquerors of new regions, had made by diligent bravery throughout their connected lives their own prize.

The cartoons are examples for every Englishman to see; and not less proved, should it be to us, with the "Bacchus and Ariadne" under our eyes, that Titian was walking by the same spirit. Tintoretto followed in almost every picture he painted. Of another clime, Rubens seemed peculiarly spurred to emulate the last in the quality of movement; and Rembrandt, although with Batavian feet, marched to the same inspiration.

English painters, Hogarth, Wilkie, and Turner, to shorten a long list, have brought alive to us, despite many stagnant sloughs, the eternal fire; and at the bidding of no fashion, proceeding from what it may, will it, I trust, ever be stayed from burning in either docile or more rampant flames, as the spirit of one or the other may be called for in the design undertaken.

A word here for the picture by Wilkie of "Blind Man's Buff" seems needed to declare that, had it been painted by a foreigner of any time or country, the work would long since have been a proverb of admirable composition and invention.

his place among the people who venture out by day, but not without unseen chains which lasted nearly to the end of his life. Happily the disillusioning came while he was still young, and family influence—powerful to secure patronage—provided for his current needs by a clerkship in the House of Lords. He faithfully, henceforth, observed his promise to eschew the turf, and perilous extravagance of all kinds. He thereupon took to poetry, to love that never found its earthly close, and to our art—for he found time for all. So well did he succeed in picture making that in one case, under the direction of the very best master whom good luck could have given him from the whole world, he completed an oil painting of two lovers sitting under a ruined abbey window, habited in contemporary costume, the gentleman intent on taking the size of the lady's marriage finger. The picture was bought by a famous dealer; it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856, was engraved, and reappeared as a popular engraving, which is now pirated by the Germans in a cheap form, as I see in shabby shop windows throughout Europe. To meet him dressed in lounging grey suit, hirsute as a woolly caterpillar from top to toe, with lemon-coloured hair, vapoury moustache joining a soft beard, long but sparse whiskers; to confront his ever self-possessed halt, to watch the sober wandering grey eyes, to trace out fresh elf-like quaintness, or to notice him at home as he looked up with "Eh! I think I'm a little deaf to-day!" was enough to make one turn from the moodiest fit of absorption into a merry temper.

Leech became intimate with him, and so under many names and ingenious disguises did Leech's public make his acquaintance—Lord Tomnoddy, and a variety of names he figured under. When this had been the case for some time, Leech one night was talking about him with real geniality and regard. He told of an expedition which found a small party, with Halliday, one evening in the country, where there was to be a meet with the hounds the next morning. As they dined and chatted the attractions became greater every minute to the cavalier instincts of Halliday's youth. Leech and the others had horses coming, and, on inquiry, it turned out that it would be possible for Mike to find a mount at hand, and so it was pointed out he *could* sleep there and have a good day on the morrow. •"No!" said Halliday, "I must find a train to bring me back from town in time to be at the cover." "Why, in the name of the mysterious—why go to town?" said they all. But all was useless, the little man would go, and would come back by a train starting very early from town; and so, to the bewilderment of all, he did. The next morning they were present to see the train come in. As it stopped, down jumped the little Nimrod, decked out in carefully preserved pink, well stained cords, with top-boots, and, falling over the rim, a tassel of ribbons in emulation of sixteen-stringed Jack, as dandy hunting men had dressed twenty or more years earlier. He was capped with hunting helmet and

carried a magnificent riding whip in hand. Seeing him thus walking and skipping with that outward turn of the feet which is denominated in horsey parlance "dishing," Leech said that, with all the desire in the world on his own part to treat the matter with supreme seriousness (as the main actor did), it was almost impossible for him to curb his provoked risibility. Leech, with more of his reminiscences of Halliday, added: "He is a mine of resource to me. Whenever I am in difficulties I can remember something of him which it is possible to turn into a 'subject,'" and, he went on earnestly, "but I do hope he never recognizes the resemblance, for I often, at the last, put some point to prevent recognition." The surprise at this innocence made the whole table burst into laughter, but, in undeceiving Leech, we were able to assure him that Halliday was by no means pained by the darts that struck him, that he wore them proudly as decorations, and so disarmed any ill-nature disposed to take advantage of the chance. Often he achieved this by calling the attention of his visitors to the last addition to his gallery of *Punch* portraits, exhibited on the walls of his studio. Let it be recognized that Michael Halliday, Esq., had many sides; he was a brilliant with many facets, and on every angle a character. Leech found the attraction to draw him frequently arise. Many another man as much met by Leech escaped his pencil from dullness which had no side at all. Mike shall wear the immortality which Leech conferred as an honourable part of his heritage to humanity.

The end of my reminiscences has come. I was away from London for a time, and the news I got of Leech's state of health was not welcome, but the reports, it seemed, might be an exaggeration of the truth. When I returned, the first I saw of him was in broad daylight as he sauntered in the open thoroughfare at the top of Victoria Road, Kensington, and there we stopped and talked. He had a stick, and he leaned upon it like an invalid; his spine no longer seemed to be bowed with urbanity alone. There was the man of spirit and inflexibility, but he stood as if the foundations of his being had been loosened. "Yes," he said, with grievous candour, "I am a doomed man, nothing will save me except as an invalid; and I will tell you, in all sober and solemn seriousness, what has killed me. It would be laughed at as absurd by many, but it is the naked truth, which you will understand—although the men in Parliament who talk so glibly about their delight at seeing the poor in back streets amused would not do so—it has been the incessant vexation of organ-grinding, and the need of doing my work, while the wretched instruments of torture were from different points turning their discordant screws into my brain." The passers-by had to be carefully eluded as he spoke his dirge.

This declaration from his lips in its precise sense had perhaps been inspired by some recent annoyance of a special kind, but in its larger

bearings it could not be doubted. Heavily burdened and sore, like the galled jade, he had been driven to death.

It was an example of the wasteful manner in which England treats her best children. I knew that what he said was uttered in no forced spirit, but I still hoped that there might be means for him to get rest and restoration to health, and I turned the conversation to this. How many things I desired to say to him, but the opportunity was an unsuitable one, and I hoped as I parted with him to see him again soon. Alas! the summons was a more abrupt one than either had thought. I was inexperienced enough in loss of fellow-labourers then to think it unnatural that our age could go on without Leech as one of the hearty gentle men who cheered their fellows on their way of life; but in a few more days the news came that the great Father had taken him behind the veil, and left his work for the new ages to measure, and to give account of in fulness of time.

John Leech needs no special pleading for the honour which the world now recognizes to be his due. His was a reputation which grew without clamour from himself; he scarcely seemed to think of being engaged in the work of gaining a lasting name at all. His nature seemed too unselfish, and too quiet for such an object; his ambition was singly to show all the children of his world in turn, from a point of view which was an unthought-of one, and which made, or ought to make, our kinship more kindly. He had too much study and sympathy in general facts of social life not to experience, when interpreting them into intelligibility for the eye of the public each week, some grudging feeling that they should only appear in a form which threatened to be ephemeral; he would have preferred the opportunity of giving them in manner promising to be permanently before his fellows; but this desire came from faith in the power of his art to soften the nature of men into kindliness, sympathy, geniality, benevolence, and (I still say soften, for it is cowardice that makes men hard) —into courage to do the right in all simplicity and truth. What with his scrap-book, in which contributions to *Punch* were republished, and the reproduction, by extended india-rubber blocks, of his designs on a magnified scale, giving impressions which he then tinted in oil-colours for use in houses, his ambition for greater influence was eventually fulfilled beyond early prospects. He made no pretensions to greatness. What he was in other respects will, I doubt not, be revealed with ample means and finished judgment. I must be satisfied with contributing the above reminiscences of my old friend, written perhaps, from my admiration of his genius and nature, with too prejudiced a thought of their importance. The incidents are small ones, but they show him affected by different moods, and stirred by varying interests. He was like most men of genius I have known in life, in one particular; he was ever laying bare well-nigh all his natural impulses. He thought

aloud. The prudent world, by its cautious reserve, makes the outspokenness of the artless open to misinterpretation, as vanity or folly. But surely it is a lesson in itself to contemplate a man walking through the world without effort to hide even his uncompleted thoughts; to see him put aside the habit of self-guarding as one thinking and fearing no evil, when not specially cautioned to 'do so; acting thus frankly because possessed of the freshness of childish nature, which accompanies the genius with which he reflects the world for other eyes; and to find him ready to sacrifice every personal feeling that interferes with enthusiasm for his work. Certainly it should be instructive to see the exponent of human kindness to others take a generous view of his own duty, and of the love due to his belongings and friends, and, whilst striving for his just rights, eschewing as defilement all kinds of cunning duplicity to appear grander than he is, or to strive to over-reach others in any way.

I remember reading an article of some pretension upon his work, while he was still alive, in which his merits were spoken of very slightly, although some praise was generously meted out to him as a light farcical sketcher of the day. One of his great faults was that he was not Hogarth. He did not castigate his generation for their vices; and then he held up to ridicule, most of all, shop-girls, servant-drabs, or lawyers' clerks, not finding anything to satirize in guardsmen, noblemen, or ladies of position. It is undoubtedly true that Leech did not make any attempt to rival Hogarth; but then it had been said of Hogarth that he did not paint like Vandyke and Raffaele, and that because he did not do so, he was scarcely an artist in the serious sense of the word. Probably, too, the earlier men named were not enough like their predecessors to please the profound critics. We know that Michelange suffered so much from unfavourable comparisons that he thought it worth while to make an antique Bacchus, bury it, and have it dug up and worshipped as beyond all modern effort, that he might produce the hand which had previously been broken off, and prove it his own. By showing his ability to equal the best that they found in the antique he earned the right to be original.

The history of art has been hampered from the beginning by the archaic requirements of mere antiquarians. Leech was purely a man of the century, and he set himself to the business of seeing and illustrating society as it was displayed openly before him. His channels of communication with the public would scarcely have suited other intentions, and he adapted himself to the opportunity he had, and, in fact, had no nature originally for the office of chastiser of vice. What is true of the particular charge is that he ridiculed the poorer members of society only when they dressed and comported themselves so as to appear like people of wealthier grades. I can also remember unfavourable reflections made upon him at the time in comparison with

Gavarni, the Parisian draughtsman, who was brought to England and lauded by the press for all his work according to the tradition, here ever more, that art must come with a foreign *cachet*.

That Leech had the disadvantage of native blood and birth it cannot be denied, and this fault was a heavy one, but the years have removed it; for Time, which tries all things justly, will scarcely now bring forward the Frenchman—whose wit was nothing if not immoral—as the rival to John Leech, who found out so many cheery, kindly, and healthy facts in the world, and uncurtained its actors mostly as they appeared under the innocent perplexities of life, but never as gracing vicious act with attractive colour. That his capacity as an artist was consummate is proved triumphantly by the enlargements of his drawings done about the size of the palm of the hand, with no idea that they would ever be seen on any other scale until the invention came which he made use of to extend them to a surface of some feet in measurement. It might well have turned out that, thus treated, imperfections of form and quantity would reveal themselves, and that the poise and lines of figures would exhibit too little subtlety; that the expression of faces originally not so large as a child's finger-nail would be meaningless, that hands would be a mere blot. But far otherwise was the result: not a line was wrong or rude, not a face without intelligible emotion, not a hand without its exact turn and details in due proportion to larger parts; and every curve of hill and landscape, each bit of tone and shading, had, it could be seen, been directed by the artist's mind, using his pencil to express the subject as it existed in Nature, not to give matter enough merely for a small space in a page. He worked with the illimitable in his eye. He scarcely saw the translations of his own drawings; these became perfect by self-unconsciousness. Leech was like Abou ben Adhem in Leigh Hunt's poem. He claimed only to be humble, both in his conceptions and in his mode of work. "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." He would not dare claim his place among the high. It was enough for him to be loving and honest in the service which he found waiting for his hand. These twenty years of sifting and winnowing have been like "the next night" in the poem, in which the Master of all had looked upon the book of gold, and had ordered that the name of him too meek to claim kinship with the highest should "lead all the rest."

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

Mr. Whitehorne, Q.C., of Lincoln's Inn, is the treasurer of the fund now being raised for the help of the sisters of John Leech.



## A WINTER IN SYRIA.

### I.

ON the 27th of September 1887 we were staying with friends in Devonshire, much puzzled where to pass the winter, when a letter reached us from Mr. Laurence Oliphant, in which he kindly offered the loan of his house at Haïfa, under Mount Carmel. We knew most of the usual health resorts, but this was a new idea. It took our fancy ; we telegraphed our acceptance of the proposal, and presently returned home to make the necessary preparations.

These did not take very long, and by the 6th of November nearly all our tolerably large party had reached Syria. I had myself, however, persons to see and things to do in several parts of Europe, before I could conveniently re-embark for Asia, so that it was not till the evening of November 10th that I found myself slowly steaming out of the Golden Horn.

A voyage of something under six days, through scenes partly familiar and partly new to me, but always interesting, passed rapidly away ; and on the morning of the 16th I saw, when I came on deck, the pale blue range of the Lebanon, lifting itself over a bright blue sea. The lofty Sannin was already capped with snow.

Two or three hours after that I had landed at Beyrout.

Beyrout is an extremely pretty place, the most really prosperous provincial town, I should think, which still remains under the direct government of the Porte ; but I had been there only a few months before, on my way back from India, had seen most of the objects of interest which the place has to show, and had visited the principal officials—the Governor of the town, the Governor of the Lebanon, and the Vali of Syria. I had accordingly nothing to do, on this occasion, save to pay my respects to our own consular authorities and to make the usual arrangements for a land journey in the East.

Early on the morning of the 17th, just as the dawn was beginning to flush the clouds over the Lebanon, I mounted and rode away to the southward. It was long before the suburbs, the gardens and the pine wood of Beyrout, were left behind; but at length our party emerged on the open country and wound along a path with sand-dunes on the right, and on the left the picturesque slopes of "The Mountain," dotted with many villages, mainly Druse and Christian. At last we were on the shores of the sea; there had been a fresh north-west breeze behind us as we steamed from Rhodes to Cyprus; but by this time it had fallen, and the ripples did nothing more than just kiss the land.

Ere long we came to the ford at the mouth of the Damour, in which, luckily for us, there was very little water; for this river, the ancient Tamyras, although it has a course of only twenty-five miles, drains a great extent of highly precipitous country, and a very little rain turns it into a furious torrent. Once on its further side we struggled over a horrible road, across one of the many promontories of this much indented coast, the scene of a battle between Antiochus the Great and Ptolemy IV., one of the hundred which have been fought for the possession of Syria by the temporary owners of the countries on the north and on the south of the Levant, from the days of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty to the days of Ibrahim Pacha. It was the comparative immunity of this narrow coast land from Eastern invasion at a remote period of history which gave Phœnicia its start in the world. The Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon defended it from the tribes of the desert beyond Damascus, while the promontory, or rather promontories, between Tyre and Acre were also somewhat serious obstacles to horsemen. This and the tiny creeks, hardly to be called harbours, which were dotted at rare intervals along it, together with the enterprising spirit of its people, were really its only advantage, for its food-producing power was trifling.

The scene of the battle above alluded to once left behind, we soon reached the midday halt of Neby Yunus. At this place one of several conflicting Mahomedan traditions has located the landing of Jonah, after his adventures on the way to Tarshish, and doubtless its claims are quite as good as those of any other locality. Unluckily it is just the least important part of the very remarkable book which bears the name of this prophet which has attracted most notice.

The historical Jonah lived before the captivity of the northern kingdom during the reign of Jeroboam II., the greatest of Israel's kings. The Apologue of Jonah, which is really one of the most interesting portions of the Old Testament, was written after the captivity not only of Israel, but of Judah, and represents the feelings of the best portion of the exiles who returned to Jerusalem in their opposition to the narrow policy of Ezra. His desire was to isolate

his co-religionists and to rivet on their limbs the shackles of priestly power. Their object was to draw their neighbours as far as possible into the community of Israel and to the worship of the One God. The energetic fanaticism of Ezra won the day, and the protest of those who disagreed with him has been misunderstood up to quite recent times. It has been taken, by the vast majority of its readers, not for an Apologue but for a grave history. The attention of ages has been fixed upon its mere accidental mechanism, and especially upon the whale!

The real points of the book are :—

First. The humanity of the heathen sailors, who were most unwilling to throw Jonah into the sea.

Secondly and chiefly. The lesson of toleration with reference to the heathen, supposed to be given by the Almighty himself to Jonah.

The third and fourth chapters are quite up to the level attained by the best minds amongst the Jews at the commencement of our era. They might have been written by a disciple of Hillel.

A little grove of tamarisks affords at Neby Yunus a grateful shade, which may remind the traveller, if he pleases, of the prophet's gourd, and dispose his mind to such musings; but ere long he must be again in the saddle, and toiling over roads worse rather than better than those whose acquaintance he had made in the morning hours. On either side of these roads the wastes which they traverse are covered by a low and viciously thorny bush,\* a near relation of our unarmed meadow-loving and harmless Burnet, but very unlike it in disposition. This bush is the lord of this whole region, which, if all had their rights, would never have been supposed to be called Phœnicia from its far from numerous date-palms, but have been really called *Poteria* from this masterful under-shrub. I say "supposed to be called," for it is now believed that the palm took its name from the country, not the country from the palm, and that the word Phœnicia means simply the land of the red-brown men.

Hardly a flower was to be seen. Here and there in the environs of Beyrout there was a belated straggler from the autumn vegetation; but the only flower which did anything to beautify the road was a little *Merendera*, which forces its way through the hardest ground here, just as I have seen it do in Algeria. It is one of the *Melanthaceæ*, a relation of the *Colchicum*, the "pale crocus" of Matthew Arnold—not that it is a crocus; but it may well take rank as such, seeing that he who was beyond all comparison the most accurate of English poets in his reference to plants has spoken of it by that name.

All things come to an end, even the stony ways of the Jedra, which is the name of the cape beyond Neby Yunus, and at last we

\* *Poterium spinosum*.

found ourselves once more on the flat hard sand of the sea. Presently the dragoman rode up to me, and pointing to a village among the mountains, said: "That is Djoun, where Lady Hester Stanhope lived;" and the lines came back to my mind:

"His sole Egeria (oh supreme caprice!)  
A cracked uncanny war-witch of a niece;  
Who at his death found Syrian sands alone  
Replace the lost grand desert she had known.  
For rule in wastes by previous Empire fit,  
Had she not ruled a lonelier world in Pitt?"

Few, I suppose, are now interested in this eccentric lady; but those who are should read the account of her funeral in 1839, given by Dr. Thomson, the American missionary who performed the ceremony, in his work entitled "The Land and the Book."

A pleasanter recollection than any directly connected with her, is that her fame and old family associations brought Kinglake to these regions and within sight of the spot which I was then passing. Of all books on the nearer East, "Eothen" is far the best. Shall we ever have such another about India? Hardly, I fear. India, with all its merits, has never been long enough in the main stream of history for that.

Soon we approached a little thread of water. This was the modest embouchure of the Owely, the ancient Bostrenus, a stream which, peaceable as it looks\* here, has a wild youth in the Lebanon, one branch of it falling over more than two hundred feet perpendicularly; while near the end of its course it does excellent work in the way of irrigation.

Near this point we were joined by a gentleman, who turned out to be Mr. Ayoub Abela, the American Vice-Consul, who came from Sidon to meet us, in the absence of his nephew, to whom we had been recommended. My new acquaintance had seen much of Renan when he was here a quarter of a century ago, and had made the antiquities of the neighbourhood a special study. Accompanied by him I walked over the whole of Sidon, and saw at a glance how it was that it became so important. Certain reefs lying in front of it and on its south-western side gave it, very little aided by art, no less than three harbours, and those of a kind quite sufficient for such vessels as were used in the days of Phœnicia's very relative greatness.

The modern town occupies merely the seaward portion of the ancient city, which ran back towards the hills, enclosed in which, under the two mountains known as the Paps of Sidon, is a summer retreat, which Mr. Abela described as charming, surrounded by fruit-trees and watered by 360 fountains. The streets of the modern town are to a great extent roofed in with pointed arches, and are kept scrupulously clean, every scrap of manure being treasured for the benefit of the great gardens which lie on the level behind the town,

and are its pride. In the spring, Mr. Abela told me, the perfume of the orange-flowers can be easily perceived from the deck of a passing steamer. Its scrupulous cleanliness is a curiously un-Oriental trait, but in a good sense Sidon is one of the most Oriental towns I have ever seen.

I looked with interest at the little fort which covers the whole of the island, and which rests on Phœnician foundations. It is of no strength; but, like all such places in this country, it is difficult of access, thanks to the babyish suspicion of the Turkish military authorities.

Quite at the other end of the town there are fine remains of the Castle reared by St. Louis, but I doubt whether there is anything in the neighbourhood more interesting than the vault from which the Sarcophagus of Ashmanezer was carried off to Paris. There are many versions of the wonderfully striking inscription on it: I quote from one of them:—

“In the month of Bul, the fourteenth year of my reign, I, King Ashmanezer, King of the Sidonians, son of King Tabnith, King of the Sidonians, spake King Ashmanezer, King of the Sidonians, saying: ‘I have been stolen away before my time—a son of the flood of days. The whilom Great is dumb; the son of Gods is dead. And I rest in this grave, even in this tomb, in the place which I have built. My adjuration to all the Ruling Powers and all men: Let no one open this resting-place, nor search for treasure, for there is no treasure with Us; And let him not bear away the couch of My rest, and not trouble Us in this resting-place by disturbing the couch of My slumbers. . . . For all men who should open the tomb of My rest, or any man who should carry away the couch of My rest, or any one who trouble Me on this couch; Unto them there shall be no rest with the departed; they shall not be buried in a grave, and there shall be to them neither son nor seed. . . . There shall be to them neither root below nor fruit above, nor honour among the living under the sun. . . .’”

I am glad that these magnificent maledictions were not first disregarded in the interest of science. Dr. Thomson, who was at Sidon at the time that the Sarcophagus was discovered, mentions that it had been opened by some previous rifler of tombs, probably in the search for hid treasure. The whole affair is only one illustration more of the too true words, “*Tant les prévisions humaines sont vaines jusqu’au tombeau-et au delà.*”

A great many other sarcophagi, important, though not nearly so important, have been discovered lately near Sidon, and have been taken to Constantinople, where I saw them characteristically enveloped in packing-boxes, to become in the fulness of time the property of that Power to which destiny shall next give the golden apple of empire. After all, it is better that the Turks should keep antiquities in packing-boxes rather than allow them to be broken and built into walls.

The conversation at dinner turned upon the Druses and the

Ansariyeh. One of the guests observed that he had examined as many as fourteen Druse books written in Arabic, with which he was well acquainted, without being able to get any sort of notion what they were all about. "I have no doubt," he added, "that the explanation of their hopeless obscurity is simply that in order to understand them it is necessary to have some key which the Druses possess, but which none of them have revealed." The following extracts from a Druse catechism, published in the "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for January 1886," seem to confirm this view :—

"Q. And if we talk about religion, how shall our answer be ?

"A. Our Lord has commanded that we should cloak ourselves with the prevailing religion, whether it be Christianity or Islamism, for our Lord the Governor has said : ' Whatever religion prevails, follow it openly, but keep me in your hearts.'

"Q. How is it to us to agree with the Christians or Moslems in their religion, while we have signed a bond against ourselves, that we worship none other but our Lord ?

"A. We do this outwardly and not inwardly, as our Lord has said, ' Keep me in your hearts ;' and he has given us an example of a man who puts on a garment, whether it be white or black, or red or green ; the colour of the garment has no effect upon his body ; whether the body be sound or diseased, it remains the same, and likewise the several religions resemble the garment. Your religion resembles the body, therefore put on whatever garment you please, and embrace openly and outwardly any religion you please, provided you be at ease.

"Q. But if we be required to perform the prayers of that religion (we embrace outwardly) are we to comply with that ?

"A. Agree with them, for there is no objection to any outward religious performances.

"Q. But how can we agree with the Mahommedans by confessing that Mahommed is a prophet, and that he is the noblest of all prophets, and of all creatures ? And is he a prophet ?

"A. No, he is not a prophet ; but our prophet is the Governor, who has neither a son nor is begotten, but is destitute of everything that is attributed to man ; but this Mahommed is descended from the Arab tribe of Korisheh, and his father's name is Abdallah, and he had a daughter whose name was Fatima, which was given in marriage to Ali, the son of Abi Talib. Outwardly we confess that he is our prophet, merely to be at peace with his people only ; but inwardly we believe him to be a monkey, and a devil, and one not born in wedlock, and that he has allowed what is not lawful, and has committed all kinds of shameful deeds. He has done all the evil he could, and has considered all women to be lawful to him ; and therefore our Lord has cursed him in every age and time. But a Druse believer can confess that he is a prophet without committing a sin, as has been mentioned above.

"Q. Since he is a monkey and a devil, and not born in wedlock, why do we therefore chant his name ?

"A. By the name of Mahommed, which we chant, we mean our Lord, Mahommed Baha-ud-Deen (Brightness of Religion), surnamed our Lord the faithful.

\* \* \* \*

"Q. Where does our Lord reside now, and when will he manifest himself to us?

"A. He now resides in China. He appeared or manifested himself five times. The first time he appeared in Persia, and was known by the name of Selman el Farisi, and he was a geometrician; the second time he appeared in Egypt, and was called El Hakim Beamrihi (the sole Governor), and his occupation was the Civil Government. The third time he appeared in Algeria, and was known by the name of Baha-üd-Deen (Brightness of Religion), and his occupation was a silversmith. The fourth time he appeared in Andalusia, and was known by the name of El-hikmet (wisdom), and was a physician. The fifth time he appeared in El Hijaz or Hedjaz (on the eastern shore of the Red Sea), and was known by the name of Mewla el Akil (Lord of Reason or Understanding), and his occupation was camel-driver, and he had under his command 1000 camels, and thence he disappeared. He foretold his disappearance for a time, and hath commanded us to abide by his obedience till he comes."

Of the Ansariyeh I shall find a more convenient opportunity of speaking further on.

Early on the morning of the 18th we left Sidon; Mr. Ayoub Abela escorting me until we were opposite a village divided between the General Government of Syria and that of Lebanon. The General Government of Syria was last autumn in the hands of Nachid Pacha, who resided chiefly at Damascus, but he died a few months ago, and Beyrout, with its dependencies, including the country of which I am speaking, became a Vilayet by itself. I may explain that each Vilayet, or small Government—for in Syria, be it remembered, everything except history is small—is divided into several circles, over each of which is a Mutessarif, while each Mutessarif has charge of several smaller areas, each under its own Kaimakam, and each Kaimakam has under him several Mudirs.

Most persons will remember that after the horrible massacres of 1860 had led to European intervention, the small but highly troublesome Government of the Lebanon was separated from that of the neighbouring country and placed under a Christian ruler—Daoud Pacha. He has had several successors, all of whom have managed to keep Druses and Maronites on fairly good terms—thanks largely to the wise arrangements sanctioned by Lord Dufferin, who began in these regions his brilliant career. It need hardly be said that the Maronites are the lineal representatives of the old Christians of Antioch, who, having been a good deal oppressed by their brother Christians of Byzantium, long ago accepted the Roman obedience. Hence a connection of old standing has existed between them and France—a connection which is kept up to the present day, for the French Government, although bitterly hostile to Christianity at home, is by no means indisposed to use priests as catspaws in foreign parts.

The road from Sidon to the southward was much easier than that which we traversed the day before, and the distance to be got over

was shorter. On the other hand, there was nothing of interest along our route save the site of Sarepta and the river Litány, or, as it should be called at the point where we crossed it by a picturesque bridge—the Kasimieh. This is one of the only four real rivers of Syria. The second is the great Orontes, which flows by Antioch, and will, thanks to Juvenal, always be remembered with the Tiber; the Barada, once the Abana, the river of Damascus, is the third; and the Jordan, the most famous and least useful, is the fourth.\*

We had hardly left the bridge above mentioned an hour behind, when we came upon the isthmus which has grown out of Alexander's causeway and unites Tyre to the mainland. After we had done so, another half-hour brought us to the monastery where we were to pass the night. Ere we had arrived there we passed the ruins of the great cathedral which was reared probably on the site of the church in which Origen was buried, and at the consecration of which Eusebius of Cæsarea preached. A large number of workmen were engaged in destroying the little that was left of this venerable edifice, in some part of which the Frederick Barbarossa of history was laid in a now unknown grave. The Frederick Barbarossa of legend sits, as we know, enchanted in the Kyffhäuser, or beneath the Untersberg, and bides his time—not to arrive, as was once hoped, in our century.

Tyre is unfortunate in not possessing any gardens in its neighbourhood, and the cleanliness of its streets is accordingly far less cared for than is the case at Sidon, nor is it by any means so picturesque a place. Historically, however, it is so important that the reader will perhaps not object to linger a little with me within its walls.

It used to be a custom earlier in this century, with a certain class of tourists, to expatiate on the forlorn condition of Tyre, and to consider it to be a proof of the "fulfilment of prophecy." Those, however, who adopted that dangerous style of argument forgot that the passionate denunciations, which they took for supernatural previsions of the future, had led to scant results. Nay, that Tyre had, after they were uttered, a long and absolutely, if not relatively, far more splendid career than she had before. A *catena* of testimonies to its prosperity, from the time that Ezekiel in his natural anger said "Thou shalt never be any more," down to the end of the thirteenth century A.D., can be found by any one who will look for it in the volumes of the "Survey of Western Palestine."

One of the most curious of these testimonies comes from St. Jerome, who, seeing the flourishing condition of the place in his day, and falling into the mistake, which was then universal in the Christian world, of supposing that the function of Ezekiel was not to warn and to teach,

\* There are ten perennial streams in Western Palestine over and above the Jordan, of which the Kishon is the most considerable; but they have not the true river character.



but accurately to describe coming events, was obliged to save the "prophet's" credit by putting an unnatural interpretation upon his words. Now that the real character and importance, vast in its own way, of the persons who, for the confusion of Western intelligences, have been described as "prophets," and not by their old Hebrew name, is thoroughly understood, we can read the denunciations of a hostile, or at least unsympathetic people, by the Hebrew Nabi with all due allowances, and find several of them, but more especially the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, to be very precious documents, as throwing a much needed light on the extent and character of Tyrian commerce.

What really happened was this. For long ages Tyre and Israel were, in spite of the Canaanitish origin of the former, very close friends, and that for a good reason. Each wanted what the other could give. Tyre wanted the produce of the rich cornfields in the Hadran ("the wheat of Minnith" of Ezekiel), while Israel wanted the skill of the Tyrian artificers and the luxuries in which the Tyrian merchants traded. As time went on the connection became, in the eyes of the best men alike in Israel proper and in Judah, dangerously close, for they saw that it was giving a great impulse to the spread of polytheistic ideas. Their fears led to a violent reaction, which, fierce even as far back as the fall of the house of Omri in the north, went at last in the southern kingdom, in the days of Josiah, to very great lengths indeed. A Tyrian must have looked at the proceedings of that monarch just as a devout Spanish Catholic looked at those of Elizabeth, or as a devout Protestant in England looked at the Dragonnades of Louis XIV. The Tyrians retaliated on their, as they thought, sacrilegious neighbours, and turned an honest penny by selling them as slaves when they got a chance. Hence the mutual dislike of the old allies grew more and more bitter, and when Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem the feeling at Tyre was one of profound satisfaction. That naturally excited bitter resentment in the breasts of Ezekiel and of all whom he represented, the outcome of which was the passage which has given rise to much misplaced moralizing in prose, but also, let it be remembered, to the fine lines in the "Lyra Apostolica":—

"Tyre mock'd when Salem fell: where now is Tyre?  
Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves  
Burst o'er her walls, to Ocean doom'd and fire:  
And now the tideless water idly laves  
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crown'd merchants' graves."

This once famous spot was at its lowest ebb in the middle of the last century, when Hasselquist, the Swedish naturalist, passed that way and found only ten inhabitants. Soon after its site was occupied by the curious sect known as the Metawileh, who are very nearly related to the Shiah of Persia, and who still abound in this neighbourhood. They were followed by others, and now it is a respectable

little town. That it should ever again rise into much importance seems far from probable.

The valley of the Litány, on the map, looks highly inviting, and the engineer in far-off lands might dream of running a railway up it into the interior. Before, however, attempting to translate his dream into reality, he had better visit Syria, or read the account which Dr. Thomson gives of that wild river and the gorges through which it forces its passage from Baalbek to the sea.

The harbour of Tyre was excellent for the tiny vessels in which its bold mariners committed themselves to the waves; but, even if it could be restored to what it was in its happiest hour, it would be perfectly useless for the purposes of the modern trader. The plain behind it is unhealthy. There are not, so far as I know, any places in the neighbouring hills so well adapted for summer residence as that which I have mentioned near Sidon, and although no doubt systematic excavations would bring to light a good deal, it seems improbable that anything of first-rate importance would be found.

Phœnician Tyre, if anything of it is left, lies far down below half a dozen other Tyres which flourished and decayed on this venerable site.

I find it difficult, then, to imagine how, even under a good government, any great amount of prosperity could return to it.

It is pleasant, meantime, to observe that some of its oldest associations are still preserved in a harmless form. Herodotus came hither to see the Temple of Melkarth, the Syrian Hercules, and still, upon the festival of St. Mekhlar, they fish in his honour for the shells of the Murex, which was so important a source of Tyrian wealth, while Adonis gardens are still arranged on the feast of St. Barbara.

The Superior of the Monastery where I slept was a native of Bethlehem, but spoke Italian well. He was a Franciscan, and I talked to him about the curious way in which, during the last decade or two, men of the most various ways of thinking have united to praise the founder of his order; amongst others, Hase in Germany, Castelar in Spain, and Renan in France. "Yes," he replied, "St. Francis was 'unique'; we think him the greatest politician of his age." I asked if the "Imitation" had been translated into Arabic. He answered in the affirmative. Then I put the same question about the "Fioretti di S. Francesco." He said, "No;" but he had read them in Italian; and, I think he added, also in Spanish.

My friend was a cheerful creature. I told him the well-known story of the Pope, who having offered his snuff-box to a Cardinal was met by the reply, "No, your Holiness, I have not that vice." To which the Pope rejoined, "If it had been a vice you would have had it!" He capped this by repeating the not less well-known but always worth recalling story of the Bull which was launched against persons

who smoked in the churches of Seville, and elicited the quotation from Job: "Contra folium quod vento agitur tuam iram ostendes et stipulam siccam persequeris?"

As I stood on the roof of the monastery, on the evening of the 18th, I observed a long bank of clouds in the south-west, but having been assured that the fine weather would continue for at least three days, I paid no attention to it. In the middle of the night, however, I was awoken by heavy rain, and had to face the difficulties which Elijah suggested to Ahab, with reference to my next day's journey. The storm, however, rolled away into the interior, and by five in the morning rain had ceased to fall.

We left Tyre at early dawn and crossed the plain to the great reservoirs which may possibly mark the site of the rather mysterious Palætyrus. Thence it was but a short ride to the foot of the White Promontory, which according to some was, properly speaking, the Ladder of the Tyrians, although others give that name to the more conspicuous, though to the traveller not so formidable, promontory called Ras en Nakurah. I think it more than probable that the name designated all the rough bit of coast between Tyre and the plain of Acre. The mountains on the left belonged to Galilee, and at an earlier period were assigned to the tribe of Asher. Out of them was carved the bit of bad country which Solomon gave to Hiram, and which that amiable monarch accepted with a jest; but the district which we traversed had always been Gentile, until about an hour beyond Ras en Nakurah we passed near El Zib, the northern boundary of Galilee upon the coast. A ride of two hours from that point, over a flat country, fertile where it was irrigated by streams, but in many places bearing little at this season but the not very interesting *Passerina hirsuta*, which was covered with its inconspicuous flowers, took us to the gates of Acre. Long lines of aqueduct here still in use recalled the Campagna. Close to them we transferred ourselves to a carriage sent to meet us from Haifa, and proceeded thither.

The ancient fortress of Acre looks straight across the only deep indentation on the harbourless Syrian coast to Mount Carmel, which bounds that indentation on its southern side. Carmel is a long ridge sloping gradually down from about 1700 to something like 500 feet, where it falls in a fine promontory into the sea. Near the end of this promontory, looking down upon the waves, lies the house which has given its name to the famous Order. It is from Acre that Carmel is seen to the best advantage, and I have sometimes thought it a very fine object as viewed from thence. To look its best, however, it requires the adjuncts of storm-cloud and threatening weather. On November 19th these adjuncts were not present, but nothing could have been more delightful than the drive, of some ten miles, round the bay, not over a road, but over the hard

sea sand. The gale of the previous night had agitated the waters, and the innermost of five lines of surf broke gently around our horses' feet as we proceeded.

I did not enter the town of Acre on this occasion, though I shall have something to say of it presently, and the first object of interest which arrested my attention was the little river Belus, from the sand of which, according to an ancient but doubtful legend, glass was first made. A stretch of seven or eight miles separates this stream from the far more important Kishon, which drains the great level of Esdraelon.

Between the shore and the interior intervenes a thick belt of sand-hills, sparingly but picturesquely dotted with date-palms, and bearing, in the spring, vast quantities of the beautiful white broom *Retama roetam*, mistranslated juniper in our Bibles. These sand-hills used to be famous as the resort of robbers, and the unarmed, unattended traveller had better not be too confident in their security even now. In Syria, however (I am not speaking of the Lebanon), there are few places where the unarmed, unattended traveller is safe, and few where the armed, attended traveller is in any sort of danger, at least on the west of the Jordan.

The Kishon and the Belus are both quite easily crossed, save in exceptionally heavy floods, provided always you keep well out to sea, on the bank, only slightly covered by the waves, which they have raised at their mouths. Soon after the further bank of the Kishon is gained, you find on the left a singularly pretty palm-grove, said to be the prettiest in Syria, and certainly very much the prettiest which I saw. A further drive of two miles brings you to the gate of Haifa, a dirty but picturesque little town, inhabited largely by Christians belonging to various Oriental communions (of whom much may be read in Mr. Oliphant's "Haifa," of which I shall speak in my next paper)—partly also by Mahommedans and Jews. Night had fallen before we reached it and passed through its narrow streets to our destination, which was the suburb built to the west of it by the German colonists, known as the Temple Christians.

This little sect took its origin in a pietistic reaction from the teaching of the famous author of the "Leben Jesu," D. F. Strauss. After passing through various phases, the community betook itself to the Holy Land, where it flourishes in three places—in the vicinity of Jaffa, of Haifa, and of Jerusalem. Some of its members differ much upon matters of doctrine, but they are, I apprehend, all agreed in thinking that in Syria men have a better chance of leading religious lives than amidst the complicated social arrangements of Europe. Their ideas in this respect seem to me very much like a translation into the Swabian peasant dialect, of the views which took Lord Beaconsfield's hero, "Tancred," to the Holy Land.

I saw nothing of the colonies near Jaffa or Jerusalem, and took little

interest in the speculative tenets of the colonists at Haïfa; but I never lived amongst a more good-natured, harmless, well-mannered set of people. Whether they lead better lives than they would have been leading in Würtemberg, whence they chiefly came, I am sure I do not know; but I should think they were leading quite as good lives, while they certainly escape the horrors of winter as well as those of the blood-tax, and set an excellent example to the Fellahs around them. They could hardly have a worse material to work on than these lineal descendants of the old Canaanites. Amidst that degraded population—for some account of which see Conder's "Tent Work in Palestine"—theirs is about the only good influence at work, and it works, in consequence of the intense jealousy of the Turkish Government, under every sort of discouragement.

I have my doubts about much good coming from Jewish colonization in Palestine. Will it not take as many ages to make the Jewish money-dealer an agriculturist as it did to make the Jewish agriculturist of the days of Josephus a money-dealer? But if any one wants to see what German stout-heartedness, rectitude, and hard work could do for Syria, he had better go and live for a while in the German colony at Haïfa.

It was at a house in this colony, built like an ordinary little English villa, that we alighted. Between it and the small inn hard by we found accommodation for all our own party, including the English servants whom we had brought with us; and German servants were easily found to help in the house, garden, and stables.

Mr. Oliphant's house, so kindly lent to us, lies quite close to the sea, on the narrow plain which slopes almost imperceptibly up from it to the first sharp rise of Carmel; but Carmel rises only about 600 feet above the German colony, and when we have surmounted those 600 feet by a steep path through the vineyards, and a brief scramble amidst brushwood, a very noble view is commanded.

First, let us turn to the north. Immediately beneath our feet is the principal street of the little German settlement, and a good many other buildings constructed of the easily cut white limestone of Carmel lie to the right of the same. Beyond that, to the east, is the town of Haïfa, very white and attractive-looking, like so many towns in the East, until you enter it. Beyond the colony spreads the bay, usually dazzlingly blue, but often in winter swept by wild gusts, and taking in such hours of storm very strange and gloomy colours. We must suppose, however, that we see this view for the first time on a fine day, and the chances, even in winter, that we shall do so are perhaps twenty to one. On such a day not only will Acre be seen perfectly clearly, but the whole great level behind it stretching up to the line of the Galilean hills which comes to an end in Ras en Nakurah, already mentioned.

Behind this range stands up the rounded summit of Jebel Jermak, the highest mountain in Galilee, some 4000 feet above the sea; and further away still comes Hermon, clad through most of the year in snow. That mountain is commonly spoken of as a cone, but from this point it shows as two separate eminences, and by no means suggests a cone or cones. Still further away and to the north-west, the southern end of the Lebanon range can usually be descried.

If we turn to the east we shall see the point where the Kishon finds its way through a very narrow pass out of the plain of Esdraelon into the plain of Acre, between Carmel and the low hills of Zebulun, but we cannot see the plain of Esdraelon itself without going for a good way to the south-east along the heights. This we need not do on our first visit to the top of Carmel, but content ourselves by crossing the ridge, here very narrow, until we can look down on the great Mediterranean and the narrow strip of level land cut off between it and the southern prolongation of Carmel. In this brief walk we shall see just the roof of the Carmelite Monastery away to the west of us, while we shall be able to grasp the fact that Carmel is cut up by numerous very tortuous ravines, and that if only the charcoal-burners and the goats would cease their devastations it would soon become a fine forest.

The commoner arborescent species on the part of the ridge of which I am speaking are *Pistacia lentiscus*; *Laurus nobilis*, the true laurel; the Aleppo pine, *Arbutus andrachne*; and *Quercus pseudo-coccifera*, the prickly oak. To most travellers in Syria it will be matter of surprise to learn that this unhappy shrub would, if let alone, grow into a gigantic tree. One specimen, I believe, is known which measures thirty-seven feet in circumference.

But now some reader, of a practical turn of mind, will ask: Well, after having reached your destination and gone half-way back to India, what advantages had Haifa to offer to recompense you for a very long and very costly journey? Was there any society?

Absolutely none. We made it our head-quarters from November to the end of April, and our wildest dissipation consisted of having, on one occasion, three passing travellers at dinner.

Were your communications with the outer world as easy and regular as when you were in India?

Very much the reverse. They were kept up by a Turkish post from Beyrout and a little Austrian mail steamer from Port Said. The Turkish post was about as irregular as most Turkish institutions, and the Austrian mail steamer very sensibly preferred not encountering heavy weather to delivering our letters with exemplary punctuality.

But at least all letters and parcels came at last?

No, indeed they did not! Hardly anything came which some of the worthy people, through whose hands they had to pass, considered

to be worth taking. They were considered as tax, tribute, and custom by goodness knows whom, but certainly by some one. Luckily, however, newspapers, books, and ordinary letters did not strike these worthy people as likely to be of much value to them, and so they came usually, though by no means always, to hand.

But the Turkish officials were naturally anxious to assist English people who tried Haifa as a health resort, in the hope that other English people might be tempted to do the same, and create at last a Nice or Cannes beneath Mount Carmel?

The very last thing which the Turkish officials desire to do is to help any English people to come to Palestine, except as mere tourists for a rapid run of a week or two. They abhor all Europeans, and at this moment they abhor Englishmen a good deal more than any other Europeans. More than any other Englishman, I think, they abhor Mr. Oliphant, and they had persuaded themselves that I was engaged with him in some villanous design for the annexation of the country. What more natural, when he went off to England to bring out the remarkable book which he has lately published, than that they should suppose he had gone to render an account of his stewardship to his wicked employers in London, and that I had come to carry on his evil work! Everything I did, accordingly, was watched and reported most carefully by telegraph to the Vali of Syria. Uncommonly dull reading that poor man must have had! People say he died of poison; I prefer to consider that he died of those telegrams. Readers of Henry Heine will remember the quatrain:

"Er liest ihm Gedichte von Matzerath  
Ein Dolch ist jede Zeile!  
Der arme Tyrann früh oder spät  
Stirbt er vor Langeweile!"

What, then, was your reward? In the first place, the winter and spring climate of Haifa is beyond all comparison the finest I know, and I know, amongst others, those of Hyères, Algiers, Nice, Rome, Naples, Sicily, Egypt, and Ootacamund. In the second place, Haifa forms an excellent basis for a series of journeys in Syria and Palestine. In the third place, the interest of the history of these countries is so great that it is a real delight to be forced back to the study of it by finding oneself in the scenes amidst which it was enacted. In the fourth place, I knew something of the flora of the French Riviera, as well as that of Algiers; and I had a great curiosity about the flora of the eastern lip of the great Mediterranean basin. Our reward was received in health and gratified curiosity.

It took but little trouble to arrange the scaffolding of life. Horses were easily bought, sufficient for all purposes: one admirable, a finer Arab than any one could have bought in India for more than twice the money I gave for him. The necessities and usual comforts of civilized existence, with the single exception of butter, about which

there was some little trouble at first, were readily obtainable, and, as I had not the faintest desire to buy land, to intrigue politically, to found schools, to convert anybody, or to do anything of any sort or kind that could improve the country, my relations with the Turkish officials were few.

I was kept well informed of the way in which they watched all my proceedings, but these proceedings being directed solely to the objects I have mentioned above—the finding of a good winter climate, the examination of the flora, historical study, and a long series of excursions—they were *chimaerae bombinantes in vacuo*. If it amused them to try to read a political meaning into the harmless and humdrum telegrams which I occasionally received or sent, just as it amused them to suppose that a friend of Mr. Oliphant's was building fortifications near the south-east end of Carmel, when he was making vineyard terraces, why should they not have had that gratification? After the usual exchange of civilities with the Kaimakam of Haifa and the Mutessarif of Acre, I left them to dream dreams as to my designs to their hearts' content, and betook myself to my own pursuits after the fashion which I propose to relate in a future paper.

MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF.



## LITERARY IMMORTALITY.

IT is a commonplace of literature that the truly successful writer is he whose works *live*. "Popularity by itself," so it runs, "is no test of merit; the true test is lasting popularity. Works which are remembered when the authors have passed away, these are the works of sterling merit, and the great literary works are those which are not for an age, but for all time."

Now I can readily understand that works which are not really good will soon pass into oblivion. We know that fashion may give a momentary popularity to an affected style or a morbid vein of sentiment, but it is equally obvious that fashion has commonly but a short term. What is not so obvious is why sterling merit, or even great merit, should have the power of making a literary work immortal. For may not the most striking truths become trite after a certain time by repetition?

Some people seem to think that truth and simplicity, or, as they say, nature, is by itself sufficient to immortalize a writer. "The primal feelings of human nature are always the same; what comes from the heart will make its way unerringly to the heart." But why should men be at the pains to read what they have read perhaps a hundred times before, simply because it is naturally expressed? Some time ago an old acquaintance of mine, who had fallen into distressed circumstances, asked me to aid him in procuring admission for his poetry into some magazine. He sent me some specimens, and called my attention to one in particular, which he said he was sure I should admit to be true poetry. I was in despair. Yes, in a certain sense, it was true poetry; that is, it expressed genuine feeling in natural language, describing how the writer's mind was elevated and soothed when he looked up at the starry heavens. But what

then? I felt sure that no editor would admit into his columns the truest poetry on a subject so utterly exhausted. Now by this time many subjects have been exhausted. *Omnia jam vulgata!* Goethe himself said he knew not what he should have done if he had been born in England, if he had grown up always aware of Shakespeare behind him, always aware that everything worthy to be said had been said already.

But will not this reflection, if we give way to it, carry us very far? If no writer can expect to live unless he have something which is and will always remain peculiar to himself, not to be found elsewhere, who can be safe? Can there be such a thing as literary immortality? And indeed, when I find Southey or Macaulay speaking of their own works as likely to be read a thousand years hence, I confess I feel astonished at such a sanguine anticipation.

It strikes me that this easy way of speaking about literary immortality could never have grown up among us but for the influence of a certain obvious historic fact—namely, that a considerable number of writers actually have lived in memory two thousand years, and that these writers, though in general pure in style, are not in all cases of quite transcendent merit. I mean of course the Greek and Latin classics.

Livy has lived two thousand years; why should not Macaulay also expect to do so? Southey might fancy himself not inferior to Statius or Valerius Flaccus. Now these ancient classics are kept by our system of education always before our minds. The importance that is still assigned to them, the prodigious amount of industry that is still bestowed upon them after two thousand years, cannot escape us, and cannot fail to give rise to a theory, more or less unconscious and vague, of the fates that attend books, and of the immortality that awaits some books. We see a whole series of writers in the great times of Athens and Rome acquiring the rank of classics, rising above the fluctuations of fashion into a region of stability, translated to a sort of sky of posthumous fame. We see that no change of time affects them any longer. Why should not this happen again? Indeed, in modern Europe we see a phenomenon not wholly different. Modern Italy, France, England and Germany, have their classics, their series of consecrated writers, who are compared to the classics of Greece and Rome. This is why it seems not extravagant for a writer of the present day to look forward to a similar immortality, and to flatter himself with the hope that he too will be read two thousand years hence.

Now, if we reflect a moment we shall recognize that the analogy of Greece and Rome does not really hold. The posthumous fortune of the classics has been very special; it cannot be expected to befall the moderns. If they have maintained their ground, it has not been

purely by merit, but by a series of very peculiar accidents, which are not likely to recur. I need not dwell upon these accidents, they are known to all of us : the confusion of languages in the later Empire, the inroad of barbarism, the decay of intelligence, which made men look back upon the age of the classics as a height from which the world had fallen.

See with what reverence Dante speaks of Statius. And my colleague, Professor Skeat, tells me that he continually detects the influence of Statius both in Boccaccio and Chaucer. Now, what great merit has Statius, that his influence should continue so potent twelve hundred years after his death ? Well, those generations knew no Greek, and those who could not read of the Theban War in the Attic tragedians might naturally prize the Thebais. His immortality, in short, is an accident.

Thus by the decay and confusion of Europe the Latin classics were carried over the first thousand years. So much being gained, they acquired a new title to attention, for thereafter they appeared as monuments of an extinct civilization. If in the present day they are so interesting to students, this is partly because of the vast amount of history of all kinds which they hold in solution ; it is not purely the result of their literary excellence.

Now no similar prospect lies before the writers of the modern world. It is not likely either that a long period of decay will set in, during which literary production will almost cease, or that a thousand years hence scholars will have to reconstruct with immense labour the lost history of our age from a few precious writings preserved in the ruins of the British Museum.

We may expect that literature will have a long continuous life, during which it will never sink below a certain level, will not be barbarized, or disabled by the want of a serviceable language, and in which the writings of each period will be preserved securely, since libraries will not be burned by Norsemen or Arabs. Now these are wholly different conditions from those which have conferred immortality upon the ancients. When Horace and Ovid predicted so confidently their own immortality, they perhaps saw that there was a barbaric world in Gaul, Spain, and Britain, where they could not but occupy the position of teachers, of "wells of Latin undefiled." What similar prospects has a modern writer ? Each generation has now its own writers, and what a multitude of writers ! We are abundantly supplied, so that we can occupy every vacant half-hour with some book which we never saw before, and which is expressly adapted to our circumstances. There is reading of every kind—reading for the invalid's room, reading for convalescence, reading for journeys, long or short, reading for youth, for boyhood, for infancy, reading on great subjects and on small, reading in which great subjects are treated

as if they were small, reading in which small subjects are treated as if they were great; and under all these heads an enormous over-supply. Against such an overwhelming competition of new books it is difficult to imagine how old books can bear up. At least, in no former age have candidates for a literary immortality been situated so disadvantageously.

It is to be remembered that of the innumerable new books a considerable number positively *must* be read, while we are under no compulsion to read an old favourite again for the tenth time. It is also to be considered that the average of books tends to improve, so that a man would by no means condemn his intellect to starvation who should resolve to read new books only, who should make a vow never to read any book twice. Moreover, in an age when knowledge increases rapidly, many new ideas are propounded, and the point of view changes fast, only a very original and peculiar vein of thought is likely to hold public attention long. That is, while new books gain, old books lose, in comparative worth.

But, it may be urged, after all, the Greek and Latin classics are not the only established classics. It can by no means be asserted in general that a decay of culture or a confusion of languages must take place before a series of authors can receive the sort of apotheosis we have described. The modern languages, too, have classics whose position is not less assured, and would be just as eminent if only they were admitted to the same place in education. In modern Europe languages have not fallen into decay, libraries have not often been destroyed, since the times of Dante or Shakespeare, and yet Dante and Shakespeare are revered in the same way as Æschylus or Virgil, and seem as little likely to be superseded by later rivals, or crowded out in the growing multitude of authors. And what Dante and Shakespeare achieved we may imagine that Goethe or Hugo will be seen to have achieved also when a few more centuries have passed.

I do not here call in question the possibility that, once or twice in a century some author may appear so profoundly original that later times may cherish his works as inestimable and irreplaceable. I do not refer to supreme authors, whether ancient or modern. Literary immortality of that sort must be considered by itself. It is when less exceptional authors are proclaimed, or proclaim themselves, immortal that I have my misgivings; when the ordinary man of letters, eminent perhaps in his generation, is described in obituary notices as having produced "perhaps two or three works that are likely to live," or when such a man, in reviewing his own career, says that "he is, indeed, conscious of many failures, but yet feels a modest confidence that posterity will place him in the rank which he feels he deserves." This is a view which is rendered tenable by the example of such ancients—not as Homer or Virgil—but as Tibullus or Statius. It is

because writers of no pre-eminent genius have lived two thousand years that at the present time the successful writer of a season flatters himself with the prospect of writing for posterity.

Well, but cannot examples of this, too, be produced from modern times? In modern times, too, do not writers seem to live on from century to century, and to hold the rank of classics, who have little resemblance to Shakespeare or Dante, and a good deal of resemblance to the ordinary successful writer of a season. Every great European nation keeps quite a long list of its classical authors, which form an unbroken series, like the series of kings or presidents. To win a place by the aid of good luck in such a series may seem scarcely more a wild ambition in the ordinary man of letters than to become President is out of the reach of the ordinary American citizen. We call Addison and Johnson and Pope English classics. Their works are said to live; yet can we consider these works as so absolutely inimitable, unapproachable? May not a modest man of letters cherish the hope that, a hundred years hence, his essays or poems may have a position in English literature as established as the *Spectator* or the *Rambler* or the "Essay on Man"?

Hardly, as it seems to me. The conditions of literature are too much altered.

There is an age for each nation when its language has not yet been adapted to the purposes of literature. The different styles have not been distinguished. The words proper to prose and poetry, to business or conversation, or grave argument and philosophy, lie in a confused heap. This age must last till masterpieces appear which may serve as models in the different styles. In each language, therefore, the earliest masterpieces are of exceptional importance, and naturally hold a peculiar rank. The classics of the modern languages, under the Dantes and Shakespeares, are, for the most part, classics in this sense. They are peculiar, therefore, to the immaturity of the language. A time arrives when their function is exhausted. Addison taught us how to write easy prose, Johnson how to write weighty and dignified prose, Pope gave us the model of a certain kind of poetry. These writers, therefore, were for a long time justly called classics, because in their respective styles they led the way and furnished the models. Now, in the present period of the European languages, not much room is left for distinction of this particular kind. The work is done once for all, πάντα διδασθαι, ἔχουσι δὲ περίπαρα τέχνηαι. And a modern writer might surpass Addison in ease, or Johnson in gravity, or Pope in the brilliancy of his couplets, without winning a rank in literature at all similar to that of Addison, Johnson, or Pope.

But further, classics of this kind, after having discharged a useful function for perhaps a century, are allowed to retain a conventional rank ever afterwards. They keep their title after they have retired.

from active work. There is such a thing as a Classic Emeritus. The present generation does not really use Addison as a model for prose, nor Pope for poetry. Their reign is ever long since, like the reign of the Stuart dynasty. Yet they are still called classics, but the title is honorary or conventional. And from the habit of using the term in this secondary sense we gradually lose all clear perception of its meaning. On our long list of national classics we allow to appear, by the side of the two or three names which are truly immortal, not only a number of such retired classics, but also a good many who never had any real right to the title. Literary historians think it necessary to assign to each period its classic or classics, and to make out their list they are often driven to insert names of which nothing more can be said than that they were famous in their time. And then these names acquire an artificial importance through the industry of the literary historian, who classifies them, traces their succession, distinguishes their tendencies—in short, discusses them with laborious care. Where, as in Germany, the literary historian is very busy and does his work with conscientious thoroughness, he calls into existence in this manner a whole Valhalla of the illustrious obscure. What volumes have commemorated the German classics from the Reformation to Lessing! For two centuries author succeeds author. Now it is Fischart, now Opitz, or Gryphius, or Hoffmannswaldau, or Gunther, or Brockes. The most ample justice is done to each, and the reader is left to discover by accident that of all these writers scarcely one is ever looked at by the Germans of the present day!

Surely, the breeze of modern competition will shake all these dead leaves from the wood of literature. As the demands of contemporary literature grow more importunate, and less time can be allowed to the so-called classics, we shall begin to call in question these honorary and complimentary titles. Literary immortality will begin to be defined more strictly. Only those authors will in the long run stand the fiery trial whom the world cannot do without. An author will only be said to live when influence really goes forth from him—this only will in the end pass for immortality; and the term will cease to be applied to the author who has merely been embalmed by literary historians.

What do I conclude? Is it that for the future there will be no more literary immortality? We might indeed almost fear that in the growing abundance of new books we may be driven to a sort of literary Statute of Limitations, by which only a fixed period of twenty or thirty years might be granted to the best authors. But I do not go this length. I believe that other palms will yet be won, that writers will still arise who will be read for a hundred years; as to a thousand I had rather not speak. The conclusion I would draw is rather this: Let every one who writes aim as high as possible; let him write to his

ideal, and by all means let him treat with contempt the passing opinion of the day. But I would not have him write for posterity, or flatter himself that some future age will do him justice if his contemporaries neglect him. It may indeed prove so, but posterity is likely to be very busy; I doubt whether it will find the time for redressing any injustices that the present age may commit. Rather, I imagine, it will be so overburdened with good literature that it will be forced to lighten the ship, that it will have to consign deliberately to oblivion much that it might have desired to remember.

If we put aside the misleading analogy of the ancient classics we may form some conclusions, from what we already know of the posthumous fortune of modern authors, as to the course which posterity is likely to take. What writers have already held their ground for a hundred or two hundred years? That is, observe well, with the general public. The question is not, what writers are discussed by literary historians, or may chance to be still consulted for their curiosity, for language interesting to philologists, or for the historical information they may furnish, or for their quaintness. The question is, what books older than a hundred years still appeal to us and affect us as if they had been written yesterday? What books still give us not merely pleasure, but such keen pleasure, that we would, honestly, rather read them than we would read the books of the season? I find, for my own part, that a good many old books give me real pleasure—I mean, considered purely as literature—but that not many give me so much pleasure that I should prefer them to what is newer. I read many as historical documents, and many more partly as documents and partly as literature, but very few as literature solely. And so I am led to think that real literary immortality is exceedingly rare. I will illustrate what I mean by saying that from the Elizabethan age to the end of the seventeenth century almost the only English works which seem to me to enjoy immortality are Shakespeare, Milton's poems, Bacon's "Essays," and the "Pilgrim's Progress;" for these are the only works (except a few lyrics, such as some of Herrick's) which are still interesting purely as literature.

You will ask, perhaps, how about Dryden? Well, I do occasionally take down Dryden, but when I ask myself what interests me in "Absalom and Achitophel," I find that the interest is in a great degree historical, consisting in the glimpse the poem gives of a past phase of thought and politics. When I deduct this, there remains, no doubt, a certain modicum of interest which is purely literary; I admire the sprightliness of the style and versification. But I do not admire this *enough*. As pure literature, Dryden's works do not, to my mind, hold their own in the competition with the writers of the day.

What, in short, is literary immortality? A permanent claim upon the time of human beings. Now, the whole amount of time we can

give to books is limited, and the number of authors who compete for a share of it is constantly increasing, while by far the largest half must always be reserved for contemporary literature. Surely, then, it is the height of presumption when any writer short of a Shakespeare urges such a permanent claim. But another inference may be drawn—namely, that since it is a question of dividing a limited total into parts, the claim which is most likely to be allowed is that which asks for the smallest part. Experience confirms this. Some writers hold a secure literary immortality, because their writings are so small that they are never felt to be in the way. Such are Gray and Goldsmith. And many lyrists keep their names in perpetual memory by a few happy stanzas. Indeed, in lyric poetry there really is literary immortality. But room can rarely be found in Fame's conveyance for large works. Thus many persons who open Richardson are greatly struck by his genius; nevertheless, few of them read his works. The simple truth is that life is not long enough. However much I may admire George Eliot, I cannot imagine that a hundred years hence people will find time to read "*Middlemarch*;" at the utmost I can conceive that "*Silas Marner*" may survive. On the other hand, I find no difficulty in believing that much of Tennyson will be still as familiarly known then as it is now.

Scarcely any long book really lives except "*Don Quixote*."

And among the many happy gifts of Shakespeare the most fortunate for his fame has been that prodigious condensation in which he excels all writers, and which enables him to put into the five acts of a play as much matter as serves other writers for the three volumes of a novel.

J. R. SEELEY.



## STATE-SOCIALISM.

### II.

**F**EW words are at present more wantonly abused than the words Socialism and State-Socialism. They are tossed about at random, as if their meaning, as was said of the spelling of former generations, was a mere affair of private judgment. There is, in truth, a great deal of Socialism in the employment of the word ; little respect is paid to the previous appropriation of it ; and especially since it has become, as has been said, *hoffühig*, men press forward from the most unlikely quarters, claim kindred with the Socialists, and strive for the honour of being called by their name. Many excellent persons, for example, have no better pretext to advance for their claim than that they also feel a warm sentiment of interest in the cause of the poor. Churchmen, whose duties bring them among the poor are very naturally touched with a sense of the miseries they observe, and certain of them, who may perhaps without offence be said to love the cause well more than wisely, come to public platforms and declare themselves Socialists—Socialists, they will sometimes explain, of an older and purer confession than the Social Democratic Federation, but still good and genuine Socialists—merely because the religion they preach is a gospel of moral equality before God, and of fraternal responsibility among men, whose very test in the end is the test of human kindness—“Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me.” But Socialism is not a feeling for the poor, nor yet for the responsibilities of society in connection with their poverty ; it is neither what is called humanitarianism, nor what is called altruism ; it is not an affair of feeling at all, but of organization, and the feeling it breathes may not be altruistic. The revolutionary Socialists of the Continent, for instance, are animated by as vigorous a spirit of self-interest and an

even more bitter class antagonism than a trade union or a land league. They fight for a particular claim of right—the utterly unjustifiable claim to the whole product of labour—and they propose to turn the world upside down by a vast scheme of social reconstruction in order to get their unjust, delusive, and mischievous idea realized. The gauge of their Socialism therefore must, after all, be looked for in their claim and their remedy, and not in the vague sympathies of a benevolent spectator who, without scrutinizing either the one or the other, thinks he will call himself a Socialist because he feels that there is much in the lot of the poor man that might be mended, and that the rich might be very properly and reasonably asked to make some sacrifices for their brethren's sake out of their abundance. The philanthropic spectator suffers from no scarcity of words to express his particular attitude if he desires to do so; why then should he not leave Socialists the enjoyment of their vocable?

There is often at the bottom of this sentimental patronage of Socialism the not unchivalrous but mistaken idea that the ordinary self-interest of the world has been glorified by economists into a sacred and all-sufficing principle which it would be interfering with the designs of Providence to restrict, and that therefore it is only right to side with Socialism as a protest against the position taken by the apologists of the present system of things, without being understood to commit oneself thereby to the particular system which Socialism may propose to put in its place. But while the economists think very rightly that self-interest must always be regarded as the ordinary guide of life, and that the world cannot be reasonably expected to become either better, or better off, if everybody were to look after other people's interest (which he knows nothing about) instead of looking after his own (of which he at least knows something), they are far from showing any indifference to the danger of self-interest running into selfishness. On the contrary, they have constantly insisted—as the evidence we have already produced abundantly proves—that where the self-interest of the strongly placed failed to subject itself spontaneously to the restraints of social justice and the responsibilities of our common humanity, it was for society to step in and impose the restraints that were just and requisite, and to do so either by public opinion or by public authority in the way most likely to be practicable and effectual. Another thing our sentimental friends forget is that the Socialists of the present day have no thought of substituting any other general economic motive in the room of self-interest. If they had their schemes realized to-morrow, men would still be paid according to the amount of their individual work, and each would work so far for his own hand. His daily motive would be his individual interest, though his scope of achievement would be severely limited by law with the view of securing a

better general level of happiness in the community. The question between economists and Socialists is not whether the claims of social justice are entitled to be respected, but whether the claims which one or other of them make really are claims of social justice or no. Still, so firm is the hold taken by the notion that the Socialists are the special champions of social justice, that one of our most respected prelates has actually defined Socialism in that sense. The Bishop of Rochester, in his Pastoral Letter to his Clergy last new year, takes occasion, while warning the younger brethren against the too headlong philanthropy which "scouts what is known as the science of political economy," to describe Socialism as "the science of maintaining the right proportion of equity and kindness while adjudicating the various claims which individuals and society mutually make upon each other." In reality, Socialism would be better defined as a system that outsteps the right proportion of equity and kindness, and sets up for the masses claims that are devoid of proportion and measure of any kind, and whose injustice and peril often arise from that very circumstance.

If bishops carry the term off to one quarter, philosophers carry it to another. Some identify Socialism with the associative principle generally, and see it manifested in the growth of one form of organization as much as in the growth of another, or at most they may limit it to the intervention of the associative principle in things industrial, and in that event they would consider a joint-stock company, or a co-operative store, or perhaps a building like Queen Anne's Mansions, or the common-stair system of Scotland, to be as genuine exhibitions of Socialism as the Collectivism or Anarchism of the Continental factions or the State monopolies of Prince Bismarck. But a joint-stock company is no departure from—it is rather an extension of—the present *régime* of private property, free competition, and self-interest; and why should it be described by the same name as a system whose chief pretension is to supersede that *régime* by a better? Another very common definition of Socialism—perhaps the most common of all, and the last to which we shall refer here—is that Socialism is the general principle of giving society the greatest possible control over the life of the individual, in contradistinction to the opposite principle of individualism, which is taken to be the principle of giving the individual the greatest possible immunity from the control of society. Any extension of the authority of the State, any fresh regulation of the transactions of individual citizens, is often pronounced to be Socialistic without asking what the object or nature of the regulations may be. Socialism is identified with any enlargement, and individualism with any contraction, of the functions of government. But the world has not been made on this Socialist principle alone, nor on this individualist principle alone, and it can

neither be explained nor amended by means of the one without the other. Abstractions of that order afford us little practical guidance. The Socialists of real life are not men who are bent on increasing Government control for the mere sake of increasing Government control. There are broad tracts of the individual's life they would leave free from social control; they would give him, for example, full property in his house and furniture during his lifetime, and the right to spend his income, once he had earned it, in his own way. Their scheme, if carried out, might be found to compel them to restrict this latter right, but their own desire and belief undoubtedly is that the individual would have more freedom of the kind than he has now. They seek to extend Government control only because, and only so far as, they believe Government control to be necessary and fitted to realize certain theories of right and well-being which they think it incumbent on organized society to realize; and consequently the thing that properly characterizes their position, is not so much the degree of their confidence in the powers of the State as the nature of the theories of right for which they invoke its intervention. And just as Socialists do not enlarge the bounds of authority from the mere love of authority, so their opponents do not resist the enlargement from the mere hatred of authority. They raise no controversy about the abstract legitimacy of Government encroachments on the sphere of private capital or of legal enlargements of the rights or privileges of labour. There is no Socialism in that; the Socialism only comes in when the encroachments are made on a field where Government administration is unlikely to answer and where the rights conferred are rights to which labour can present no just and reasonable claim.

It will be objected that this is to reduce Socialism to a mere matter of more or less. The English economists, it will be said, practised a little Socialism, because they allowed the use of State means to elevate the condition of the working-classes or to provide for the wants of the general community; and the Continental Social Democrats only practise a little more Socialism when they cry for a working-class State or for the progressive nationalization of all industries. But in practical life the measure is everything. So many grains of opium will cure, so many more will kill. The important thing for adjusting claims must always be to get the right measure, and the objection to Socialistic schemes is precisely this, that they take up a theory of distributive justice which is an absolutely wrong measure, or else some vague theory of disinheritance which contains no measure at all. They would nationalize industries without paying any respect to their suitability for Government management, simply because they want to see all industries nationalized; and they would grant all manner of compensating advantages to the working-class as instalments of some vague claim, either of economic right from which they are alleged to have been ousted by

the system of capitalism, or of aboriginal natural right from which they are said to have been disinherited by the general arrangements of society itself. What distinguishes their position and makes it Socialism is therefore precisely this absence of measure or of the right measure, and one great advantage of the English doctrine of social politics which I expounded in a previous article, is that it is able to supply this indispensable criterion. That doctrine would limit the industrial undertakings of the State to such as it possessed natural advantages for conducting successfully, and the State's part in social reform to securing for the people the essential conditions of all humane living, of all normal and progressive manhood. It would interfere, indeed, as little as possible with liberty of speculation; because it recognizes that the best way of promoting social progress and prosperity is to multiply the opportunities, and with the opportunities the incentives, of talent and capital; but, while giving the strong their head, in the belief that they will carry on the world so far after them, it would insist on the public authority taking sharp heed that no large section of the common people be suffered to fall permanently behind in the race, to lose the very conditions of further progress, and to lapse into ways of living which the opinion of the time thinks unworthy of our common humanity. Now, State-Socialism disregards these limits, straying generally far beyond them, and it may not improperly be defined as the system which requires the State to do work it is unfit to do in order to invest the working-classes with privileges they have no right to get.

The term State-Socialism originated in Germany a few years ago to express the antithesis not of free, voluntary, or Christian Socialism, as seems frequently to be imagined here, but of revolutionary Socialism, which is always considered to be Socialism proper because it is the only form of the system that is of any serious moment at the present day. State-Socialism has the same general aims as Socialism proper, only it would carry out its plans gradually by means of the existing State, instead of first overturning the existing State by revolution and establishing in its place a new political organization for the purpose, the Social Democratic Republic. There are Socialists who fancy they have but at any moment to choose a government and issue a decree, as Napoleon once did—"Let misery be abolished this day fortnight"—and misery would be abolished that day fortnight. But the State-Socialists are unable to share this simple faith. They are State-Socialists not because they have more confidence in the State than other Socialists, but because they have less. They consider it utterly futile to expect a democratic community ever to be able to create a political executive that should be powerful enough to carry through the entire Socialistic programme. Like the Social Conservatives of all countries, like our own Young England party for example, or the Tory Democrats of the

present generation, they combine a warm zeal for popular amelioration with a profound distrust of popular government; but when compared with other Socialists they take a very sober view of the capacity of government of any kind; and although they believe implicitly in the "Social Monarchy of the Hohenzollerns," they doubt whether the strongest monarchy the world has ever seen would be strong enough to effect a Socialistic reconstruction of the industrial system without retaining the existence for many centuries to come of the ancient institutions of private property and inheritance.

All that is at least very frankly acknowledged by Rodbertus, the remarkable but overrated thinker whom the State-Socialists of Germany have chosen for their father. Rodbertus was always regarded as a great oracle, by Lassalle, the originator of the present Socialist agitation, and his authority is constantly quoted by the most eminent luminary among the State-Socialists of these latter days, Prince Bismarck's economic adviser, Professor Adolph Wagner, who says it was Rodbertus that first shed on him "the Damascus light that tore from his eyes the scales of economic individualism." Rodbertus had lived for a quarter of a century in a political sulk against the Hohenzollerns. Though he had served as a Minister of State, he threw up his political career rather than accept a Constitution as a mere royal favour; he refused to work under it or recognize it by so much as a vote at the polls. But when the power of the Hohenzollerns became established by the victories of Königgrätz and Sedan, and when they embarked on their new policy of State-Socialism, Rodbertus developed into one of their most ardent worshippers. Their new social policy, it is true, was avowedly adopted as a corrective of Socialism, as a kind of inoculation with a milder type of the disease in order to procure immunity from a more malignant; but Bismarck contended at the same time that it was nothing but the old traditional policy of the House of Prussia, who had long before placed the right of existence and the right of labour in the Statute-book of the country, and whose most illustrious member, Frederick the Great, used to be fond of calling himself "the beggars' king." Under these circumstances Rodbertus came to place the whole hope of the future in the "Social Monarchy of the Hohenzollerns," and ventured to prophesy that a Socialist emperor would yet be born to that House who would rule possibly with a rod of iron, but would always rule for the greatest good of the labouring class. Still, even under a dynasty of Socialist emperors Rodbertus gave five hundred years for the completion of the economic revolution he contemplated, because he acknowledged it would take all that time for society to acquire the moral principle and habitual firmness of will which would alone enable it to dispense with the institutions of private property and inheritance without suffering serious injury.

In theory Rodbertus was a believer in the modern Social-Democratic

doctrine of the labourer's right to the full product of his labour—the doctrine which gives itself out as “Scientific Socialism” because it is got by combining a misunderstanding of Ricardo's theory of wages with a misunderstanding of the same economist's theory of value—and which would abolish rent, interest, profit, and all forms of “labourless income,” and give the entire gross product to the labourer, because by that union of scientific blunders it is made to appear that the labourer has produced the whole product himself. Rodbertus in fact claimed to be the author of that doctrine, and fought for the priority with Marx, though in reality the English Socialists had drawn the same conclusions from the same blunders long before either of them; but author or no author of it, his sole reason for touching the work of social reform at all was to get that particular claim of right recognized. Yet for five hundred years Rodbertus will not wrong the labourers by granting them their full rights. He admits that without the assistance of the private capitalist during that interval labourers would not produce so much work, and therefore could not earn so much wages as they do now; and consequently, in spite of his theories, he declines to suppress rent and interest in the meantime, and practically tells the labourers they must wait for the full product of labour till the time comes when they can produce the full product themselves. That is virtually to confess that while the claim may be just then, it is unjust now; and although Rodbertus never makes that acknowledgment, he is content to leave the claim in abeyance and to put forward in its place, as a provisional ideal of just distribution more conformable to the present situation of things, the claim of the labourer to a progressive share, step for step with the capitalist, in the results of the increasing productivity given to labour by inventions and machinery. He thought that at present, so far from getting the whole product of labour, the labourer was getting a less and less share of its products every day, and though this can be easily shown to be a delusive fear, Rodbertus's State-Socialism was devised to counteract it.

For this purpose the first requisite was the systematic management of all industries by the State. The final goal was to be State property as well as State management, but for the greater part of five centuries the system would be private property and State management. Sir Rowland Hill and the English railway nationalizers proposed that the State should own the lines, but that the companies should continue to work them; Rodbertus's idea, on the contrary, is that the State should work, but not own. But then the State should manage everything and everywhere. Co-operation and joint-stock management were as objectionable to him as individual management. He thought it a mere delusion to suppose, as some Socialists did, that the growth of joint-stock companies and co-operative societies is a step in historical evolution towards a Socialist *régime*. It was just the opposite; it was

individual property in a worse form, and he always told his friend Lassalle that it was a hopeless dream to expect to bring in the reign of justice and brotherhood by his plan of founding productive associations on State credit, because productive societies really led the other way, and created batches of joint-stock property, which he said would make itself a thousand times more bitterly hated than the individual property of to-day. One association would compete with another, and the group on a rich mine would use their advantage over the group on a poor one as mercilessly as private capitalists do now. Nothing would answer in the end but State property, and nothing would conduce to State property but State management,

The object of all this intervention, as we have said, is to realize a certain ideal or standard of fair wages—the standard according to which a fair wage is one that grows step by step with the productive capacity of the country; and the plan Rodbertus proposes to realize it by is practically a scheme of compulsory profit sharing. He would convert all land and capital into an irredeemable national stock, of which the present owners would be constituted the first or original holders, which they might sell or transfer at pleasure but not call up, and on which they should receive, not a fixed rent or rate of interest, but an annual dividend varying with the produce or profits of the year. The produce of the year was to be divided into three parts: one for the landowners, to be shared according to the amount of stock they respectively held; a second for the capitalists, to be shared in the same way; and the third for the labourers, to be shared by them according to the quantity of work they did, measured by the time occupied and the relative strain of their several trades. This division was necessarily very arbitrary in its nature; there was no principle whatever to decide how much should go to the landowners, and how much to capitalists, and how much to labourers; and although there was a rule for settling the price of labour in one trade as compared with the price of labour in another, it is a rule that would afford very little practical guidance if one came to apply it in actual life. At all events, Rodbertus himself toiled for years at a working plan for his scheme of wages, but though he always gave out that he had succeeded in preparing one, he steadily refused to disclose it even to trusted admirers like Lassalle and Rudolph Meyer, on the singular pretext that the world knew too little political economy as yet to receive it, and at his death nothing of the sort seems to have been discovered among his papers. Is it doing him any injustice to infer that he had never been able to arrive at a plan that satisfied his own mind as to its being neither arbitrary nor impracticable?

Now this is a good specimen of State-Socialism, because it is so complete and brings out so decisively the broad characteristics of the system. In the first place, it desires a progressive and indiscriminate



nationalization of all industries, not because it thinks they will be more efficiently or more economically managed in consequence of the change, but merely as a preliminary step towards a particular scheme of social reform; in the next place, that scheme of social reform is an ideal of equitable distribution which is demonstrably false, and is admittedly incapable of immediate realization; in the third place, a provisional policy is adopted in the meanwhile by pitching arbitrarily on a certain measure of privileges and advantages that are to be guaranteed to the labouring classes by law as partial instalments of rights deferred or compensations for rights alleged to be taken away.

It may be that not many State-Socialists are so thoroughgoing as Rodbertus. Few of them possibly accept his theory of the labourer's right—which is virtually that the labourer has a right to everything, all existing wealth being considered merely an accumulation of unpaid labour—and few of them may throw so heavy a burden on the State as the whole production and the whole distribution of the country. But they all start from some theory of right that is just as false, and they all impose work on the State which the State cannot creditably perform. They all think of the mass of mankind as being disinherited in one way or another by the present social system, perhaps through the permission of private property at all, perhaps through permission of its inequalities. M. de Laveleye indeed goes a step further back still. In an article he has contributed on this subject to the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, he uses as his motto the saying of M. Renan that Nature is injustice itself, and he would have society to correct not merely the inequalities which society may have itself had a share in establishing, but also the inequalities of talent or opportunity which are Nature's own work. Accordingly, M. de Laveleye describes himself as a State-Socialist, because he thinks "the State ought to make use of its legitimate powers for the establishment of the equality of conditions among men in proportion to their personal merit." Equality of conditions and personal merit are inconsistent standards, but if they were harmonious, it would be beyond the power of the State to realize them for want of an effective calculus of either.

Few State-Socialists, however, profess the purpose of correcting the differences of native endowment; for the most part, when they found their policy on any theoretic idea at all, they found it on some idea of historical reparation. In this country, Socialist notions always crop up out of the land. German Socialists direct their attack mainly on capital, but English Socialism fastens very naturally on property in land, which in England is concentrated into unnaturally few hands; and a claim is very commonly advanced for more or less indefinite compensation to the labouring class on account of their alleged disinheritance, through the institution of private property, from their

aboriginal or natural rights to the use of the earth, the common possession of the race. That is the ground, for example, which Mr. Spencer takes for advocating land nationalization, and Mr. Chamberlain for his various claims for "ransom." The last comer is held to have as good a right to the free use of the earth as the first occupant; and if society deprives him of that right for purposes of its own, he is maintained to be entitled to receive some equivalent, as if society does not already give the new-comer vastly more than it took away. His chances of obtaining a decent living in the world, instead of being reduced, have been immensely multiplied through the social system that has resulted from the private appropriation of land. The primitive economic rights whose loss Socialists make the subject of so much lamentation are generally considered to be these four: (1) the right to hunt; (2) the right to fish; (3) the right to gather nuts and berries; and (4) the right to feed a cow or sheep on the waste land. Fourier added a fifth—which was certainly a right much utilized in early times—the right of theft from people over the border of the territory of one's own tribe. Let that right be thrown in with the rest; then the claim with which every English child is alleged to be born, and for which compensation is asked, is the claim to a thirty-millionth part of the value of these five aboriginal uses of the soil of England; and what is that worth? Why, if the "prairie value" of the soil is estimated at the high figure of a shilling the acre per annum, it would only give every inhabitant something under half-a-crown, and when compensation is demanded for the loss of this ridiculous pittance, one calls to mind what immensely greater compensations the modern child is born to. Civilization is itself a social property, a common fund, a people's heritage, accumulating from one generation to another, and opening to the new-comer economic opportunities and careers incomparably better and more numerous than the ancient liberties of fishing in the stream or nutting in the forest. The things actually demanded for the poor in liquidation of this alleged claim may often be admissible on other grounds altogether, but to ask them in the name of compensation or ransom for the loss of those primitive economic rights—even though it was done by Spencer and Cobden—is certainly State-Socialism.

The favourite theory on which the German State-Socialists proceed seems to be that men are entitled to an equalization of opportunities, to an immunity, as far as human power can secure it, from the interposition of chance and change. That at least is the view of Professor Adolph Wagner, whose position on the subject is of considerable consequence, because he is the economist-in-ordinary to the German Government, and has been Prince Bismarck's principal adviser in connection with all his recent social legislation. Professor Wagner may be taken as the most eminent and most authoritative exponent

of the theory of State-Socialism, and he has very recently developed his views on the subject afresh in some articles in the *Tübingen Zeitschrift für die Gesamten Staatswissenschaften* for 1887, on "Finanz-politik und Staatsozialismus." According to Wagner, the chief aim of the State at present—in taxation and in every other form of its activity—ought to be to alter the national distribution of wealth to the advantage of the working-class. All politics must become social politics; the State must turn workman's friend. For we have arrived at a new historical period; and just as the feudal period gave way to the absolutist period, and the absolutist period to the constitutional, so now the constitutional period is merging in what ought to be called the social period, because social ideas are very properly coming more and more to influence and control everything, alike in the region of production, in the region of distribution, and in the region of consumption. Now, according to Wagner, the business of the State-Socialist is simply to facilitate the development of this change—to work out the transition from the constitutional to the social epoch in the best, wisest, and most wholesome way for all parties concerned. He rejects the so-called "Scientific Socialism" of Marx and Rodbertus and Lassalle, and the practical policy of the Social-Democratic agitation; and he will not believe either that a false theory like theirs can obtain a lasting influence, or that a party that builds itself on such a theory can ever become a real power. But, at the same time, he cannot set down the Socialistic theory as a mere philosophical speculation, or the Socialistic movement as merely an artificial product of agitation. The evils of both lie in the actual situation of things; they are products—necessary products, he says—of our modern social development; and they will never be effectually quieted till that development is put on more salutary lines. They have a soul of truth in them, and that soul of truth in the doctrines and demands of Radical Socialism is what State-Socialism seeks to disengage, to formulate, to realize. It is quite true, for example, that the present distribution of wealth, with its startling inequalities of accumulation and want, is historically the effect, first, of class legislation and class administration of law; and second, of mere blind chance operating on a legal *régime* of private property and industrial freedom, and a state of the arts which gave the large scale of production decided technical advantages. In one of his former writings Professor Wagner contended that German peasants lived to this day in mean thatched huts, simply because their ancestors had been impoverished by feudal exactions and ruined by wars which they had no voice in declaring; and he seems to be now as profoundly impressed with the belief that the present liberty allowed to unscrupulous speculators to utilize the chances and opportunities of trade at the cost of others is producing evils in no way less serious, which ought to be

checked effectively while there is yet time. So long as such tendencies are left at work, he says it is idle trying to treat Socialism with any cunning admixture of cakes and blows, or charging State-Socialists with heating the oven of Social Democracy. State-Socialists, he continues, comprehend the disease which Radical Socialists only feel wildly and call down fire to cure, and they are as much opposed to the purely working-class State of the latter as they are to the purely constitutional State of our modern *Liberalismus vulgaris*, as Wagner calls it.

The true Social State lies, in his opinion, between the two. What the new social era demands—the era which is already, he thinks, well in course of development, but which it is the business of State-Socialism to help Providence to develop aright—is the effective participation of poor and rich alike in the civilization which the increased productive resources of society afford the means of enjoying; and this is to be brought about in two ways: first, by a systematic education of the whole people according to a well-planned ideal of culture, and second, by a better distribution of the income of society among the masses. Now, to carry out these requirements, the idea of liberty proper to the constitutional era must naturally be finally discarded, and a very large hand must be allowed to the public authority in every department of human activity, whether relating to the production, distribution, or consumption of wealth. In the first place, in order to destroy the effect of chance and the utilization of chances in creating the present accumulations in private hands, it is necessary to divert into the public treasury as far as possible the whole of that part of the national income which goes now, in the form of rent, interest, or profit, into the pockets of the owners of land and capital, and the conductors of business enterprises. Wagner would accordingly nationalize (or municipalize) gradually so much of the land, capital, and industrial undertakings of the country as could be efficiently managed as public property or public enterprises, and that would include all undertakings which tend to become monopolies even in private hands, or which, being conducted best on the large scale, are already managed under a form of organization which, in his opinion, has most of the faults and most of the merits of State management—viz., the form of joint-stock companies. He would in this way throw on the Government all the great means of communication and transport, railways and canals, telegraphs and post, and all banking and insurance; and on the municipalities all such things as the gas, light, and water supply. Although he recognizes the suitability of Government management as a consideration to be weighed in nationalizing an industry, he states explicitly that the reason for the change he proposes is not in the least the fiscal or economic one that the industry can be more advantageously conducted by the Government, but is a theory of social

politics which requires that the whole economic work of the people ought to be more and more converted from the form of private into the form of public organization, so that every working man might be a public servant and enjoy the same assured existence that other public servants at present possess.

In the next place, since many industries must remain in private hands, the State is bound to see the existence of the labourers engaged in private works guaranteed as securely as those engaged in public works. It must take steps to provide them with both an absolute and a relative increase of wages by instituting a compulsory system of paying wages as a percentage of the gross produce; it must guarantee them a certain continuity of employment; must limit the hours of their labour to the length prescribed by the present state of the arts in the several trades; and supply a system of public insurance against accidents, sickness, infirmity, and age, together with a provision for widows and orphans.

In the third place, all public works are to be managed on the Socialistic principle of supplying manual labourers with commodities at a cheaper rate than their social superiors. They are to have advantages in the matters of gas and water supply, railway fares, school fees, and everything else that is provided by the public authority.

In the fourth place, taxation is to be employed directly to mitigate the inequalities of wealth resulting from the present commercial system, and to save and even increase the labourer's income at the expense of the income of other classes. This is to be done by the progressive income-tax, and by the application of the product of indirect taxation on certain articles of working-class consumption to special working-class ends. For example, he thinks Prince Bismarck's proposed tobacco monopoly might be made "the patrimony of the disinherited."

In the fifth place, the State ought to take measures to wean the people not only from noxious forms of expenditure, like the expenditure on strong drink, but from useless and wasteful expenditure, and to guide them into a more economic, far-going, and beneficial employment of the earnings they make.

Now for all this work, involving as it does so large an amount of interference with the natural liberty of things, Wagner not unnaturally thinks that a strong Government is absolutely indispensable—a Government that knows its own mind, and has the power and the will to carry it out; a Government whose authority is established in the history and opinion of the nation, and stands high above all the contending political factions of the hour. And in Germany, such an executive can only be found in the present Empire, which is merely following "Frederician and Josephine traditions" in coming forward, as it did in the Imperial message of November 1881, as a genuine "social monarchy."

In this doctrine of Professor Wagner we find the same general features we have already seen in the doctrine of Rodbertus. It is true he would not nationalize all industries whatsoever; he would only nationalize such industries as the State is really fit to manage successfully. He admits that uneconomic management can never contribute to the public good, and so far he accepts a very sound principle of limitation. But then he applies the principle with too great laxity. He has an excessive idea of the State's capacities. He thinks that every business now conducted by a joint-stock company could be just as well conducted by the Government, and ought therefore to be nationalized; but experience shows—railway experience, for example—that joint-stock management, when it is good, is better than Government management at its best. Then Professor Wagner thinks every industry which has a natural tendency to become in any case a practical monopoly would be better in the hands of the Government; but Government might interfere enough to restrain the mischiefs of monopoly—as it does in the case of railways in this country, for example—without incurring the liabilities of complete management. Professor Wagner would in these ways throw a great deal of work on Government which Government is not very fit to accomplish successfully, and he would like to throw everything on it, if he could overcome his scruples about its capabilities, because he thinks industrial nationalization could facilitate the realization of his particular views of the equitable distribution of wealth. It is true, again, that Wagner's theory of equitable distribution is not the theory of Rodbertus—he rejects the right of labour to the whole product; but his theory, if less definite, is not less unjustifiable. It is virtually the theory of equality of conditions which considers all inequalities of fortune wrong, because they are held to come either from chance, or—what is worse—from an unjust utilization of chance, and which, on that account, takes comparative poverty to constitute of itself a righteous claim for compensation as against comparative wealth. Now, a state of enforced equality of conditions would probably be found neither possible nor desirable, but it is in its very conception unjust. It may be well, as far as it can be done, to check refined methods of deceit, or cruel utilizations of an advantageous position, but it can never be right to deprive energy, talent, and character of the natural reward and incentive of their exertions. The world would soon be poor if it discouraged the skill of the skilful, as it would soon cease to be virtuous if it ostracized those who were pre-eminently honest or just. The idea of equality has been a great factor in human progress, but it requires no such outcome as this. Equality is but the respect we owe to human dignity, and that very respect for human dignity demands security for the fruits of industry to the successful, and security against the loss of the spirit of personal independence in the mass of the people. But while that is so, there is one broad requirement of that same fundamental respect for

human dignity which must be admitted to be wholly just and reasonable—the requirement which we have seen to have been recognized by the English economists—that the citizens be, as far as possible, secured, if necessary by public compulsion and public money, in the elementary conditions of all humane living. The State might not be right if it gave the aged a comfortable superannuation allowance, or the unemployed agreeable work at good wages; but it is only doing its duty when, with the English law, it gives them enough to keep them without taking away from the one the motives for making a voluntary provision against age, or from the other the spur to look out for work for themselves.

It will be said that this is a standard that is subject to a certain variability; that a house may be considered unfit for habitation now that our fathers would have been fain to occupy; that shoes seem an indispensable element of humane living now, though, as Adam Smith informs us, they were still only an optional decency in some parts of Scotland in his time. But any differences of this nature lead to no practical difficulty, and the standard is fixity of measure itself when compared with the indefinite claims that may be made in the name of historical compensation, or wild theories of distributive justice, and it makes a wholesome appeal to recognized obligations of humanity instead of feeding a violent sense of unbounded hereditary wrong. No reasonable person will find fault with the actual proposals of social reform put forward by Mr. Chamberlain, for he is far from Socialist in the substance of his proposals. He has disclaimed all sympathy with the idea of equality of conditions; he hesitates about applying the graduated taxation principle to anything but legacies; and he explicitly says he will do nothing to discourage the cumulative principle in the rich, or the habit of industry in the poor; he asks mainly for free schools, free libraries, free parks, and other things of a like character that come entirely within the scope of the English economic tradition; but when he asks for them as a penalty for wrongdoing (so he has defined "ransom") instead of an obligation of ability, he chooses ground that is both weak and dangerous; weak, because the rights out of which society is alleged to have ousted the unfortunate have been compensated a hundredfold already; and dangerous, because it must nurse a spirit of disaffection and a habit of making vague and unmeasured demands.

Had space permitted, we should now have followed the theory of State-Socialism out into the practice, and illustrated from the experience of various countries, the working and effects of State-Socialism in the nationalization of industries, in the adjustments of rights and claims, and in the manipulation of taxation; but must forbear for the present.

JOHN RAE.

## HENRY MORE, THE PLATONIST.

**A**BOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, Hobbes and Descartes, clear-headed and unprejudiced thinkers, caused a kind of panic in the devotional world: they resolved that they would not take anything for granted. Starting from a Socratic ignorance, they determined to verify, to try (and it was time) if they could not find a little firm ground among the vast and bewildering mass of rash dogmas and unsupported assertions that lumbered the scene of thought. Such an attempt cut very hard at Revelation. The religious fabric was so perilously elaborate—the removal of a brick was likely to set so much tumbling—its defenders felt themselves bound to believe that the part was as important, if not more so, than the whole; and they had pledged themselves so widely and rashly that they made no attempt at organized rational resistance, but attempted to overwhelm the rough intruders with torrents of solemn imprecations.

But there were in many places earnest-minded, faithful thinkers, profoundly attached to the revealed truths, who saw another way open. Authorities and ancient names were being called into court; philosophers who had written from a Christian point of view were supposed to speak professionally; a daring thought struck them.—What if they could trace a connection between the earlier sources of Revelation and the noblest name that philosophy had ever enrolled? What if they could show that Plato himself owed his highest ideas to the transient influence of that teaching—the Law of Moses—which they themselves possessed in the entirety of a broad development? Pythagoras was said to have sojourned on Carmel and interviewed the priests of Jehovah; the Cabbala—the Law embroidered by metaphysical and mystical minds—was in their hands; and even their adversaries would “allow to Plato the spiritual insight that they denied to St. Paul.”



At Cambridge this idea took shape in four remarkable minds: Dr. Cudworth, Master of Clare and afterwards of Christ's, Dr. Whichcot, Provost of King's, John Smith, Fellow of Queen's, and Dr. Henry More, Fellow of Christ's, applied themselves to the solution of the problem.

The interest of the situation lies in the fact that these men were pure and devoted beyond measure in life as well as in thought. Smith did more by direct influence and personal weight than even by his "Select Discourses." Dr. Patrick at his death preached on the cry of Elisha, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horses thereof:" he said that a light had been extinguished in Israel. Cudworth had perhaps the most logical mind. He wrote an "Intellectual System" that was supposed to give Hobbes a death-blow. Whichcot wrote discourses delivered at St. Lawrence, Jewry, and originated an immense mass of aphorisms, afterwards published.

But, of the four, More was the man of genius: he was divinely gifted in body and mind; with passionate earnestness he combined humour and delicacy of thought, a trick of suggestive style, and a personality at once genial and commanding.

The movement had unhappily no coherence. We class them together as Cambridge Platonists because they were possessed by the same idea and worked it out on individual lines; but they did not write or think in concert. They were acquaintances—More and Cudworth close friends, and Whichcot died in Cudworth's house—but it can never have occurred to them that their names would have been connected in later times, because they had no scheme of concerted action—they originated no movement.

Their unique interest lies in this—that, in an age when both religion and philosophy were making huge strides into materialism, they discerned and strove to indicate the truth, that the capacity in the human soul of conceiving ideals, and in part transfusing them into life, is at once its highest boast and the most potent factor of its eternal quest.

Henry More was the son of a gentleman who lived near Grantham on a small estate of his own. The principles of the family were those of the strictest Calvinism, though sufficiently cultivated for the father to read the "Fairy Queene" aloud in the evenings; and the boy, after being carefully trained in a private school, kept by a master of this persuasion, was sent to Eton, with strict injunctions from his father and uncle to hold to the faith delivered by Calvin to the Saints.

But the boy's instinct for philosophy was greater than his loyalty to family principles. He had, moreover, none of that gloomy and business-like habit of mind that demanded an accurate and severe disposal of the future of the entire human race as the basis for a creed. Though melancholy as a boy, he had a serene and even temperament, that afterwards emerged. He was immaturely an optimist:

the beauty and kindliness of the world occupied a large share in his thoughts; and, when his elder brother came down to see him at Eton, he maintained the brutal inadequacy of Predestinarianism so strongly, that his uncle, to whom this scandalous position was reported, fell back upon threats of personal chastisement.

He gives us a strange picture of himself at Eton, walking slowly in the Playing Fields while his comrades were at their games, with his head on one side, and kicking the stones with his feet, while he murmured to himself the lines of Claudian :—

“ Saepe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem  
Curarent Superi terras ? An nullus inesset  
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu ? ”

Such a precocious, anxious childhood is generally, alas ! only a sign of deficient vitality—a disposition to embrace a religious life and die early ; but the event proved a singular contradiction to this. He was, it seems, a lovable lad—very simple-minded and sweet ; resolving that, should the horrid phantom of inevitable destruction be true, should he be destined to that bitter place, yet would he even there behave himself with such submissive patience that God should not have the heart to keep him there. In his studies he made great progress, troubled more than elated by success, because he was too diffident to believe anything in his triumphs but that he would break down next time.

The Provost of Eton at that time was Sir Henry Wotton—ambassador, courtier, poet, and philosopher. It was an encouraging and stimulating time to be at the school, for Sir Henry, with his romantic past and his courtly, affectionate manners, must have been a fascinating figure for the boys ; and he was, moreover, fond of their society ; had constantly one or two about him ; put up pictures of great orators and statesmen in their schoolroom ; and used frequently to walk in to their lessons, never leaving the room without dropping some aphorism or epigram worthy of a place in the memory of a growing scholar. At this time, too, we may remember, Milton was living in retirement in his father's house at Horton, within an easy walk of Eton, over the water-meadows by Datchett.

\* At the age of seventeen More went up to Christ's College, Cambridge ; and at his earnest desire was entered under a tutor that was not a Calvinist. On getting established at Cambridge he found himself in an atmosphere, which then, at least, teemed with inducements to study, for the studious. There was little of the social life of a modern university—hours were longer, earlier, and more regularly kept ; there was no prejudice in favour of bodily exercise as a means of improving health : for the more absorbed students a turn in the cloisters as a remedy for cold feet was deemed sufficient—the fen invaded Cambridge on every side ; the wild birds screamed in the

pools, and snipe were snared where Downing now stands. The high road to Ely was fenced from the marsh by a few farms, and the ruins—still ugly—of a religious house; beyond Ely lay the interminable lagoons, with here and there an island farm.

In going to Cambridge, a scholar who meant to use the place, did not go with any idea of enjoying life in ordinary ways, of finding society, of amusing himself: no, he went where there were honest, silent, like-minded men, too intent on study to do more than occasionally discuss the subjects with which they were grappling, or give the young student a word of encouragement—*alere flammam*; and besides this, a plain but adequate living, food and shelter, books and lectures—and all not without a certain severe grace and dignity—grace thrown over it by the stately courts of grey stone, retired gardens full of grassy butts and old standard trees, grave parlours and venerable halls, talks in galleries or cloisters; and for the young hearts that gathered there the unvarying march of the seasons: the orchards whitening and blushing over the stately stone walls of college gardens; the plunge of the water in the conduit, the snow on the ground throwing up mysterious light on to the ceilings of studious chambers, and choking the familiar street sounds; or there was some great preacher to hear; my lord of Ely travelling post haste through the town with his long train of servants and gentlemen, and just stopping for compliments and refreshment at a Lodge, or the grave figures of the doctors, passing through the street, to be watched with bated breath and whispered names; some scholar, with worn spiritual aspect, stealing from his rooms, some nobleman with his flourishing following; or, best of all, the quiet services in the dark chapel, the droning bell ceasing high in the roof, the growing thunder of the organ, the flickering lights, and the master moving to his stall, accompanied by some scholar or writer of mighty name, and then the liturgy, the reviving in prayer and meditation of the old ideals, the thankful consciousness that God could so easily be sought and found.

Into this quiet society he was lovingly received, and it gave him deep content. He plunged into his studies with a kind of fury, like a man transported, digging for treasure; and one day it happened that his father came upon him unexpectedly as he sat with all his books about him, and, being rapturously delighted with the serious intentness of the young man, used a curious phrase about him, suggested no doubt by a certain glory, hardly human, transfiguring the boy's face, "That he spent his time in an angelical way," and then this old Puritan, to mark his sense of satisfaction by some practical testimony, went home and wrote the lad down for a handsome legacy in his will, in token of complete reconciliation: and this legacy was never revoked; but it moved Henry's heart when he discovered it, as the surest sign that he had been forgiven, knowing his father's concrete mode of thought as he did.

He tells us that his tutor, when he first arrived, received him kindly, and asked him, after some talk, observing the boy's melancholy and thoughtful disposition, whether he had a discernment of things good and evil, to which he replied in a low voice, "I hope I have." He says that as he uttered this he was all the time conscious of being the possessor of a singularly sensitive discrimination in these matters, and besides of an insatiable and burning curiosity after all kinds of knowledge. This, however, his diffidence did not allow him to confess. The tutor seems to have watched him carefully, for not long after, seeing his intense and unflagging zeal in study, he asked him rather brusquely why he was so intent on his work, hinting that mere ambition, if that were the motive, was too low an end. On this he confessed that his only aim was knowledge, an aim in itself. The mere consciousness of knowledge was exquisitely pleasurable to him.

Until he took his B.A. in 1635 he occupied himself chiefly in the works of the natural philosophers—Aristotle, Cardan, and Scaliger; but they were a bitter disappointment to him. Their acute and solid observations pleased him, but they seemed to make hasty and obscure assertions on very trivial grounds; and he became a complete sceptic. This step he recorded, as his habit was, in a double quatrain of elegiacs, a metre to which he more than once resorted to summarize the turning points of his career.

Being now able to please himself, he attacked the Platonists—not only Plato himself, but Plotinus and his followers—and gradually he was led to doubt the serious value of mere knowledge. Down into the valley of humiliation he stepped; in the bitterness of the fruit of the intellect he could presume to believe, for he had tasted of it and strenuously bruised the savour from it—and he came to see that it is not the origin and method of life, but life itself that it behoves the true man to know.

That was the point at which so many of his contemporaries were stopping all round him; they, too, had penetrated the secrets of the mind. A few of them, more enthusiastic, continued to pursue it: the others, mistaking the sensuous region for the higher way, fell back on life in its grosser forms; they ate and drank, they buried themselves in local politics and temporary interests. Such things had no charm for More; he pushed through and out into a purer air.

The mysterious and fascinating doctrine of the divine illumination opened before him—uncleanness of spirit, not distance of place, he said, divides men from God: to purge the mind from vice and impurity and the subtle temptations of sense, so as to leave the spiritual eye clear and undimmed—this holy art of life became his dream. There fell into his hands Tauler's "*Theologia Germanica*," that precious treatise that, through similitudes, spoke so clearly of God; the work that had been so beloved of Luther. It spoke of the

surrender of the will to God—the loosing it from selfish impulses to sail like a ship upon the free sea—the nameless but unerring instinct that falls upon the soul if such a course is faithfully pursued.

He awoke like a man out of sleep, and the conflict began. The old man, which, like Proteus, assumes so many and so bewildering shapes, stood revealed; but the struggle was a matter of time, though sharp at first, so clearly was the truth grasped; and this growing purity and simplicity of mind which he discovered, together with a superhuman assurance, which began to stir and rise within him, constitute what may be called his conversion. Another quatrain records this:—

“ I come from Heaven, am an immortal ray  
Of God: O joy! and back to God shall go;  
And here sweet Love on wings me up doth stay,  
I live I'm sure, and joy this life to know.  
Night and vain dreams begone—Father of Light,  
We live, as Thou, clad with eternal day.  
Faith, wisdom, joy, free love, and winged might—  
This is true life: all else death and decay.”

He wrote also to record this a long mystical poem, called “*Psychozoia*” (“*Life of the Soul*”), in 1640, at the age of twenty-five. He was flooded with a perpetual content.

Now in the pursuit of mysticism there are often several painful facts to record. In the first place, it is common to find a mystical temperament in those whose physical nature is not very strong or passionate. It seems as if certain natures, by the very fact of the ties which hold them to the earth being more than half-loosened already, have a strong affinity to the world of abstractions—as if the very weakness of their corporeal organization held open a door through which strange shapes are seen moving, and airy voices heard to call; and again the mystical life is, more than any other, subject to deep depressions of spirit, dumb insensibilities, and heavy overshadowings from the towers of death. In the history of More's life no trace of either of these failings can be even faintly discovered. In the first place, he was of a strong and sound constitution; he did not know what it was to be languid or out of health; he was gifted with an extraordinary spring and plenty of pure animal spirits—“a rich ethereal sort of body, for what was inward,” to use his own Pythagorean phrase; he says of himself that his body seemed built for a hundred years; that he had a high warmth and activity of thought that never flagged—notably too, that, after a long day of incessant thought, when he came to sleep he had a strange sort of narcotic power, and he was no sooner in a manner laid on his bed, than the falling of a house would scarce wake him; and that he woke in the morning to an inexpressible life and vigour, so that his thoughts and notions “*rayed*” about him.

There would seem to be little of the visionary here; and yet he confesses to a consciousness of what he calls “*Enthusiasm*”—which

we can only call madness: he could summon up a material object with such distinctness—visualize it, as it is now called—that it produced on him all the sensations of being seen with the outward eye: that is, he could at any moment, with his eyes open, command a scene or a person, so that the vision passed before and effaced the furniture of his room or the page of his book: and he says that all his life he could, with an almost inconsiderable effort of the will, fix his mind so intently on any subject or line of thought that he could spend as much as three hours in an intent uninterrupted reverie.

Such a man would be sure to fling himself with rapture into ascetic and mortifying practices—and so he did: the result was a prolonged exaltation of soul, apparently unaccompanied by any symptoms of exhaustion and depression, which is almost miraculous. One reverie which he records, lasted for fifteen days, during which he slept and rose, ate and drank, went about his ordinary business, without, he asserts, any one suspecting it—all the time occupied in a serene and rapturous contemplation. In this “lazy activity,” he said, “he passed from notion to notion without any perceptible images or words in the mind;” as he walked in the street he could have fallen, he said, and kissed the stones for joy; when playing the theorbo, for he had considerable musical talent, he says that he has sometimes become almost mad with pleasure—so overcome that he has been forced to desist.

“I am not out of my wits [as he writes in a touching passage in one of his mystical dialogues] in this divine freedom, for God does not ride me as a horse, and guide me I know not whither, but converseth with me as a friend: I sport with the beasts of the earth; the lion licks my hand like a spaniel; the serpent sleeps upon my lap and stings me not. I play with the fowls of heaven, and the birds of air sit singing upon my fist. Thou canst call down the moon so near thee by thy magic charm that thou mayst kiss her, as she is said to have kissed Endymion—or control and stop the course of the sun; or, with one stamp of thy foot, stay the motion of the earth.

“He that is come hither, God hath taken him to be His own familiar friend; and though He speaks to others aloof off, in outward religions and parables, yet He leads this man by the hand, teaching him intelligible documents upon all the objects of His providence: speaks to him plainly in His own language, sweetly insinuates Himself and possesseth all his faculties, understanding, reason, and memory. This is the darling of God, and a prince among men, far above the dispensation of either miracle or prophet.”

There is no figure in literature that comes very close to this, except the solemn form of Prospero in the enchanted land:

“The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.”

Henry More's life was a very simple one. His private means were large; we hear of his possessing the advowson of a living in Lincolnshire, Ingoldsby, to which he presented Mr. Ward who wrote his life, and a large farm in the same county; he had also other sources

of income. Thus he had no temptation to seek for wealth, or for preferment for the sake of wealth, for his tastes were extraordinarily simple. He did, as a matter of fact, give very largely in charity; his door, it was said, was like the door of an hospital; indeed, he was so liberal with his money that in later life he made over to a nephew, Gabriel More, who had fallen into misfortunes through no fault of his own, not only his Lincolnshire estates, but a large legacy which he received from Lady Conway.

He was elected a fellow of Christ's soon after taking his M.A. degree: his solitary and contemplative habits, his ascetic practices—for these, though not marked, were sure to be discussed in so small and intimate a society as a college—and the slight suspicion of fanaticism that he incurred, led some to doubt whether he would not be a melancholy addition to the Combination Room; but those who knew him better assured the authorities that, though he was studious and serious, yet he was a very pleasant companion, and in his way one of the merriest Greeks they were acquainted with.

He was offered several important posts. Great efforts were made to get him over to Ireland. On one occasion he was offered the Deanery of Christ Church, Dublin, and on another occasion the Provostship of Trinity College combined with the Deanery of St. Patrick's; as he never even considered these for a moment, he was offered two Irish Bishoprics in succession, the Lord-Lieutenant writing to him to press his acceptance of the latter. "Pray be not so morose or humoursome," he wrote, "as to refuse all things you have not known so long as Christ's College." Once even he was offered an English Bishopric, and his friends got him as far as Whitehall to kiss hands; but they concealed the real object of their designs, and when he understood it, he was not on any account to be persuaded. Late in life he accepted a canonry at Gloucester, urgently pressed on him by Lord Nottingham, the Lord Chancellor, an old pupil, but he resigned it almost immediately in favour of one of his friends; and once, too, the fellows offered to elect him to the Mastership of Christ's, when it fell vacant, but this also he declined. He was tutor of the College for a time, and was brought thus into close relations with Sir John Finch, afterwards Lord Nottingham, then an undergraduate. Finch's sister, Lady Conway, had been converted to the tenets of the Quakers, and Henry More, whose interest in his pupil extended itself to his pupil's sister, laboured to reclaim her for several years; he was thus brought into contact with Penn and the leaders of the Quietist party.

Lady Conway, the original of Lady Cardiff in "John Inglesant," was afflicted by mysterious and incurable pains in the head, and not only travelled to consult physicians, but was accustomed to have quacks and specialists in her house at Ragley. There More spent most of his time, and composed several books at her ladyship's special request; there, too, he met the faith-healer Greatrakes, a

moody man, who had lived for some time in seclusion at his own ruined castle of Capperquin in Ireland; as well as the famous Van Helmont, Baron of Austria, Quaker and physician. This man was all that Greatrakes was not; he had considerable medical skill, and a quiet pious character. To us the union of the preacher and physician is somewhat repugnant. We take it to mean that a man supplies the gaps in his practical knowledge by the pretensions of spiritual insight; we believe him to be proficient in neither. Van Helmont, however, seems to have been a genuine man, and to suffer from an undeserved contempt. As a matter of fact the possession of keen moral insight and sympathy is one of the most powerful instruments that a physician can claim; the physical and mental constitution react so invariably, that without it a man must be at a loss; the healing art need not necessarily halt at the threshold of hypochondria.

As we have touched on Lady Conway and Van Helmont, we may as well follow out the part that Henry More plays in that fascinating fiction to which we have already alluded—"John Inglesant."

The life and works, down even to the style and mode of expression, of Henry More have interested and influenced Mr. Shorthouse very strongly. I have heard the conversation between John Inglesant and Dr. More, which is said to have taken place at Oulton, instanced as an admirable *tour de force* of Mr. Shorthouse's style. The fact is that Henry More speaks there, not in character, but actually; nearly three-quarters of the conversation are sentences and aphorisms extracted straight from More's works. It is very ingeniously done, though a little too elaborate to be life-like when regarded as conversation. But the effects of Henry More's writings are traceable in several other parts of "John Inglesant." In the conversation to which I have alluded More is made to sketch what he considers to be Inglesant's character and physical constitution. He says:—

"There would seem to be some that by a divine sort of fate are virtuous and good to a great and heroical degree, and fall into the drudgery of the world rather for the good of others, or by a divine force, than through their own fault or any necessity of Nature; as Plato says, they descend hither to declare the being and nature of God, and for the greater health, purity, and perfection of the lower world."

He goes on to describe the "Luciform vehicle" in which such a soul as this is apt to display itself; and the great need of scrupulous temperance and purity to keep it undimmed. Now these passages are, in the places where they occur in Henry More's works, undoubtedly and in reality autobiographical: they are extracted word for word from passages where he is obviously referring to himself.

The fact thus remains that, though Inglesant and More are represented as holding converse together, it is in reality More talking to himself—himself, that is, differently circumstanced and developed by



other fortunes and influences. The figure of More was not quite romantic enough for Mr. Shorthouse, and his religious system lacked the vivid sense of the personal presence of Christ that is so marked a feature in Inglesant's career; but there is no reasonable doubt that Dr. More affords in the main outlines of his character and temperament the basis for that delicately drawn, laborious book which has made such a mark upon our late literature.

After Lady Conway's death, More was so far identified with her family and friends, as to write a preface, in the character of Van Helmont, for her "Remains." At one time he thought of abandoning his collegiate life for his rectory of Ingoldsby in Lincolnshire; he intended to settle there with some friend as curate, and spend his time in quiet parochial work and study—but the scheme came to nothing. It may be doubted whether even he would have been proof against the trials of a country rectory; at Cambridge, indeed, he had quiet as much as he wished, but he had stimulus too: at Ingoldsby he would have had enforced quiet without the stimulus.

He was elected into the Royal Society, before it was established by charter, in order to add lustre to it; for, though he never aimed at it, he had acquired long before his death a great reputation by his writings, which, as Mr. Chishall, the eminent bookseller of the day, said, ruled all the other booksellers in London.

He was a very laborious writer; his works fill folio volumes, and are full of curious learning, with a strange streak of humour, descending at times to a coarseness of expression which would not be tolerated now.

His voice, as was said, was somewhat inward, and not suited to the pulpit; and so he determined to give the world his thoughts in writing.

The chief works are the "Mystery of Godliness" and the "Mystery of Iniquity;" the first of these being an exhaustive inquiry in many books into the nature and spirit of heathen religions. It may be said at once that his method of treating the subject is unjust; he is far too anxious, in his zeal for the Truth, to attribute to them a licentious or contemptible origin and obscene or meaningless ceremonies. The "Mysteries of Eleusis," which, according to Socrates, had much symbolism of a strangely exalted type, are treated by More as both superstitious and dissolute—even Apollonius of Tyana, who, whether he existed actually or not, at least exhibits a high type of the Stoic ideal, is a solemn puppet in his eyes. When he has, then, to his satisfaction demonstrated the worthless and debasing character of these rites—which is surely to shut the eyes to the inextinguishable hunger for the holy expression of life, in worship, that has never really deserted the human race—he proceeds to bring the Christian faith upon the stage, and to show how it satisfies the deepest and highest instincts of humanity.

But More cannot be said to have been a Christian in the sense

that Thomas a-Kempis or Francis of Assisi were Christians ; he did not hunger for the personal relation with Christ which is so profoundly essential to the true conception of the Christian ideal. He was a devout, a passionate Deist ; he realized the indwelling of God's spirit in the heart, and the divine excellence of the Son of Man. But it was as a pattern, and not as a friend, that he gazed upon Him ; the light that he followed was the uncovenanted radiance. For it is necessary to bear in mind that More and the Cambridge Platonists taught that the Jewish knowledge of the mysteries of God had passed through some undiscovered channel into the hands of Pythagoras and Plato ; and that the divinity of their teaching was directly traceable to their connection with Revelation. They looked upon Plato and Pythagoras as predestined vehicles of God's spirit, appointed to prepare the heathen world for the reception of the true mysteries, though not admitted themselves to full participation in the same.

Besides these books, which are profound and logical, and composed in a style which is as admirable in comparison to the ordinary writing of the times as Professor Seeley's is to ordinary writing now, he drifted away into some rather grotesque speculations on the subject of Apocalyptic interpretation ; of this he says, humorously, himself, that while he was writing it "his nag was over free, and went even faster than he desired, but he thought it was the right way"—and there is something pathetic indeed in the way in which the passionate seekers after truth of those times beat their heads against the various theories of the direct communication of God with man, such as warning dreams and visions, and the face of the heavens by night. The idea is beautifully presented in "John Inglesant," where he says to his brother, who has produced a false horoscope of himself : "I would have you think no more of this, with which a wicked man has tried to make the heavens themselves speak falsely. . . . Father St. Clare taught it me among other things, and I have seen many strange answers that he has known himself—but it is shameful, that the science should be made a tool of by designing men."

This is said so naturally, with so simple and melancholy a faith, that it seems to me to reproduce the feeling of even the more refined and cultivated men of the time about such things in an infinitely affecting way.

Besides these there are published letters of Henry More's, prolix for the general reader, but interesting enough if the man's own personality appeals to you ; some very disappointing hymns and didactic poems, stiff and unlovely to a strange degree for so deep and graceful a writer ; and many other scattered works, such as the "Enchiridion Ethicum," which it is impossible to allude to here.

He had a very facile style : he used to say that his friends had been

always wanting him to go up upon a stall and speak to the people ; but that was not his way : he should not have known what to have done in the world if he could not have preached at his fingers' ends. He said that when he sat down to write, though his thoughts were perfectly clear, yet they were too numerous ; and that he had to cut his way through them as through a wood. However, he would never correct : the thing must go as he first wrote it ; " if he saw any faults in the first draft, he could correct them, though it was not easy to him—that this correction went against the grain and seldom seemed to him so savoury as the rest." He was not inclined to over-value his work. " Like the ostrich," he said, " I lay my eggs in the sand, and hope they will prove vital and prolific in time."

Though he produced very voluminous writings, yet he sometimes manifested a strong and healthy repugnance to the task of expressing himself : he had none of the gloomy laboriousness that is never satisfied with its performance, and yet never takes a lively pleasure in it. When he had finished one of his more lengthy works, he said pleasantly to a friend, as he threw down his pen : " Now for three months I will neither think a wise thought, nor speak a wise word, nor do a wise thing." Once in the middle of some troublesome work he said, with considerable irritation, to a friend who was sitting with him, " When I once get my hands out of the fire, I shall not very suddenly thrust them in afresh." In a letter to Dr. Worthington, Master of Jesus, he says : " I am infinitely pleased that I find my obligation of writing books not too fierce in me, and myself left free to my own more private meditations. I have lived the servant of the public hitherto : it is a great ease to me to be uncommitted thus and left to the polishing of myself, and licking myself whole of the wounds I have received in these hot services ;" adding that as soon as he was free from his present business, his purpose was to recoil into that dispensation he was in before he wrote or published anything to the world—in which he says he very sparingly so much as read any books, but sought a more near union with a certain life and sense (the sixth sense), " which I infinitely prefer before the dryness of mere reason or the wantonness of the trimmest imagination."

He had no turn for dry and laborious criticism : he studied things more than words : of his own skill in dead languages, though it was in reality very considerable, he spoke jestingly, in that depreciating ironical way that he always used of himself—that he was like the man that passed by a garri-on with a horse-shoe hanging at his belt, when a bullet being shot at him struck right upon it, upon which he remarked, " that a little armour was sufficient, if well placed ;" and he often said, in writing his books, that when he came to criticism and quotation, it was " like going over ploughed lands."

I subjoin a few extracts from an ode by a gentleman, entitled the " Ingenious and Learned Mr. Norris," which is prefixed to Ward's

"Life of More." The composition has great merit; it is in Cowley's manner, but is the precursor of the art of Gray. It serves, I think, to emphasize both the opinion which his contemporaries deliberately held of him, as well as the points in his life and work which seem most worthy of our attention.

He writes :—

"Truth's outer courts were trod before,  
Sacred was her recess: that was reserved for More."

"Thou our great catholic professor art,  
All science is annexed to thy unerring chair."

"Some lesser synods of the wise  
The Muses kept in Universities.  
But never yet till in thy soul  
Had they a council œcumenical."

And again :—

"Strange restless curiosity!  
Adam himself came short of thee:  
He tasted of the fruit, thou bear'st away the tree."

"How calm thy life, how easy, how secure,  
Thou intellectual epicure."

The conclusion is :—

"Thy stage of learning ends ere that of life be done;  
There's now no work for thy accomplished mind  
But to survey thy conquests, and inform mankind."

He was a tall, spare man, well proportioned and graceful; his face was noted for its serene and lively air. He was of ruddy complexion, which grew pale in later life, though always clear and spirited; and "his eye," says a friend who was often with him, "was hazel," and as vivid as an eagle's. He had luxurious tastes in dress, and the air of a courtier: none of the clownishness of the retired scholar was in the least perceptible in his motions, words, or general bearing.

His portrait represents him in his later years as much such a man as we should have imagined: he wears his hair, which was light and long, over his shoulders, and a faint streak of moustache upon his upper lip; the face is grave, but not displeasing; it has the broad arched forehead, strongly indented, that is characteristic of masculine intellect; very high and prominent cheek-bones, big firm lips, and a massive chin; the face is healthy and not attenuated; the eyes clear and steady, the right eyelid being somewhat drooped, thus conveying a humorous look to the face; he wears the black gown, with girded cassock, and a great silk scarf—the *amussis dignitatis*—over his shoulders; the gown is tied at the neck by strings; and the broad white bands give a precise and quiet air to the whole.

Though temperate and abstemious in life and diet, he was not in the least what we should call an ascetic; he tried some experiments in diet in early life, such as vegetarianism, which he practised for a whole year, but found it did not suit him, and came back to meat;

in fact, though he usually dined in Hall, yet he absented himself on Friday, when fish was eaten, and dined in his own rooms, eating meat because he found it more wholesome; and he was not an abstainer—his regular drink was small beer, of which he uttered an enthusiastic panegyric, saying that it was a divine drink. He loved the open air; he said he would always be in it if possible; that he studied best in an arbour without his hat, so that the air might play on his temples. He was very sensitive to weather, and found that the autumn brought with it a melancholy which distressed him.

At the age of sixty-six he wrote his last book, and returned to the quiet contemplative life which suited him so well, and he says that he never had enjoyed so long a period of serene light and inward happiness; but clouds began to gather in his mind—in reality it was the failing body, but he attributed it to the mind, and was rather unhappy about himself. He was then attacked by a kind of low fever, and fainted one evening in the Combination Room after supper: however, as a healthy man is apt to do, he paid no attention to this, but he found himself growing weaker. Once pathetically, as he sat talking in his room, he spread out his hands in the sun; they were thin and delicate with growing weakness. "My body," he said, "is strangely run out." He then began to suffer from sleeplessness; for weeks together he could get no rest. "I thought I should have died laughing," he said to Dr. Ward, "but I find myself like a fish out of its element, that lies tumbling in the dust of the street." Then, after a pause: "I am but the remains of an ordinary man." His mind began to fail him; he could no longer read or think. He said to Dr. Davies, an old friend, that some one had said to him that this, if known, might prejudice his writings; "but," he added, "I have read of a person, an excellent mathematician, who at last came to dote, but none will say that any of his former demonstrations were any the worse for that."

At last he got very weary of the weakness and the long strain. "Never any person," he said, "ever thirsted more after his meat and drink than I do for a release from the body. Yet," he added, "I deserved greater afflictions from the hand of God than those I have met with." He dwelt much on the next world. "I am glad to think when I am gone," he said, "that I shall still converse with this world in my writings. But it is a greater satisfaction to me that I am going to those with whom I shall be as well acquainted in a quarter of an hour as if I had known them many years."

The day before he died an old friend came to see him. Henry More was very silent, but at last broke out: "Doctor, I have marvellous things to tell you." "Sir," said the other, "you are full, I suppose, of Divine joy." "Full," he said, with tears in his eyes. The other saw he was so extremely weak that he forbore to question him further. When his nephew came to see him in the evening, he

said that he should soon be gone. "I am going to play you no tricks," he added; "I am not going to trot and loll and hang on."

The next morning he understood that he had only a few hours to live. "O praeclarum illum diem!" he said, quoting from Cicero. They were almost his last words. He died as the day was dawning, so quietly that the nurse who sat by him did not know when the passage was. He was laid to rest in the College Chapel, having just entered upon his seventy-third year.

The great and singular charm of such a life is its union of mystical tendencies with such perfect sanity. For nearly half a century he lived in a light which he did not invent, but found. He cannot be suspected of fanaticism or weakness; from the day that he found peace in life to the day that he entered into rest, he lived in the strength of a magnificent ideal. His great discovery burst upon him like a flash of light—the nearness and accessibility of God, whom he had been seeking so far off and at such an inaccessible and transcendent height; his realization of the truth that the kingdom of God does not dwell in great sublimities, and, so to speak, upon the mountain tops, but that it is within each one of us. But this very simplicity he saw was the cause of the unpopularity of the greatest ideals. Men prefer their own Abana and Pharpar to the little river rushing in desolate places. A doctrine does not recommend itself to the busy thinkers of the world unless it be huge and arduous; and thus he made up his mind to be lonely in the world, to face and support the isolation of greatness. "At first, indeed," he said, "the truth appeared so very clear, as well as glorious to me, that I fancied I should have carried all before me; but a little experience served to cure me of this vanity. I quickly perceived that I was not likely to be over-popular."

And yet, by facing and adopting this difficulty, he gained the very thing on which he had turned his back. He made a success of life. He was not for ever dying to the world; he lived in it. Though diseased and shattered moralists may talk of the vanity of human aims and the worthlessness of life, it surely has its meaning. We are not thrust into a pit from which our only duty is to escape. Something of the greatness and glory of the higher region dwells in the grace and beauty of the nether world. Shadows they may be of far-off transcendent realities, but the very shadows of divine things are from their origin divine. To gain a true standard; to trace the permanent elements; to fight the darkness at every inch: this is to live life to the uttermost—not to slink out of it, not to despise it, not to make light of it. These are the resources of the cynic, the disappointed man, the involuntary saint; but to live in the world and not be of it—this is the secret of the light that emanates from but is not confined to Heaven.

## THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

**I**T may safely be affirmed that there is no portion of our English law more anomalous and defective, none more discreditable to the conscience of a Christian nation, or more at variance with the interests of a civilized community, than that which deals with the rights and claims of children. No class is so neglected by the law as this most helpless, yet all important, section of the body politic. The rights of prisoners, paupers, lunatics, those of the brutes themselves, are more strictly guarded and more carefully defined than are the rights of children. It will scarcely be credited by those who have not given attention to the subject, that, under recent legislation, a horse or dog has better legal safeguards against its owner's neglect or cruelty, than can be claimed for the little child who is born into the "custody" of drunken, dissolute, or brutal parents. We have it on the authority of Chief Justice Cockburn, as an established fact, "that, except under the Poor Laws, there is no legal obligation on the part of a father to maintain his child, unless, indeed, the neglect to do so should bring the case within the criminal laws." It is a matter of constant occurrence that a family of children are kept from starvation by the ceaseless, slavish toil of the mother alone, while the father consumes in vicious indulgence the whole of his earnings, not one penny of which can be claimed for the children's support, unless the wife herself resorts to the miserable expedient of applying *in formâ pauperis* to the Poor Law authorities for relief. And to go still deeper into this Slough of Despond, those who are familiar with the statute law upon this subject will bear me out in the statement, that, short of palpable and serious injury to health, a child may be maltreated, underfed, and neglected, by either parent, or by both, with almost absolute impunity. The maximum of power with the mini-

mum of responsibility, would seem to have been the object aimed at, as it was certainly secured, by the framers of the law, until in 1876 the idea of *duty* was for the first time recognized as an element in the parental relation, and the new Education Act, amended from that of 1871, declared it to be the "duty" of a parent to educate his child. A man must provide the pence for his child's schooling now, or be summoned before a magistrate to show cause for failing so to do. But he may keep it just above starvation point, and pour his wages down his own throat in drink, and English law, as yet, declines to take cognizance of the fact. Thousands of young children never know the comfort of a satisfying meal, or know it only through the charity that provides "free dinners" for the poor, while the father spends in a single day, on his own vicious indulgence, what would support his children for a week.

For such cases the law as it now stands offers practically no redress. Common-sense and humanity alike forbid that these wretched infants should be left, starved and hunger-bitten, to grow up with constitutions enfeebled and flaccid from privation, unequal to the struggle of after-life, fit only to be a constantly recurring burden on the public purse. Yet the very charity that is roused to their relief does but feed with one hand the vices of the parents, while ministering with the other to the children's needs. A child cannot be starved outright without risk of bringing those in whose "custody" it is within the meshes of the law. But if it is kept, as thousands are, just on the safe side of starvation, the "free meals" which humanity imperatively demands for it, are, as a rule, simply a sop to the Cerberus of drink. The parent is denuded of even the pitiful rag of responsibility with which the law invests him, and the cost of the child's "keep" goes to the publican's account.

Finally—and this is a point of no little importance—a man, whatever his means and position may be, is under no legal obligation to make provision for the maintenance, after his decease, of his children, legitimate or otherwise. English law allows him, if he pleases, to make over to other people every farthing that he possesses, leaving his own children helpless and destitute, to be supported at the cost of the community at large. \*Cases might even be cited in which a man has willed away, not only his own estate, but also the unsecured property of his wife, leaving her and his children penniless, while dissolute strangers enjoyed the wealth which was rightfully, and should have been legally, the inheritance of those for whom he was bound in duty to provide. And here, in passing, we may note the curious legal anomaly that, while a man is free from even the shadow of obligation as regards the after-maintenance of his children, the law allows him, by means of the appointment of guardians, to exercise a



control over them after his decease, almost as absolute as during his life. Until the passing of the Guardianship of Infants Bill, a year or two ago, this posthumous authority of a father could be exerted in almost total disregard of the surviving parent. As it is, it presents a noteworthy instance of the possession of arbitrary power without the existence of any corresponding obligation.

To sum up briefly. The responsibilities of a parent as regards his children are as follows:—He is bound to recognize each child, up to the age of sixteen, as a part of his family. He can be proceeded against by the Poor Law authorities if he allows it to become chargeable to the parish, and under the Poor Law Amendment Act, 1868, sec. 37, the guardians of the poor can also institute proceedings against him if, by his wilful neglect, it suffers "serious injury to health" while in his custody. Anything short of this the law is powerless to touch. The Education of Act of 1876 further makes it his duty "to cause it to receive efficient elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic." The responsibility falls upon both one and the other of married parents. In other cases it rests with the mother alone. A woman, under any circumstances, if she has means of her own, is bound to maintain all her children, whether born in wedlock or not. A man, on the contrary, is bound only to maintain the children of his wife; his own children, though acknowledged and even brought up by him as such, have no legal claims upon him, unless or until a contract of marriage has been signed between the mother and himself.

Where such contract has not been signed, the mother has discretionary power, within twelve months of the child's birth, to institute proceedings against him on her own behalf in a court of summary jurisdiction: and if her evidence is corroborated "in some material particular" by further testimony, she can recover from him a sum varying from sixpence to five shillings a week, during the time that she is herself liable in law for the maintenance of the child. It must be observed that this payment represents legally an obligation due to the mother only, not in any way to the child itself. For if the mother dies, or ceases to claim it, no one can demand it on the child's behalf. The child itself is regarded in the eyes of the law as *filius nullius*, without claims of any kind upon the author of its being, and is shut out from even the shadow of a right to a father's care.

Such are the legal limits of parental responsibility. We may shortly inquire now how far they correspond with the natural rights of children, and in what direction the law, as it now stands, needs strengthening or amending, in order that these rights may be secured.

It may be laid down as an axiom that every child born into the nation possesses as its birthright a claim to the minimum of clothing, shelter, food, and training needed to fit it for becoming in due time

a self-supporting member of the community. If we decline to admit this, we are forced to the conclusion that a child holds its life in preservation by favour, not by right; and that chance alone must determine whether it is to have any share in the benefits of civilization or not. Granting, then, this right of the child to support and training, the question arises, Who is responsible for its claims being met?

It is difficult, except on purest communistic grounds, to avoid the answer that the responsibility rests upon the parents jointly, but primarily upon the father of the child:

"If a man takes upon himself the responsibility of adding another unit to the sum total of the population, he is bound to secure the community from receiving, in the person of his child, the dead weight of an additional burden, which may have to be supported for years at the public cost in a poorhouse, hospital, or prison. The maintenance and education of his child are a debt due from every parent to the community of which both himself and it are a component part, due until such time as the child is able to support itself. They are a debt due also from the parent to the child, which has been launched without its own consent upon the world. And if a parent refuses or fails to discharge the obligations which he has himself incurred, Society, or its deputy the Law, is bound to step in and secure both the child's interests and its own, against the neglect or criminality of the natural guardian."\*

It might be supposed that such neglect, in its grosser forms at least, would be found to be as rare as it is unnatural; but experience too clearly proves the contrary. The working of the Education Act, the Penny Dinner system, and still more lately the action of the Liverpool, London, and other Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, have brought to light an appalling amount of semi-starvation, ill-treatment, and neglect, to which children are subjected with impunity at the hands of drunken, dissolute, or idle and improvident parents. It is computed that in London alone there are on an average at least 40,000 children in want of a single good meal a day. It has been stated officially that in some of the London Board schools, at least one-third of the children come breakfastless to school, while fully one-fourth would frequently have no mid-day meal at all, were it not provided for them by charity; and I may add that the statement has been confirmed to me, from their own experience, by teachers in Board schools which I have visited in the slums of some of our large towns. Yet shocking as such a state of things may seem, it is beyond question that in a large proportion, if not in the actual majority of such cases, this semi-starvation of children is due, not to honest poverty on the parents' part, but to the improvident or vicious habits, which have too literally taken the children's bread and cast it to the dogs. Again, recent agencies have revealed an amount of wanton cruelty practised towards young children by brutal

\* Prize Essays issued by the Central Council for promoting Self-supporting Penny Dinners.

parents, in the lower strata of society especially, which it is sickening to contemplate. The grosser cases come, no doubt, within the action of the law; but those which are punished or detected form but a fraction of those which are or may be perpetrated with impunity. Cases of wanton and disgraceful neglect and cruelty are continually being brought before the London and Liverpool societies, which it is utterly impossible to deal with under any existing statute. The weakness of English law in this direction is acknowledged even by those who have to administer it themselves. "Had it been a dog," said a magistrate who was appealed to in a case of this kind, "I could have helped you. But it is only a child, and I am powerless to assist." What is needed is a short "*Sustenance and Protection of Children Act*," which shall so define, extend, and strengthen legislation, that parents offending thus against their children's rights, shall be brought as effectually within reach of the law as they are now if they neglect their "duty," as laid down in the Education Act of 1876. In America, which is far before the mother country in regard to the treatment of children, admirable provision to this effect is made by the statute law of various States.

It ought not to be difficult to secure an Act. Certainly, if the law so far interferes with the "liberty of the subject" as to compel a drunken or idle parent to provide for the education of his child, it may be called upon to interfere further, in order to secure young children, more effectually than at present, against habitual starvation, ill-usage, and neglect, on the part of those who have made themselves responsible to society for the maintenance and well-being of their offspring.

But there is a yet deeper depth of child misery and neglect than that which such an extension of the Education Act would reach. I refer to that most wretched, helpless, and neglected class of the community, the children of unmarried parents, of the lower ranks especially. Not less than 50,000 children annually are born in this country under these deplorable conditions. A large proportion of these children have to be kept at the cost of the community, in workhouses, orphanages, or district schools, at an average cost of about £20 per annum for each child. Others are dragged up as best the mothers can, until they reach the age when they may be legally turned adrift to struggle for themselves. The majority of the remainder perish in infancy or early childhood, by neglect, privation, or, too often, by a violent death.

Whatever else may be denied by law to these hapless little beings, their right at least to life ought to be more securely guarded by our Legislature than it is at present. Let the mother, in such cases, be what she may, the child itself, every child born into a civilized, not to speak of a Christian community, has undoubtedly claims, which

nothing can annul or set aside, not on one parent only, but on both,\* as the authors of its existence, and therefore jointly responsible for the preservation and continuance of that existence. The mortality among children of this class, especially the number of deaths by violence, is frightfully in excess of even the highest rate among the ordinary infant population. Can it be said that the just claims of these hapless victims are either conceded or secured to them, when the law holds one parent only, and that one the weakest, responsible for their safety and well-being?

No plea need here be urged in extenuation of the crime, when a child thus unfathered by the law meets with death at the mother's hands. But there can be no question that the crime of child-murder under such circumstances would be greatly checked, if both parents were held in due degree responsible. Nature herself has provided for the feebleness of children the safeguard of a twofold parentage, fitting the one parent to supply nourishment and tendance, while to the stronger of the two she assigns the function of protection and support. To weaken or destroy this natural safeguard by the legal release of either parent from responsibility for the safety of the child, is in effect a return towards the state of savagery, rather than an advance to a higher civilization. Here, again, there ought to be no insuperable difficulty in making legal provision—I. That whenever the mother of a child born out of wedlock is tried for the murder of such child, and it is proved or alleged that her condition as an unmarried mother had led to the commission of the crime, then the father of the murdered child, if his paternity has been or can be established, shall be summoned also on a criminal count as contributory to the deed. II. That, under similar circumstances, the charge of concealment of birth, if made against one parent, shall be a criminal charge against both alike.

Difficulties no doubt would arise in the working of such an Act. But, on the other hand, they are caused to a still greater extent by the absence of it. Justice itself is brought into contempt when some wretched mother, scarcely more perhaps than a child herself, is condemned to death, or to the blotting out of her life until mid-womanhood in prison, for the half-frenzied attempt to escape from a burden whose crushing, intolerable weight she was no longer able to bear alone. Granting, if we will, that the mother's punishment in such a case is not greater than her guilt, can society be held clear of the blood of the little child that is done to death because unfathered by the law? Can either parent of any child be held wholly free from responsibility, either to the child itself or to the community at large, for the helpless life which, once given, it becomes murder to take away, and a crime on the mother's part even to conceal? Again, in numberless cases of this description, a jury, rather than

convict one guilty parent, while the other and perhaps more guilty of the two goes free, will seize on the merest straw for declining to convict at all. Can it be said that the existing law is effective, under such circumstances, for either the punishment or prevention of this form of crime?

But, indeed, it is to the interest of the body politic itself, not less than of the helpless individual unit, that our present loose and inefficient laws should be so strengthened and amended, as to secure the rights of children more effectually than at present against the cruelty, neglect, or legalized desertion of their natural protectors. The mass of chronic poverty, of pauperism, disease, and crime which at this moment clogs the wheels of progress, and which forms one of the most insoluble problems of modern life, has its origin mainly in the refusal or neglect of the natural claims of children. It is difficult for those who have not investigated the subject to form any adequate conception of the amount of this neglect, or of the misery and mischief, both to the child and to the State, which are its necessary consequences. The thing to be steadily borne in mind is that this mass of neglected, half-starved, suffering childhood forms a portion, and a large proportion too, of the raw material out of which the future manhood and womanhood of the nation are being evolved. Every year, as we have said, 50,000 children are born into the nation, half-orphaned by the law from birth, subject to all the dangers, privations, and disabilities attached to that condition. What an accumulated mass of degraded, unfathered childhood will there be amongst us, before the survivors of this year's contingent shall have reached the age when they may be supposed capable of picking up a living for themselves! Yet this is but a fraction of the wretched total of children more unfortunate in some respects than these—children born into the "custody" of drunken, dissolute, and brutal parents, who starve, maltreat, or neglect them, abusing the power, without discharging the obligations, of that most sacred and inalienable of all human relationships.

What becomes of this degraded, neglected mass when the age of childhood is past? There is hardly a question, perhaps, that can be asked, which it concerns us more, as a nation anxious for our own prosperity, to answer aright than this. We have in our Elementary schools throughout the country about three and a half millions of children, all told. Of this number somewhat less than half a million annually reach the limit of age under the Code, and pass out of school. And of this half a million or so, we shall be within the mark if we reckon 5 per cent., or nearly 25,000 children annually, as belonging to the class under consideration. The Education Act has done its best for them. It has swept them up into its Elementary schools, where it has given them "efficient instruction in reading, writing,

and arithmetic." It has provided them, for a part of each school day, with shelter, warmth, and an amount of comfort unknown in their wretched homes, and not unfrequently it has been the means, through various agencies, of staying their hunger by at least one meal a day. But it has not taught them, nor has it made it the "duty" of the parent to cause them to be taught, how to earn their own subsistence; and to "find for themselves" is the task to which such children are driven the moment they are free from school. "Book-learning," which is all the Code has given them, is practically useless here. It does little or nothing to help them to the immediate pence which they must procure or starve. They have had no chance as yet, and they have none now, of learning how to *produce* anything of value to the world they live in. The only course open to them is to crowd into the already overcrowded market of unskilled labour. And there they stay; consumers, but not producers; unable to do anything that the world around them wants; unwilling drones in the social hive. The toughest and strongest, the more quick-witted and energetic, push out occasionally into something better. But the bulk of them remain, their numbers accumulating with each annual contingent; the huge mass assuming, year by year, more unmanageable proportions; until now the number and condition of the "unemployed" has become one of the most formidable problems of the day, the despair of statesmen and economists on the one hand, and of humanity on the other; a problem which, unless it is solved, holds within it a menace to the peace and security of society itself.

Given the conditions, however, of the problem, we may hope to see our way in some measure to a solution. Simply stated, they are these. In an old and crowded civilization like our own, where the land is no longer sufficient to feed its multiplied inhabitants, we must, if we are to exist and prosper, have a continually increasing proportion of skilled workers, able to produce what food-producing countries want, and at a price which induces them to take it from us. Fifty years ago this country practically fed itself from its own resources, finding in the tillage of the soil the main outlet for its stock of unskilled labour. We are importing now, to meet the wants of our increasing population, not less than £115,000,000 of foreign food per annum; and unskilled labour, of which such a surplus exists amongst us, can do little towards producing the equivalent in value of this amount of food. This surplus, fed wholesale year by year from the ceaseless tide of neglected, half-starved, untrained childhood, tends continually to increase; while the demand for what untrained unskilled hands can do, remains for the most part stationary. If we are to prosper as a nation, and support in comfort an increasing population, we must cut off or materially reduce this choking influx of labour, which, because unskilled, must remain useless and unemployed. One means, and a

most important one, to this end, is the establishment of technical or trade schools; and public attention has not been roused one whit too soon to the necessity for effort in this direction. But the mere establishment of such schools, in whatever numbers, will not suffice. They will improve the quality of skilled labour, but they will avail little to check the flow of useless unskilled competitors for employment from the class under consideration. Children of the class in question will profit nothing by such schools, for the simple reason that their parents will refuse to send them. They prefer the cheap and easy plan of pushing out their offspring to pick up a living "anyhow," so soon as the hold of the School Attendance Committee is relaxed.

A more effectual mode of dealing with the difficulty would probably be found in an extension of the Day Industrial School System. Provision is already made in the Education Act, 1876, for the establishing, building, and maintaining of day industrial schools, if, "owing to the circumstances of any class of population, a school in which industrial training, elementary education, and one or more meals a day, but not lodging, are provided, is necessary or expedient for the proper training and control of the children of such a class." Towards the expenses of the children Parliament may contribute a sum not exceeding one shilling per week for each child; and the parent must also contribute a sum not exceeding two shillings per week, as ordered by the magistrate, and payable to the school authorities in aid of their expenses.

We have in these provisions machinery of precisely the kind required, and needing the application of motive force alone, whether in the form of compulsory powers or of an enlightened and far-sighted benevolence, in order to become available for dealing with a large proportion of the existent evil. In some of the great cities of the States, where similar conditions prevail, notably in the city of New York, the Day Industrial School system, with its complement in the form of night lodging-houses for the same class of children, has been carried on for many years, on an extensive scale, with signal success, and with surprising results in the decrease of vagrancy, crime, and drunkenness. Nearly 4000 children daily, in the city of New York alone, are reached by these schools, at an average cost, for food, clothes, and teaching, of £5 a year for each child; a total of £20,000 annually, of which sum about half is paid from State funds. The night lodging-houses also, with kitchens and evening schools attached, prevent an untold amount of juvenile misery, vice, and crime. Nearly 10,000 children, about 600 nightly, were thus lodged last year in New York, their own payments being somewhat more than half of the expenses incurred.

The Education Act of 1871 was inoperative to a great extent,

because it was permissive only. It needed that enforcement of the law of parental responsibility, which brought every child in the kingdom practically within the scope of the Act of 1876. We need the same thing now. The social conscience must be quickened, and parental responsibility still further enforced and defined, if the lowest, most degraded and wretched stratum of child-life amongst us is to be reached, and raised into possession of even the elementary rights of civilized humanity.

Again, I repeat, we cannot too strongly insist upon the fact that this underlying mass of wronged defrauded childhood, hidden, and for the most part unheeded by us, is working unceasingly upward towards the level of the adult population, there to disclose itself in the various forms of poverty, pauperism, disease, and vice. At a great cost society provides itself with an array of hospitals, work-houses, reformatories, asylums, and refuges of every kind; and with this miserable contingent ever streaming in, the supply still lags behind the need. Our utmost efforts, under existing conditions, are but like mopping up water under a running tap. The short and only sure way is, to *stop the tap*.

No branch of class legislation would yield a more fruitful or certain return than a well-considered measure for enforcing and protecting the rights of children. Those rights are identical with the interests of the State. To extend and strengthen legislation so as to fix more securely upon idle and improvident, on dissolute or drunken parents, the fulfilment of parental responsibility in regard to the maintenance and industrial training, as well as the education of their children, would do more to lessen the amount of poverty, pauperism, and vice, in this country, than, perhaps, any scheme that could be otherwise devised, or any amount of effort on existing lines.

MARY C. TABOR.

[Readers of this article will have seen that a Bill for the Protection of Children has already been read a first time in the House of Commons.—ED.]



## APPLIED GEOGRAPHY.\*

**T**HE efforts which have been made during the last four years to raise geography from the low estate into which it had fallen in this country, both as a field of research and as a subject of education, have been attended with a considerable measure of success. Lecture-ships have been established in our two great universities; the subject is beginning to be treated with some respect in our public schools; it occupies a prominent place in the University Extension programmes; its teaching in elementary schools has been greatly improved; text-books, atlases, and wall-maps of a high standard are being issued, and pictures, models, relief-maps, and other apparatus are being introduced; while Chambers of Commerce, advocates of technical education, and the Imperial Institute are convinced that the subject may be turned to practical account.

Both in its scientific and in its practical aspects geography has been worked out in Germany by able men for many years, with rich and abundant results. Leaving aside mere text-books and compendiums of facts, the works dealing with the various applications of the subject that have been produced in Germany during the past half-century would fill many shelves in a library. Ever since Ritter's time a specially human turn has been given to the subject by his countrymen; it has been recognized that the ultimate task of geography as a whole is to study the earth as the dwelling-place of humanity. This aspect has come more and more into vogue in Germany, and has given rise to a special section of the general subject under the name of Anthro-po-Geography, which may be said

\* Since this article was in type, General Strachey's Cambridge Lectures on Geography have been published, and I am pleased to notice that he advocates the use of the term Applied Geography in somewhat the same sense as I do in this article.

to include everything bearing on the interaction between man and his topographical surroundings. Geography has been well defined as the physical basis of history; it is indeed the physical basis of all human activity. For does it not deal with the surface of the earth, with its manifold features of mountain, table-land, plain, and desert, ocean and lake and river, forest and prairie, continents and islands, air and ice, rain and sunshine, in all their complicated combinations, which, forming man's immediate environment, must largely influence his activities in all directions? It is the thorough grasp of this aspect of the subject which, in the hands of Ritter, Peschel, and their followers, has proved so increasingly fruitful of results in Germany.

England, however, is not without her monumental productions in geography. Let us not forget the unrivalled collections of Hakluyt and Purchas, and their many successors, which, filling scores of folios and quartos, form the raw material of geography, and are infinitely more interesting and more profitable reading than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the slender travellers' tales with which we are flooded at the present day. The deeds of our daring forefathers, as they forged their way into every corner of the globe, quite as often, we fear, in the character of buccaneers as of explorers, receive worthy record in these great collections. Not only so, but in the past two centuries this raw material has been worked up into systematic treatises, filling many more quartos and folios, which present the facts in copious and instructive detail so far as they were known at the time. But even this geographical industry has ceased in England for many years; when we want such treatises nowadays we have to import them from abroad; we have to adapt an intensely German Hellwald, or translate the masterly descriptions of Reclus. With all the wealth of material at our command, we have still to find a geographer capable of analysing it and elaborating it from the philosophical, or scientific, or anthropo-geographical standpoint. England has not yet produced a Ritter or a Peschel, a Ratzel or a Penck. But if our geographers have been blind to the capabilities of their science, we have not been without men having knowledge and insight enough to perceive the intimate bearings of geographical conditions on collective humanity, on man in his strivings after political, social, and industrial development. Our own literature can furnish us with brilliant examples of the successful application of geography to the interpretation of history and the elucidation of the progress of civilization.

Readers of Green must recall his "Making of England." Why have we still an Irish and a Welsh and a Highland question with us? Simply, as Green shows, because the geography of England was as it was when the ruthless Teutons landed to harry the Celtic population of these islands. Green's graphic picture of the dense forests in the

south of England, and of the swamps and fens in the east, barring the progress of the invaders into the interior of our island, can never be forgotten by his readers. These and similar surface obstacles tended seriously to influence the progress and the nature of the conquest, as well as the ultimate distribution and character of the various types which compose the population of the British islands. In the west, owing again to the topography of the country, it took centuries to reduce Wales and its essentially British or Celtic inhabitants, who, had the Teutonic hordes been able to reach them in the first heat of their conquering career, would have been completely crushed, if not destroyed; a Welsh question would have been rendered as impossible as a Kentish or an East-Anglian question. So in the north, it was not till the middle of the last century that the essentially Celtic population of the then inaccessible Highlands was subdued by the successors of the Teutonic invaders, and even yet the geographical conditions favour Celtic survivals, and nourish a Crofter question. As for Ireland, her present troubles, which are also ours, are all due to St. George's Channel and her own bogs. Had the subsidence which began in so recent a geological period not proceeded so far; had Ireland and England been still, as of yore, one continuous land, her conquest would have been begun long before it was, and would have been at least as complete as that of Wales and Scotland. Not only would the infusion of Teutonic blood have been much greater than it has been, but Ireland would probably have been as ready to succumb to the Reformation as any other part of the United Kingdom.

But, indeed, the geographical position of the British islands as a whole, and it has often been pointed out, has had very much to do with the peculiar character of their political, social, and industrial development. Had that subsidence—so recent and so comparatively shallow—not taken place which severed England from the Continent, had the Thames continued to be a tributary of the Rhine, and England only a northern extension of France, how very different would have been the course of European history, and the character of those migrations which, under existing conditions, have peopled the bulk of two continents with English-speaking peoples!

Such are some of the results either brought out or suggested by Green's treatment of English history from the geographical standpoint. The history of any other part of the world treated after the same manner would yield results unattainable where humanity is dealt with apart from its geographical setting. I certainly do not claim that this is the only aspect in which history ought to be studied; but if this important term in the historical problem is neglected, the final equation can never be satisfactory. This will be evident if we remember that geography is essentially the science of topographical distribution on

the surface of the earth; the distribution of the great features of the globe and all that its face sustains, including man himself. And if we bear in mind that man is the centre, the converging point of the science, that all its investigations must have ultimate reference to humanity, there will be no danger of including too much within the field of the subject, of encroaching upon what is strictly the sphere of some other department of science. Since, then, much of political history really originates in man's distribution in bodies or communities over the earth's surface, his movements on that surface, or other changes in his relation to topographical environment, surely geographical conditions ought to be taken into account by every historian ambitious of being more than a mere chronicler. True, we have historical geographies and historical atlases, some of them by eminent hands; but as a rule these concern themselves with mere changes of boundaries, without taking the trouble to inquire whether geography can shed any light on the causes of such changes, and teach nations a lesson for the future. The success which attended Green's effort to discover how far historical events are influenced by geographical conditions, ought surely to show that historical geography may be made something more than a mere question of boundaries.

How much, to take another example, has the peculiar geography of Holland had to do with the moulding of the strange history of that country? An eminent Dutch geographer once lamented to me—he was sorely troubled with rheumatism and asthma—that his country was only a river delta which had been peopled prematurely. But it is just because the inhabitants of this delta have been compelled from its very nature to struggle with their geographical conditions that they have acquired those habits which have rendered them the most prosperous and comfortable people in Europe. How splendidly, moreover, did their network of waterways, dominated by the ocean, help them in their long struggle with Spain? And is it not due to the peculiar hydrographic conditions of the country that the Dutch have been for centuries a nation of navigators, traders, and colonizers? Why is it, again, that a poor country like Norway, with almost nothing to export but fish and timber, and whose trade is only one-fifteenth of that of the Netherlands, has a mercantile navy surpassed only by that of Great Britain? From the very nature of their country, broken up into a maze of fjords and islands, more water than land, the Norse are compelled to be a race of sailors; and as they have little or nothing of their own to carry, they have become carriers for the rest of the world.

When applied to what we may call the course of universal history, the progress of civilization, and the development of the world's commerce, geography yields some curious and instructive results. Indeed, from this standpoint, an able Continental writer, M. Leon Metchnikoff,

divides history into four great periods. The earliest civilizations of which we have any knowledge were what we may designate Fluvial. The great Assyro-Babylonian States were grouped within the region watered by the Euphrates and Tigris—Mesopotamia. Ages ago Egypt was called the “gift of the Nile.” The basin of the Ganges may be regarded as the theatre of all the great events of Indian history previous to the advent of Europeans; while the two enormous waterways, the Hoangho and the Yangtse-Kiang, must have had much to do with the development of the peculiar civilization of China. These fluvial civilizations, so long as they remained fluvial, were essentially isolated; they could never become cosmopolitan. From the character of the deltas of the Nile and of the Mesopotamian rivers, the communities on their banks could make no use of them as high-ways to the ocean. The malarious delta of the Ganges was equally a bar to oceanic intercourse, while the enterprise of China was directed to the plateaus and deserts of Central Asia rather than to the mysterious Pacific which washed its shores. It was only when, partly by pressure from without and partly by human efforts to overcome disadvantageous geographical conditions, Mesopotamia and Egypt were placed in uninterrupted communication with the ocean, that they became Mediterranean States; for the Persian Gulf is essentially of this character. What intercourse these peoples had before this was carried on almost solely by land. This isolated condition may be said to have ended about 800 B.C. By that time the Phœnicians had begun what may be regarded as the Mediterranean period of history—using the term in its widest sense, as applying not only to the land-locked sea between Europe and Africa, and its offshoots which debouch into the Euxine, but also to the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea on the one hand, and the essentially inland North Sea and Baltic on the other. This Mediterranean period lasted for over 2000 years, and developed as much cosmopolitanism as was possible within its essentially narrow geographical limits. This period came to an abrupt termination 400 years ago by the discovery of the other half of the globe, and the initiation of what may be regarded as the Atlantic or Oceanic period, during which Europe has been spreading itself out in all directions; the isolation of nations has been broken down, geographical barriers to cosmopolitan intercourse have been or are being swept away, and sanguine philanthropists are hoping that the “federation of the world” is approaching.

All who have read Buckle’s “History of Civilization” will remember the brilliant use which he makes, in the famous second chapter of the first volume, of geographical conditions as determining political and industrial development. Egypt is one of the examples which he there works out in detail, the greatness as well as the despotism of which he shows were due entirely to its peculiar geographical conditions.

And if, like Buckle and Green, we include in history not merely the growth of States and of their political institutions, but also their industrial, social, and intellectual development, then the paramount influence of geography becomes unmistakable. Buckle brings this out with his usual brilliance, not only in the case of Egypt, but also of India, Central America, and Peru; and Green, both in his *Histories* and in his "Short Geography of the British Islands," endeavours, with much success, to show how the growth of our industries and the situation of our great cities have been largely determined by conditions which are essentially geographical. Comte was not likely to overlook the intimate relations which subsist between geography and history in its widest sense. "It would be impossible," he wrote, "to conceive of any adequate history of humanity apart from the real history of the terrestrial globe, the inevitable theatre of progressive human activity, and the various conditions of which must certainly have exercised an important influence on the production of the various phases of human history, from the period when the physical and chemical conditions of our planet were such as to permit the continuous existence of humanity."

It will thus be seen that the important results to be derived from the application of geography to history have been in a general way recognized even in this country. But the application has hitherto been altogether qualitative and not quantitative, and mainly because the subject has been approached from the historical and not the geographical standpoint. In Germany, where a voluminous literature is growing up as the fruit of the precise and detailed cultivation of the geographical field, some of the results attained, in their bearings on humanity, have been correspondingly precise, quantitative, and tangible. Not only are these results likely to prove of service to the historical student, but their bearings on industry, on commerce, on colonization, are of the most intimate character. Commercial geography, in Germany for example, is something that the merchant and the merchant's clerk can take with him into his office and apply to his every-day transactions, and not the useless thing which goes under that name in our own "commercial academies." Then the vast importance of the subject with reference to the recent colonial enterprise of Germany has been recognized by the publication of a multitude of books on what may be regarded as the economical geography of the various regions which have been brought within the German "sphere of influence." England's geographical connections—political, colonial, commercial, missionary—are world-wide, and her politicians, her merchants and manufacturers, and all who are interested in the development of her colonies, could not but profit by a complete and precise knowledge of those conditions upon which the success of their operations so largely depends.

Geography, as I have stated, may be defined as the science of the topographical distribution of the great features of the earth's surface, and of all that it sustains—mineral, vegetable, and animal, including man himself. If we bear in mind that, as geographers, it is distribution and not constitution, groups and not individuals, we have to do with, we shall be able to limit our field within reasonable compass. This one feature of distribution will be found to be applicable to every section of our wide subject; for of course it includes causes as well as facts, relations as well as positions. It will guide us in dealing with the purely scientific aspect of our subject, with what is included under physical geography. What is political geography but the department which deals with the distribution of men into communities or states? While commercial geography—the “science of distances,” as a German writer calls it—has to do with the distribution (in a double sense) of the economical products of the earth's surface. With man as the centre of its field, taking upon itself the task of investigating the interaction between humanity and its geographical environment, surely the subject ought to yield many practical results.

As the term “interaction” implies, man is in a different position with reference to his environment from any other creature on the earth's surface. The lower animals can do so very little to modify their environment, that it amounts to practically *nil*. Man in his savage state is in this respect on a par with his humbler fellow-creatures. He must either adapt himself to his geographical conditions, or succumb to them. Buckle brings this out strikingly in his second chapter with reference to South America. Contrasting the condition of Brazil before the European intrusion with that of Peru and other civilized States, he maintains that the primeval forests of Brazil were on such a gigantic scale, their trees so towering, so close-set, so matted with creepers, and so imbedded in bush, that the poor savages who peopled the country were overwhelmed with hopelessness. Though Buckle exaggerated the extent to which Brazil is covered with forests, there is no doubt much truth in his contention. But it seems to me there were other causes at work here, apart from the gigantic scale of Nature, to account for the savage stagnation of most of South America. In the geographical conditions there was a lack of stimulus to united action for the development of the country, or the stimulus was not strong enough to act effectively on the low state of intelligence of the natives. Why was it that those wonderful civilizations were developed on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Hoangho, while the exuberant basins of the Amazon and the Congo remained stagnant in the hands of savages? This is doubtless partly to be accounted for by the fact that the people into whose hands the one set of rivers fell were of a very different type from those whose petty tribes lived in a state of constant war with each other on the

banks of the Congo and the Amazon. But the results are also to be in part accounted for by the fact that on both these rivers food was so abundant that one of the most powerful stimuli to united action, especially in an enervating tropical region, was wanting; and no country can ever be developed except to a very limited extent by isolated action.

What can be effected by the introduction of a different type of people into an environment that either overwhelmed its primitive population, or from which they were able to glean but a scanty sustenance, may be seen in any part of the globe. As civilization advances, indeed as one condition of its advance, man has been more and more able to overcome the natural effects of his geographical environment, though of course there are limits to this, and it ought to be the business of geography to discover what these limits are. Thus, for example, distances form one of the elementary factors with which we have to deal in studying the surface of the earth, and the enormous contraction of distances accomplished by the application of steam to locomotion, and the discovery of the electric telegraph, has been a potent aid to man in modifying some of the geographical conditions to which he has to adapt himself. The piercing of an obstructive isthmus may effect a radical change in the geographical conditions which influence commerce. The construction of the Suez Canal has restored to the Mediterranean that commercial activity which was diverted by the discovery of the Cape route. By disafforesting here and planting there, we have been able appreciably to modify rainfall, and thereby climate. Insanitary regions, fatal to the European constitution, have been sweetened and rendered wholesome by transplanting the Eucalyptus from Australia. Arid deserts have been rendered fruitful by judicious irrigation and storage. Railways and steamers, by bringing sanatoria within a few hours' distance, and home itself within reach of a short holiday, have rendered it possible for Europeans to live and work in the tropics. Such are some of the directions in which inventive humanity has been able to modify its geographical conditions, and render them more easily adaptable to his requirements.

And this suggests the important services which geography may render when applied to Colonial enterprise. In their eagerness to divide the world up into colonies, and protectorates, and "spheres of influence," European nations have lost their heads during the last five years. They have been grabbing blindly at whatever lands remain unannexed; apparently regardless of their adaptability, and as if anxious only to add as many square miles as possible to the statistics of their foreign possessions. Germany, for example, has acquired in Africa about a million square miles, half of it a hopeless desert; and France has been trying to conjure into instantaneous existence a rival to our Indian Empire, in a region where the geographical con-



ditions are totally different, and forgetful of the fact that British India has been the slow growth of two centuries. \*

But what are some of the geographical problems to be solved in connection with colonization? If we bear in mind that colonies are of at least two distinct kinds, and that the key-word of geography is Distribution, it will help us to answer the question. There are, first, what the French call Colonies of Exploitation—in other words, Plantations; and, secondly, Colonies of Settlement, or those adapted to receive a new population from the mother-country and elsewhere. The former, as M. Leroy Beaulieu points out, are adapted to a wealthy country, with no surplus population, while the latter demand a constant excess of population, as well indeed as a certain amount of capital. Nearly all the foreign possessions of France and those of Holland are of the former type, while those of England embrace colonies of both types. The first question to answer, then, with reference to any colony is, to which of these two types does it belong? And this, it should be remembered, is not always a question of latitude, though as a rule it is; for in Brazil we find well within the tropics colonies of Germans and Swiss, who work and flourish as if in their native land. But then it should be remembered that the altitude of the Brazilian table-land counteracts the natural results of latitude. Such colonies would be impossible on the low-lying coast. We have been told by enthusiasts that even in the plateau-land of tropical Africa there is no reason why Europeans should not work and retain their health; others again, of a more scientific turn of mind, tell us that European labour in tropical Africa is impossible. At all events, if such adaptable table-lands exist, they have not been tested. Even if they were proved suitable to the European constitution, the geographer would have to tell us whether they could be turned to any account, whether they were within the region of abundant or the region of scanty rainfall; still more, if anything could be produced therein which would be wanted by the outside world, and, if so, whether there are means of taking it to where it was required, without weighting it, beyond possibility of profit, with expenses of conveyance. As a rule, tropical colonies can only be colonies of exploitation, or plantations; and the question which geography should help to solve is, under what conditions can they be turned to account, or exploited, by the country to which they are annexed? Here, again, it is largely a question of distribution. What are the great physical features of the colony and their distribution, and how do they help or hinder its exploitation? What is the nature of the climate? What is the distribution of temperature and rainfall in space (i.e., with reference to the various physical features) and in time? What native products are there, and how are they distributed, especially with reference to accessibility and communications, and can they be worked and brought to market at a rate that will

place them in favourable competition with similar products from other parts of the world? What is the distribution and character of the soil, and for what exotic products is it adapted? This last is an all-important question, for the mere collection of the natural vegetable and animal products of a tropical region will only develop a colony within very narrow limits. Then comes the subject of population and its distribution. For a colony of the plantation kind this is a critical question, for it involves at once that of labour, without which, in abundance, the colony is a barren possession. If the natives cannot be induced to give themselves voluntarily to systematic labour, there are evidently only two courses open if the colony is to be carried on at all—they must either be compelled to work, or labour must be imported from the outside. Germany seems inclined to solve this ever-recurring difficulty, so far as her East African possessions are concerned, after the former fashion; in Mauritius and others of our colonies we have adopted the latter alternative. Either course is attended with danger and difficulties, and too often involves what is simply a form of slavery.

But in order that a plantation-colony may be worked effectively, white supervision is absolutely necessary; and here again we are faced with another question of distribution—the distribution of men adapted to the conditions of Europe, over a region in which the conditions are entirely different. It is well to repeat that it is not the business of geography to deal with individuals, but with groups; it is the function of the physiologist to investigate the action of climate on the individual constitution, just as we look to the meteorologist to provide us with the data from which we may draw conclusions as to climate. The geographer has to do with results in both cases; given certain conditions of topography and certain types of men, what is the ratio of adaptability of the one to the other?

Such are some of the directions in which geography may yield valuable help when applied to colonies of the plantation class; and the field thus covered embraces to some extent colonies of settlement, colonies of the type of Australia, the Cape, and Canada. Here the problem of adaptability must be worked out on a much larger scale; it is no mere question of the temporary residence of a few directing Europeans, but the wholesale transference of a people from one set of geographical conditions to another. Evidently the first thing to do is to discover in the minutest detail what are these geographical conditions, how far they can at once be turned to service by a new population, and how far they must be modified in order that the colony may be carried to its maximum development. What, for example, is the distribution of rainfall and of surface water (rivers, lakes, &c.) over such a continent as Australia? Before inducing farmers to migrate to any particular district, it would be only fair to let them know how

far that district is adaptable to their conditions. Is the soil suited for agricultural operations, and, if so, is there a certainty of the minimum supply of rainfall necessary to render such operations successful? If not, is irrigation possible? If all these conditions are favourable, what about communications, and what about sanitary conditions? All this implies a very thorough and detailed and long-continued geographical study of a colony, and much more minute and ample information than is generally furnished by emigration agents. We are told by an eminent statistician that in the year 2000 Australia, at the present rate of increase, will have a population of about 190 millions. True, Australia is not much smaller than Europe, but does what we know of its geographical conditions render such an increase desirable even if it is probable? Europe, with the most favourable conditions of soil and climate and highly developed industries, has only a population of 350 millions, while nearly one-half of Australia is desert. From neglect or ignorance of known geographical conditions, or from taking no steps to counteract them, the most serious disasters to crops and flocks are of constant occurrence in Australia. It is therefore the most short-sighted policy imaginable in a young colony to neglect the survey of its territories; public money cannot be better spent than in the maintenance of an efficient survey service, and a carefully selected network of meteorological stations. For evidently the first requisite to the development of any country is a complete knowledge of its resources, and the essential groundwork of such knowledge is mainly geographical in its character. One of the best examples of the utility of efficient survey and meteorological services is to be found in British India, the immense development of the agriculture of which is mainly due to the application of the knowledge thus acquired; while the conditions that lead to famines are now so well known that they can be to a large extent met and their lamentable consequences avoided. An equally thorough and precise knowledge of the geographical conditions, in their widest sense, of all our colonies would prevent many serious mistakes—mistakes as to the type of people for whom they are adapted, as to the kinds of culture for which they are suited, as to the imposition of tariffs, the fostering of particular industries, and the limits within which outside commercial enterprise is possible. It is information of this character which the Imperial Institute will be expected to supply; not the vague and partial statements to be found in official pamphlets for emigrants, but data as precise, detailed, and exhaustive about every section of every one of our colonies as a mathematician would expect to be furnished with were he asked to work out a mathematical problem. A little more knowledge of geography on the part of public men and journalists would have prevented much of the foolish talk and foolish writing recently indulged in over the annexations of France and Germany; for then they would

have known that scarcely anything that has been annexed was worth having, so far as we are concerned, either from a colonial, commercial, or strategical point of view. Indeed, a broad consideration of the requirements of the British Empire from any of these standpoints shows, in my estimation, that except at one or two points we may well be content with what we have, and let the rest of Europe scramble for the remainder.

Commerce has become cosmopolitan; it has ceased to be the monopoly of any one nation, and it carries its operations into every corner of the globe. Every nation and every merchant feels the intensity of the competition, and we are all convinced at last that, while swiftness and strength are important, they are of little avail without knowledge; superior knowledge, in the end, must win the race. The Germans, we are assured, are running us hard in all the markets of the world, and that mainly because their manufacturers and their commercial men are better informed, and know better how to adapt themselves to geographical conditions than we do. The young Germans who come to England and take the City by storm have all had a thorough training in one of the admirable commercial schools on the Continent—schools to which we have nothing corresponding in this country. In the curriculum of these institutions commercial geography occupies a place of the first importance; not the barren thing that passes under that name in this country, but embracing a field that touches the practical business of commerce at every point.

The history of commerce is inseparable from the history of civilization, and as that history to a large extent deals with the opening up of the world by new trade-routes and the development of the products of the earth's surface, it is mainly geographical; and no one desirous of having a thorough comprehension of the conditions and course of commerce at the present day can afford to neglect its historical aspects. A knowledge of the causes that have led to the growth and decay of commerce in particular regions in the past, of the influences that have been at work in the opening up of new trade-routes and the abandonment of old ones, of the effects of facilities and hindrances of all kinds to free distribution, cannot but be of service in endeavouring to forecast the future. Commerce is essentially the exchange of the surplus economical products of the various regions of the globe. Commercial geography, therefore, implies a knowledge of these regions, and of the various local conditions under which the commodities are produced; as also of the places to which it would be most profitable to transfer them, and of their local conditions; and lastly, of all the circumstances that help and hinder such transference. How frequently, of late, have we had complaints from our consuls of the serious blunders made by British exporters through their ignorance of local conditions, ignorance of the best trade-routes, ignorance of the

wants of particular localities, ignorance of the people whom they desire to have for customers ; and that in countries both civilized and barbarous. Germans and Americans, for example, both in China and in Africa, compel the British trader to give way, simply because they are better acquainted with local conditions, and know how to adapt themselves thereto.

The basis of commercial geography, like the basis of every other application of the subject, must be a thorough knowledge of physical conditions, of the distribution of products of all kinds, and of the various types of humanity of which these conditions form the environment. The more minute and thorough this knowledge is in the case of each country and each region, the better able will the student be to apply his knowledge to practical uses. For this purpose everything that can throw light on local conditions ought to be introduced, as is done in the Vienna commercial school, where, for example, illustrated local journals from all parts of the world are largely made use of. All the great lines of communication, past and present, should be studied in all their aspects and practical bearings ; and if a commercial student is likely in the future to have to deal mainly with some particular region or country, the relation of its internal communications to its sources of supply and its markets ought to be mastered in detail. Postal communications, telegraphs, tariffs, are essentially geographical from the standpoint of distribution, as facilitating or hindering transference, and must be attended to ; as are also commercial and industrial associations and trade leagues. Even the religion, superstitions, and prejudices of people may be of serious account in trade transactions, and therefore deserve attention. True, some of these matters may be dealt with from other standpoints, and are so dealt with in efficient commercial schools, but they all come more or less within the sphere of applied geography, of topographical distribution, and that ought to be the starting-point in dealing with them. In fact, geography in its most comprehensive sense ought to be the basis of mercantile technical education ; it will be a guide in dealing not only with Central Africa, with South America, and with New Guinea, but also in one or other of its branches with the oldest States of Europe and the most isolated countries of Asia.

As a sequel to the study of commercial geography from the purely geographical standpoint, the geography of each product ought to be worked out from its origin to its destination. Our cottons, and woollens, and iron manufactures ought to be followed from the factory to their possible markets, through all obstacles to their diffusion. In like manner the various raw materials which we import should be taken up in their native habitat and traced throughout their career until landed at their destinations. This would involve an investigation of the conditions under which the commodities are produced, of all local circum-

stances connected with country and people affecting quality, quantity, cost, and facility of transmission ; of the means by which they are conveyed to the port of export ; of tariffs, and other expenses to be there levied ; ocean and other routes to the importing country ; any hindrances in the way of tariffs, &c., to be met with there ; and internal routes to the final destination. Some ports, from their geographical position, might be much more convenient and less expensive than others. Thus, Havre as compared with Antwerp has so many disadvantages, owing to its geographical position, for French commerce, that steps are being taken for the construction of a new commercial port to take its place.

Take wheat as a specimen of a commercial product. We find it produced in exportable quantities in Russia, North America, Australia, and India—four regions differing markedly in geographical character. To start with, what are the conditions of soil and climate and culture most favourable to the maximum product per acre of the best kinds of wheat, and how far does each of the four regions comply with these conditions ? What are the various local hindrances and facilities to the production of wheat in the four regions ? At what seasons are the crops available for export ? What are the quantities obtainable, according to trustworthy averages, and what is the price on the spot ? Then would come the subject of communication to the port of shipment and the expenses attendant thereon, the various ocean routes and lines of vessels available ; risks from transshipment and from other causes connected with transit ; tariff and other dues at destination ; and the internal facilities or hindrances for conveyance to the market. So with tea, with rubber, with copper, with timber, and other products. Distribution is, again, the key-word here as elsewhere ; and commercial geography might be made conducive not only to commerce in its ordinary sense, but to other enterprises and transactions dependent to any extent on local conditions and topographical distribution.

Such are a few of the directions in which geographical knowledge may be applied with practical results. Of course this may be done on the most advanced scale ; it may be for the discovery of a scientific frontier ; for the organization of an extensive line of defence ; for the exploitation of a colony ; for the industrial development of a continent ; or it may be reduced to the elementary dimensions required for a middle-class school. But in whatever direction geographical knowledge may be applied, the application must be based on the subject as a department of science dealing with the physical features of the earth's surface as the topographical environment of humanity.

## IMPRESSIONS OF PETERSBURG.

THE first impression which the stranger derives from Petersburg, as he is driven from the railway station to his hotel, is that of the roughness of the streets. There are many varieties of pavement in London, from primitive macadam to the noiseless asphalté; but there is nothing to approach the horror of the Petersburg pavement, which is composed entirely of small round boulder stones, more or less irregularly embedded into the surface of the street. Rattle, rattle, with the noise of a coffee-mill—bump, bump, bump, as if driving over corduroy road—you remember Coleridge's imprecation on Cologne's pavement "fanged with murderous stones," and marvel, as your head aches with the noise and the shaking, how it is the vehicles do not "batter themselves to flinders." In Belfast the side-walks are paved with smaller samples of these petrified kidneys, which, prized up with the poker, form a convenient store of missiles for the Orangemen when the riot season sets in, and the Catholic procession is sighted in the distance. But not even in Belfast do they doom horses to scramble over such a roadway.

In Petersburg—and in Moscow it is the same, only worse—this boulder-stone pavement is almost universal. It is the only material that stands the frost and is not ruinously dear. There is wood pavement, that is renewed every year, in the Nevski Prospect, and here and there are patches of the same material, with a few yards of asphalté, and in one place, on the Quai, even iron plates, but the normal roadway is a mosaic of stones, which, owing to the lack of any solid foundation in the subsoil, are continually sinking into hollows, with the results in contingent jolts more lively than agreeable. When Peter founded the city, there were so few stones to be had that no ship was allowed to unload in the port, no cart to enter the

city, which did not bring a certain number of stones to be used in paving the streets. There is no need for such a law to-day. All Petersburg is paved with stones: that is the first salient feature that is bumped, and jolted, and driven into the new arrival. Moral: Never drive in a closed vehicle in Petersburg unless it has india-rubber tyres, avoid hotel 'buses like the plague, and, if you want to escape jolting, use the trams.

You do not feel the bumping so much on the droschkies, which are as distinctive a feature of the streets of Petersburg as the hansom cab in London or the gondola in Venice. All the main streets are alive with droschkies. Their horses are, as a rule, small; but they go fairly well, and they are surprisingly cheap. You seldom pay more than 3*d.* or 4*d.* for a ride under a mile. Fares are always settled by bargain. Absolute free trade prevails in this despotic land. There is no tariff. Fares are fixed by the higgling of the market, so beloved by the political economist, and a lively higgling it is, especially when you do not know a word of Russian, and the *isvostchik* is equally innocent of any language but his own. I never found any difficulty. You make a signal, and down swoop upon you all the *isvostchiks* within sight, each eager for your custom. Holding up the coin of the realm which you are willing to give for the ride, you mention your destination. A chorus of protests bursts out, which presumably throw scorn upon your offer, but to you it is as the chattering of crows. You then walk off, followed by one or more *isvostchiks*, to whom you renew your offer. Seeing you are obdurate, one of them will cry "*pojalooyté*," you jump in, and the bargain is complete. The driver sits on a perch in front of you; you sit behind, on a seat which will hold two. As there is no rest for the back, the lady is supported by the arm of her fellow-traveller, a custom which has a very pretty effect, and is apparently very popular. The droschky is low, the front wheels very small, and the traces are fixed to their axles. The splash-board is broad. There is no hood or covering of any kind except a leathern apron. The high wooden duga which takes the place of the collar is often elaborately painted. To this the shafts are fixed. The rest of the harness is light. The horses are all driven from the cheek with the ordinary bit, by reins which the driver holds in both hands. Many a hair's-breadth escape from a collision have I seen, as rival *isvostchiks* swept round corners and shot across the main stream of traffic, but during the six weeks I was in Petersburg I never saw an accident, and only once saw a horse down. What strikes an Englishman most is the almost complete absence of whips. The *isvostchik* sometimes has a little whip, with a handle only a foot long, upon which he sits, and which he produces on occasion; but the ordinary persuader of sluggish horses is a small lash tied on to the end of the reins, with which the driver scourges the rear of his steed. But alike in the carriages



of the rich and in the humble droschky, there is a signal absence of the whip, without which no English Jehu would venture into the streets of London. In Petersburg, if by chance you saw a pair of horses tormented by bearing reins, driven with a savage bit, and goaded with a carriage whip, you might be sure they belonged to an Englishman, or to some one who aspired to do things English fashion. The *isvostchik* is dressed in a long blue gown, not unlike the colour and shape of the familiar bathing gown, save that it is fastened round the waist by a girdle, often of curious coloured pattern. His blue gown and high black hat are among the most familiar objects in the streets of Petersburg. He lives on his droschky. Nature, which has provided feathered fowl with convenient sinews, so that the sounder they sleep the tighter their claws grip their perch, seems to have been equally bountiful to the *isvostchik*. He sleeps on his seat as securely as a hen on her perch, and even if the horse moves he never falls off. How he does it is a mystery, which a comparative anatomist would have to dissect an *isvostchik* in order to clear up.

You have not been many minutes in Russia before you discover that the ordinary European notion that nearly every one—at least in Petersburg—speaks some other language than Russian is a gross delusion. In society Russians are polyglot, no doubt. At a dinner-table it revives pleasant reminiscences of the Tower of Babel to hear Russian, French, German, and English all going at the same time. But, outside of society, in the streets, Russian is the only language. Of all the *isvostchiks* of Petersburg they say there is one who can speak French. He is a kind of white blackbird, and when he dies there will be a paragraph in the papers. I never met one who understood German. As for English, it is an unknown tongue. The all-sufficingness of Russian is rather a damper to the Westerner. After all that we have been told about Petersburg not being Russian, but cosmopolitan, it is somewhat disappointing to discover that there are not more shops, even in the Nevski Prospect, where it is thought worth while to employ anything but the Cyrillian characters on the signboards than there are shopkeepers in Regent Street who speak French or German. In Holland and in Belgium the names of the railway stations are given in three or four different languages. In Berlin and in Paris there is more consideration shown for the foreigners than in Petersburg. The Russian thinks that in Russia Russian suffices as a means of communication. Fortunately in his shop-fronts he mercifully interprets his Cyrillian characters by that original volapuk of the world's infancy, the picture. The use of signs, once universal in England in an age when few save the priests could read or write, is now confined with us almost exclusively to the public-house. In Russia, the number of literates being still small in proportion to the population, the tradesman has recourse, not to signs, but to the simple

and obvious expedient of painting upon the outside walls of his establishment more or less vivid pictures of all the articles which he has on sale. The butcher's front is covered with frescoes of legs of mutton and sirloins of beef. The greengrocer glows resplendent behind a wall full of painted cabbages, carrots, and turnips. Tempting pictures of the warmest of fur overcoats proclaim the dealer in winter wraps. Some of these mural advertisements are wretched daubs, as bad as our signboards. But others are very fairly executed, and, considering the difficulty of the subject and the stucco on which the artist has to work, the result is not unsatisfactory. The effect of the whole is to give much more variety and colour to the streets of Petersburg than we can boast in Western capitals. Whether this universal patronage of all fresco art will tend to develop a native school of Russian painters may be doubted; but in two other directions Russian custom creates a demand for pictures to which in England we have nothing analogous. These are the painting of icons, the holy pictures of the dead, and the painting of portraits of the Emperor, the sovereign and lord of the living. Like children, the Russians need their picture symbol at every turn. The portrait of the Emperor is displayed in every public office, even in gaols and police stations, as the outward and visible sign of the invisible but omnipresent autocracy. In all the Ministries, in addition to the figure of the Emperor, the Minister sits surrounded by portraits of all his predecessors. M. de Giers' spacious office is a picture gallery of the Foreign Ministers of Russia, and in the ante-chamber of M. Wischnegradsky are a score of Chancellors of the Exchequer, some of whom seem to have been among the ugliest of the human race. In the police stations, besides the portrait of the Emperor, there is that of the prefect of police. Imagine Sir Charles Warren's portrait in all the police stations in London! It is to be feared that such a custom with us would tend to throw all the artists into the ranks of the Opposition.

It is not only in the gaily painted shop-fronts that Petersburg displays more colour in its streets than London. I arrived on Easter Eve. Next day the whole city was ablaze with bunting in all its leading thoroughfares. The national colours, white, blue, and red, were displayed over every shop. Flags were hoisted everywhere. All down the Nevski you can see the sockets for the flag poles. The balconies were draped in scarlet. Ingenious imitations of ermine edging to scarlet decorations met you at every turn. Venetian masts swathed in red and white carried the line of colour down the street. Even the tramcars bore flags. This profuse display of decoration was not peculiar to Easter Week. Every fête day was marked by the recrudescence of flags and drapery. The Emperor's name day, the anniversary of a great victory, Ascension Day, almost any notable anniversary was sufficient to bring out

the flags. I certainly saw more display of bunting in Petersburg in six weeks than I have seen in London in six years—of course, excepting the year of Jubilee. The decoration of tramcars struck me as quite a brilliant idea. It was more effective, however, in Petersburg than it would be here, owing to the odd custom which prevails in the Nevski Prospect of starting three trams, each with its couple of horses, as a kind of train, with only a few yards interval between them. The effect of the gaily bannered cars gliding down the long avenue of masts and flags was very pretty.

Petersburg is the capital of a great military empire, but nowhere have I seen less of the pride, pomp, and circumstance that are supposed to be inseparable from States that are organized for war. There were plenty of soldiers strolling about, but their uniform was nothing like so conspicuous as the scarlet of our linesmen, and they had nothing of the swagger of the Germans. There were no Russian counterparts to the gorgeous creatures who keep eternal watch over the spot where Charles Stuart's head fell beneath the headsman's stroke. The Russian soldier, so far as could be seen in the capital, seemed meant for work and not for show. The sentries on guard at the palaces, with their long greatcoats, hardly looked as formidable as our policemen. When you drive down the Nevski with a general there is a great deal of saluting, which keeps your general's hand in a state of perpetual motion, but that is the most conspicuous evidence of militarism that strikes the eye. The officers, with their flat caps, their long grey overcoats, and their eternal spurs—imagine the nuisance of having to wear spurs from morning to night when going the rounds of the prison of which you are governor—were plentiful as blackberries, but whether they are civilian or military generals the uninstructed stranger cannot say. Certainly some civilian officials wear a much more imposing uniform than full-blown lieutenant-generals. There is a sobriety and business-like quiet about the Russian army that is very welcome after the sabre-clashing which affronts you at every town in Germany. The liveries of Russian servants are also less gorgeous and varied than ours. Ambassadors, it is true, have a somewhat imposing turn out, but the eccentricities of liveries, so familiar in the London season, are unknown at Petersburg. The only exception is the bright scarlet livery of the Imperial household. On high days and holidays the liveried servants of the Imperial family turn out in great style, with cocked hat and long scarlet dress with yellow facings, embroidered with the Russian Eagle. There was a great display during Easter Week, when the Empress sent her carriages to take the girls who are educated at the Smolni Institute—perhaps the most magnificent girls' school in the world—to see the fête in the Champs de Mars. As the long procession of Imperial carriages, with their scarlet liveries, drove through the merry holiday-makers, it made a

very pretty sight. Some day, possibly, when we have made a little further progress on the road to democracy, our Queen may send the Royal carriages to take a girls' school to a Bank holiday picnic. In Russia this visit of the girls to the Champ de Mars in the Imperial carriages is an annual custom from of old time, and a very worthy custom it is, which is not likely to fall into desuetude.

Whatever colour there is in Petersburg has the advantage of a clear atmosphere. Nothing but wood is burned in the stoves, and the air is as free from smoke as that of Paris; the houses are clean; there is none of the grime and dirt of London. The streets, also, notwithstanding the execrable pavement, are wonderfully well swept. Every householder is bound to keep the street clean before his own front, and does it to a marvel. From a sanitary point of view Petersburg is anything but an ideal city. But for street sweeping it takes the prize. The colours of the houses differ greatly. Some are white; others, including many of the palaces, a curious shade of yellow; very few are red; the majority are of the ordinary stucco grey. It is in the roof that the colour comes in. In place of the red pan-tiles of Holland and the slate of London, Petersburg covers its roofs with iron, which it paints red, green, chocolate, as the case may be. The effect is good. In winter all this diversity of colour is lost beneath the universal pall of snow. But the last snow-wreaths were melting when I arrived in May, and I had the full advantage of the parti-coloured expanse of the roofs of the city. From the roofs the rain is conducted to the pavement by spouts of the most extraordinary dimensions. You could easily drop a baby down most of them, so immense is their capacity. There is no system of main drainage, and the water from the roofs is conducted by these down-comers to the footpaths. It never rained all the time I was in town, so I missed the experience. But in a heavy downpour of rain the torrents from the spouts must make the side-walks impassable.

One of the most extraordinary things about Petersburg is the unevenness of these side-walks. It must surely be accounted for by a reaction against the prevailing flatness of Russia. Even in leading thoroughfares, the side-walks, instead of being made, as with us, as level as possible, abound in the most treacherous ups and downs. How drunken men survive a walk through the streets is to me an unsolved mystery. In Middlesbro' it used to be profanely said that the Quakers, who laid out the town, purposely elevated the side-walk a couple of feet above the roadway in some of the streets in order to break the necks of drunkards. Possibly a similar benevolent motive prompted the construction of the trottoirs of the Russian capital. People get used to anything, and after a week in the city you become so accustomed to the sudden shiftings of gradient as hardly to notice their existence. In the same way you become accustomed to the

dvornik, who sits dozing outside the door of every public building or tenemented house. At first nothing seems more monstrous than the presence of this sheepskin-clad mortal at the door of your hôtel, motionless and somnolent all through the night; but after a while you cease to notice him. He is supposed to be a substitute for police; and, as he survives the winter, he may be supposed not to feel the frosty nights of a Russian spring. The weather was extremely capricious during the early part of May. A bright warm sun in the morning might be followed by piercing winds, with sleet and snow in the afternoon. It was never safe to stir abroad without an overcoat. Natives admonished me solemnly, as if I had been manifestly bent on suicide, because I left mine at home whenever the sun shone. Every one wore a topcoat in Petersburg till well into June. The ice in Lake Ladoga, I was told, was the great refrigerator of Petersburg. It was not till past Midsummer that summer could be said to have set in on the Neva. Never in any city have I seen so many men and women with faces swollen as if from toothache, as in Petersburg.

As compared with London the streets are silent. A few newspaper men silently offer their journals at the corners of the principal streets, but they do not cry their wares. Neither are there any of the placards which abound with us. There are few omnibuses, and the conductors of the tramcars, which are numerous and cheap, do not appeal for custom English fashion. On the other hand, Petersburg has the advantage of us in her pigeons. We have pigeons in Palace yard and in one or two places in the City. In Petersburg they are everywhere; but even in Petersburg they are less numerous than at Moscow. The dove to the Russian is something like the sacred bull to the Hindoo. It is a sacred bird, the emblem of the Holy Ghost. So sacred is it that, they say, the Holy Synod forbade the sale of some French pens, the trade mark of which was the sacred pigeon. Hence the pretty doves fly about everywhere unmolested, save by predatory cats, whose instincts even the censures of the Church fail to repress. They say that of late a pigeon shooting club has been established in the outskirts of Petersburg. The repression of that barbarity is better worth the care of the Russian Government than the persecution of inoffensive Evangelicals.

One of the most impressive sights in the streets of Petersburg, crowded as they are with busy life, is the funeral procession. The horses, draped in black palls which sweep the ground, look ghastlier even than those of our baleful hearse; the coffin, covered with flowers, is preceded by attendants bearing lanterns and priests habited in their vestments, and followed by mourners pacing bareheaded behind the bier. As the procession passes, all uncover and make the sign of the cross. I saw the funeral of the Countess of Thiesenhausen, a *grande dame* of the Court, behind whose bier Grand Dukes walked

bareheaded in the sleet down the Nevski Prospect. There was none of that fuss and commotion that would have characterized a similar funeral in London, if our Royal Highnesses were to walk bareheaded in a funeral procession down Regent Street. My *isvostchik* crossed himself devoutly, but never slackened the speed of his horse as he trotted past. I never saw so distinguished a *cortège* attract so little attention; the homage was paid not to the living, but to the dead.

'The Neva is the glory of Petersburg. It is the soul of the city, the cause of its being and the secret of its greatness. Every one knows that Petersburg stands on the Neva. But no one who has not lived in the city can imagine what the Neva is to Petersburg. Even the Russians themselves do scant justice to their magnificent river. It is the fashion among even the best Russians to pooch-pooch Petersburg, in order to exalt the glories of Moscow. Moscow, no doubt, is a very wonderful city: like no other city that exists in all the world—history, architecture, traditions all unique. No one who has ever stood beneath the shade of the Kremlin, or looked out from the terrace over the wide expanse of foliage-wreathed roofs and gilt bulbed spires, and reflected upon the tragic drama of which Moscow has been the stage throughout the centuries, can ever give Moscow a second place among Russian cities. But, although in everything else Petersburg yields the palm to the ancient capital, she can boast of one transcendent charm with which Moscow has nothing to compare. The Moskwa is but a rivulet compared with the vast volume of water that flows from Lake Ladoga down to the sea. What the Adriatic is to Venice, that the Neva is to Petersburg. The city is as if built on the river, and seems almost to float on the water.

One-third of Petersburg is built upon the islands which lie in the bed of the Neva, and which are united with the mainland by several bridges, opened for an hour or two in the early morning for the passage of ships. Ocean-going steamers can therefore steam through the heart of Petersburg, and the sight of these great ships, anchored opposite the palaces on the Quai de la Cour, is almost like that of the funnels of the steamers amid the foliage of the trees that line the canals at Rotterdam. That portion of Petersburg that stands on the mainland is intersected by three canals, running in irregular parallel semi-circles through the city. These canals—the Moyka, the St. Catherine, and the Fontanka—all cross the Nevski Prospect, and afford a means of trade communication into all parts of the town. Many of the most fashionable houses are built along the canals, and the view of the Fontanka from the bridge between the Anitchkoff Palace and that of the Grand Duke Serge is one of the most beautiful city scenes I have ever beheld. The bright blue of the crowded curving canal is so different from the polluted water of the Amsterdam canals. The picturesque and stately houses which border its banks,

the diversified contrasts in colour and in architecture of the buildings on both sides of the canal, make up a picture upon which every eye lingers long and lovingly. The spirited equestrian statues on the bridge contribute to the effect of the unique and beautiful scene. Along these canals smart little screw steamers ply all day, carrying passengers from point to point, driving through tunnels, under streets, dodging the great barges filled with firewood, and generally making their way about the city with celerity and expedition. They are in the hands of a Finnish company, and are much neater in their general appearance and also much smaller than the steamers on either the Seine or the Thames. In connection with the landing-stages of these steamers on the Neva there are established some of the pleasantest floating restaurants I have ever seen. On a hot summer-day, when the sun is blazing down upon the dusty streets, it is simply delightful to sit under the light awning that is stretched over the floating refreshment-room, to enjoy cooling drinks at your leisure, and listen to the rippling of the water at your feet.

One distinctive feature of the water-ways of Petersburg is the immense barge filled with firewood for the replenishing of the stoves of the capital. Wood is universally used as fuel, and it is brought down from the forest in these enormous and primitive structures, which you see moored by the side of every canal, or covering acres of the Neva as they lie side by side waiting orders. They are as different from the Dutch canal boat as a shanty is from a villa, although, to make the comparison complete, the shanty in this case should be three times the size of the villa. The slaves of the labouring oar spend much of their life on board their boat in summer-time; in winter, all navigation, of course, is suspended. Petersburg in winter is quite a different city from Petersburg in spring or summer. All her water-ways become thoroughfares; her bridges are removed as unnecessary, and the sleigh takes the place alike of the droschky and the steamer. Petersburg under snow is a sight I have still to see. If it is as beautiful as Petersburg in spring it must be lovely indeed.

Sunset and sunrise on the Neva are in themselves worth going to Russia to see. \* But the Neva is always beautiful when the sun shines. Whenever I was jaded and tired I used to stroll along its granite quays, and found unfailing stimulus in the immense vitality of its waters—fresh, bracing, and inspiring one with all the force of the sea and all the charm of a river. My favourite walk was from the Summer Garden to the Winter Palace. Opposite, on the other side of the river, rose the lofty and slender spire of the Fortress Church, upon whose golden gracefulness the sun glowed and glittered by day, and which at night shone wan, but bright, in the moonbeams. Around the base of the famous church, the burial-place of dead Tzars, frowned

the bastions of the prison, which, with its sombre memories, supplied a dark and tragic background to the scene. The green foliage of the trees, surrounding the humble cottage in which Peter lived while founding his capital, shone bright and fresh across the wide expanse of the sunlit Neva. An unceasing stream of carriages rolled across the bridges at one o'clock in the morning of the day I left Russia; the Troitsky Bridge was as noisy with traffic as it had been at the preceding noon. Further down across the Neva you saw the Exchange, flanked by the strange columns ornamented with the prows of ships. On this side was the luxurious Palace of the Tzars.

But dazzling as the Neva was in the splendour of the noonday, I think it fascinated me most in the strange weird light of the northern midnight. In June there is no real night in Petersburg. You can read a newspaper on the Nevski at eleven o'clock. The street lamps are never lit, but at twelve and at one you can make out the signs over the shops almost as distinctly as at midday. The sun sets in a blaze of glory, flooding the waters with the radiance of his beams, but the glow of his presence never leaves the northern sky. He disappears over the Little Neva that flows past the Exchange, but all along the horizon lingers a dull ruddy glow, beneath a sky of pale greeny blue, through which you catch at times the faint twinkle of a star. Behind this ruddy cloud on the horizon the sun creeps round from north-west to north-east, and about two or three the bright gleam of his disc, which had disappeared on your left, becomes visible on your right, and another day has begun. The fishers are busy casting their nets in the waters; a steam-tug paddles past, with barges in its wake. In the east the first rays of the sun shine red on the water, while in the west beneath the bridge the Neva is still a gleaming and glancing sheet of silver beneath the beams of the moon. In the centre, like a shaft of golden light, the Cathedral spire soars above into the calm serenity of a cloudless sky.

Petersburg is a city of palaces, of which the Winter Palace is the first, and it is probably the most magnificent in Europe. It is a huge block of warm-coloured stone building, standing, like most Russian palaces, in the street. The Palace Michel and the Palace of the Grand Duchess Helena stand in their own grounds; but the others, the Winter Palace and the Anitchkoff Palace, occupied by the Emperor, the Marble Palace, the Palace of the Grand Duke Michael, the Palace of the Grand Duke Serge, all front directly upon the street, without even a courtyard between them and the stream of traffic. The famous Hermitage, with its magnificent picture galleries, adjoins the Winter Palace. I never passed the massive vestibule, which is supported by ten colossal figures of polished grey granite, without recalling the petition which Victor Hugo placed in the mouth of one of the caryatides, doomed to support for ever a building upon her shoulders. These gigantic



\*figures, each twenty-two feet high, with their bowed heads and hands uplifted to support their burden, were an unpleasant symbol of the dumb uncomplaining race on whose shoulders rests the imposing fabric of the modern State. The Marble Palace, looked at from the outside, is a big grey ugly pile on the Neva, enviable for nothing but its situation. The gardens in front of the Palace of the Grand Duchess Helena give it a pleasanter appearance than that of any of the other palaces of Petersburg. The Palace Michel in the Fontanka, with its sombre memories of the murder of the Emperor Paul, has little about it to attract. Grand Duke Serge's Palace, with its red front, looks at first like a warehouse of brick, until you see the caryatides in the front. The Anitchkoff Palace, which the Emperor always occupies when in town, stands in the Nevski, a fact which is said to have led to the banishment from that great thoroughfare of the unfortunates whose presence is in no capital in Europe so conspicuous as in Regent Street and Piccadilly. A couple of sentries at the entrance gates are all the outward and visible signs that the palace is the abode of the Tzar.

Of the civic palaces, as distinguished from the Imperial palaces, the great library in the Alexander Square occupies the foremost place. It contains over a million printed books, and is very rich in MSS. Its reading-room is the best in Europe after that of the British Museum. The Town Hall is a spacious building, without a gallery, where the comparatively rare public meetings are held, and might be used with advantage much more than is the case at present. Of academics, museums, hospitals, and the like, I say nothing, beyond specially signaling the Smolni Institute, a kind of glorified high school for girls, at which four hundred students are being educated. The institution is unique in Europe, and I much regret that I had not time to pay it a visit.

After the palaces, the churches. Petersburg has three great cathedrals, of which the most magnificent is that of St. Isaac, whose gilded dome, standing high above the dim sky line of the city's roofs, is one of the most familiar landmarks of Petersburg. It is massive and magnificent; but, except when lighted up with innumerable tapers, as I saw it on Easter Eve, it is dark and heavy in the interior. It stands on a subterranean forest of piles, driven forty feet down beneath the surface, but not even this precaution has secured the immense weight of the cathedral from danger from the swampy soil on which the city stands. A cathedral that can count 112 granite monoliths sixty feet high, each weighing 128 tons, in its peristyles, should be founded on a rock. Unfortunately all the rock in Petersburg lies above the surface of the soil. The sinking and settling of such an enormous mass of masonry necessitate continual repairs. The Kazan Cathedral in the Nevski Prospect, with its arched colonnade in imitation of St. Peter's,

is chiefly interesting from its associations of war. It is flanked by statues of General Kutuzoff-Smolenskoi, who lies buried in the cathedral, on the spot where he knelt to pray before starting to oppose Napoleon's invasion in 1812, and of General Barclay de Tolly. Among the keys of fortresses captured by Russian armies, in a past which now seems almost as far away as the campaigns of the Visigoths, are those of Hamburg, Leipsic, Dresden, Rheims, Breda, and Utrecht. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in the fortress is the Westminster Abbey of Russia—so far at least as the tombs of monarchs are concerned. Russia has not yet begun to bury her heroes and her authors within the precincts which enshrine her imperial dead. The catastrophe which brought the last Tzar to the resting-place of the Romanoffs is being commemorated by the erection of a memorial church opposite the Kazan Cathedral on the Catherine Canal, at the place where the assassination took place. The building is still in progress, and will not be completed for two years. A somewhat ghastly detail is that the paving stones and soil on which Alexander II. fell bleeding are being carefully preserved, to be deposited under a baldachin, which, supported by four porphyry columns, will mark the precise spot of the assassination. This habit of commemorating crime is peculiar to Petersburg. There is a beautiful shrine at the entrance to the Summer Garden, erected in memory of the unsuccessful attempt of Karakozoff in 1866 to assassinate the late Emperor.

One of the first things that strikes the stranger in Petersburg, and still more in Moscow, is the constant crossing that goes on in the streets. Whenever a devout Russian passes a church, or a shrine, or a holy altar, he lifts his hat and crosses himself in the fashion of the Eastern Church. In Moscow the number of shrines is so great, and the sanctity of some of them so overpowering, that it must be difficult for the devout orthodox to get along the street. In Petersburg the number is much less, but it is still sufficient to keep your *isvostchik's* arms in tolerably active exercise. One thing puzzled me much. In Petersburg the women very seldom crossed themselves. For one woman who would make the sign of the cross in passing the shrine at the entrance to the Gostinnoi Dvor, it would be made by a dozen men. In Moscow the women were more careful to perform their devotions, but in Petersburg the males were much more devout to outward seeming than the women. Of the women who did obeisance to the holy places in Petersburg all were poor. I did not see one well-dressed lady cross herself in the streets all the time I was in Russia. Officers and gentlemen were not so particular as the *isvostchiks* and workmen, but it was no uncommon sight to see them making the sign of the cross. I travelled with General Ignatieff from Petersburg to Moscow. The moment the train started the General crossed himself twice, remarking that, although you should always pray, it was especially in-

cumbent upon you to do so when starting on a journey. The number of shrines in Russia where candles are burning before holy pictures is very great, and much greater importance is attached to the science of genuflexion than is easily credible to the non-Ritualistic Englishman. Sunday was much more generally observed as a holiday than I expected. The shops on the Grand Morskaya and the Nevski Prospect are almost all shut all Sunday. Petersburg is not Sabbatarian by any means; it is more a day of amusement and of visiting than of devotion; but there seemed to me to be a much more general cessation of labour on Sunday in Russia, than either in Germany or in France.

The railway stations, and especially the station for Moscow, are scenes of intense human interest. You usually go to catch a train in Russia half an hour too soon. If you are going any distance all your family and friends come to see you off. Every one is admitted to the platform, which, as a consequence, presents a crowded and interesting spectacle, the like of which I have seen in no other country. The restaurants at the stations are admirable. The restaurants in Petersburg are numerous, the hotels comfortable, and, thanks to the depreciation of the rouble, not too dear. In most of the Russian restaurants digestion is supposed to be facilitated by the strains of a gigantic musical box or mechanical organ which discourses loud-voiced music all the time dinner is going on. In the streets you do not see many policemen. The few whom you meet, as they are regulating traffic or on patrol, carry a revolver—unloaded—and a short sword. I inspected one of the police stations, which seemed clean and in good order. The chief defect was the lack of separate cells for prisoners, and the utter absence of anything for them to do or to read. The state of the streets from the point of view of solicitation is very good, but as this result is obtained by giving the police absolute power to carry off any and every woman whom they choose to suspect to the office of the *police des mœurs*, where she is compelled to submit to examination, the price is higher than most people would care to pay. There are over 2000 women on the register, and the system seems to be administered with as little brutality as is possible in a system of which periodical outrage is the chief corner-stone. There is a plentiful lack of benevolent and reformatory agencies for dealing with the unfortunates, and the tone of morals in the community still leaves very much to be desired.

Petersburg as a city is one of the most remarkable emanations from the brain and the will of a single man to be found in Europe. It is Peter's city. The famous equestrian statue of the great Tzar which stands opposite the Isaac Cathedral points to the capital which he summoned up from the swamp to be the seat of a gigantic empire. The city—as you see it, with its cathedrals, its palaces, its canals, its

hedges; its long lines of streets radiating from the Admiralty—is the embodied thought of the masterful sovereign, who, with all his savage vices, was assuredly the most marvellous personification of the Despot-Reformer Europe has ever seen. There was a sublime ruthlessness about him which reminds us at every step of the operation of the forces of Nature. What recked he how many of 40,000 serfs, whom he impressed every year to build his city, perished in the marsh? As little as the earthquake which engulphs a city, or the typhoon which desolates a province. He was an elemental force embodied in human form—and what a force! No one can properly appreciate the colossal energy of the man until he has had some acquaintance with the unconquerable inertia of the people whom Peter set himself to force into step with nations hundreds of years in advance of Muscovy. Even to this day, his countrymen have not quite made up their minds whether he was a fiend or an archangel, antichrist or a new *avatar*. But surely, in all history there are few more pathetically tragic spectacles than this tremendous battle with mud giants on the part of this modern Thor, a struggle constantly renewed by his unconquerable will, but constantly thwarted by that stupidity against which the gods themselves contend in vain.

I suppose Mr. Auberon Herbert would see in the story of Peter's heroic attempt to knout a nation into reform a telling object-lesson as to the fatuity of all efforts to force the pace of nature. But Peter himself, with his fiery energy and unconquerable will, was at least as fundamental a piece of nature as the sluggishness and superstition with which he waged so sore a war. It is true he failed in much, and many things have not turned out as he hoped. Even Petersburg is now admitted to occupy by no means the most desirable site on the Russian seaboard. The mortality among the levies whose labour built the city was great, but the number of those who perished by the unhealthiness of the site, year after year, even to this day, is still more appalling. The death-rate of Petersburg is nearly double that of London; and, even if all allowance is made for the difference of sanitary science, the mortality due to the site selected by Peter can hardly be less than ten per thousand per annum. As the population of the capital is 930,000, this is equivalent to an annual hecatomb of 9300 victims sacrificed to the manes of the Despot-Reformer.

Among the monuments of Petersburg, one of the most notable is that close to the British Embassy, which was erected to the memory of Suwarrow. As the guard pass every morning the base of the statue, they salute the heroic figure as if the old Field-Marshal were still alive and they were the same veterans who marched in his train across the Continent. They do well to honour the grim old warrior whose name survives, but the unknown warriors, not less valiant than he, whose bones, long bleached by Alpine snows and Italian suns, con-

stitute the real pedestal of his glory—they, too, should not be without their meed of honour. One of the most pathetic pictures in this year's Salon was that of a beautiful woman strewing flowers on the altar erected to the unknown heroes of anonymous valour and unrecorded worth. Peter's City, great and beautiful as it is, will remain while it stands a magnificent memorial of the energy and genius and the resolution of the man whose name it bears. But while recognizing that to the full, let us never forget the silent suffering, dogged endurance, and inexhaustible sacrifices of the myriads of forgotten dead, without whose loyal obedience and ceaseless labour Peter's dream could never have been translated into the solid reality of Peter's City.

W. T. STEAD.

## MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM'S TREATMENT OF IRISH STATISTICS.

SEVERAL months have now elapsed since the publication in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of a paper by Mr. George Wyndham on the statistics of some important sections of the Irish Land Question.\* So reckless is the inaccuracy which characterizes Mr. Wyndham's treatment of his subject, at all events as regards one of its chief branches—the amount of the reduction of rents effected under the Land Act of 1881—that it is not easy to understand how his assertions have been allowed for so many months to pass without criticism or challenge of any kind.

This immunity from criticism is all the more difficult to account for inasmuch as Mr. Wyndham's paper was written as a reply to a paper of Mr. Michael Davitt's, published in the preceding number of the REVIEW. To one who has so fully established for himself the right to speak with authority upon the Irish Land Question, it must have been an irritating trial to find even his most carefully worded statements dealt with in the overbearing fashion in which Mr. Wyndham has thought fit to set about his work. It would seem indeed as if Mr. Davitt's otherwise unaccountable submission in silence to the rough handling dealt out to him by his critic must be the result of a conviction that the criticism, from the very wildness of its assertions, might safely be left to refute itself.

In this view of Mr. Davitt's, if, indeed, it be his view, I cannot at all concur. To him, no doubt, and to others whom special circumstances have made familiar with the facts and figures in question, the inaccuracy of Mr. Wyndham's statements is obvious enough. But as regards the great majority of those who have read

\* "Mr. Davitt's Treatment of Irish Statistics," by George Wyndham: CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, May 1888, p. 661.

those statements, whether in this REVIEW or in the newspapers into which they have been transcribed from it, there is but too much reason to think that very many of his most mischievously misleading assertions have, in the absence of any special information upon some of the points raised in them, been accepted with almost unquestioning confidence.

In this remark, I should perhaps explain, I have in view not English readers only, but Irish readers as well, and, amongst Irish readers, not only those whose sympathies are with the landlord class, but also, though in a somewhat less degree, very many even of those who sympathize strongly with the tenants. For, vitally important as the statistics of this branch of the Irish Land Question are, in their bearing upon the main point at issue between the landlord and tenant classes, and decisive as they are, as regards that point, of the justice of the tenants' claim, nevertheless, for all purposes of practical utility, those statistics are, strange to say, for the most part, unknown even to those who are most directly interested in having at least some general knowledge of them, the tenants themselves.

Not merely are the figures in question not accurately known, but the most strangely erroneous notions about them seem to be in very general acceptance. This again is true both of the tenants themselves, and, to a large extent also, of not a few of those to whom the tenants most naturally trust for guidance in such matters. I do not wish to overburthen this paper by opening up this aspect of the case in detail. But I may mention one instructive illustration. \*It is no uncommon thing to find from time to time, even in the columns of some ably conducted popular newspaper in Ireland, a paragraph setting forth a number of decisions of the Land Commission, under some such sensational heading as "Startling Decisions of the Land Commissioners," "Sweeping Reductions of Rents," or the like; whilst, in reality, substantial as are the reductions thus recorded, they can be looked upon as "startling" only by persons very imperfectly acquainted with the general results of the working of the Commission. For it frequently happens that the reductions to which such prominence is given are in no way exceptional. It is sometimes, indeed, the case that they are under, rather than over, the average rate of reduction that has been effected by the Commission throughout large districts, and even whole counties, of Ireland.

I have touched upon this aspect of the case here, in reference only to what seems to me the unwisdom of allowing statements such as Mr. Wyndham's, however manifestly inaccurate they may be, to pass without protest and correction. But the topic may again claim reference in its bearing upon some other important points with which I shall have to deal.

Two other observations also I wish to make here by way of preface.

First : it is right for me to explain that I do not write with any view of discussing Mr. Wyndham's paper generally. That paper was written as a reply to an able advocate of Irish land-law reform, who is himself most competent to judge whether, as a contribution to the controversial literature of the subject, it is worthy of formal critical examination. I purpose to deal with it only in reference to some few of the more important statements which it sets forth as to the results of the decisions of the Irish Land Commission in the fixing of Irish rents. To these statements, seriously and cruelly misleading as they unquestionably are, Mr. Wyndham, by the insertion of his paper in this REVIEW, has given a world-wide circulation. It seems to me that the exposure of their inaccuracy should be made with the same publicity.

Again : so far as it may be possible for me to do so, I am anxious to deal with those statements without any personal reference to their author. The Mr. Wyndham who has made himself responsible for them may or may not be identical with the gentleman whose name, in all respects identical with his, is well known to us in Ireland as that of the private secretary through whose letters Mr. Balfour's pleas in defence of his Irish policy are from time to time communicated to the press of the United Kingdom. From certain strongly marked features which characterize the methods, both of statement and reasoning, adopted by the writer in this REVIEW, I am somewhat inclined to the view that he is no other than the official expositor and apologist of Mr. Balfour's policy. But against this view there is an obvious difficulty. The misleading character of many of the assertions in Mr. Wyndham's paper can scarcely be accounted for except on the supposition of an almost total absence of information upon more than one important aspect of the subject which he undertook to elucidate. This supposition it is by no means easy to entertain in the case of a writer having at his command more than ordinary facilities for obtaining the fullest and most trustworthy information on the points in question. I wish to deal, then, with Mr. Wyndham's statements, taking them merely as I find them published in this REVIEW, avoiding, as far as possible, all personal reference to their author.

It is, however, not out of place to note that Mr. Wyndham is a critic of singular severity as regards everything that seems to him to give grounds for a charge of want of accuracy in the matter of figures, whether in the statement of statistics or in the use made of them. His paper is entitled "Mr. Davitt's Treatment of Irish Statistics," and in its opening paragraph we meet with more than one phrase expressive of the special sensitiveness of the writer in this respect. Mr. Davitt's method of stating his views upon the Irish Land Question is described as that of "short but confident assertion." Mr. Wyndham, then, does not propose to himself to enter upon any discussion of them. The



"themes" are "threadbare." "The advantage of publishing an opinion upon them, unaccompanied by the lengthy arguments required for its support," appears to him "more than doubtful." But nothing in the nature of "lengthy argument," he considers, "is necessary for the completeness of an answer to Mr. Davitt." Mr. Davitt, unfortunately for himself, was not content with discoursing philosophically upon themes. He ventured into the region of statistics. In this, it would seem, he delivered himself into Mr. Wyndham's hands. If he had kept to his "themes," and his method of "short but confident assertion," he might have been allowed to pass without challenge. But "with statistics it is otherwise." No "lengthy arguments" are necessary here. "A correct," says Mr. Wyndham, "is, in most cases, as short as an incorrect statement of figures. It is only *the capacity for making the former* which appears to be *the rarer gift of fortune*."

In the course of this paper we shall have more than one opportunity of ascertaining how far Mr. Wyndham in his own dealings with figures establishes his claim to the possession of this "rarer gift," which, rightly or wrongly, he so summarily denies to the writer who is the object of his criticism.

Mr. Wyndham's "treatment of Irish statistics" first came under my notice about three months ago, in an out-of-the-way town in the north of Italy, where I happened to stay for a few days on a homeward journey from Rome. On the table of the hotel reading-room there chanced to be, among other periodicals and newspapers, a copy of the *Graphic* of the 5th of May. Its literary column contained the usual notices of the magazines and serial publications of the month. Amongst these, in the notice of this REVIEW, I read with no little amazement the following statement of Mr. Wyndham's statistical achievements :—

"He shows [says the writer of the notice] that in many instances the judicial rents—that is to say, the rents fixed under the Land Act of 1881—are *higher than the former rents*."

"In Fermanagh, in eleven instances, there has been an increase of 168·3 per cent."

"In the County of Kildare there has been a rise of 21·1 per cent.; in the Queen's County of 2 per cent.; and *for the whole Province of Leinster* of 6·7 per cent."

On reading this astounding series of assertions, I at once, and I think not unnaturally, came to the conclusion that the writer of the short notice in the *Graphic* had somehow missed the meaning of the detailed statistical exposition which he undertook to summarize. When, however, on my arrival in England, I was able to ascertain how the case really stood, I found that he, at all events, was free of all responsibility in the matter. A reference, indeed, to Mr. Wyndham's

paper showed that, serious as was the divergence from fact indicated by the summary statement in the *Graphic*, that statement in this respect falls altogether short of Mr. Wyndham's assertions as originally made in detail in this REVIEW.

As regards at least one of the districts mentioned—the County of Fermanagh—the summarized statement which I have already quoted might possibly be regarded as open to the interpretation that the notable increases of rent which it represents as having been effected there under the operation of the Land Act may have been exceptional even as regards that county. “In Fermanagh, in eleven instances, there has been an increase of 168·3 per cent.” This portion of the statement, at all events when isolated from the rest, might fairly be understood as quite consistent with the fact that throughout the County of Fermanagh the rents had not, generally speaking, been increased by the Commission to any such extent, or indeed that, taking them all round, they had not been increased at all, but had been, on the contrary, very notably reduced.

But on passing from the summarized statement in the *Graphic* to the article itself in this REVIEW, we find ourselves confronted with a much more definite presentment of the case.

Having quoted from the last Official Report of the Irish Land Commission a passage which he sets forth as establishing the fact of the increase of 168·3 per cent. in the cases adjudicated upon from the County of Fermanagh, Mr. Wyndham goes on to say—

“The Table showing this increase in the rents fixed in County Fermanagh is that which exhibits the effect of the decisions by the Irish Land Commission from the 25th of May, 1883, to the 21st of August, 1887.

“The same Table shows that the average increase upon thirteen cases decided during that time in Kildare has been 9 per cent., and that in Meath nineteen decisions have been given, with an average increase of 1 per cent.

“But even in the one year upon which Mr. Davitt harps, the year ending in August [1887], rents have in some cases been increased.

“The decisions of the Land Commission show in County Kildare an increase of 21·1 per cent.; in Queen's County an increase of 2 per cent.; and for the whole Province of Leinster an increase of 6·7 per cent.”

Here, then, we have to deal, not with statements of exceptional cases, specially selected, for their exceptional character, out of the general list of cases decided by the Land Commission in each of the districts in question, but with statements which purport to exhibit the effect of the decisions of the Land Commission throughout those districts generally. The Province of Leinster, and the Counties of Fermanagh, Queen's County, Kildare, and Meath, are no doubt brought forward by Mr. Wyndham as showing a somewhat exceptional result—exceptional, that is to say, as compared with the rest of Ireland. But, as regards these districts themselves, both the fact of the increase of rents, and the rates of that increase—1 per cent., 2 per cent., 6·7 per

cent., 9 per cent., 21·1 per cent., and 168·3 per cent. respectively—are set forth by him, not as if they held good only of certain exceptional cases within those districts, but so as to lead the readers of his paper to believe that the results cited “exhibit the effect of the decisions by the Irish Land Commission” throughout those entire districts.

Let us take, then, in the first place, the most startling of these statements—that which purports to “exhibit the effect of *the decisions by the Land Commission in the County of Fermanagh* from the 25th of May, 1883, to the 21st of August, 1887.” Mr. Wyndham sets forth that effect as *an increase of 168·3 per cent.* in the judicial rents, as compared with the former rents of the holdings. This truly marvellous statement he professes to have extracted from a Table in the last Official Report of the Irish Land Commission, the Report for the year ended August, 1887.

Now, as Mr. Wyndham’s quotation from the Table itself shows, the total number of cases dealt with from the County of Fermanagh for the four years in question is but *eleven*. Surely this fact ought to have sufficed to warn him that he had missed his way. The results in eleven cases to be taken as exhibiting “the effect of the decisions by the Irish Land Commission” in the County of Fermanagh for a period of four years! Without any special knowledge of the statistics of the subject, he might easily have known that 1100 would have been very much nearer than eleven to the number of cases decided in any county in Ireland within the number of years in question.

In fact, on another page in the very Report from which Mr. Wyndham’s quotation is taken, it is stated in the plainest possible way that, during the six years for which the Land Commission has been in operation, the number of cases from the County of Fermanagh in which judicial rents were fixed by the ordinary procedure of the Commission was no less than 2494. And a very few minutes’ examination of the Reports is sufficient to enable any reader of ordinary intelligence to ascertain the fact that, during the four years mentioned in Mr. Wyndham’s statement, the number of cases so adjudicated upon from that county amounted to 1463.

In these cases, moreover, the result, as shown by the same Official Reports, so far from having been to increase, was, on the contrary, *very notably to reduce the rents.*

Mr. Wyndham’s blunder may easily be traced to its source. If he had only read with common care the heading of the Table from which his statement was derived, that very simple precaution would have saved him from his awkward mistake. He would have seen that the Table is very far indeed from being of the extensive character that he has ascribed to it. It in no way purports to exhibit “the effect of the decisions by the Land Commission” within the district

for the period in question. On the contrary, *it deals only with the cases of a small and most exceptional class.* For it is, as the heading most distinctly sets forth, a Table, not of all the cases in which judicial rents have been fixed by the Land Commission, but only of those cases "in which judicial rents have been fixed by the Land Commission upon the Reports of Valuers appointed upon the applications of Landlords and Tenants."

That those cases form, as I have said, a class not only small in number, but exceptional as regards results, may be seen from the following tabulated statement compiled from the Official Reports :—

Cases in which Judicial Rents have been fixed by the Irish Land Commission upon the Reports of Valuers appointed upon the application of Landlords and Tenants.			Cases in which Judicial Rents have been fixed by the ordinary procedure of the Irish Land Commission.		
Official Year.	Number of cases.	Result.	Official Year.	Number of cases.	Result.
1883-4	228	Reduction of 9·2 p.c.	1883-4	27,470	Reduction of 18·7 p.c.
1884-5	382	" 10·4 "	1884-5	7,193	" 18·1 "
1885-6	60	" 14·3 "	1885-6	2,933	" 24·1 "
1886-7	58	" 25·9 "	1886-7	3,905	" 31·3 "
1883-7	728	Reduction of 11·6 p.c.	1883-7	41,501	Reduction of 20·5 p.c.

The preceding Tables regard all Ireland. The following are the corresponding Tables for the County of Fermanagh :—

Cases from the Co. Fermanagh in which Judicial Rents have been fixed by the Irish Land Commission upon the Reports of Valuers appointed upon the application of Landlords and Tenants.			Cases from the Co. Fermanagh in which Judicial Rents have been fixed by the ordinary procedure of the Irish Land Commission.		
Official Year.	Number of cases.	Result.	Official Year.	Number of cases.	Result.
1883-4	—	—	1883-4	1,108	Reduction of 18·6 p.c.
1884-5	11	Increase of 168·3 p.c.	1884-5	198	" 15·2 "
1885-6	—	—	1885-6	83	" 15·2 "
1886-7	—	—	1886-7	74	" 26·4 "
1883-7	11	Increase of 168·3 p.c.	1883-7	1,463	Reduction of 19·4 p.c.

These figures are surely sufficient to show how deplorably erroneous is Mr. Wyndham's method of dealing with statistics. Having taken

the Table which deals exclusively with a most exceptional class of cases, numbering only eleven in all, he quotes from it with the assurance that it "exhibits the effect of the decisions by the Irish Land Commission" for the four years in question!

It is further to be noted that this Table of which Mr. Wyndham has made so strange a use does not, properly speaking, deal with "decisions" of the Land Commission at all. The method of fixing rents "upon the reports of valuers" is altogether distinct from that in which the cases are heard and decided in the ordinary way. All this is lucidly described as follows in the first Report of the Commission:—

"We had under consideration," said the Commissioners in their Report for the year ended August, 1882, "the provision of some additional means for disposing of the vast number of applications for the fixing of fair rents which had been lodged, and we finally decided to make new Rules, under which a landlord and tenant who were unable to agree upon a fair rent might, without coming before a Sub-Commission, have a fair rent fixed by the determination of valuers to be named by us on the joint application of such landlord and tenant. On the 22nd of April [1882] we issued these rules. . . .

"Thenceforward, four courses were open to persons seeking to have fair rents fixed:

"(1) They might *proceed in Court*, either before the Land Commission or the County Court Judge.

"(2) They might *come to an agreement* for a fair rent *outside the Court*, which rent, on agreement being filed in Court, would become the judicial rent.

"(3) They might *have a rent fixed by the award of valuers* named by us, which rent would be subsequently inserted in a formal agreement, and filed as the judicial rent.

"(4) They might *refer the amount of rent to be paid to the decision of an Arbitration Court* . . . in the manner provided for by the Landlord and Tenant (Ireland) Act, 1870."

Now the Table which Mr. Wyndham has so ~~very~~ misinterpreted is one that deals only with the cases in which rents were fixed by the third of these four methods. Those cases, plainly, in no way "exhibit the effect of the decisions by the Land Commission." They were not determined by "decisions" of the Land Commission at all. The action of the Commission in reference to them was merely to see that the award of the valuers should be "inserted in a formal agreement," and "filed" in the judicial records as "a judicial rent."

How slight is the importance attached to the results in cases of this class, so far as these results may be found to differ from those arrived at through the other methods of procedure, may be seen from the following figures. The number of cases which, from the beginning, have been dealt with, respectively, under each of the

four forms of procedure enumerated in the passage just quoted from the first Report of the Commission is as follows :—

Rents fixed by proceedings in Court . . . .	91,798
„ „ by agreements out of Court . . . .	91,160
„ „ upon award of Valuers . . . .	839
„ „ by Arbitration . . . .	23
Total . . . .	<hr/> 183,820

But the interest of Mr. Wyndham's eleven cases from the County Fermanagh is not yet exhausted. An increase of 168·3 per cent. in the rents of any set of holdings, no matter under what mode of procedure they may have been dealt with by the Commission, is an extraordinary result, so extraordinary indeed that any statement disclosing it, even if occurring in an official document, should at once be looked upon, by any one acquainted with the actual results of the working of the Land Commission throughout Ireland, as widely open to a suspicion of error. It may, indeed, be taken as an indisputable fact that no such increase, or no increase at all approximating to it, can be found to have resulted from the proceedings of the Commission in any set of cases dealt with by it since its establishment in 1881. If Mr. Wyndham's knowledge of the subject were in any degree such as might fairly be looked for in a writer laying claim to more than ordinary qualifications for undertaking the discussion of it, he would have known all this. Knowing it, he would naturally have looked out for the misstatement, or the omission, in the figures which, as they stand, set forth an absolutely incredible result. Had he done so, he would have had but little difficulty in tracing the error to its source.

The increase of 168·3 per cent. is represented as brought about by the fixing of "judicial rents" in eleven cases, the rents so fixed amounting in the aggregate to £100 12s. 6d., whilst the amount set down in the column headed "former rents" is but £37 6s. 10d.

Now the first step in our investigation naturally is to turn to the detailed Returns, in which are set forth, not merely the aggregate amounts representing the total result of the work of the Commission in each county, but the amounts, respectively, of the "former rent" (where known to the Commission) and of the "judicial rent," in each individual case. As regards the "judicial rents," since they, in all cases, are placed by the Commission on official record, practically no room for error exists. But in reference to the "former rents," a question of some importance arises. Let it be borne in mind that, as already explained, the mode of procedure under which these eleven cases from Fermanagh were dealt with is a very special one, and that under this procedure they may possibly have been dealt with, at least in some instances, without the "former rents" being put on

record at all. The question, then, is, does the aggregate amount of £37 6s. 10d., which is set down in the column of "former rents," represent the aggregate amount of the "former rents" in all the eleven cases, or only in some of them?

The answer to this question is disclosed as follows by the detailed Official Returns:—

COUNTY OF FERMANAGH.

*Rents fixed upon the Reports of Valuers appointed by the Irish Land Commission on the Joint Application of Landlord and Tenant.*

Number of Case.	Poor-Law Valuation.	Former Rent.	Judicial Rent.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1	15 5 0	16 0 0	12 5 0
2	15 15 0	9 19 2	12 15 0
3	22 5 0	11 7 8	16 10 0
4	Unascertained	Unascertained	11 7 6
5	do.	do.	5 5 0
6	do.	do.	9 0 0
7	do.	do.	4 15 0
8	do.	do.	4 5 0
9	do.	do.	9 0 0
10	12 10 0	do.	9 10 0
11	Unascertained	do.	6 0 0
Total	£65 15 0	£37 6 10	£100 12 6

Thus, then, the total £37 6s. 10d. is that of the "former rents" in only three out of the eleven cases. The total £100 12s. 6d. is that of the judicial rents, not in these three cases only, but in the entire eleven.

It would be difficult, indeed, for Mr. Wyndham to show in what way a comparison of these two amounts could possibly be made use of for the purposes hypothetically contemplated by him, of "triumphantly" demonstrating that "all rents in Ireland have been for years ridiculously low," or of exposing the "infamy" of the eleven Fermanagh tenants, or of holding these humble individuals up to "universal execration."

Of the entire number of cases, there are but three in respect of which the data exist for any comparison between the "former" and the "judicial" rents.

In these three cases, the aggregate of the "former" rental was £37 6s. 10d.; the aggregate of the "judicial" rental is £41; the difference, then, shows an increase, not of 168·3, but of 11 per cent.\*

\* The highly exceptional character of the former rents in the three holdings in question is clearly shown, and the increase of 11 per cent. most fully accounted for, by the fact that of these holdings, with an aggregate former rental of £37 6s. 10d., the Poor-Law Valuation amounted to £53 5s.

Even after the increase of 11 per cent., the "judicial rents" in these cases stand at about 23 per cent. below the valuation.

A settlement of the Irish Land Question on such a basis as this would be very acceptable to tenants generally all over Ireland.

It can hardly be necessary to deal in detail with the remainder of Mr. Wyndham's strange assertions about the increase of rents. It may be well, however, to notice them briefly.

First, then, let us take the alleged "increase of 6·7 per cent." which he represents as shown by "the decisions of the Land Commissioners" for "the whole Province of Leinster."

Mr. Wyndham's manifest mistake in this case is very similar to that which I have pointed out in his use of the statistics regarding Fermanagh. The Table, however, which has proved a stumbling-block to him in the present instance is a different one. In the case of Co. Fermanagh, the Table from which he took his figures was one setting forth the results of four years' work of the Commission. In the case of the Province of Leinster there is question only of the work of one official year, the year ended in August, 1887. But, by a curious coincidence, the Table from which he takes his figures in this case also is one that deals exclusively with the same special and exceptional class of cases—those, namely, in which "judicial rents" are fixed, not by the ordinary procedure of the Commissioners, but upon the award of valuers.

Mr. Wyndham, indeed, would seem to have been the victim of singular ill-luck in his statistical investigations. The Official Report from which he has taken his figures contains no fewer than twenty-two Tables setting forth in different forms the results of the operations since 1881 of the different modes of procedure recognized by the Land Act of that year. Of these tables, eleven have reference only to the year for which the Report is issued: the remaining eleven are "cumulative"—that is to say, they set forth the corresponding results for the six years during which the Act had then been in operation. Of all these Tables, in undertaking to "exhibit the effect of the decisions by the Land Commission" in the districts which he selects for the purposes of his comments, Mr. Wyndham, whether dealing with the one year or with the six, has, strangely enough, happened to draw his figures from the Tables which, for the reasons already mentioned, are altogether inapplicable for any such purpose.

If he really wished to exhibit the effect of the work of the Commission for the "whole Province of Leinster," he should have referred rather to another Table which is on many grounds the most important in the Report. It is the first of those dealing with judicial rents. It occupies the eleventh page of the Report.

The Table which Mr. Wyndham has selected deals with only eight cases from "the whole Province of Leinster:" this deals with 894. The aggregate acreage, and the aggregate amounts of the Poor-Law Valuation and of the former rental, as may be seen from the following tabulated statement, differ no less widely:—



Cases from the Province of Leinster, in which Judicial Rents were fixed during the year 1886-7, upon the Reports of Valuers appointed by the Land Commission upon the applications of Landlords and Tenants.

Number of cases dealt with.	Acreage in Statute Acres.	Poor-Law Valuation.	Former Rent.
8	306	£ s. d. 276 10 0	£ s. d. 262 19 8

Result: Increase of 6·7 per cent.

Cases from the Province of Leinster, in which Judicial Rents were fixed during the year 1886-7, by the ordinary procedure of the Commission.

Number of cases dealt with.	Acreage in Statute Acres.	Poor-Law Valuation.	Former Rent.
894	32,525	£ s. d. 20,606 16 6	£ s. d. 26,321 14 10

Result: Reduction of 34·7 per cent.

And in the face of these facts, most lucidly set forth in the very Report from which he quotes, Mr. Wyndham informs his readers that "the decisions of the Land Commission," for the year, and for the "whole Province" in question, "show an increase of 6·7 per cent.!" It would seem indeed as if the "gift" of stating figures correctly is even a little "rarer" than Mr. Wyndham, in his somewhat contemptuous censure on Mr. Davitt's statement of them, complacently assumed.

It may furthermore be worthy of note that, even as regards the small and exceptional class of cases, in the admiring contemplation of which Mr. Wyndham seems to have become dazzled into a sort of blindness as to the existence of any others, the exceptional result on which he has fastened as exhibiting the effect of the decisions of the Land Commission "for the whole Province of Leinster," is due almost exclusively to one out of the eight cases mentioned in the Table.

Of the eight cases, seven are those of small farms, the aggregate former rental of which amounted to £99 9s. 2d. This was reduced to a judicial rental of £82 12s. 6d., a reduction of about 17 per cent. The remaining case, the only one in which the rent was notably increased, is that of a comparatively large farm. It had been held at a rental of £163 10s. 6d.—presumably a moderate rent, as it was about 11 per cent. below the Poor-Law Valuation.\*

Now, this solitary, and altogether exceptional case—the only case from the County of Kildare dealt with in the Table from which Mr. Wyndham quotes—is the sole foundation for his statement regarding that county.

"The decisions of the Land Commission," he says, "show, in

\* The rent, in this case, was judicially raised to £198, or about 3 per cent. above the valuation.

County Kildare, an increase of 21·1 per cent., in the Queen's County an increase of 2 per cent.

It so happens that Kildare is one of the only two counties in Ireland in which, during the year in question, no decisions were given under the ordinary procedure of the Commission. This, of course, results from the fact that no sitting of a Sub-Commission was appointed to be held in either county during that year. It may be well, however, to note that during the preceding year, 1885-6, a number of cases were decided in the County of Kildare, and that the result was *an aggregate reduction of no less than 29·1 per cent.* in the rents.

So far as Mr. Wyndham's statements are concerned, the case of Queen's County alone remains to be noticed.

Here, as in the case of the County of Kildare, the Table to which he has confined himself, and of which he makes so questionable a use, contains simply one solitary case. In this case, the result, not of any "decision of the Land Commission," but of an award of valuers, was to raise the rent of the holding from £14 14s. to £15.

And this is to be held to justify the statement that "decisions of the Land Commission show," as regards Queen's County, "an increase of 2 per cent.!"

How does the case of the Queen's County stand in truth? We can see this from the following tabulated statement, precisely similar in arrangement to that set forth on the opposite page in reference to the Province of Leinster as a whole:—

The only case from the Queen's County in which a Judicial Rent was fixed during the year 1886-7, upon the Report of Valuers appointed by the Land Commission upon the application of Landlord and Tenant.				Cases from the Queen's County, in which Judicial Rents were fixed by the Land Commission during the year 1886-7, by the ordinary procedure of the Commission.			
Number of cases dealt with.	Acreage in Statute Acres.	Poor-Law Valuation.	Former Rent.	Number of cases dealt with.	Acreage in Statute Acres.	Poor-Law Valuation.	Former Rent.
1	22½	£ s. d. 22 0 0	£ s. d. 14 14 0	57	2,566½	£ s. d. 1,878 5 0	£ s. d. 2,435 8 1
Result : Increase of 2 per cent.				Result : Reduction of 35·3 per cent.			

It would be interesting to learn from Mr. Wyndham in what way his explicit statement, that "the decisions of the Land Commission" show "in the Queen's County" an increase of rent, is to be regarded as reconcilable with the figures set forth in this Table, which are

transcribed from the Official Report to which he has himself referred us.

But the reading of the Reports of the Land Commission would be a sadly unprofitable pursuit if it lead to no more substantial result than the refutation of Mr. Wyndham. The figures disclosed in these Reports have a manifest importance of their own—an importance in no way dependent upon the interest of any controversial discussion as to the correct or incorrect statement of them by any writer.

Those figures are important on many grounds, but chiefly, as it would seem, on two. They are, in the first place, decisive as to the main issue in dispute between the landlord and tenant classes in Ireland. And, secondly, if examined with care, they seem very clearly to indicate a way, both easy and effective, of removing by legislation that which undoubtedly is the most pressing of the still unredressed grievances of the tenants—a grievance which, so long as it is allowed to remain without legislative remedy, must continue to form the most serious standing source of danger to the maintenance of order in Ireland.

These, however, are topics too momentous in their importance to be summarily disposed of in the closing pages of a paper already sufficiently prolonged. They may be reserved, then, for separate treatment in another issue of this REVIEW.

✠ WILLIAM J. WALSH,

*Archbishop of Dublin.*

## THE LIBERAL CREED.

IF the management of public business were all that was meant by politics, there would be little room for the discussion of the theoretical basis of any political party. Public business is like private business, an affair of administration in which the character and qualities of the individuals who manage it are, in nine cases out of ten, more important than any abstract principles on which they may profess to act. But politics in this country mean much more than administration. In a way which has no parallel in certain countries where democracy has from the beginning been fully developed, both parties are agreed that there are changes to be accomplished with a view to an ideal being realized. Not only is this true of many members of the Tory party of to-day, but it has probably been true of many members of that party in the most important periods of history. Mr. Disraeli was always anxious to have us believe that the real theory of Toryism was the complete protection of the people against Whig and capitalist oligarchy, and the improvement of their condition through the instrumentality of the Crown and the Church. To attain this end, it was necessary to curb the power of the privileged classes by an infusion from those which were not privileged into the Government of the country. Hence Mr. Disraeli's friendly disposition towards reform, and his contempt for the Toryism which was current when he entered political life. Here, too, he found the explanation of the younger Pitt's plans for parliamentary reform.

"Was he sincere?" he writes in "Sybil," "is often asked by those who neither seek to discover the causes nor are capable of calculating the effects of public transactions. Sincere? Why he was struggling for his existence. And when, baffled, first by the Venetian party, and afterwards by the panic of Jacobinism, he was forced to forego his direct purpose, he still endeavoured partially to effect it by a circuitous process. He created a plebeian

aristocracy and blended it with the patrician oligarchy. He made peers of second-rate squires and fat graziers. He caught them in the alleys of Lombard Street and clutched them from the counting-houses of Cornhill. When Mr. Pitt, in an age of bank restriction, declared that every man with an estate of ten thousand a year had a right to be a peer, he sounded the knell of the cause for which Hampden had died on the field, and Sydney on the scaffold."

Apparently, Mr. Disraeli had a theoretical basis for his Toryism, similar—if we may accept his statement—to that of Mr. Pitt. As the conditions of the problem changed under the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867, its principle receded into the background, if its ideal remained. For the people, on whose behalf he appealed so eloquently for the restoration of the influence of the Queen and the Church, repudiated the appeal. It became plain that they would insist on taking care of themselves, and that the already waning influence of the powers invoked was destined to wane still further. It was consequently upon this failure that the basis of Mr. Disraeli's Toryism shifted, and that the Tory party became organized on a footing more nearly approaching to the negative one of resistance on the part of the special interests to Radical progress.

My object in what follows is to endeavour to describe the theory of the Radicalism of to-day, as distinguished from that of fifteen years ago. There are, however, two preliminary questions which deserve attention in passing. Why, it may be asked, do we require to consider theory in what is after all plainly a practical matter, in regard to which those who really desire progress only doubt which of the pressing necessities of the social situation first deserves attention? The answer is that the affirmation implied in this question is untrue. About the existence of the evils to be remedied there may be but little doubt; about the remedies to be adopted there is a great deal. It is far from being a legitimate assumption that the differences which arise between Liberals at the present time as to many matters—for example, the teaching of religion in schools, and the legislative restriction of the hours of labour—arise from differences in the degrees of the earnestness of the controversialists. Experience rather shows that the greater the earnestness the more strongly is the necessity felt of adhering to positions once definitely taken up. Again, there are few failings more apparent in modern politicians than the tendency to commit the fallacy, which used to make James Mill so angry, of imagining that theory and practice may be at variance, and that decisions on public questions may be come to as occasion requires in a kind of haphazard fashion. The second question is, how any one can profess to describe that about which, on his own admission, there may be much dispute among the members of his party. My answer to this is that disputes among Liberals are generally more apparent than real, in the sense that, when the issue is properly ascertained, it is

capable in nearly every case of being resolved upon principles to which the great majority of Liberals assent, whenever these principles are fairly stated. It is of course true that there are a great number of political questions which demand upon considerations of a highly concrete character, and about the application to which of any principle there must always be much dispute. Probably a considerable majority of the matters submitted to the decision of Parliament fall within this category. But it remains the fact, not only that a considerable number of these matters turn upon broad principles, but that the aims of the party which claims to occupy the position of the Liberal party in this country must depend almost entirely upon a theory. In endeavouring to make this theory explicit, I have of course no warrant of any kind to speak excepting for myself, but I believe I express opinions which are explicitly or implicitly maintained by many of those who sit on the Liberal side in the House of Commons.

One remark ought to be made in starting. No greater mistake can be committed than to assert that because the creed of Liberalism is in advance of what it was a quarter of a century ago, and individual politicians have consequently been compelled to change sides, the party as a whole has necessarily, or even probably, been untrue to its traditions. It is of the very essence of the party of progress that it should ever be going farther into the territory to be covered and attacking new positions. And where there is much new ground to be occupied it is not unnatural that the old soldiers should by degrees drop off with their energies exhausted, and new men take their places. The task of the Liberal party of to-day is wholly different from the task of the Liberal party at the time when Lord Beaconsfield wrote "*Sybil*." The doctrines of Bentham, the Mills, and the old Radical school of the *Westminster Review*, have been practically accepted. The mere removal of the obstacles which used to block the highway of human progress in this country has been pretty well completed. We are face to face with a new kind of social problem. Liberalism has passed from the destructive into the constructive stage in its history. It has now to clear the ground of the ruins of those edifices of bygone generations which the old Liberals attacked, and which Lord Beaconsfield and the Tory party could not save, and to build upon the ground so cleared the edifices which the times require.

To the assertion of a duty to fulfil this obligation in a thoroughgoing fashion, it is not so easy as it might at first sight seem to obtain general assent. The avowed opponents of progress have constituted only a relatively small minority since the extension of the franchise. Even the indifferents, though much more numerous, probably do not form a seriously large portion of the electorate. But it must be observed that, at the elections of 1885 and 1886, electors who had formerly voted Liberal ceased to do so to an extent which cannot

be altogether accounted for by that changing nature of the party which has already been referred to. Many of these people appear to have formed the impression that a party division was impending between "have-nots" on the one hand and "haves" on the other, and that the Radicals were about to be commissioned by the labouring classes to make an indiscriminate attack upon property. Now I am convinced not only that the danger thus dreaded was illusory, but that the real danger lay in a totally different direction. A better acquaintance with the proletariat than these timorous voters possessed would have shown them that, generally speaking, the labourer is like his more fortunate upper and middle-class neighbours in being by disposition either Conservative or Liberal, and actuated by the same moral principles. If he is more commonly on the side of the party of change, it is because he experiences more keenly the necessity for improvement in matters which especially concern himself. But Conservative instincts, not only in the case of many individual labourers, predominate over the motives for change, but tend to do so the more frequently that the condition of the labourer is a steadily improving one. The real danger of the Liberal party in the future appears, judging by experience, to lie in the development of this electoral element. And one may venture to record the conviction that the Liberal leaders have been, since 1880, in some measure responsible for its increase. By concentrating attention, not on the general purposes of the party, but on single questions, and in consequence allowing a purpose, to which most benevolently disposed persons would assent, to become obscured in practice, they have allowed the minds of many people who would, under other circumstances, have voted with them, to become unnecessarily filled with suspicion. The party has got to be looked upon by a considerable number of electors as a class party, the party of the non-propertied class, instead of being what it really seeks to be—the party which insists as part of a general scheme on the fulfilment of the just obligations of property. More recently, the question of Home Rule has in some degree increased the obscurity, by reason of the close alliance which it has produced with a section of the House of Commons which exists at present only for a single purpose. The most decided admirer of the resolution and clear-sightedness of the Irish leaders, and the undeviating adherence to the method which has obtained for them so considerable a measure of success, may express the opinion that the alliance between their party and the majority of the Liberals has been temporarily prejudicial to the general aims of the latter. The question of the future government of Ireland is too engrossing not to absorb more than its just proportion of the public attention. And just because many of the electors are keenly interested in it, and from the bottom of their souls wish well to a cause for which they are ready to make sacrifices, it happens that they become

for the time apt to regard the establishment of a Parliament and Executive in Dublin as the be-all and end-all of Liberal policy. To avert the natural consequences of this too prevalent impression, something more is requisite than the rough and inadequate machinery of Nottingham and Birmingham Conferences. Had the Unionist party been more efficiently led during the last two Sessions, and had its leaders been in possession of something real to say apart from the Irish question, it might have gone ill with the Gladstonians. As it is we have breathing time in which, if our affairs are properly conducted, we may not only make still more converts to Home Rule, but, what is certainly not less important, get back that considerable body of adherents from among the upper and middle classes, who are really with us at heart, but whom the management of the party has alienated. Their importance is of more consequence than their numbers; their function is to rescue us from the stigma of being a class party.

On what principles are we to proceed in pursuit of the Radical ideal if we are to carry these people with us? That ideal is equality, and the necessity for striving after it arises from the present unsatisfactory condition of things. Socialists and Tory Democrats agree with the Liberal party in thinking that there is a vast deal urgently requiring remedy, alike in town and in country; it is therefore unnecessary to enter upon the proof of this general position. But how is equality to be realized? The fact that it can never be attained, that the natural differences in the intellectual and moral capacities of individuals render it a goal never to be reached, does not in the least diminish the obligation to strive after it. And besides, as I shall presently show, there are means, and perfectly just means, within the possible policy of Liberalism—means which have been advocated by some of its most prominent adherents—of accomplishing something substantial, if not in the way of removing the results of these natural inequalities, at least of making their consequences in part available for the public good.

The first broad facts which require attention in seeking for a policy which is at once progressive and constructive are the relations which in reality obtain between the individual and the State. We do not in this country live on an island where all that is wanted is a society whose function is fulfilled when the lives and property of its members are protected from wild beasts and robbers. Our people accumulate and enjoy their fortunes and increase their well-being, under conditions which cannot obtain excepting by reason of a high degree of civilization. These very people not only draw from these highly civilized surroundings a substance and benefit which they could not obtain in a less well-developed country, but they are constantly and properly demanding that these surroundings should be still further improved. But for the State the capitalist classes could not have become what



they are. Their relations to the State, in fact, enter into the very composition of the millionaires of Lombard Street, and the multitude of wealthy professional and trades people to whose prosperity the fortunes of these millionaires contribute. It is therefore perfectly just that the State, as the representative of the country, should charge as it were a rent for the fields which it provides for all these people to cultivate at such a profit—not such a rent as will take away the motives for their industry, but an equivalent which they will willingly pay as the price of the advantages for which it is paid. Thus the poorer people who form the surrounding in which alone those who are more fortunate can produce and sell their wares, may get something in the nature of a return for that which they provide. It seems to me that here lay the truth of what Mr. Chamberlain said when he propounded his doctrine of ransom. But he should not have prejudiced his case by miscalling it. "What ransom," he asked, "will property pay for the security which it enjoys? What substitute will it find for the natural rights which have long since ceased to be recognized?" So stated, the proposition would appear to suggest that the State should go back upon undertakings and guarantees which it had given in too absolute a form *per incurram*, and should make the sanction of its demands upon the capitalist assume the form of a pistol presented at his head. But this is surely not the way to approach the matter. If the State has pledged itself, however foolishly, it must observe the pledge. It may have been very silly to allow private individuals to acquire property in minerals at an inadequate price, but the bargain has been made, and expediency as well as absolute justice demands that it should be rigidly adhered to. But the case of the owner of land, which is yearly having a large addition made to its value by the proximity of a growing city, is different. Here the real creator of the special unearned increment is the city itself, and it is fair that a *quid pro quo* should be exacted for this increment as it accrues in the future. This is not ransom; it is payment for value received.

There are of course certain maxims which must be carefully observed by any Government which seeks to put any doctrine of this kind in practice. In the first place, if you apply it you must apply it all round, and must not draw historical distinctions between different kinds of property. It is for this reason that the death duties afford probably the most satisfactory opening for putting the principle in operation. For the purposes of these duties it is comparatively easy, as the debate on the subject in the House of Commons in the course of last Session brought out, to put land and other property on the same footing. If it is only through altogether exceptional surroundings that a man can first enjoy and then leave behind him property of the value of a million, it may be quite fair that his estate should contribute a

certain amount as the price of these surroundings, while the estate of the value of one thousand pounds, which has presumably owed to the environment much less and could have been accumulated under simpler conditions, is called out only for a very considerably smaller tax. The justice thus done may be rough in particular cases, but in the main it is better than the present system.\* The next requisite to be attended to is that the interposition of the Government claim should be made in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with the motives for industry. For this purpose also death duties probably afford a better opportunity for levying a graduated contribution than does the income-tax, although it may be necessary to apply the principle in the latter form also. But the point is that the principle provides the State at once with the means of in some measure modifying the advantages which one man gets over another, and the inequalities of fortune which must always arise from a diversity of natural capacity. Its application would give the Government ample means for educational and other public ends. And if it were used not arbitrarily, but evenly all round and carefully, I do not believe that long time would elapse before its justice was recognized as the protection of the weak against the strong. What we value most in the brute is the physical strength which enables him to survive in the struggle for existence. If what we value most in man were the qualities which enable the greatest wealth to be accumulated, the doctrine of contribution and of State interference for the common good would be a mistake from beginning to end, and we should have simply to provide the best conditions for the operation of the Darwinian process of survival of the fittest to produce and accumulate. But so long as we recognize not only that there are moral ideals which are not to be measured by material standards, but that man is something else than a wealth-producing animal, so long shall we who are Liberals continue to decline to bow ourselves down in the temple where Mr. Herbert Spencer and Lord Bramwell worship.

This brings me to the relation of the Liberal party to Socialism. If by Socialism be meant the recognition that the time for construction has come, and that the State must actively interfere in the process, then

\* It is commonly assumed that the burden of a particular tax is proportioned to its amount, and that consequently as the amount increases the burden increases in like proportion. But a single illustration will show that this is not so. The amount of the loss occasioned by a fire is the same whether the insurer or the insured pays it. But the person who it is worth the while of the insured to pay a premium, which is slightly in excess of the measure of the probability of loss is that the burden of the loss will fall far more heavily on him than on the insurance company. The burden is, in short, measured not by the amount of the loss, but by the proportion which that amount bears to the total means of the party bearing it; in the case of the insured a very large proportion, and in that of the insurance company a very small one. The case of insurance stands on the same footing, and it may well be that to secure equal incidence of the burden taxation must be graduated. The subject is, however, a large one, and no opportunity to be entered on here. The case of insurance, above referred to, is an illustration of the well-known generalization often called Fechner's law; the application of which to political economy has been discussed by Jevons and others.

it is true that we are all Socialists. But Socialism has come to mean in political language something very different. It is associated in practice with certain tendencies which we should do well to keep altogether clear of. One of these is the tendency to invoke State aid where combination can give the requisite protection. This is a policy to which the inexperienced Liberal candidate is at the present time in danger of finding himself pledged. Such a policy has not as yet, at all events, judging by the failure of Socialist candidates to secure votes, become popular with the labouring voter, who as a rule detests being interfered with by any one on any pretext. But the working-classes have not yet had the subject argued out before them; they apparently entertain no strong opinions upon it, and it has consequently been hitherto possible for a so-called Labour party to profess to act in their name without being denounced for doing so. This party has managed its business with considerable skill. It has started candidates, not in most cases for the purpose of sending them to the poll, but of exacting pledges as the price of their withdrawal, with the result that many Liberal and some Conservative candidates have been weak enough to commit themselves to much of its programme. The mischievous effects of encouraging working men to imagine that now that they have got the vote they may use Parliament as a means of regulating wages, hours of labour, and even other details which cowardice and apathy alone prevent them from insisting on by combination in their dealings with their employers, has already become painfully apparent in the decay of trades unionism in certain districts where this kind of Socialism has taken hold. Now, if it ever gets into the heads of the better class of workmen that Liberalism means this kind of Socialism, with its attendant danger to their power of combination, we shall obtain from them only a divided support. Already there are symptoms of distrust of us in localities where this kind of thing has been preached by the Labour party and sanctioned by the candidates. The Liberal leaders would do well to make up their minds on the impending question, whether they will even trifle with the demand for class legislation of a mischievous character involved in the so-called labour programme. The question is one of principle, on which they must take one side or the other, and which cannot be left to be determined by circumstances. With the so-called Labour party it appears to me that there can be no compromise. Our business is to fight out with them the issue they raise in the interests of the status and independence of labour itself. If we neglect a plain and obvious duty we shall do so at our own peril, so far as concerns the chances of obtaining a renewal of that general confidence which is the essential condition of a majority.

What the working-classes need is just what we are in a position to offer them. The Liberal party can give them political and social power

in the same proportion to their numbers as obtains in the case of the upper and middle classes at present. If it be said that to do this is to seek to swamp the latter, the answer is that we are seeking to do nothing of the kind. One class can only be swamped by another if it has an existence distinct from that other. But this very class distinction it is our object to modify, if possible, out of existence. Wealth must always command power, because it means the control of many of the good things of the earth; and it will always be possessed by some in greater quantity than by others. But it is an artificial and unnatural arrangement that gives it as at present the direct control of political power. Once raise the status of labour by sufficiently educating the labourer and his children, and placing him in a different position as regards influence in the State, and much will be done towards the reduction of class distinctions to distinctions in the mere power of commanding luxuries.

Of the two instruments with which the Liberal party is to work at the accomplishment of this ideal, one has been long recognized. The removal of political inequalities as regards both Imperial and Local Government has been going on for some time, and we are getting almost within sight of its completion. But the other instrument, the principle of exacting payment for the advantages which the State offers and of applying the means so obtained for the benefit of the commonwealth, is in an undeveloped condition. We have recognized it in some instances, as when we adopted the plan of imposing rates and taxes for the purposes of national education. But our experiences of the evils of the old Poor Law, and of the bad effects of anything like taxation of industry, have made us somewhat shy of it. And yet the mischief of measures such as these had nothing to do with the principle in question. The old Poor Law was bad because it put a premium on idleness, and made a particular class, that of landowners, pay that premium. Taxes on industry are bad when they are burdens only on particular industries, or are of such amount as to counterbalance even the powerful motive which leads men to desire wealth. But the principle of contribution may be applied so as to avoid all these difficulties. It must, of course, be applied all round, and never used as a weapon of attack upon a particular class. And its proceeds must never be applied in such a way as to weaken those valuable motives which have driven our working-classes in the last forty years to win for themselves, notwithstanding the increase in their numbers, a larger share than before of the fruits of the national prosperity. It must be used only so far as necessary for the accomplishment of a great purpose. Just as legislation against privilege was the instrument of the old destructive Liberalism, so the means which proportional contribution can supply is probably the chief instrument with which the new constructive Liberalism must accomplish

the work of building upon the ground which has been cleared a system of equality. But it can hope to do this successfully only if it observes the distinction between contribution and confiscation, and is careful to inspire the public with the confidence that it is not likely in its practice to mistake the one for the other.

Under an ideal system the status of the labourer might be very different from his present status. Manual labour must always be the occupation of the majority of the population. But this occupation need not, as at present, be regarded as the indication not only of class inferiority, but of comparative poverty and want of education. With a complete and thoroughgoing system of national education, the passage from the labouring to the upper classes might be a very simple and common one. With education there increases not only the desire for better and more comfortable modes of living, but also the disinclination to enter upon marriage, and the responsibility of bringing up a family, in the absence of any settled prospect of ability to do so without falling below the normal standard of comfort. The pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is never such as to occasion any serious danger of lowering the conditions of life among our middle classes, and there is no reason why what is the case with them should not be the case with the labourer. I do not believe that the full extent of the possible strength and popularity of the Liberal party in this country will again be experienced as it was experienced at the time when the extension of the franchise was carried by it; until that party puts forward an advanced and thoroughgoing educational programme. Of course such a programme would necessitate for its accomplishment a large national expenditure. It is impossible that the labourer should be able to provide his children with first-rate higher education, and following upon it the chances of a University career, without assistance on a large scale. And such assistance cannot be given with the existing machinery. The first and most proper step to be taken with a view to rendering it appears to lie in the direction of a diversion of endowments. The principle of such a diversion has already, to a larger extent than is generally recognized, been sanctioned by the Legislature in the Endowed Schools and Educational Endowments Acts. Thoroughly and efficiently applied, this principle will yield a large revenue, applicable to educational purposes. By those who bear in mind that enforced proportional contribution can only be justified, or at all events is only expedient, when it is really required, it will be conceded that money which is already at the disposal of the public in the shape of property dedicated to charitable uses, ought to be made use of before recourse is had to taxation. But when this source of revenue is exhausted, the public appear to me to be justified in requiring that those who have got more than an equal share of the good things which British

civilization has created, should pay something for their advantages by contributing towards the improvement of the condition of that population out of which they have made their fortunes. There is really nothing novel in such a proposition. The existing rates for education, and indeed several other rates and direct taxes with which we have long been familiar, recognize and justify this theory. The principle once conceded, the extent of its application becomes a question of expediency. In these matters it is only the first step that counts. •

Another subject which may be dealt with on analogous lines is the condition of the poor in the larger cities and towns. Here again it seems right that those who specially benefit, not only by the ownership of land, but by residence in these places, should specially contribute. In London, for example, those who are rich are, speaking generally, rich far beyond the average standard of the country, while those who are poor are, proportionately to their cost of living, poor below that standard. A large part of the population must always consist of people who have failed to secure the benefit of the exceptional chances of success which brought them to London, chances which must ever be in excess of their numbers, and these will continue, under any circumstances, poor. But at least the abuses of city life can be, in a large measure, got rid of. The success of the Peabody Trustees and Miss Octavia Hill, on a comparatively small scale, has shown what could be done on a large one with adequate means. It has been shown to be possible to insist on the condition of the dwellings of the poor being maintained at a certain level without making it more expensive or difficult for the poor to occupy them. Here again the Metropolis Management and Artisans Dwellings Acts, and in a less degree the Public Health Acts, have recognized the principle of contribution, not merely by imposing rates for the general benefit, but by forcing the owners of exceptionally favourably situated property to use it to some extent as trustees for the public.

It is needless to multiply instances of the presence of traces of the point of view in question in our laws. These traces are distinctly to be found in our Factory and Railway (Cheap Trains, &c.) Acts, and in a multitude of other pieces of recent legislation. The work of the Liberal party in the future must, as it seems to me, largely consist in developing the existence of what has thus been recognized as just. Now to undertake this work successfully can unquestionably be no light matter. Every step that is taken is certain, until its general nature has become familiar to the public, to be misrepresented. It is easy for a skilful platform advocate to obscure, in a particular case, the distinction between the enforcement of a just contribution and confiscation. And it must be remembered that it is also easy for the best meaning people, without

the least intention of doing so, to blunder fatally by advocating confiscation, under the belief that it is contribution. The Socialists do this at the present time on a huge scale. They are, many of them, men and women of benevolent purposes, but of inadequate information and inaccurate judgment. They do not see that to take away property, even where it is proper that there should be contribution, is to do what must be done all round if it is to be done at all, and must not be enforced only in the case of individuals or classes if it is to be recognized as just. They seem to think that the State is in some position different from that of individuals, as regards the moral obligation to observe its own engagements and guarantees. There is no large section, poor or rich, of the general public which is likely to tolerate injustice for any prolonged period. And the danger to the cause of progress from Socialism, and even the mere mistaken application of just principles, is not that this cause will degenerate into the cause of plunder, but, judging from experience, that it will degenerate into a moribund condition. If ever there was a time when it was necessary for Liberals to keep their heads cool and their hands clean it is to-day, when they must soon enter upon constructive undertakings of a character as delicate as they are far-reaching. There is only one safeguard. The leaders must keep principle in the foreground and firmly adhere to it, no matter what conflict they are landed in with sections of their own supporters. One of the curses of our political life is the tendency to confound the man who shouts the loudest with the most influential man. The quiet-going citizen, who votes but does not talk, is overlooked. And yet, even on the Liberal side, there is reason to think that the majority is mainly made up of quiet-going electors. But with all its difficulties the work is one calculated, if well taken in hand, to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. It is not, like the Irish question, an affair of abstract justice—something, after all, comparatively remote. It is a work which concerns closely almost every one, high and low. If we take care throughout to have justice on our side, the working-classes, on whose behalf we shall be striving, will almost to a man be with us. And if we take care throughout to have justice on our side, we shall find of the middle and upper classes a minority it may be supporting us, but a minority containing what is best and most choice.

Can the Tory party compete with us in this labour of social reformation? I do not think so. Sitting opposite to them in the House of Commons, one is struck with the heterogeneous nature of the elements of which that party now consists. The falling off of their majority and their want of cohesion over the Local Government Bill of last Session, indicate their inability to be of one mind, excepting for the purpose of resistance. This, of course, is largely the result of the negative basis on which the Tory party is now organized, and the multitude of different and even contrary interests which it

represents. But there are inherent in its composition elements which must render it impossible for the Tory party to undertake in an efficient manner any reforms depending for their accomplishment on either diversion of endowments or special contributions from property. The fear of Disestablishment, one of the few measures which the Tory party, as we know it, can under no circumstances admit within the range of practical politics, would not only prevent them from entertaining any proposition to divert ecclesiastical endowments, but would render a considerable section of the party hostile to any change which would lessen the control of the clergy over education in England. An even more formidable obstacle exists in regard to the necessary revision of the system of taxation. The majority of those propertied classes from whom the Tories draw nine-tenths of their support, even if they were not hostile to such a programme, would be so lacking in enthusiasm about it as to render it impracticable for a party pledged to it, and which yet depended on their support, to obtain a majority.

Toryism has, of course, changed much. It is no longer the creed which drove the young Disraeli almost to despair, and caused John Mill to speak of the party as the stupid party. But, able as are many of its members, their difficulties become immense when they try to do more than save their policy from degenerating into a huge negation, by passing measures which have been advocated by the other side for years previously. I am not, of course, speaking either of administration or of measures of a purely administrative character, which depend upon the business capacities of the individuals who may happen to be in Ministries on either side. But such have been the history and circumstances of this country, that every great party measure for years to come must almost necessarily be a measure either for the destruction of some privilege which can no longer be tolerated, or for the benefit of some less fortunate class at the (probably very just) expense of some other which is better off. The Conservatism of to-day, whenever it seeks to inaugurate reforms, therefore finds itself at a disadvantage. For it is either coming into conflict with the wishes of some of its most valued supporters, or it is merely carrying out plans which it has borrowed from its opponents. The one normal chance Conservatism appears to have is that which placed it in power at the election of 1886; the chance that the Liberal party may either undertake something for which the country is not prepared, or that it may so fail in the mere business of carrying out the work which has been entrusted to it, that the country becomes tired of it or disgusted with its incapacity. In neither case is the position of the Conservative party a happy one. On the latter hypothesis, the shortness of the public memory, or an improvement in the leadership of the Opposition, may deprive it of that public confidence which it has not really enjoyed on its own account. On the former hypothesis, the country may change its mind.



Whatever its critics may think of the position for the moment of the Liberal party, one thing is plain, if the point of view of these pages be a true one—that position is full of possibilities, notwithstanding that for the first time in our political history the distinction of parties has become one not of Whig and Tory, but of Radical and Tory. There is apparently a sufficiently large body of the electors already prepared to give the Liberal leaders a mandate to enter upon the business of constructive reform, to make it probable that there is a still larger body which is willing to follow a satisfactory lead. Such a lead cannot be given without much consideration and care. But it will be our own fault as a party, if we do not from within, or better still from without, the House of Commons, insist on the breathing space which the question of Home Rule has given us being used in making preparation for the battle. It may be frankly admitted that there is at present, and has been for the last two Sessions, an absence of such signs of preparation as one would like to see. Mr. Gladstone has not unnaturally declared that his ambition is to make the settlement of the Irish question the final event of importance in his political career. He is, as he is entitled to do, concentrating his energies and attention on this subject to the exclusion of others. But his colleagues are hardly justified in adopting substantially the same course. Nottingham Conferences and abstract resolutions are, taken by themselves, empty forms, entitled to and commanding no influence or respect. They are only of value in so far as they express pent-up opinions of a tolerably definite character. Now, public opinion grows up of itself only under rare circumstances. In the great majority of instances it is stimulated and shaped out of a mass of sentiment, which requires moulding by men occupying commanding positions in the public imagination and confidence. The sentiment exists to-day, and the Liberal leaders exist; but one misses in regard to social questions the process which went on, for example, before the elections of 1880, and even 1885. In 1885 the situation was a difficult one, and there was hardly time to do the work. Yet the Radical programme of that time, with all its faults and shortcomings, and notwithstanding the disadvantages under which it was urged, did beyond question stimulate and mould opinion. To-day, our first and paramount duty is to gain the assent of the people of England and of Scotland to the Irish policy, for which we have set our hands to the plough. But, if from no higher motive, in the interests not only of ourselves as a party, but of our Irish policy, it is of urgent importance that we should not leave the people to subsist on what for them is, after all, an abstraction. There is a vast amount of popular goodwill at our disposal for the purposes of social reform. It is for those who are responsible for our leadership to see that this is not neglected and lost.

R. B. HALDANE.

## MY PREDECESSORS.

IN writing my book, "On the Science of Thought,"\* my chief object was to collect all the facts which seemed to me to bear on the identity of language and thought. I sifted them, and tried to show in what direction their evidence pointed. But, as I imagined myself as addressing a very small special jury, it seemed to me unnecessary, and almost disrespectful, to bring any pressure to bear on them, except the pressure inherent in facts. I therefore did not avail myself as fully as I might otherwise have done, of the many witnesses that I could have brought into court to support by their authority the truth of the theory which I propounded. I mentioned, indeed, their names, but I did not call upon them to speak for me or for themselves. The fact is, that I did not expect that public opinion at large could, at the present moment, be very much interested in a question which had been discussed many times before, but which, as far as I could see, was by nearly all living philosophers, particularly by those living in this country, answered in a direction diametrically opposed to that which I, following the lead of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, of the middle ages, and of more modern times, considered the right one. I know how long I myself, living under the influence of prevailing systems of philosophy, had hesitated to give up the old belief that language is a product of thought; that thought must always come first, language after; that thought is independent of language, and that the Greeks were great bunglers when they called language and thought by one and the same name, *Logos*. A long life, devoted to the study of

\* "The Science of Thought;" Longmans & Co., 1887. "Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought, delivered at the Royal Institution," with an Appendix, which contains a Correspondence on "Thought Without Words," between F. Max Müller, Francis Galton, the Duke of Argyll, George J. Romanes, and others; Longmans & Co., 1888.

philology and philosophy, was necessary before I could free myself of the old words—that is, the old thoughts—and cease to treat language as one thing and thought as another. Much astronomical observation was required before people could persuade themselves that their evening star was the same as their morning-star,\* and much linguistic observation will have to be performed before anybody will see clearly that our language is really our thought and our thought our language.

But though I was quite prepared that the verdict of living philosophers would, for the present at least, be adverse to my theory, I was not prepared to find nearly all my critics under the impression that this theory of the identity of thought and language was quite a novel theory, something quite unheard of—in fact, a mere paradox. This showed the same want of historical knowledge and tact which surprised so many philosophers in Germany and France at the time of the first appearance of Darwin's book "On the Origin of Species." Most of the leading reviews in England seemed to consider the theory of evolution as something quite novel, as a kind of scientific heresy, and they held Darwin personally responsible for it, whether for good or for evil. Darwin himself had at last to protest against this misapprehension, to point out the long succession of the advocates of evolution, from Lucretius to Lamarck and Oken, and to claim for himself what he really cared for, a legitimate place in the historical evolution of the theory of evolution.

In Germany and France the doctrine of the identity of language and thought has at once been recognized as an old friend, as a theory that had almost been battered to pieces in former historical conflicts, but which, like the theory of evolution, might well claim for itself a new hearing on account of the immense accumulation of new material, chiefly due to the study of the science of language during the present and the past generations. I myself, so far from pretending to propound a new philosophy, thought it right to point out how some of the greatest philosophers have held to the same theory, though without being able to support it by the important evidence supplied by the study of comparative philology, or to perceive quite clearly all the consequences which must flow from it. It seemed certainly strange that a theory which was, to mention more recent philosophers only, accepted without any misgivings by such men as Herder,† Schleiermacher, W. von Humboldt, Schelling, and Hegel, in Germany; by Hobbes, Archbishop Whately, and Mansel, in England; by Abelard, De Bonald, De Maistre, and Taine, in France; and by Rosmini in Italy, should have been treated as a complete novelty, or as a mere philological man's nest, by men who stand in the foremost ranks of philosophers in England. What should we say if our best scientific reviews shrank from the theory of the

\* See, however, "Hibbert Lectures," by Sayce, pp. 238, 284.

† "Science of Thought," pp. 30, 129.

homogeneity of light, heat, and magnetism as an unheard-of novelty, or as a mere scientific paradox? But such has nevertheless been the attitude of some of the best philosophical journals in England, in discussing, or rather in declining to discuss, the identity of language and thought, which in my "Science of Thought" I tried to support, chiefly by the evidence brought together during the last fifty years by the Science of Language.

It may be useful, therefore, to look back, in order to see what form our problem had assumed before the Science of Language had thrown new light upon it. In France this problem of the identity of language and thought has always remained on the order of the day. The controversy between Nominalism and Realism has left there a far deeper impression than in England, and it has not been forgotten that one of the principal tenets of the Nominalists was that our knowledge of universals consisted entirely in words. It was Condillac (1715-1780) and his school in the last century who gave new life to this old controversy, though his well-known dictum, "*Nous ne pensons qu'avec les mots*," went certainly beyond the point which had been reached by the older Nominalists.\* The question is what he meant by *penser*, and if *penser* meant, as it does according to Condillac, no more than *sentir*, it would not be difficult to prove that not only sensation, but also imagination, can take place without language. We must define what we mean by thought before we can understand its identity with language. It was Rousseau (1712-1778) who at once perceived the weak point in Condillac's statement. He saw that, if we used the name of thought for all mental work, we ought to distinguish between at least two kinds of thought, thought in images, and thought in words. As a poet and as a dreamer Rousseau was naturally aware how often we are satisfied with images; that is to say, how often we indulge in mere imagination and call it thinking. And though it is quite true that with us who are so saturated with language there are few images which on closer examination turn out to be really anonymous, yet we cannot deny the possibility of such mental activity, and are bound to admit it, particularly in the earlier periods of the development of the human mind. It is this kind of thought which has been often claimed for animals also.† Rousseau therefore remarks, very justly, "*Lorsque l'imagination s'arrête, l'esprit ne marche qu'à l'aide du discours*," "When imagination stops, the mind does not advance except by means of language."‡

\* "Qu'est ce au fond que la réalité qu'une idée abstraite et générale a dans notre esprit? Ce n'est qu'un nom. . . . Les idées abstraites ne sont donc que des dénominations. . . . Si nous n'avions point de dénominations, nous n'aurions point d'idées abstraites, nous n'aurions ni genres ni espèces, nous ne pourrions raisonner sur rien" (Condillac, "Logique," II<sup>me</sup> partie, chap. v.).

† De Bonald, "De l'Origine du Langage," p. 67: "Les brutes, qui éprouvent les mêmes besoins, reçoivent aussi les images des objets que l'instinct de leur conversation les porte à fuir ou à chercher, et n'ont besoin de langage. L'enfant, qui ne parle pas encore, le muet qui ne parlera jamais, se font aussi des images des choses sensibles, et la parole nécessaire pour la vie morale et idéale, ne l'est pas du tout à la vie physique."

‡ De Bonald, *loc. cit.* p. 65, remarks: "Ce qui veut dire qu'on ne peut penser qu'au

But, even supposing that our modern philosophers should treat Condillac and Rousseau as ancient and forgotten worthies, surely they must have heard of Dugald Stewart in Scotland (1753–1828), of De Bonald (1754–1840) and De Maistre (1754–1821) in France. Now, Dugald Stewart was not ashamed to teach what the Nominalists had taught before him—namely, that for the purpose of thinking three things are necessary: *universalia*, *genera*, and *words*. If Dugald Stewart had not persuaded himself that Sanskrit was a mere forgery of the Brahmans, he might have learnt a new lesson—namely, that all our words, even those which we call singular, are derived from general concepts, in so far as they must be traced back to roots embodying general concepts. This discovery, however, was reserved for later comers. In the meantime, men like De Bonald and De Maistre in France did not allow the old argument to sleep. But curiously enough, while formerly the idea of the identity of thought and language was generally defended by philosophers of the type of Hobbes, by the supporters of sensualistic theories who derive all our knowledge from the impressions of the senses and their spontaneous associations, we have in De Bonald and De Maistre men of the very opposite stamp—orthodox, almost mystic philosophers, who nevertheless make the identity of thought and language the watchword of their philosophy. It is true that even Bossuet (1627–1704) inclined in the same direction. In his famous treatise, “*De la Connaissance de Dieu et de soi-même*,” he allows that we can never, or, with the usual proviso of weak-kneed philosophers, hardly ever, think of anything without its name presenting itself to us. But De Bonald went far beyond this, as will be seen from the following extracts:—

In his treatise on the origin of language he says: “There was geometry in the world before Newton, and philosophy before Descartes, but before language there was absolutely nothing but bodies and their images, because language is the necessary instrument of every intellectual operation—nay, the means of every moral existence.”† He puts the same idea into more powerful, though at first sight somewhat perplexing language, when he says: “Man thinks his word before he speaks his thought, or, in other words, man cannot speak his thought without thinking his word.”‡

De Maistre, who belongs to the same school as De Bonald, and whose ultimate conclusions I should feel most unwilling to adopt, shows, nevertheless, the same clear insight into the nature of language. Thus he writes: “The question of the origin of ideas is the

*moyen de paroles, lorsqu'on ne pense pas au moyen d'images.*” Håller expressed almost the same idea, when he said: “Ita assuevit anima signis uti, ut mera per signa cogitet ac sonorum vestigia sola omnium rerum repræsentationes animæ offerant, rarioribus exemplis exceptis, quando affectus aliquis imaginem ipsam revocat.”

\* “*Œuvres de M. de Bonald*,” “*Recherches Philosophiques sur les Premiers Objets des Connaissances Morales*.” Paris. 1858. † *Loc. cit.* p. 78.

‡ *Loc. cit.* p. 64: “L'homme pense sa parole avant de parler sa pensée; ou autrement, l'homme ne peut parler sa pensée sans penser sa parole.”

same as the question of the origin of language; for thought and language are only two magnificent synonyms. Our intellect cannot think nor know that it thinks without speaking, because it must say, 'I know.'\*\*

And again: "It is absolutely the same thing whether one asks the definition, the essence, or the name of an object! † . . . In one word, there is no word which does not represent an idea, and which is not really as correct and as true as the idea, because thought and language do not differ essentially, but represent the same act of the mind, speaking either to himself or to others."‡

I say once more that I am the last person to follow these French philosophers to their last conclusions. Their object is to show that language, being what it is, cannot have been a human invention, but must have been a divine revelation.§ I quote them here as representative men only, and as showing how familiar the idea of the identity of thought and language was on the Continent during the first half of our century—an idea which, by some of the most prominent philosophers in England, has been treated as an unheard-of paradox.

Of course it may be said that De Bonald, and De Maistre too, are ancient history; that the first half of this century was a mistake, and that true and positive philosophy dates only from the second half of our century. But even then, those who wish to take part in the discussion of the great problems of philosophy ought to know that the question of the identity of language and thought has never to the present day been neglected by the leading philosophers of Germany and France. Let us take one, who has not only proved himself most intimately acquainted with the most recent schools of philosophical thought in England, but has often been claimed as a disciple of Stuart Mill—let us take M. Taine, and what do we find, in his great work, "*De l'Intelligence*," first published in 1870? Without the slightest hesitation, without any fear that what he says could sound strange to well-schooled philosophical ears, or be taken for mere paradox even by the outside public, he writes: ||—

"What we call a general idea is nothing but a name; not the simple sound which vibrates in the air and sets our ears in motion, nor the assemblage of letters which blacken the paper and touch our eyes—not even these letters apprehended mentally, or the sound of them mentally rehearsed, but that sound and those letters endowed, as we perceive or

\* "*Soirées de St. Pétersbourg*," i. p. 75.

† *Loc. cit.* i. p. 135.

‡ *Loc. cit.* i. p. 131.

§ "*Si l'expression est nécessaire, non-seulement à la production de l'idée ou à sa révélation extérieure, mais encore à sa conception dans notre propre esprit; c'est-à-dire, si l'idée ne peut être présentée à notre esprit ni présentée à l'esprit des autres que par la parole orale ou écrite, le langage est nécessaire, ou tel que la société n'a pu, dans aucun temps, exister sans le langage, pas plus que l'homme n'a pu exister hors de la société. L'homme n'a donc pas inventé le langage. . . . La nécessité de la révélation primitive du langage a été défendue dans l'*Encyclopédie* par le savant et vertueux Beauzée. Charles Bonnet et Hugh Blair entrent dans le même sentiment.*"—DE BONALD, *oc. cit.* p. 199.

|| *Loc. cit.* i. p. 35.

imagine them, with a twofold character, first of producing in us the images of individuals belonging to a certain class, and of these individuals only; secondly, of reappearing every time when an individual of that class, and only when an individual of that same class, presents itself to our memory or our perception."

And again :\*—

"Hence arise curious illusions. We believe we possess, besides our general words, general ideas; we distinguish between the idea and the word; the idea seems to us a separate act, the word being an auxiliary only. We actually compare the idea and the image, and we say that the idea performs in another sphere the same office in presenting to us general objects which the image performs in presenting to us individuals. . . . Such is the first of our psychological illusions, and what we call our consciousness swarms with them. The false theories arising from them are as complicated as they are numerous. They obstruct all science, and only when they shall have been swept away will science become simple again."

I could go on quoting passage after passage from M. Taine's work, and I may say, with regard to him too, that, though accepting his facts, I by no means accept all the conclusions he draws from them. I agree with him that word and idea are but two names for the same thing. I agree with him, when he, like Locke, shows the impossibility of animals ever reaching the intellectual level of language, for the simple reason that they cannot reach the level of general ideas. But I differ from him when he thinks that the origin of language and the original formation of words can be explained by watching the way in which a child of the present day acquires the use of a language ready made, though even here our opinions are by no means so far apart as he imagines. We are concerned with different problems, but we agree at all events as to the manner in which these problems ought to be treated, not by mere assertion and counter-assertion, but by a comprehensive study of facts, and by a careful examination of the opinions of those who came before us.

The unhistorical treatment of philosophy, for which some English philosophers have been of late frequently, and, I think, justly, reprehended, entails far more serious consequences than might be imagined. I admit it gives a certain freshness and liveliness to philosophical discussions. Completely new ideas, or ideas supposed to be new, excite, no doubt, greater enthusiasm, and likewise greater surprise and indignation. But life, nay, even history, would be too short, if we were always to begin again where Thales, Aristotle, or Descartes began, or if the well-known results of Kant's "*Critique of Pure Reason*" were published to the world as the most recent discoveries of synthetic philosophy.

Another inconvenience arising from this unhistorical treatment of philosophical questions is felt even more acutely—namely, that in

\* *Loc. cit.* i. p. 66.

defending an old theory by new arguments we are often supposed to be pleading our own cause. Darwin, particularly in his earlier books, speaks of the cause of evolution, not as if it were anything personal to himself, but as a trust handed down to him, almost as an heirloom of his family; anyhow, as a valuable inheritance dating from the earliest days of awakening physical and philosophical inquiry. In his later books he becomes more and more self-conscious, and seems restrained from applying that rapturous language to the results obtained by the theory of evolution which those who follow him feel perfectly justified in applying to his and their own labours. I have been blamed for speaking with unconcealed rapture of the theory of the identity of language and thought, and I certainly should feel that I deserved blame if this theory had really been of my own invention. But, knowing how many of the most authoritative philosophers had held the same views, I felt at perfect liberty to speak of it, as I did, as the most important philosophical truth, in fact, as the only solid foundation of all philosophy.

I also took it for granted, though it seems I ought not to have done so, that the misunderstandings which had formerly beset this theory, and had been demolished again and again, would not be repeated with the innocent conviction that they had never been thought of before.

Of course, such an expression as identity of thought and language can be cavilled at. If Kant is right, no two things in space and time can ever be identical, and if people really take identical in that sense the sooner the word is altogether superseded the better. When we say that language and thought are identical, we mean that they are two names of the same thing under two aspects. There is a very useful term in Sanskrit philosophy, “*aprithagbhāva*” (“the not being able to exist apart”), and it is this, the impossibility of thought existing apart from language, or language from thought, which we mean when we call the two identical. We can distinguish for our own purposes, and these purposes are perfectly legitimate, between the sound and the meaning of a word, just as we can distinguish between the pitch and the timbre of our voice. But though we can distinguish, we cannot separate the two. We cannot have timbre without pitch, nor pitch without timbre; neither can we have words without thought, or thought without words. There never was on one side a collection of vocables, mere *flatus vocis*, and on the other a collection of concepts. The two were always one and indivisible, but not one and indistinguishable. We can certainly distinguish the sound of a word from its meaning, but we must not expect to meet with meanings walking about in broad daylight as disembodied ghosts, or with sounds floating through the air, like so many Undines in search of a soul. The two were not two, but were one from the beginning, and the *πρῶτον ψεύδος* lies in this attempted divorce between sound and meaning.

After words have been formed, as embodied thoughts, no doubt it



is possible to imitate and repeat their sound without knowing their meaning. We have only to speak English to a Chinaman, and we shall see that what to us is English is to him mere sound and jabber. It is no longer language, because it is of the essence of language to be sound and meaning at the same time.

But then it is asked—Is our thinking always speaking? I say, yes it is, if only we take speaking in its proper sense. But if we mean by speaking the mere vibrations of our vocal chords, then thinking is not always speaking, because we can suppress these vibrations, and yet keep in our memory the sound which they were meant to produce, and the meaning which that sound was meant to convey. It is this speaking without voice which has come to be called thinking, while thinking aloud has monopolized the name of speaking. The true definition, in fact, of thinking, as commonly understood, is speaking *minus* voice. And as this kind of thinking is that which is most commonly used for intense intellectual work, people have become so proud of it that they cannot bear to see it what they call degraded to mere speaking without voice. Still so it is, as every one can discover for himself, if he will only ask himself at any moment what he is or has been thinking about. He can answer this question to himself and to others in words only. Nor is there anything degrading in this, and at all events the greatest philosophical thinkers, the Greeks, did not think so or say so, for they were satisfied with one and the same word for thought and speech.

Nor do we really, when we examine ourselves carefully, ever detect ourselves as thinking only, or as thinking in the abstract. How often have I been asked, not whether I think without words, but whether I think in English or in German. What does that mean? It means, whether I speak to myself in English or in German, and no more. The idea that I could speak to myself in no language at all is too absurd to be even suggested.

The results which the Science of Language has arrived at, and which are by no means so startling as has been supposed, are shortly these :—We have sensations without language, and some of these sensations may produce in men, as well as in animals, involuntary cries.

We have perceptions or images without language, and some of these may be accompanied by gestures or signs, such gestures and signs being often intelligible to others belonging to the same kind.

We have concepts, but these we can never have without words, because it is the word which embodies originally one feature only of the whole image, and afterwards others, and thus supplies what we call abstract concepts, to which nothing can ever respond in imagination, nothing in sensation, nothing in nature.

Here it is where the Science of Language has supplied the historical

proof of what would otherwise have remained a mere postulate. We know, as a fact, that about eight hundred roots will account for nearly the whole wealth of the Sanskrit Dictionary. We can account for these roots in different ways, the most unobjectionable being that suggested by Noiré, that they were originally the *clamor concomitans* of the conscious acts of men. Now, let us take an instance. Man would have received the sensation of brightness from the stars in the sky, and it is possible, at least I should not like to deny it, that animals too might receive the same sensation. After a time, when the same starry sky was observed night after night, and year after year, the stars as bright points would be remembered, and would leave an image of separate sparkling points, nay, it may be, of certain very prominent constellations in our memory. Nor is there any reason to doubt that, without any language, the mere image of certain constellations appearing on the sky might from the earliest times have evoked the images of concomitant events, such as the approach of cold weather, or the return of spring, in the minds of our most savage ancestors.

But with all that, there was as yet no word, and, in consequence, no concept of a star. What we call stars, as different from the sky to which they seem attached, as different also from sun and moon, were as yet bright images only.

Now, the next decisive step was this. The Aryan man possessed what we call roots, sounds which had often been used while he and his friends were engaged in acts of scattering, dispersing, strewing. One of these sounds may have been STAR. We find it in Latin, *ster-no* and *stramen*; in Greek, *στρο-βννμι*; in Gothic, *strauja*; English, to *strew*, and its many derivatives. In all these words, the root, we say, is STAR, though we need not assert that such a root ever existed by itself before it was realized in all the words which sprang from it. One of the features of the bright sparkling points in heaven was their scattering or strewing sprays of light. By means of the root STAR this one feature was abstracted from the rest of the image, and the stars were thus at the same time called and conceived as strewers: in Sanskrit, *star-as*; in Greek, *ἀστέρ-ες*; in Latin, *stellac*, i.e. *sterulac*; in English, *stars*.

This word *star* was not meant for any single star, it did not correspond to a sensation, nor to any vague image or recollection of stars; it was a name representing one abstract feature of the stars, namely, their scattering of light in a dark night. It was man's own creation, and corresponded to nothing in nature, unless it was predicated afterwards of this or that particular star. It was so general, in fact, that, as soon as special stars had to be named, new determining or individualizing names became necessary. When it was observed that certain stars always retained their place, while others travelled about, the former were named fixed stars, the latter travellers or planets,\* till at last every prominent star received some kind of

\* "Lectures on the Science of Language," i. p. 8.

name, that is to say, was known and called as different from all the rest.

We see the same process everywhere, though it is not always possible to discover with perfect certainty what specific features in the objects of nature were selected for the purpose of knowing and naming them, or, in other words, from what root their names were derived. Let us examine the name of *tree*. Here it is quite clear that the most primitive savage must have had the sensation produced by trees growing up all around him, and giving him shelter against the sun, possibly supplying food also to appease his hunger. Let us suppose that that sensation was on a level with the sensation which animals also receive from trees. I do not think it was, but I am willing to grant it for argument's sake. The hundreds and thousands of trees which made an impression on the eyes of these savages must soon have become indistinguishable, and left an image in the memory of a very general and indistinct character. Some philosophers maintain that animals also have these blurred images, and that they would mistake a post for a tree. Again, for argument's sake, I do not mean to contest it.

But now comes a new step. Men, and men alone, in the earliest stages of their life on earth, began to take hold of certain trees, tear off their bark, hollow out their stems, and use these in the end for making beds, boats, and tables, and for other purposes. Concomitant and significative of this act of tearing off the bark of trees, the Aryan people had a root DAR; in Greek, δαίρω; in English, *to tear*. Being chiefly interested in trees because they could thus be peeled and shaped and rendered useful, they called a tree in Sanskrit *dru*; in Greek, δρῦς; in Gothic, *triu*; in English, *tree*. This was but one out of many names that could be applied to trees for various reasons, more or less important in the eyes of the Aryan savages; and here, even for the sake of argument, I cannot bring myself to admit that any animal could have done the same. We must bear in mind that there is really nothing in nature corresponding to tree. If it simply meant what could be shaped, there are hundreds of things that can in various ways be shaped. If it was confined to trees, there are again hundreds of trees, oaks, beeches, fir-trees, &c.; but no human eye has ever seen a tree, nor could any artist give us an idea of what a tree may be as a mere phantasma in the mind of man or animal.\*

If all this is true, it follows that no concept, not even the concept of so simple an object as a tree, was possible without a name. It was by being named, that is, by having one of its prominent features singled out or abstracted, and brought under the root DAR, to tear, that the blurred image, left on the memory after repeated sensations,

\* Taine, "De l'Intelligence," i. p. 27.

became known, became definite, received a handle for the purposes of thought and speech. And what was the result? The result was that with the name there arose in the mind, not a sensation, not an image—for think what such an image would have been—but what we call a concept, when we speak to ourselves without vibrations of the vocal chords, but what is called a word, when uttered aloud. If we distinguish, therefore, at all between concepts and words, we are bound to say that concepts are due to words, they are words *minus* sound, and not, as most philosophers will have it, that words are due to concepts, that they are concepts *plus* sound. It is only because to think aloud is to speak that to speak *sotto voce* may be called to think. All this was perfectly known, as far as the general principle is concerned. I believe that even Berkeley's ingenious views of general ideas might easily be translated into our language. He maintains that general ideas do not exist at all; so do we. He then proceeds to say that what we call general ideas are particular ideas with a word attached to them. So do we,\* only that we have learned how this process took place. It could not be done by taking a sound at random and attaching it to a particular idea, for the simple reason that there were no such sounds in the market. But if Berkeley had known the results of the Science of Language, he would, I believe, have been perfectly satisfied with the process, as described before, of bringing one feature of the particular idea under a root, and thus raising that particular into a general idea at the same time that the root was raised into a word.

We could come to an understanding with Locke also, when he says that "words become general by being made the signs of general ideas!"† if only he could be made to see that the same object which he has in view can be attained by saying that ideas become general by being signed with a word.

Nor should I despair of establishing a perfect agreement with M. Taine, if only he would leave the modern Parisian nursery and follow me into the distant caves of our Aryan ancestors. Nothing can be more brilliant than the way in which he describes the process of generalization going on in the mind of a child.‡ He describes how the nurse, on showing a dog to a child, says *oua-oua*, how the child's eyes follow the nurse's gestures, how he sees the dog, hears his bark, and how, after a few repetitions which form his apprenticeship, the two images, that of the dog and that of the sound, become, according to the law of the association of images, associated permanently in his mind. Thus, when he sees the dog again, he imagines the same sound, and by a kind of imitative instinct he tries to utter the same sound. When the dog barks, the child laughs and is enchanted, and he feels all the more tempted to pronounce the sound of the animal

\* "Science of Thought," p. 259.

† *Loc. cit.* p. 259.

‡ *Loc. cit.* p. 245.

which strikes him as new, and of which he had hitherto heard a human imitation only. Up to this point there is nothing original or superior; the brain of every mammal is capable of similar associations. "What is peculiar to man is that the sound associated by him with the perception of a certain individual is called forth again, not only by the sight of exactly similar individuals, but likewise by the presence of distinctly different individuals, though with regard to certain features belonging to the same class. In fact, analogies which do not strike an animal, strike man. The child says *oua-oua* at the sight of the dog belonging to the house. Soon he says *oua-oua* at the sight of poodles, pugs, and Newfoundland dogs. A little later the child will say *oua-oua* to a toy dog which is made to bark by some kind of mechanism, and this no animal would do. Even a toy dog which does not bark, but moves on wheels—nay, a dog made of bronze, standing motionless and dumb in the drawing-room, a small friend walking on all fours in the nursery, lastly a mere drawing, will evoke the same sound.

All this is true, perfectly true; and M. Taine may be quite right in maintaining that the discoveries of Oken, Goethe, and Newton are in the end due to the same power of discovering analogies in nature. I follow him even when he sums up in the following words:—

"To discover relations between most distant objects, to disentangle most delicate analogies, to establish common features in the most dissimilar things, to isolate most abstract qualities, all these expressions have the same meaning, and all these operations can be traced back to the name being evoked by perceptions and representations possessing the slightest resemblances, to the signal being roused by an almost imperceptible stimulant, to the mental word appearing in court at the first summons."

With certain restrictions all these observations made among children of the present day apply with equal force to the children of our race.\* When, for instance, such a word as *dru*, tree, had once been formed, supposing that at first it was meant for such trees only as could be peeled and smoothed and fashioned into some useful tools, it would soon be transferred to all trees, whatever their wood. After that it might become specialized again, as we see in Greek, where *δρῦς* means chiefly oak, and in Lithuanian, where it means pine.† On the other hand, we see a word such as *oak*, after it had taken its definite meaning, becoming generalized again, and being used in Icelandic for trees in general.

With regard to all this I see no difference between M. Taine's views and my own, and I likewise fully agree with him when he explains how in the end every word, before it is used for philosophical purposes, has to be carefully defined.‡

There is, however, some new and important light which the Science

\* See also L. M. Billia, "Due Risposte al Prof. Angelo Valdarnini intorno a una pretesa contraddizione fra la dottrina ideologica e la psicologia del Rosmini." Torino, 1887, p. 14.

† "Biographies of Words," p. 258.

‡ *Loc. cit.* i. 39, 57.

of Language has thrown on this old problem, and which, if M. Taine had taken it into account, would have enabled him, not only to establish his own views more firmly, but to extend them far beyond the narrow walls of our modern nurseries. The Science of Language has clearly shown that every word coincides from the very beginning with a general concept. While formerly the admission that thought was impossible without words was mostly restricted to general and abstract terms, we can now extend it to singular terms likewise, in fact to the whole of our language, with the exception of interjections and what are called demonstrative elements. That no one could think whiteness, goodness, or even humanity or brutality, was generally admitted, even by those who hesitated to admit that no thought was possible without language. But now that we can prove historically that even a tree could not have been named except as coming under the general term of tearing, peeling, shaping, or, in other cases, of feeding, sheltering, or growing, no wavering or haggling is any longer possible. All our words are conceptual, all our concepts are verbal: this is what Nominalism postulated without being able to prove it, that is what Nominism has proved by means of the discoveries which a comparative study of languages has placed at our disposal, and which no scepticism can touch. From the first, Comparative Philology had no such ulterior objects in view. It confined itself to a careful collection of facts, to the analysis of all that had become purely formal, to the discovery of the constituent elements of language, to the establishment of the genealogical relationship of all members of the same family of speech; but beyond this it did not mean to go. When, however, some of the results at which Comparative Philology had arrived quite independently, were found to be almost identical with the teachings of some of the most authoritative philosophers; when it was found, for instance, that while Locke maintained that animals had no general ideas because they had no words, the Science of Language had arrived at the conclusion that animals had no words because they had no general ideas,\* the Science of Language became *ipso facto* the Science of Thought, and language and thought were recognised once more as two faces of the same head.

The consequences which follow by necessity from this recognition of the identity of thought and language, and which I was anxious to put forward as strongly as possible in my "Science of Thought," may, no doubt, have startled some philosophers, whose chief strength lies in the undefined use of words. But that theory itself could never have startled a careful student of the history of philosophy. It is a very old friend with a new face, and had a right to expect a different reception.

To the Greeks, we know, it was so natural to look upon language

\* "Lectures on the Science of Language," i. 65.

and thought, as two sides of the same thing, that we can hardly appeal to them as conscious upholders of such a theory. As they used *logos* in both senses, as discourse, whether internal or external, their knowledge of the identity of language and thought came to them by intuition rather than by reflection. They had never been led astray as we have been; hence they had not to discover the right way.

Still, whenever Greek philosophers come to touch on this question, they speak with no uncertain tone, though even then they are generally satisfied with stating the truth, without attempting to prove what, in their eyes, seemed hardly to require any proof—namely, the identity of language and thought.

In the "Sophist," Plato begins by showing how language (*λόγος*) may be true or false, and only after having proved this, does he proceed to show that thought and imagination also may be true or false. For, he proceeds, "thought (*διάνοια*) is the same as language, with this exception, that thought is the conversation of the soul with herself which takes place without voice, while the stream which, accompanied by sound, flows from thought through the lips is called language (*λόγος*)." He then defines opinion (*δόξα*) as the result of thinking (*διανοίας ἀποτελεύτησις*), and imagination (*φαντασία*) as the union of opinion and sensation. In this way only, that is, by proving that thought, opinion, and imagination are closely akin to language, does he establish in the end that, as language has been proved to be either true or false, thought, opinion, and imagination also may be true or false.

Whether Plato could not have established the possibility of truth and falsehood in thought, opinion, and imagination by a simpler and shorter process, is not the question which concerns us here. What concerns us is the perfect assurance with which he identifies here, as well as in the "Theaetetus" (190),\* speech (*λόγος*) and thought (*διάνοια*), an assurance which seems to be shared by his latest translator, Professor Jowett, when finding fault with Hegel because "he speaks as if thought, instead of being identical with language, was wholly independent of it."†

Now, therefore, when it will hardly be safe to say any longer that the identity of language and thought is something quite unheard of, a paradox, a mere perversity (all these expressions have been used by men who call themselves philosophers, and even professors of philosophy), the next step will probably be to treat it as a mere question of words.

\* "What do you mean by thinking?" "I mean by thinking the conversation which the soul holds with herself in thinking of anything. . . . I say, then, that to form an opinion is to speak, and opinion is a word spoken, I mean, to oneself and in silence, not aloud, or to another."

† Plato, vol. iv. p. 420. Hegel, however, said: "We think in names;" see "Science of Thought," p. 45.

And, indeed it is a question of words, but in the true sense of that word.\*

If we use *thought* promiscuously for every kind of mental process, it stands to reason that to say that thought is impossible without language would be absurd. To feel pain and pleasure is an inward mental process, to see and hear are inward mental processes; to stare at the images of present and past events, to build castles in the air, to feed on such stuff as dreams are made of—all this might certainly be brought under the general category of mental activity. For ordinary purposes we need not be too particular about language, and, if people like to call all this *thinking*, why should we object? I, myself, when there can be no misunderstanding, use *thought* in that general sense, and use the word *mind* for all that is going on within us, whether sensation, perception, conception or naming.† I did not, therefore, put on my title-page, "No thought without language," but "No reason without language," and I did so after having defined reason as the addition and subtraction of conceptual words.

But though admitting this general meaning of *thinking*, we should carefully distinguish it from its more special and technical use, when it becomes synonymous with reasoning, and is, in fact, speaking *sotto* or *senza voce*. Whenever there is danger of misapprehension, it is decidedly better to avoid it by definition, but in most cases it is quite clear whether to *think* is used in its general or in its special sense. If, therefore, it is said that the question of the identity of thought and language is a mere question of words, I say, Yes, it is; but so is every question of philosophy, if rightly understood. Words are terms, and only if rightly determined do they enable us to reason rightly. Let the word *thought* be rightly defined, and let the word *language* be rightly defined, and their identity will require no further proof; for, when we maintain their identity, we do not mean by language mere sound, nor do we mean by thought mere sensation or imagination, but knowledge of something that can neither be felt nor imagined, and can only be signified. We can never see nor can we imagine *tree*, *dog*, *man*, *triangle*, *polygon*, *parallelopiped*, and all the rest of our dictionary. Then what are *tree*, *dog*, *man*, and all the rest? They are names (*nomina*=*gnomina*), that is, acts of knowledge, and of that peculiar class of knowledge which cannot possibly have anything corresponding to it in sensuous perception or imagination, because it has always reference to something which we discover in and lift out from percepts in order to signify whole classes of percepts, but never any real and individual percept. We can afterwards use these names, and say, for instance, this is a tree, this is a dog; but *tree* and *dog*, which we thus predicate, are general and abstract terms; they are not *the* fir-

\* "Ein Wortstreit entsteht daraus, weil ich die Sachen unter andern Kombinationen sentire und drum, ihre Relativität ausdrückend, sie anders benennen muss."—Goethe an Lavater, 1774.

† "Science of Thought," p. 20.



tree or *the* poodle dog which our sensation and imagination present to us.

I hope that, after this definition of the true meaning of language and thought, the usual result will follow, and that my critics will say that, if I meant no more than that, no one would think of differing from me, and that I have only myself to blame for not having made my meaning clear. I am quite willing to take that blame so long as I may agree with my adversaries quickly. If people will only see what "a question of words" really means, I believe there will soon be peace among all contending philosophical parties.

But, unfortunately, we think but too much in words, and almost let them think for us, instead of making them completely our own. We take our words as they come to us by inheritance, and we trust that other people will take them in the same sense in which we use them.

And yet nothing is more certain than that two people hardly ever take the same word in the same sense, and that just the most important words are often used in entirely different senses by different philosophers. Hence all our misunderstandings, all our quarrellings, all our so-called systems of philosophy, every one differing from the other, and yet all starting from the same given facts, all collected by the same eyes and the same minds!

If all philosophers used the same words in the same sense, their conclusions would differ as little as the conclusions of mathematicians. A mathematician knows exactly what is the meaning of the terms with which he operates, while philosophers will hardly ever condescend to define the terms which they use. We wonder why mathematicians always arrive at the same results, or, if they do not, why they can always discover the mistakes they have made. But how could it be otherwise? Even their highest problems, which completely stagger the unmathematical mind, consist in the end in nothing but addition and subtraction. Our reasoning also, even when it reaches the highest metaphysical problems, consists in nothing but addition and subtraction. What else could it consist in? But there is this difference, that, while the mathematician adds and subtracts values which are defined within the strictest limits, the philosopher adds and subtracts values which are often not defined at all, or defined within the vaguest limits. If the metaphysician does not actually play with loaded dice, he often uses dice which he has never examined, and which, for all he knows, may have been marked rightly or wrongly by those who placed them in his hands. If all our words were defined as triangles, squares, and spheres are in geometry, or as 1·999 is in arithmetic, philosophy would soon become a worthy rival of mathematics.

The only hope of peace and of an understanding between various schools of philosophy lies in definition, and definition ought at the present moment to be the chief employment of all honest philosophers.

But we want more than definition—we want a thorough purification of language. A perfect language ought to be like a perfect alphabet. As in a perfect alphabet the same letter ought always to have one and the same sound, and the same sound ought always to be represented by one and the same letter, so, in a perfect language, the same word ought always to have one and the same meaning, and the same meaning ought always to be represented by one and the same word. I know all poets will cry out against this heresy, but I am speaking of philosophical, not of poetical, language.

Languages suffer from wealth even more than from poverty. The human mind is so made that it is always inclined to presuppose a difference of meaning where there is a difference of names. Because we have a number of names to signify what is going on within us, such as spirit, mind, understanding, intelligence, and reason, philosophers have made every kind of effort to show how each differs from the rest, till we seem to have ever so many pigeon-holes within us, and ever so many pigeons hatching their eggs in them, instead of one undivided mental activity, applied to different objects.

While here confusion is due to too great a wealth of expression, we saw before how the employment of the word *language* in totally different senses, or poverty of expression, played equal havoc with our thoughts. If we can speak of the language of the eyes, of the language of silence, of the language of flowers, of the language of animals, no wonder that we forget altogether the distinctive meaning of language when used in the definite sense of expression of conceptual thought by conceptual words. Let this definition of language be granted, and ever so many books might have remained unwritten. We are all dealing with the same facts when we say that animals have no language, while others say they have language. We may go on for ever collecting anecdotes of parrots and jackdaws, we shall never come to a mutual understanding. But let language be once defined, and all wrangling will cease. If language is defined as communication in general, we shall all agree that animals have language. If language means human language, conceptual language, language derived from roots, then we shall all agree that animals have no language.

But it is not only in philosophy that we want a Katharsis of human speech; it is wanted in every sphere of human thought. Think of the different meanings attached to the word *gentleman*. From the most opposite quarters, from high and low, you hear the expression, "He is a gentleman," or "He is not a gentleman." If you venture to doubt, or are bold enough to ask for a definition of gentleman, you run a considerable risk of being told that you are not a gentleman yourself if you do not know what gentleman means. Yet the butler will call you a gentleman if you give him ten shillings instead of half-a-crown; your friends will doubt

whether you are a gentleman if you indulge in that kind of menial generosity. And if there is this haze about the meaning of gentleman, think of the polychromatic iridescence that plays round the name of *lady*. The best we can do when we are asked to define that word is to say that it cannot be defined, and that to define means to destroy its charm, which can be felt only, but cannot be analysed.

If you wish to see a real confusion of tongues, you need not go to the plain in the land of Shinar, but read any article on art in any of our leading reviews. If you were to ask for a definition, of almost any word used in these reviews, whether nice, sweet, charming, felicitous, exquisite, lovely, heavenly, or realistic, warm, throbbing, bewitching, killing, and all the rest, you would fare very badly. You would be called a pedant, or an ignoramus, and you would require no definition of what is meant by *these* words.

Look for a moment at political language. An eminent politician has lately spoken in rapturous terms about the name of Home Rule. He called it so delightful a term, so apt, so full of meaning. To others it seems the most stupid word that has lately been invented, and exactly for the same reason—namely, because it is so full, so brimful of meaning. Define Home Rule, and if we do not all of us become Home Rulers at once, we shall at all events be able to compare notes, to arrive at a mutual understanding, and to find out what is practicable and what is not. Every individual, every home, every town, every county has a right to so much individual liberty, to so much Home Rule, to so much municipal freedom, to so much county government as is compatible with the vital interests of the commonwealth. All individual claims that clash with the welfare of the larger communities must be surrendered, some for a time, others in perpetuity. Home Rule in its undefined meaning is certainly brimful of meaning, but these words overflowing with meaning are exactly the most bewildering and the most misleading terms. Home Rule may mean liberty, independence, self-government, and a careful regard to local interests. In that sense we are all Home Rulers. But it may also mean licence, sedition, and selfishness—and in that sense, I hope, the number of Home Rulers is very small in the United Kingdom of Ireland, Scotland, and England.

But much more serious consequences may follow from a careless use of words. Politics, after all, are but a small section of ethics, and we have lately seen a complete system of ethics built up on the ambiguous use of the word *good*. No doubt, a knife, or a gun, or a house may be called good, if they are well adapted to cut, to shoot, and to shelter. We may also speak of actions as good or bad, not in a moral sense, but simply as answering their purpose. A shot, for instance, may be called a good shot, if it is well aimed and well delivered, even though it should be the shot of a murderer. The first arrow which

William Tell let fly at the apple on the head of his son was a good shot, but there was no moral element in it, because the father acted under constraint. But if he had wounded his son, and then, as he intended, had shot the second arrow at Gessler, that might likewise have been a good shot, in one sense, but, from a moral point of view, it would have been murder.

But to say that moral actions also are called good or bad according as the adjustments of acts to ends are or are not efficient, is mere jugglery with words. *Good* has two meanings, and these two meanings should be kept carefully apart. Good may mean useful, but good also means what is anything but useful or profitable; and it is goodness in that sense which moral philosophy has to account for. It is quite open to any philosopher to say that nothing should be called good except what is in some sense or other useful. But in that case the meaning of usefulness ought to be properly defined; we ought not to imagine that, because we use the same word, we are thinking the same thought. Now, how does our utilitarian philosopher define moral usefulness? He maintains that as the preservation and prolongation of our own life are our *summum bonum*, any acts conducing to this should be called good. Here many people would question the statement that preservation, and, more particularly, prolongation, of life beyond a certain term could always be called the highest good; but, even admitting this, we might indeed call cannibalism useful, for the preservation and prolongation of life, but we should hardly call it good.

It is different when we come to consider the two other spheres of action in which we are told that any acts useful for the preservation and prolongation of life of our own offspring, and of our fellow creatures, should be called good.

Here we must again distinguish. Any act for the benefit of our own offspring may be useful, wise, and prudent, and, if well conceived and carefully carried out, may be called good, in one sense. But not till we know the motive, should we call it good in the other sense. In a primitive state of society children constituted the wealth and strength of a family, and to feed them and keep them from danger was no more meritorious than the feeding and keeping of slaves and cattle. From a purely utilitarian point of view, however, it would be useful, and therefore good, not to rear weak or crippled children, but to kill them, and here for the first time real goodness comes in. Real goodness is always, in some form or other, unselfishness. The unselfishness of a mother in bringing up a child that must always be a trouble and burden to her may be very misguided, anything but good in the eyes of those who interpret good as useful; but nevertheless, so long as the word *good* exists, it has always been applied to such acts.

In this case, however, the psychologist may still discover traces of selfishness in the natural love of a mother. But in the third sphere of action, in our endeavour to preserve and prolong the life of our fellow creatures, or, more correctly, in our endeavours to promote their general happiness, we can easily distinguish between acts that ought to be called good, simply in the sense of useful, and acts that ought to be called good, in the sense of unselfish. A man who fulfils the general duties necessary for keeping a community together may be called a good, that is, a useful citizen. He is useful to society, but he is useful also to himself, as a member of that society. A man, however, who, like Marcus Curtius, jumped into the abyss in order to save Rome, may no doubt be called a fool by utilitarian philosophers, but the Romans called him good, and we too must call him unselfish. And a man who, like Gordon, remained at his post, trusting in his God and in his country, may be called a madman; but no one would dare to call him selfish, and posterity will keep for him a place of honour among the heroes, among the martyrs, among the good men of England.

Philosophers are perfectly justified in attempting to build up systems of ethics on utilitarian and hedonistic principles. We should not even contest their right to give a new definition of *goodness*, and to say that with them it shall mean nothing but *usefulness*. But they must not play with language, and tell us that what the world meant by *good* was never more than what they mean by *useful*. On the contrary, the word *good* was framed originally to signify acts which were not useful, nay, which might be detrimental to the agent, and which, nevertheless, require our approval. Their usefulness depends on the means which we employ, goodness on the objects which we have in view. We may call useful what is selfish; we can never call what is selfish good.

There is no sphere of mental activity which does not stand in need of the corrective influence of the Science of Thought. If soldiers must look to their swords, philosophers will have to look to their words. I know that here, as elsewhere, inquiry into the supply, and a vigorous test of the efficiency of words will be declared a nuisance, will be resisted and resented as an insult. But, in spite of all that, it will come, in some departments of thought it has already come, and in the future battles of the world good swords and good words will carry the day.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

## A DIP IN CRITICISM.

A COURAGEOUSLY anonymous critic in the September number of the *Fortnightly Review* proclaims his discovery that English fiction has fallen because Mr. Rider Haggard is popular. The arguments advanced may deserve no less attention than the thesis itself from people who are interested in English criticism. One does by no means think Mr. Haggard an impeccable artist, but one can hardly congratulate the craft of reviewers on their new and nameless associate, on his manners, his morals, and his method. Criticism has its privileges like Parliament; but should criticism accuse an author (however deplorably successful) of being a charlatan and a conscious impostor, while hinting pretty broadly that he is also an untruthful person and a literary thief? These are unusual amenities, and a moralist who distributes them in a Review might at least back them with what Fred Bayham calls "his highly respectable name." With an appearance of inconsistency, our critic avers that the villain of his own little romance, Mr. Haggard, "evidently believes his productions to be a school of great sentiments and noble manners." Yet this same nameless moralist, who has been engaged "in the performance of such an unpleasant judicial duty" (and who manifestly prefers doing good by stealth), charges Mr. Haggard with revelling in the Improbable. Perhaps the most singular inventions of a talent which assuredly does not stick at trifles have not yet reached the summit of moral impossibility attained by the *Fortnightly* gentleman without an effort, and, as it were, unconsciously. That an author guilty of deliberate charlatanry and perhaps of deliberate theft should also believe the stolen impostures which he palms off on a gulled public to be "a school of great sentiments and noble manners" were a miracle, and "miracles," as the Rev. Robert Elsmere says, "do not

happen." But perhaps even the clerical sceptic would allow that *moral* miracles may occur, and if the *Fortnightly* Reviewer thinks his own criticism fair, why, he should find no difficulty in swallowing moral miracles, none in accepting the wildest inaccuracies of Mr. Allan Quatermain. The Reviewer's quarrel with the author of "She" is not, in itself, of much importance to persons anxious about the state of British fiction. Mr. Haggard is not everybody, and even in company with American humorists and American authors of "analytic" fiction (whom the Reviewer impartially dislikes) Mr. Haggard does not precisely represent the whole art of contemporary romance. There may be readers, indeed, who suppose that the Reviewer himself is a novelist, perhaps not a very successful novelist. But it is improbable that the spirited proprietor of a style so starched and so inaccurately pedantic has ever tried to bend it to the pleasant art of romantic fiction. It would be much more at home in politics. We may assuredly believe that this Reviewer is not a romancer, that this is not a case of "hawks piking out hawks' c'en." English fiction is not in the most flourishing of possible conditions, but I shall endeavour to prove that it is not wholly fallen, after examining a little more closely this example of English criticism. Heaven knows, and probably Mr. Haggard knows, that his *pabulum* (the Reviewer calls his novels *pabulum*) is not perfect *pabulum*. But if we are to talk (like the Reviewer) of "culinary blandishments," then—unlike the elderly baby in the "Bab Ballads"—I venture to think that "this is remarkably excellent pap." Now, it is the very ingredients which make the pap excellent that readers appreciate and that the Reviewer fails to enjoy, or even to notice. He divides his victim's means and methods into three sorts, or "elements" as he calls them. There is the "physically revolting," the "fantastic, preternatural, and generally marvellous," and there is "digging a hole in order that somebody may be helped out of it." As to the first, I think Mr. Haggard does imbrue himself in gore too freely, though the scene quoted by the Reviewer, in which Holly crushes a pair of black men, is not half so dreadful as the wish about Metternich's throat which Mr. Browning places in the mouth of his Italian patriot. You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, and you cannot fight your way through undiscovered Africa, without shedding blood. "What does the Reviewer propose to shed?" But you may put too much carmine into your line, and this is a point on which an author may wisely reconsider his method. He must remember that a novel is not a newspaper, and, when he describes a battle, must do it more in the manner of Titus Livius, and less in that of Mr. Archibald Forbes, or Mr. Cameron, or any one, in fact, who has ever seen a battle and can tell what he saw. He must remember that we live in an age of peaceful progress and of melinite and Maxim guns, not in that of the Icelandic sagas, which were composed by men who knew "the

appearance of war," and who certainly rivalled Mr. Haggard and Canon Kingsley in the unchastened vigour of their pictures. By the way, Canon Kingsley himself, "a D.C.L., a peaceful man," must have been greatly guilty of the Fall of Fiction. What a quantity of blood Amyas Leigh shed, to be sure, and what a slayer was Hereward the Wake! When that romance first came out in *Good Words*, we boys, on a Sunday, would regularly reckon up Hereward's bag for the month. In one chapter he did not kill anybody; he only "thought of killing" an old woman! This was disappointing to his backers! I fear it was the Canon who began the sanguinary style—in modern fiction at least, for I cannot help fancying that I once read of a good many gory wounds, minutely and lovingly described, in two old Greek poems which have probably escaped the diligence of the Reviewer. If he turns to a translation (there is an excellent one by the ingenious Mr. Alexander Pope) he will be much pained by what he will find in the later books of the "Odyssey." The simile of the dying fish writhing on the shore, released from the net, will horrify him by its "ferocity and atrocity." The hanging of the girls, like thrushes in a cord, will also meet with his disapproval. But do not let us add examples, for the "purpose of revealing to what depths of degradation a sensational" epic poet "can coolly descend." It is a lucky thing for Homer that the Reviewer lives after his time. But he is undoubtedly so far correct; there is too much of the sanguinary in Mr. Haggard's tales. But he can describe a splendid fight splendidly, from Jerry Jones's affair with the Boer (with fists) to the Last Stand of the Greys. And he is popular partly because men and boys love a good fight, not because we are a degraded set of people that revel in horror for its own sake. But does the moral Reviewer admit the existence of this quality of vivid and stirring narrative of a stirring scene? Not he! It is necessary for his ends that Mr. Haggard should be almost utterly devoid of merit, and it follows that the public is utterly devoid of judgment. Now, as a matter of fact, it is very seldom that a success is gained, both with the large public and with people professionally concerned in estimating the value of fiction, without *some* merit. But the Reviewer—so averse to the Improbable—adds another moral miracle to his first. Mr. Haggard is not only a charlatan, a thief, and constructively a liar who believes his books to be a school of great sentiments and noble manners, but he is also a writer who, with scarce a quality beyond that of cleverly gauging public taste, has won the approval not only of boys and girls, but of such an extremely thoughtful and earnest person as the literary critic of the *Spectator*—of the Prophet of George Eliot herself.

Leaving the element of the ferocious we come to that of the "preternatural and generally marvellous." Mr. Haggard's "preternatural" is, it seems, of the sort which Dryden called "a gross lie," and the



public is the harmless idiot on which the "gross lie" is "fastened." As an example, we have some adventures from "Jess," a work which I have not read. About the Transvaal and Majuba it is not agreeable to me to read. But I have been informed that the character of Jess is fine, and her fate tragic and moving. It may be so—the Reviewer tells us nothing about *that*; nothing of any merit the book may have as a picture of life in South Africa at that unhappy time; nothing about any excellence in the description of landscape, which (I have heard) is considerable. In place of all that, we have a hint that "Jess" is cribbed from Miss Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." Probably nobody will be more surprised at this than Miss Schreiner, whose book has South Africa for its scene indeed, but is chiefly concerned with the workings of religious doubt in the minds of two very odd young persons, and with an elaborately mystic and allegorical carved walking-stick. However, we shall come to the plagiarism later. As to the preternatural, the Reviewer finds Mr. Haggard merely a manufacturer of "gross falsehoods." I own that many passages in "She" appeared to myself to show very extraordinary imagination, a fancy that is *brut* perhaps, as they say of undoctored champagne, that owes not much to style, but is admirable in vision, and therefore in veracity. The scene where She addresses the long-dead body of the lover whom she could, if she would, revivify into a mockery of life, the scene of her vain prayers and empty imprecations, powerfully affected me, I admit. That a similar idea about revivifying the dead into a semblance of life occurs in an ancient Irish text has perhaps escaped the kindly attention of the candid Reviewer. Otherwise we might have had the charge of theft again. But the Reviewer omits two more chances, at least, of using this poisoned and unbated foil in his assault of arms. He finds fault with the idea of making the world's central fire impart immortality. But why did he not say that Mr. Haggard stole the notion from the Hymn to Demeter? Again, he laughs at Mr. Haggard's African who moralizes about life: "Out of the dark we come, into the dark we go, like a storm-beaten bird," and so forth. Does the Reviewer not know the original of this passage? If he does not, how can so learned a man have neglected it? If he does, how can so severe a judge neglect such a crying sin of "plagiarism"? His comment is, "Our dusky brother seems to have been studying Carlyle and Mr. Bailey's 'Festus.'" In fact, the poor black man, as everybody but the Reviewer must have seen, merely repeated the saying of a "white Zulu"—of an English savage at the time of the conversion of Northumbria. The Reviewer will find Paulinus, and the "aged Ealdorman," and the sparrow at full length in Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People," if he can be content without the original authority. But it is to little purpose that one discusses with the Reviewer any author's use of the marvel-

lous. It is not a matter very easy to argue about. You are carried away by your book, or you are not, and perhaps you would be pleased in one mood by what would bore or disgust you in another. Many of the miracles in "She" to myself seemed very stirring; the Reviewer, on the other hand, has a rare word of praise for a needless bit of moralizing about a statue of Truth at Kôr, which (to *my* humble taste) seemed not at all too good a statue for uninspired British sculpture and the Royal Academy. To reason about studied impossibilities in romance is futile. I may say that Scott failed with his ghosts, that George Sand succeeded—with "Les Dames Vertes" and "L'Orco" among others—that Dumas's bogies were absurdly palpable, that Hogg's Gil Martin is a masterpiece of *diablerie*; and any one may agree or disagree, as they find it. I well remember, in reading "She," how at a certain passage I felt an air of novelty and strangeness which I can only compare to the effect that might be produced on the mind by some page fallen from the perished literature of some lost and wandering star, some world unlike ours. Perhaps it may have been a mere "gross falsehood"—to use the phrase borrowed by the Reviewer from Dryden, and employed by the Bishop about "Gulliver's Travels"—but it was good enough to "fasten on" a reader not wholly unacquainted with Poe, Bulwer Lytton, Cornelius Agrippa, Jamblichus, Plotinus, Mr. Marion Crawford, and the other mystics. The Reviewer sees nothing "finely fantastical" in the conception of a barbaric people, dwelling among the tombs of a forgotten civilization, using the royal dead as torches in their savage revels, and, of all the lore of a perished world, retaining only a hideous form of torture. To me, on the other hand, the ideas of passing Time, with all he keeps and all he loses—of the decay of learning, of arms, of wealth, of art—of the shifting of the homes of knowledge and of power, of the return of the blackness of barbarism, all these things seem well illustrated by life in the catacombs of Kôr; while the love more strong than Death and Time of Ayesha compensates for much that one wishes were different in that lady's demeanour. But to mention these things or to speak of Umslopogaas in "Allan Quatermain" would be to allow that Mr. Haggard is not wholly a coarse impostor, so the Reviewer passes by on the other side. So much for the preternatural, and its use, which is mainly a question of taste. The Reviewer's third charge is that Mr. Haggard "digs holes for the sake of getting somebody out of them." As no romance was ever yet fashioned in which holes were not dug either to get people out of or to keep them in, as the course of true love never yet ran smooth, as dungeons exist to bury fair damsels in, dragons to be slain by knights, giants to oppress them and be vanquished, fathers to thwart lovers and be reconciled, stepmothers to bully them and be punished, it is needless to dispute on this head. Every romancer puts his characters in predicaments, and rescues them

again; how on earth can the game be played otherwise? Why does Dalgetty get into the "hole" of the Marquis of Argyle, or why is Henry Morton left alone with Burley after the tree has been kicked away, except that these heroes may be got out of their "frightful predicaments," may be "extricated in the crowning moment of crisis and supreme suspense," as the Reviewer puts it very nicely. Why is Jean Valjean never out of a hole except to get into another? and for what other purpose does Chicot mix in every intrigue of the Valois? It were superfluous to multiply examples by the great masters of fiction. There is no harm in getting the heroes of romance into predicaments and out again. The trick is common; what is *not* common is the power of performing it so as to interest your reader. Every writer of boys' books against Christmastide tries the trick, but we are mostly boys enough to delight in it when it is well done. When the Reviewer adds that "the secret of how to win æsthetical credence [*sic*] is one which Mr. Haggard has not discovered," he probably means that his tales do not impress people as true while they are reading them. In that case it seems odd that, *ex hypothesi*, they have been read by so many people, that these "yarns" have charmed the camp-fires of cattle-drivers in the bush as well as the holidays of schoolboys and the evenings of jaded literary persons in town. Human nature is not yet so cultivated as to dislike the original stuff of romance, the simple "yarn" which is pretty near what Mr. Haggard offers when he is at his best. Of course there are millions of persons to whom a "yarn" seems a *conte à dormir debout*, and they very properly and naturally detest "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." But they need not, on that account, bring a number of railing personal accusations against the author.

The Reviewer gives himself out as an authority on Big Game, and criticizes an elephant hunt as "ridiculous." I have shot so few elephants, myself, that I would not dispute the verdict of an old Shekari like the Reviewer, a man who has killed buffaloes on the plains and lions in the sandy desert. But when it comes to literary sports and pastimes like plagiarism, a person of sedentary habits may have his opinion like another. The following paragraph is a well-meant example of insinuation, and may as well be answered at once:—

"Against 'Mr. Meeson's Will' a charge of gross plagiarism has elsewhere been preferred, and, *though we have not heard Mr. Haggard's answer, the accusation seems one that can hardly be rebutted.* In other quarters similar allegations have already been made with reference to Mr. Haggard's other stories. We ourselves do not feel disposed to press such charges, our conviction of the inherent worthlessness of these novels being dissociated from any inclination to trace their ancestry. At the same time, any one who feels disposed to collate 'She' with Moore's 'Epicurean,' 'Allan Quatermain' with Dr. Mayo's 'Kaloolah,' and 'Jess' with Miss Olive Schreiner's 'The Story of an African Farm,' will find himself repaid."

Oh, moral and generous Reviewer! A man disdains to stoop once more and answer a crowd of little yelping critics who will not accept his word, and therefore "the accusation seems one that can hardly be rebutted." Of course it cannot. You accuse a man of stealing from a book he never heard of, and, when he says he never heard of it, you sneer and give him the lie. Now, the guilt of plagiarism is rarely imputed save by the ignorant and the spiteful. The whole philosophy of the subject it were too long to discuss; the whole field of undesigned coincidence and harmless suggestion cannot be travelled over here. One or two facts may be as much to the purpose. Mr. Haggard has been accused of stealing the central idea of "Mr. Meeson's Will" from a French tale by M. Audret, in which an important document is tattooed on a girl's person. Mr. Haggard has never read a line of M. Audret's book. He certainly stated to myself, many months ago, his intention of writing a short story on a joke then current in chambers. The pupils of a gentleman learned in the law had consulted him on a fictitious case—that of a will tattooed on the body of the legatee. Perhaps it may be dishonest to found a tale on a piece of fleeting chaff like this, the jest of unfledged barristers, but this *was* the foundation of "Mr. Meeson's Will." As to the comparison of "She" with the "Epicurean," Mr. Haggard has publicly denied that he ever read Moore's story. If the Reviewer is aware of this, he is practically charging a man with being untruthful—a man of whom he declares that he has no personal knowledge. This is a curious development of honourable criticism. As to the charge in itself, it is all but incredible that any honest and competent person can see any but the most casual coincidences in "She" and the early Christian heroine of the "Epicurean." Whatever her faults, She was not an early Christian *à la* Mr. Thomas Moore. As for "Kaloolah," I have not read it, and know not whether Mr. Haggard has read it, and has been "repaid" as the Reviewer promises that readers will be. One is ashamed of having to touch on these puerilities. "The cannibal in us is soon appeased," says the Reviewer, too modestly. The cannibal in *him* is not "soon appeased," for he next makes an assault on Mr. Haggard's grammar, which may be left to look out for itself, especially as the Reviewer admits that "the famous scene between Richard III. and the Lady Anne pales its ineffectual fires"—novel quotation—before a passage in "She." By the way, that work, though borrowed from so conventional a tale as Moore's (Tom Moore's), is "mad with a methodless madness," which may appear to suggest a certain originality after all. And, indeed, Mr. Haggard is admitted to be "a clever man, well able to take the measure of his own charlatany." Alas! but who is moral enough to take the measure of the virtue of the Reviewer, "even from his own presumable point of view," as he elegantly phrases it?

"The cannibal in us is soon appeased." We shall not declare that British criticism has "fallen" because one critic has imported a solemn inability to see the point of anything, and a careless habit of imputing falsehood and dishonesty, out of the political into the literary field. To him, or her (though sure no woman could be so dismal), we merely quote the words of Dickens in his youth: "If a man would commit an inextinguishable offence against any society, large or small, let him be successful. They will forgive him any crime but that."

In point of fact, one sees every week novels which are thickly studded with unconscious memories of earlier novels. But no mortal accuses the authors (and they do not deserve to be accused) of plagiarism and of falsehood. *They* have not been successful.

Though the Balbus of British fiction proclaims that it is "all over with the army," the army of novelists, he is so busy in denouncing Mr. Haggard that he has not a stone to throw at other people—except the Americans. He takes no general view of British fiction, and, if we are to glance over the whole field, it cannot be said that fiction is as prosperous as when Thackeray and Dickens were at their best, or George Eliot at her best. But it is not possible, as far as history shows, that any form of literature should be perpetually "culminating." We have not a Thackeray, we have not a Dickens; in the face of the admirers of "Robert Elsmere," I shall not say that we have not a George Eliot. But have we not, as befits an advanced democracy, the small change, *la monnaie*, of those authors? Would Dickens not have delighted in much of Mr. Besant's work, which, indeed, is often as enjoyable as Dickens? Would Thackeray have failed to recognize a worthy follower in Mr. Norris, who is, indeed, the Thackeray of a later age? As to Mr. Stevenson, if Sir Walter would not have been proud to sign many passages in "Kidnapped," if Hogg would not have given "a herd of paulies" to have written "Thrawn Janet," my taste is the more sadly to seek. The student is not to be consoled with who has a novel of Mr. Christie Murray's "by his bed-head" or in his railway carriage; in Mr. George Meredith we have a mine of gold, perhaps needing a little to be worked over by the explorer; and for unassuming diversion, and a merry heart that goes all the way, we have Mr. James Payn. He who can read "High Spirits" and not be convulsed almost hysterically, may go write articles on "The Fall of Fiction," and may therein forget the existence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and of Mr. William Black, and of Miss Rhoda Broughton. Fiction has not fallen; fiction can never fall while human nature lasts. It is not always the day of a Fielding or of a Dumas; but Fielding was called a mannerless boor, a barren rascal, and an improper person by the genteel of his time; while, as for Dumas, are not the sins of him and his literary thefts and partnerships written in the book of the

chronicles of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald? It is not always the day of a Dickens or a Thackeray, but they, too, in their day had evil things, and it was not the gratitude of men that oftenest left them mourning. They, too, had to bear the scorns of the *Times* and of other august periodicals; their "pot-boilers," too, were discussed with lordly severity and vast volume of style; and the "ragged rims of thunder brooded low" above the small beer of "The Kickleburys on the Rhine." Such are the sorrows of success, which, perhaps, does not feel them very acutely. Rather may the successful pause, and, as they contemplate a pile of charges of plagiarism, breathe a sigh over the critical efforts of yearning and dissatisfied failure. But lookers-on are still haunted by a wistful curiosity, or say rather by a scientific interest, which torments them. Who can be so moral as this ethical nameless Reviewer? they ask, disquieting themselves in vain.

"Pray, sir, are you some very important person?" said Theodore Hook to the stranger who seemed to be somebody. Can it be that the author of "The Fall of Fiction" is some very important person? and is that why he veils a name too lustrous for the lists of mere literature? Is he afraid that, like Lancelot, he will meet no antagonists if he carries his own shield? He can hardly be a more important person than Mr. Gladstone, who, for his part, gives his name when he expresses his objections to a novel. But if our critic is not so awfully important, and if he is not a brother novelist (as his style seems to assure the world), and if he has no personal knowledge of the man he accuses, what a singular moral character he must enjoy! For it is not every one who possesses a conscience strong enough to drive him into the duty of charging a stranger with falsehood and theft, and yet a heart so sensitive that it blushes to have its virtues recognized. The motives of such a writer must be truly noble.

"Spite is a little word," says Dickens, "but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords as any polysyllable in the language." Every critic knows the strong dislike of a success which he thinks undeserved, of a success due to popular want of taste rather than to the qualities of the artist. *La haine d'un sot livre* is a legitimate emotion; it is not legitimate to malign an artist's motives, to blacken his character, nor, perhaps, to cry "Yah!" and make bad puns on his name. These exercises might be left to Bunyan's Mr. Envy.

ANDREW LANG.

## THE FRENCH BUDGET.

IN the following pages I propose to describe briefly—

- (1) The legal mechanism of the French Budget ;
- (2) The present financial position of France, from the point of view of her expenditure ;
- (3) Her system of taxation.

### THE BUDGET.

In France the Budget (a term borrowed by the English from the Old-French word *bougette*, or bag, and re-appropriated by the French) means a statement in advance—restrictive, imperative, compulsory, and public—of the annual receipts and expenditure of the State or of other services subject to the same regulations. The period of currency of a Budget is called its “exercice,” and runs from the passing of the Financial Act by which it is opened to the passing of the Settlement Act by which it is closed. Nothing is reckoned as belonging to an “exercice” but the work done and the rights acquired between the 1st of January and the 31st of December of the year to which it applies. On the 31st of December there of course remain payments to be made and taxes to be got in belonging to the year just ended, and, in order to close the accounts of the year, a period of eight months is allowed, all payments being required to be settled and audited by the 31st of July, and actually paid by the 31st of August following. Any money which remains over at the last-mentioned date is carried to a general fund called “annulation de crédits”—that is, cancelled supplies.

The Budget may be increased in two ways—namely, by supplementary estimates to cover the insufficiency of a vote included within the Budget, or by extraordinary estimates which provide for any imperious and urgent claim or for some entirely new branch of service. The accounts ought to be finally passed at the latest within five years after the opening of each Budget ; and, contrary to the English custom, the votes are subject to what is called the “*spécialité par exercice*”—that

is to say, each vote is only applicable to the service of the particular year for which it is voted. The carrying over of money voted but not spent from one year to another is forbidden in principle ; it may, however, be authorized, under special circumstances, by special Act.

The "exercice" of each year having thus closed on the 31st of August of the next year, the Bill for final settlement of that Budget, together with the accounts on which it is based, is bound to be brought into the Chamber by the end of February in the year following. This provision of the Law of the 19th of July 1836 is, however, not always observed, and at one period the settlement of the Budgets had fallen terribly into arrear ; thus, in March 1887 the Chamber had not yet passed the final settlement of the Budgets of 1876-84, the Bill for winding up the Budget of 1885 had not even been brought in, the Budgets of 1886 and 1887 were still in course of "exercice," and the estimates for 1888 had still to be discussed—in all, thirteen Budgets. These arrears have now been worked off, but there are still three or four Budgets before the Chamber—namely, that of 1886, the final settlement of which is delayed ; that of 1887, of which the "exercice" closed on the 31st of August 1888 ; the Budget of 1888, still in "exercice ;" and the Budget of 1889, which is in course of preparation.

#### THE VOTING OF THE BUDGET.

The preparatory proceedings for voting the Budget of 1888 commenced as early as the end of 1886, so that fifteen months will have elapsed between its first commencement and its final elaboration. The Budget ought by ordinary custom to be laid on the table about March ; this year M. Peytral's Budget for 1889 was not brought in till the 24th of June 1888. The first batch of papers contains a preliminary statement by the Minister of Finance, a comparative table of the supplies asked with those of the current year, and an estimate of the revenue ; and a week after the distribution of these papers the Budget Committee is nominated. In 1887 the Committee was elected by the whole House by *scrutin de liste* ; this year, in accordance with the rules of the House, it was elected by the *bureaux*. The members of the Chamber of Deputies are divided into eleven *bureaux*, chosen monthly by lot. For the Budget Committee, which consists of thirty-three members, each *bureau* names three members after a preliminary general discussion of the Budget. This mode of election is open to the objection that it may be greatly influenced by intriguing combinations, and trusts too much to chance ; it may well be that five or six men whose special knowledge would be very useful to the Budget Committee all belong to the same *bureau*, while another *bureau* may be wanting in candidates, or, at all events, in competent candidates.

Seats on the Budget Committee are much sought after in the Chamber, for, of all the Committees, this is the one which carries



most real power. It is like a second Ministry set up in the face of the actual Cabinet ; and thus it happens that in moments of general irritation its proceedings are as severely criticized as those of the Ministry itself. Only, the Budget Committee cannot resign ; it represents the principle of permanence, for its powers continue from the first introduction of the Budget it is elected to examine until the introduction of the next Budget.

Many complaints are made, especially by the Senate, of the length of time which the Committee devotes to the examination of the Budget—five months and twenty-one days were spent over the Budget of 1882, nine months and seven days over that of 1883, nine months and twelve days over that of 1884, nine months and twenty days over that of 1885, three months and twenty-four days over that of 1886 (the year of the general election), ten months and nineteen days over that of 1887, and eleven months and twenty-five days over that of 1888. The Senate, on the other hand, passes the Budget fifteen or twenty days after it comes up from the Chamber. It must, however, be borne in mind that the papers having been distributed in the Senate and the Chamber at the same time, both the Financial Committee and the individual members of the Senate have had ample opportunity of studying them beforehand, together with the reports of the Budget Committee of the Chamber on each department.

These lengthy proceedings are not due to want of activity in the members of the Budget Committee ; but the fact is that in the two last years they have had to go into several successive Budgets. In 1887 M. Dauphin's Budget, brought in on the 22nd of March, was rejected by the Chamber, and was followed, on the 5th of July, by M. Rouvier's, which, in its turn, was abandoned by M. Tirard, who introduced a third—the one now in course of "exercice"—on the 12th of January 1888.

Under the First Empire the Budget was passed *en bloc*, the Government subsequently distributing the amount amongst the various departments by decree. In the time of the Restoration it was voted in sections ; under Louis Philippe by chapters (each section being divided into chapters, and a chapter containing a series of votes). The decree of the 25th of December 1852 ordained that the estimates should be voted separately for each department, and subdivided into chapters by the Council of State, the Government reserving the right of making "virements"—that is, of transferring items from one chapter to another. The *Senatus-consultum* of 1869 re-established voting by chapters.

Step by step, as the Budget Committee has resolved to exercise a stricter control over the expenditure of the departments, the number of the chapters has risen from 481 in 1883 to 655 in 1888 ; and the Ministers no longer retain any power of making "virements." The Budget Committee works very hard. It comprises men of great authority, either on financial questions generally or on particular departments ; in 1887, for example, it included among its members

six ex-Ministers and two Under-Secretaries of State. Its discussions are rapid: set speeches are seldom made, and have no weight; accurate facts, precise language, clear thoughts, carry the day.

Having thus explained the machinery of the French Budget, I will proceed to discuss the Budget Bill of 1889 as presented to the Budget Committee.

#### THE ORDINARY BUDGET.

Article I. sets forth that credits are opened to the Ministry for the ordinary expenses of 1889 as stated in schedule A to the Act, applicable as follows:—

	Francs.	£ (about).
(1) Public debt . . . . .	1,291,676,345	51,667,054
(2) Public authorities—the President, Parliament, &c. . . . .	13,263,083	530,523
(3) General departmental expenses .	1,355,926,755	54,237,070
(4) Collecting and other expenses of revenue . . . . .	327,853,769	13,114,151
(5) Reimbursements, drawbacks, and bounties . . . . .	22,032,700	881,308
	<hr/> 3,010,752,652	<hr/> 120,430,106

- (1) The *National Debt* consists of three sections—namely:
- (a) The funded debt.
  - (b) Debt repayable at a fixed date, or by terminable annuities.
  - (c) Life annuities.
- (a) The funded debt imposes at present an annual charge of—

	Francs.	£ (about).
4½ per cent. Rentes . . . . .	305,540,000	12,221,600
3 " " " . . . . .	436,005,000	17,440,200
	<hr/> 741,545,000	<hr/> 29,661,800

The amount of interest on the funded debt at the principal periods of French history in the nineteenth century stood as follows:—

Date.	Number of Fund-holders.	Annual Charge in £ Sterling.
April 1, 1814 . . . . .	137,950	£2,532,305
August 1, 1830 . . . . .	195,970	8,095,247
March 1, 1848 . . . . .	747,744	9,771,490
January 1, 1852 . . . . .	810,301	9,710,979
January 1, 1871 . . . . .	1,269,000	16,119,100
January 1, 1888 . . . . .	4,141,281	29,619,092

(b) The estimate for the debt repayable at fixed terms or by way of terminable annuity amounts to 335,335,000 francs (£13,413,400). Last year in M. Rouvier's Budget the figure came to £14,600,000. But last year the votes under this head included £4,200,000 for redemption of debt, of which £1,200,000 was for meeting sexennary bonds which had matured. The Government proposals for this year make no provision for payment of such bonds. It is the custom to issue bonds at six years; and since 1881 these bonds have been to a considerable extent renewed instead of being paid in full. Thus, in 1882 only a

little more than four millions were paid out of nearly seven ; in 1883, five and a half out of seven ; and so on ; and in 1888 only something over half a million out of four millions, and in 1889 it is not proposed to pay any, so that by the 31st of December 1889 there will be more than twenty million pounds of sexennary bonds running, the last maturing in 1895. France, therefore, is in the position of an embarrassed trader who is reduced to renewing his bills.

The accounts of the debt payable by way of terminable annuity include also £472,000 interest on short Treasury bills issued to meet guaranteed interest on railways. The total amount of these bills issued or authorized to be issued exceeds ten millions sterling. In principle they are only advances to the railway companies, but, until repayment, they constitute part of the National Debt. The Government makes loans also for two other purposes—namely, for communal roads and for colleges and primary schools. These loans are raised by bonds at long dates ; £6,600,000 have been issued, and a somewhat larger amount still remains to be issued.

(c) The life annuity fund, devoted to pensions, comes to £8,671,800 a year, of which £3,688,000 goes to war pensions for the army and £1,260,000 to the navy, while the civil pension list takes £2,456,000. In 1822 civil and military pensions together amounted to less than four millions, in 1852 to less than two millions and a half. The civil pension law of 1853, the gradual rise in the scale of pensions, and the introduction of new categories of annuitants have together operated to raise the Government contribution under this head to £7,180,000, while the fund arising from deductions from salaries yields only £1,500,000. This burden will become more and more crushing unless the whole system of our retiring pensions be modified. It is a result which ought to give food for reflection to those who are proposing that the State should grant pensions in old age to all its citizens.

The following table shows approximately in millions sterling the growth of the public debt since 1869 (the last Budget under the Empire). For the years previous to 1888 I have taken, not the votes, but the amounts actually spent. The percentages are more exactly given.

	1869	1876	1886	1888	Increase per cent. in 1888 as compared with		
					1869	1876	1886
Funded debt . . . . .	14½	30	28½	29½	105	*	4
Debt repayable at fixed date or by terminable annuities .	4	11½	17	13½	237	19	†
Life annuity debt . . . .	3½	4	7½	8½	146	102	10
	22	45½	53	51½			

\* Decrease about 1 per cent.

† Decrease 24 per cent.

(2) *Public Authorities—the President and Parliament.*—We have now reached the second branch of the proposed law, which includes the following items:—

Salary of the President . . . . .	£24,000
Housekeeping and travelling expenses of the President . . . . .	24,000
Expenses of the Senate . . . . .	184,000
„ „ Chamber of Deputies . . . . .	298,523
	<hr/>
	£530,523

Under the Restoration the allowances to the King and royal family amounted to £1,360,000, and, together with the expenses of the peers and Chamber of Deputies, reached a total of £1,467,200. Under the Government of July these expenses fell to £615,200; but under the Empire in 1869 they had risen to £2,050,280. In 1876 the cost of the President, the Senate, and the Chamber stood at £518,090, and the increase since that date is due mainly to an extra allowance of £12,000 to the President for travelling expenses and to the increase in the number of deputies.

(3) *General Departmental Expenses.*

In the estimates for 1889 these votes amount to . . . £54,237,070

If we deduct from this total—

(a) The military estimates . . . . .	£22,268,680
(b) The naval estimates . . . . .	7,706,440
	<hr/>
	29,975,120

we shall find that there remains for the other departments . . . . . £24,261,950

Out of this sum the Ministry of Public Instruction and of Fine Arts takes £5,950,480, and the Ministry of Public Works £6,833,000. It is not very easy to compare the growth of these departmental estimates at different periods, for some votes are from time to time included in or excluded from this chapter of the Budget without observing any uniform system. For example, a sum of £2,587,840 for extraordinary public works appears in it at present which at other times would have been found elsewhere. But the table on the next page gives as accurately as is possible a comparison of the departmental estimates for 1869, the last Budget of the Empire; for 1876, the last Budget passed by the National Assembly; for 1886, the last Budget of the Parliament of 1881–5; and for 1888.\*

It will be seen from the comparative statement given there that the principal augmentations of expenditure have taken place in the departments of the Army and Navy, of Public Instruction, and of Agriculture and Commerce. The general expenses of the other departments have hardly varied at all. The Budget of 1888 for departmental expenses is 35 per cent. higher than the Budget of 1869, 34 per cent. higher than that of 1876, and 3 per cent. higher than that of 1886; and the Budget proposed for 1889 shows an increase of 2·3 per cent. over the Budget of 1888.

GENERAL DEPARTMENTAL EXPENDITURE.					COMPARISON OF 1888 WITH PREVIOUS YEARS.					
Departments.	1889 (paid).	1876 (paid).	1886 (paid).	1888 (voted).	With 1889.		With 1876.		With 1886.	
					Decrease. £182,000	Increase. —	Decrease. £186,000	Increase. —	Decrease. £399,000	Increase. —
Finance . . . . .	£387,000	£792,000	£1,051,000	£656,000	—	—	—	—	60,000	—
Justice . . . . .	1,881,000	1,304,000	1,560,000	1,500,000	—	£56,000	—	£196,000	—	—
Public Worship . . . . .	2,181,000	2,149,000	1,837,000	1,814,000	366,000	—	334,000	—	19,000	—
Foreign Affairs . . . . .	515,000	450,000	692,000	544,000	11,000	—	—	93,000	88,000	—
Home Affairs . . . . .	3,018,000	3,416,000	2,492,000	2,632,000	384,000	—	782,000	—	—	201,000
Post and Telegraph . . . . .	29,000	30,000	68,000	75,000	—	45,000	—	45,000	—	7,000
War . . . . .	16,835,000*	20,001,000	23,263,000	21,875,000	—	4,640,000	—	1,474,000	1,787,000	—
Admiralty . . . . .	6,178,000	5,649,000	9,314,000	7,316,000	—	1,141,000	—	1,674,000	1,998,000	—
Colonies . . . . .	1,105,000	1,189,000	1,573,000	2,403,000	—	1,282,000	—	1,253,000	—	830,000
" (Protectorates) . . . . .	—	—	221,000	23,000	—	—	—	—	198,000	—
Education . . . . .	1,541,000	1,991,000	5,387,000	5,338,000	—	3,786,000	—	3,336,000	68,000	—
Fine Arts . . . . .	237,000	267,000	603,000	498,000	—	261,000	—	230,000	104,000	—
Commerce . . . . .	—	—	—	888,000	—	—	—	—	—	—
Agriculture . . . . .	704,000	455,000	910,000	846,000	—	944,000	—	829,000	93,000	—
Public Works . . . . .	4,574,000†	3,064,000	4,016,000	4,182,000	392,000	—	—	1,115,000	—	165,000
	£39,282,000	£29,655,000	£54,639,000	£53,043,000	Increase . 35 per cent.		Increase . 84 per cent.		Decrease . 3 per cent.	

\* The total sum amounts to £18,384,000, but from this sum £1,520,000 falls to be deducted for the civil expenditure in Algeria (in 1876, £1,247,000).

† Not including £2,503,000 for extraordinary works.

(4) *Expenses of the Collection and Management of the Public Revenue.*

—The collection of the Revenue costs £7,148,960, of which the collection of the direct taxes (excluding Algeria) takes only £152,720. But it should be understood that this branch includes the expenses of the State manufactures and industrial undertakings. For example, £1,800,000 must be set down to the purchase and carriage of tobacco, £5,348,880 to the administration of the Post Office, and £613,840 to the management of the Forests. The total expenditure under this head comes to £13,114,151. The following figures show the corresponding expenditure at previous periods:—

* 1869	} Actual expenditure .	{	£9,048,000
1876			9,982,160
1886			13,293,800
1888			13,031,920
	Voted estimate .		

(5) *Reimbursements, Drawbacks, and Bounties.*—These items amount in all to £881,308; in 1869 they were £421,680; in 1876, £1,781,360; in 1886, £912,960; and in 1888 (as voted), £814,000. The large figure for 1876 is accounted for by the purchase of the match factories.

This concludes my survey of the ordinary expenditure, but it is far from comprehending the whole of the Budget.

## THE EXTRAORDINARY BUDGET.

The second part of the Budget deals with the expenditure met from extraordinary resources; in other words, from resources raised on borrowed money. These expenses are justified on the plea that, as they are not of a permanent character, it would be unfair to impose the burden of them on a single year, and that a burden which it is necessary to distribute over a series of years is best provided for by means of loans. In reality, however, these expenses are a disguised tax thrown upon future generations.

M. Thiers in 1872 established an Extraordinary Budget under the modest and ingenious title of a *compte de liquidation*, or clearing account. This continued in operation from 1872 to 1878, and disposed of a sum of seventy-seven millions sterling, of which some thirty-three millions were spent on military stores, on the maintenance of the German troops during their stay in France, and on war indemnities, and the remaining forty-four millions on the renewal of war materials. In 1879 the Extraordinary Budget was re-established on the understanding that it was to be applied for purposes of war and public works; but in 1882 not less than seven departments of State had slices out of it. This abuse has, however, been done away with. It has been acknow-

ledged that certain outlays which recur periodically—such, for example, as the cost of maintaining highways—cannot be treated as provisional, temporary, or exceptional. In the Budget of 1888 all the extraordinary votes have been removed, except those for the army and navy, which came to £4,000,000 in that year, and for which nearly £8,000,000 are asked in the Budget for 1889. Since the Budget for 1889 was introduced, however, the Minister of Marine, adopting a proposal of some private persons, has demanded between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 for improving the ports of Brest and Cherbourg, and M. de Freycinet has given notice that he will want £36,000,000 for the War Department.

The *compte de liquidation* and the Extraordinary Budget have between them supplied the War Department with the sum of £100,000,000. Each successive Minister generally intimates that he is not of the same opinion as his predecessor, and consequently needs new millions. If any objection is raised, he replies with the word “patriotism,” and he usually obtains (taking one year with another) some thirty millions sterling, which, in spite of his best exertions, he is not always able to spend.

The Extraordinary Budget includes another item, called “special treasury services.” This consists of a sum of £3,440,000 given as advances to French and Algerian Railway Companies for the guarantee of interest. Up to 1885 these advances were made by means of the floating debt, but since that date they have been obtained by bonds at short date. “It is not a loan,” people say, “it is only an advance which the companies are to repay.” Be it so—but when? In the meantime the Budget has to pay the interest on it, and that interest, which is already £472,000; is estimated to be likely to mount up to £1,200,000 to meet the engagements of the immediate future. Article 28 of the Financial Law authorizes the Minister during the year 1889 to execute, out of funds to be laid out by chambers of commerce, municipalities, departments, and other parties, public works connected with rivers, canals, and harbours to a maximum figure of £986,400. These funds are what are called “co-operation funds” (*fonds de concours*). Towns or chambers of commerce borrow the money on behalf of the Government, and make to it the advance necessary for the execution of the works they want. Sometimes they run shares themselves for a certain sum, but the money they lend to Government is to the latter only a loan, and an onerous loan too, for their credit is generally worse than that of the State, and they have consequently to borrow on dearer terms. On December 31, 1888, there had been incurred in this way a burden of £15,360,000, of which £11,560,000 remained unpaid, and that without counting £2,834,400 more for the harbours of Havre and Rouen.

## ABSTRACT OF THE BUDGET.

The following is a general statement of the Budget as estimated for 1889:—

Ordinary Budget . . . . .	£120,480,000
Extraordinary Budget . . . . .	£7,718,000
Short-dated bonds to be issued for renewal on expiry in 1889 . . . . .	4,000,000
Advances to railway companies . . . . .	3,440,000
Co-operation funds, maximum for works to be undertaken in 1889 . . . . .	984,000
Works executed by railway companies or by the State on co-operation funds placed at its disposal . . . . .	5,800,000
Total amount borrowed or to be borrowed . . . . .	21,942,000
Total Budget . . . . .	£142,372,000

We have not counted in this table the separate budgets attached, for the sake of order, as schedules to the Budget of the State—the budgets of institutions with resources of their own, like the State railways, the Mint, the National Printing Office, the Legion of Honour; these amount in all to £3,486,640. Then, again, before 1862 no distinction was made between the State Budget and the budget of special resources, that is to say, the collection made by the State of various duties, profits, and revenues for the behoof of the departments and communes; for 1889 these amount to £15,000,000, and if we add the *octrois*, which come to £11,240,000, we get a total of £26,240,000. Other two millions may be added for hall and market customs and other local charges, so that we have in round figures a total of twenty-eight millions sterling from these sources. The entire estimates for 1889 for State departments and communes together thus amount to the round sum of one hundred and seventy millions. But that is not yet all.

The estimates are discussed very seriously by the Budget Committee and by the Chamber, more especially all that relates to the ordinary Budget. The reporter-general and his colleagues set to work “to buckle the Budget”—that is, to see that the credits voted and the estimated receipts correspond together, but they always leave a good many thousand pounds at least to the advantage of the latter. A Budget Committee which did not bring up a “buckled Budget” would be treated with the utmost contempt both by the Chamber and by the public. To arrive at that result they sometimes magnify certain receipts and diminish the estimates of certain expenses which are sure to be incurred.



The proposed Budget is then submitted to the rolling mill of the Chamber and of public discussion, and after that it becomes the financial law for the year; but what will it be before the end of its currency? There have been only four Budgets since the beginning of the century in which the ordinary receipts were sufficient to cover the expenses; namely, the Budgets of 1826, 1875, 1876, and 1877. It has also happened only four times that at the end of a Budget's currency the amount of the credits unused and cancelled has exceeded the amount of the additional credits demanded—in 1848, because the additional credits were withdrawn or deducted before the final settlement; and in 1877, 1879, and 1880, by the adjournment of the military and other expenditure of the Extraordinary Budget.

Unforeseen expenses are met by supplementary and extraordinary credits. Article 41 of the decree of 1862 on the public accounts, which is a reproduction of the laws of 1817 and 1850, specifies "that Ministers cannot, on their own responsibility, spend more than the several credits opened to each of them, nor undertake any new expense before the means of paying it has been provided by a supplementary credit;" but this law is not always respected. There is often no justification for these supplementary credits. The money has been spent, and it cannot be charged against a Minister who has gone out of office, and whose personal resources would perhaps have been in any case inadequate to meet it. It is therefore paid.

The following is a table of the additional credits voted since 1871, stated in millions of pounds sterling :—

1871	.	.	.	12	1880	.	.	.	5
1872	.	.	.	11	1881	.	.	.	7½
1873	.	.	.	13½	1882	.	.	.	8½
1874	.	.	.	1½	1883	.	.	.	4
1875	.	.	.	3½	1884	.	.	.	6½
1876	.	.	.	5½	1885	.	.	.	11½
1877	.	.	.	2	1886	.	.	.	5
1878	.	.	.	3	1887	.	.	.	2½
1879	.	.	.	9½	1888 (up to June)	.	.	.	1½

The average is certainly high; nearly 6½ millions sterling per annum on a Budget, ordinary and extraordinary, of 142 millions. It is less, however, than it was under the Empire. On a Budget of eighty millions the additional credits used then to average twelve millions a year (after deducting the cancelled credits)—that is, 15 per cent.

#### THE TREASURY.

The Finance Minister has a banker who is always at his call; it is the Treasury—an entity which has a distinct personality of its own, and which has taken the place of the old bankers of the Court. The Treasury lays by the revenue that is created, and is ready to

advance the sums of money that are from time to time necessary. If the revenue is less than the expenditure, and if the difference is not made up by a loan or any other extraordinary resource, the Treasury pays it out of its own resources and carries the amount to the debit of the account of that particular Budget as a deficit. That is what is called the "*découverts du Budget*," the uncovered balance, the deficit.

Those deficits have accumulated as follows :—

	£
Before 1814 . . . . .	489,000
1815 to 1829 . . . . .	8,694,000
1830 to 1847 . . . . .	28,658,000
1848 to 1851 . . . . .	14,375,000
1852 to 1869 . . . . .	50,400,000
1870 to 1887 . . . . .	49,124,000

151,740,000

From this sum, however, there must be subtracted fifty-seven millions of surpluses, of which nearly twenty-two millions belong to the period from 1870 to 1887.

When the Treasury has need of resources which are not provided either by taxes or funded loans, it has recourse to an extension of the floating debt. The floating debt comprises the current account of the Paymasters-General (*payeurs généraux*), the funds of the communes, of the public establishments, and of the City of Paris, the unemployed funds of the savings banks and the old age annuity scheme, and the Treasury bonds in circulation. These funds bear interest. On May 1, 1888, they amounted to £35,587,000. There were besides £3,506,000 bearing no interest, so that the total floating debt at that date was £39,093,000. From 1852 to 1870 the average of the floating debt was thirty-four millions sterling, but it has risen to fifty-two millions during the period from 1872 to 1887.

One of the resources of the floating debt consists of Treasury bonds issued for terms varying from three months to a year, and bearing interest at from 1 to 1½ per cent. In the total given above they count for £2,720,000. Devised to bring resources to the Treasury when the revenue from the taxes is not exactly equal to the expenditure, they are only a sort of cheques which the Treasury draws upon itself. Every year the Financial Act permits the Finance Minister to issue these Treasury bonds to the extent of sixteen millions sterling, but for several years past he has had no need to issue them, because the deposits at the bank stand at a constant average of £8,800,000. The Budget brought in by M. Peytral in 1887 made provision for the Extraordinary Budget by means of £3,680,000 of Treasury bonds. That innovation, in direct contravention of the law of 1824, which legalized the issue of such bonds, provoked a lively sensation. It was

contended that Treasury bonds would be deprived of their true character if they were thus to be made the means of raising a loan without material security. On the day of their expiry how were they to be paid? By a renewal? But in that case Treasury bonds would lose their character as Treasury expedients; they would become a mere instrument or form of public loan.

The funds drawn on for the floating debt are liable to immediate recall, or at least to recall at short terms. Those which come from the suitors' fund and the savings banks constitute the great danger. On the 31st of December 1882 these funds had a capital of £35,158,000. The law of the 20th of December of that year authorized the Government to consolidate them by means of a loan of forty-eight millions. The operation was completed in the second half of 1884; the law of the 2nd of May 1886 authorized a consolidation of sixteen millions more. In speaking of consolidation, however, we are making use of a term which is not strictly accurate, for the depositors at the savings banks have still the right to recall their money, and if any catastrophe occurred it would be necessary to pay them. "Yes," it is said; "but you have the titles of the *rentes* for investment, and that is something more than if you were obliged to give directly the sums demanded." Such are the current arguments in favour of that consolidation, but a certain number of scrupulous people consider that these sixty-four millions ought to continue to be entered among funds liable to be recalled.

#### THE CONSOLIDATED DEBT FROM 1870 TO 1888.

The following table shows the loans raised in stock issued since 1871 :—

Perpetual Rente.				
Loan of 1871, 5 per cent.	.	.	.	£91,720,000
" 1872, 5 "	.	.	.	139,920,000
" 1886, 3 "	.	.	.	36,000,000
				£267,640,000
Terminable Rente.				
Loan of June 11, 1878	.	.	.	£17,560,000
" December 22, 1880	.	.	.	40,000,000
Consolidation loan of December 30, 1882	.	.	.	48,000,000
Liquidation of the old age annuity fund	.	.	.	11,760,000
Loan of January 30, 1884	.	.	.	14,000,000
Total	.	.	.	£398,960,000

This figure is an indication of the extraordinary expenses we have been obliged to incur since 1870. Is the Republic responsible for the consequences of the war which have made us add twenty-eight millions sterling of annual expenditure to our Budget? The Republic has done imprudent things: it began with too great a hubbub of

too multifarious public works ; it has adopted, at the same time, an economic policy which has the effect of preventing the harbours, canals, and railways it constructs at so much expense from being effectively utilized ; and it has given nearly two hundred thousand pounds in bounties to the sea fisheries and three hundred and sixty thousand to the mercantile marine, not to speak of the subventions granted to the shipping companies in the name of postal service.

The deputies are economical in the general but prodigal in detail. From the date of the elections of October 1885, down to the month of November 1888, the increase of public expenditure upon projects of private initiative would have exceeded eleven millions had they been voted, but fortunately they were not voted. M. de May and M. Georges Roche having proposed to spend two millions and a half on Toulon, Brest, and Cherbourg, the Minister of Marine immediately adopted the proposal, without troubling himself as to where he was to draw the money from. M. de Freycinet announced that he would require thirty-four millions for extraordinary expenses of the War Department. The Finance Minister proposed to raise a loan of £3,680,000 on Treasury bonds. We have more than twenty millions of Treasury bonds to pay, and, when they expire, we do not pay them ! It will be absolutely necessary, therefore, to have recourse to a funded loan at a day not very far distant. Many people imagine they have paid a bill when they have converted it from an immediate debt into a debt for an indefinite period or for a fixed term of seventy-five years. In reality it is a tax which they impose on the future.

One cannot borrow indefinitely. There are only two alternatives. On the one hand, institute economies, not merely economies of detail, useful as these may be, but economies resulting from profound reforms both in our conception of patriotism and our conception of the jurisdiction of the State. Are we ready for that work ? Alas ! the demands of every deputy for his district, for his country, for this or that class of persons in whose eyes he desires to acquire popularity, for such and such a local need, and the Protectionist passion which animates the majority of the Chamber, prove the contrary.

There is another alternative : increase the taxes. Can we do so ? Dare we do so ?

So much for the Budget of expenditure ; we come now to the Budget of receipts.

#### THE BUDGET OF RECEIPTS.

On the day the Budget of Receipts is voted we regularly read in half the French newspapers this remark : " The deputies, being in a hurry to go away, voted more than a hundred and twenty millions in a quarter of an hour." This is followed by some appropriate observa-

tions on the thoughtlessness and indolence of the deputies, and the public is at a loss to understand how, after taking two months to discuss the chapters of the Budget of expenses, the Budget of *réceptions* can be voted so rapidly.

The reason is because in reality the Budget of receipts is not voted at all. It is included entire in an article of the Financial Act which runs thus: "The ways and means applicable to the ordinary expenses of the Budget for 1889 are estimated, in accordance with schedule C of the present Act, at the total sum of £120,450,000." That article is completed by another, which runs thus: "The collection of the customs, dues, and revenues specified in schedule B annexed to the present Act will continue to be carried out, for the benefit of the State, in conformity with existing laws." Then comes a terrible article with which the Financial Act closes: "All contributions, direct and indirect, other than those that are authorized by the Financial Acts for the year 1889, under whatever title or denomination they are collected, are formally prohibited, and the authorities who order them, the employés who make out the rolls and tariffs for them, and the officers who receive payment of them will be prosecuted as extortioners, without prejudice to an action for recovery of the money within a period of three years against all receivers, collectors, or other individuals who have done the work of collection." It was owing to this article that the Chamber obliged Marshal MacMahon to resign after the elections of the 14th of October 1877.

Save some rhetorical flourishes about the direct taxes, that is everything the Financial Act contains relating to the revenue, unless in the event of the Government, the Budget Committee, or the deputies proposing reforms or fiscal alterations. Then it may entail discussions like those, for example, that were provoked last year by the reforms in the duty on liquors, which it fell to my lot to propose in the name of the Budget Committee in my capacity of reporter-general. All the great fiscal laws are comprehended in the finance laws, the law of 1807 on the *cadastre* as well as the law of 1816 on the indirect taxes, and all the modifications introduced into them since then.

How is the estimate of the revenue made? It is made according to the receipts of the last year but one; the estimate for the Budget of 1889 is made upon the receipts of 1887; and it is subject to no other modifications except those which result from new fiscal laws or changes of tariffs, which can be reckoned with more or less certainty. For the Budget of 1883 M. Léon Say added to the receipts of 1881 the average surplus from indirect taxes during the three preceding years. This mode of proceeding facilitates the adjustment—the "buckling"—of the Budget, but it prepares the way for deficits and deceptions.

The receipts are derived from the following different sources :—

(1) Direct taxes . . . .	£17,794,000	
(2) Indirect taxes . . . .	74,167,000	
	<hr/>	£91,961,000
(3) Profits of State industrial monopolies . . . .		23,441,000
(4) Revenue of State domain . . . .		1,775,000
(5) Profits from divers sources . . . .		1,082,000
		<hr/>
		118,259,000
(6) Exceptional receipts (proceeding from a re- payment) . . . . .		31,000
(7) Service receipts (deductions, retiring pen- sions, &c.) . . . . .		2,160,000
		<hr/>
		£120,450,000

(The revenue as well as the expenditure of Algeria is included in the total of the ordinary Budget.)

This division is not strictly correct, for there ought to be added to the direct taxes the impost of 3 per cent. that is laid on the revenue from shares and securities of all kinds, and which, in the above statement, is included under indirect taxes, because it depends on registration. The sums derived from the Post and Telegraphs may be considered a remuneration for services rendered, but it is evident that the tobacco monopoly, which raises the price of the product above its value, constitutes a genuine tax. Under the head of divers sources of revenue is reckoned the charge for professional licences, which is undoubtedly a tax; and among the service receipts are included the university revenues. These classifications are certainly very arbitrary.

The direct taxes are classified thus :—

Land . . . . .	£4,742,000
Houses . . . . .	2,496,000
Poll tax and house rent tax . . . . .	2,925,000
Doors and windows . . . . .	1,936,000
Licences . . . . .	4,155,000
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	16,279,000
Taxes assimilated to direct taxes . . . . .	1,137,000
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	17,417,000
Algeria . . . . .	377,000
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	£17,794,000
Tax of 3 per cent. on securities and shares . . . . .	£1,955,000

The three first of these taxes are taxes of distribution, of which each department, each arrondissement, each commune, has to pay a certain proportion. From this there result the most shocking inequalities. The land tax is assessed on a pretended net revenue, determined by the *cadastre*, made from 1821 to 1850. This revenue

has remained unaltered. According to the inquiry of 1880–1883, the average rate of contribution was 4·49 per cent. of the net revenue, but forty-six departments paid more than this rate to the extent in all of £446,000, and forty-one departments paid less. Corsica paid less than a franc, and other departments paid six or eight. The proprietors complain greatly of the burden of the land tax, but it was £9,600,000 in 1791 and is only £7,238,000 for 1889, so that the present figure is only 75 per cent. of the figure of a century ago, and if we take into account the additional centimes for the departments and communes, it is only 125 per cent. On the other hand, the average price of the hectare of agricultural land was only £20 in 1789, while it had risen to £80 in 1874, and, even after making due allowance for the fall in more recent years, we see what a reduction has taken place in the land tax between 1791 and our own time.

The indirect taxes and revenues are as follow :—

Registration fees . . . . .	£20,677,000
Stamps . . . . .	6,469,000
Customs . . . . .	14,267,000
Duties on drinks, oils, candles, playing cards, carriage by railway and coach, &c. . . . .	23,726,000
Sugars . . . . .	7,062,000
	<hr/>
	£72,203,000 *
Monopolies :—	
Matches . . . . .	£640,000
Tobacco . . . . .	14,765,000
Powder . . . . .	473,000

When we include Algeria, the monopolies yield a total revenue of £15,980,000, and the entire indirect taxation a total revenue of £88,160,000. The indirect taxes stand, therefore, to the direct taxes as 496 to 100.

Taxes which obstruct the freedom of labour or of circulation of things and persons, such as the tax of 6·88 per cent. (raised by necessary expenses to 10 per cent.) on real property at every change of possessor ; capitation taxes, like that on salt ; taxes graduated the wrong way, like those on drinks—these are taxes which the political factions never fail to promise to abrogate when they are in opposition, but they always forget their promises when they come to power. The “men of government” pretend that the sum of a good fiscal policy is to make the taxpayer pay without perceiving it, though he may pay dearer. It ought to be stated, however, that if the war of 1870 created twenty-eight millions of new taxes, which have all, save forty-five centimes on patents, been imposed in the shape of indirect contributions, the Chamber of Deputies has made reductions between the years 1877 and 1885 to the extent of

\* The difference between this figure and that given in the general table arises from this, that I have deducted the two millions of the tax on shares and securities and carried them to the head of direct taxes.

eleven millions and a quarter, or, about two-fifths. It has made the great mistake, however, of utilizing its surpluses to shuffle out of fiscal reforms instead of undertaking them. But people take no care of themselves when they are in health.

#### CONCLUSION.

Such is the situation of our finances as exactly as I am able to trace it. Far, on the one hand, from the alarmists who under all governments and at all epochs have cried that France was lost and ruined, and equally far from the optimists, on the other hand, who with a sort of Mussulman fatalism refuse to see danger, I conclude that a severe financial policy is the duty of France. The prosecution of such a policy needs statesmen who have the courage of responsibilities, citizens who repudiate what Buckle calls the Protectionist spirit, and, above all, the conviction that sound finance is impossible without respect for the laws of political economy.

YVES GUYOT, *Deputy.*



## A WINTER IN SYRIA.

### II.

**H**E who would visit, to much purpose, a country which has been the scene of so many extraordinary events as that in which I awoke on the morning of the 20th of November must have access to a good many books. One of my first objects, accordingly, on that day, was to see what helps I had got at hand. My survey was highly satisfactory, for I found that I had quite as much as I could get through in the four months which I proposed to spend in Syria, and that I should have an opportunity of contemplating the ancient history of Palestine from every possible point of view. I occupied a bright little room looking across the main street of the colony, though street is hardly a proper term for a line of detached houses, and I was nearly always at work before the sun came over the hills in the neighbourhood of Nazareth and lit up the beautiful bay.

Haifa is stronger in its sunrises than in its sunsets, for thoroughly to enjoy the latter one has either to climb to the top of Carmel or to go round the promontory under the monastery, which involves crossing the little plain to the westward. The weather was still, in the end of November, rather too hot, for the rains which usually begin to fall in October had been scanty. It was not, I think, till the 6th of January that we lighted a fire, even in the evening, in any of the living rooms.

At Ootacamund, in the centre of the Tropic of Cancer, I was hardly ever without a fire in the height of what, for want of a better name, one must describe as summer. We took exercise at Haifa by riding or walking. There were two admirable riding grounds. The one was to the south-west of the town, round the promontory above alluded to; which passed, we soon came upon a long stretch of delightfully firm sand, with the full force of the Mediterranean breaking

upon it. In order to reach the other it was necessary to pass through the wretched little town ; but when that had been effected, we reached the same sands which I noticed in describing my journey from Tyre. The Kishon was never once a serious obstacle while we remained at Haïfa. Sometimes after violent west winds its *embouchure* was completely filled up by sand, and it only found its way to the sea through unseen channels. Our walks were all either on the slopes of Carmel or along the sea-face of the little plain which I have mentioned. In one part of it once stood Haïfa el Atikah, which was taken by Tancred in the first Crusade ; and on another, just round the promontory, the town of Sycaminum, which occupied, perhaps, the site of the Ecbatana where Cambyeses died, as Herodotus has related in a curiously pathetic passage.

The chief interest of the inland walks was in their flowers, few in number when we first arrived, while the sea-beach yielded a surprising number of shells—a curious contrast in this respect to the last sea-beach of which I had seen much, that of the Coromandel Coast.

Before going to Syria we arranged not to attempt much travelling until the spring ; but, nevertheless, during the period which will be covered by this article—that extending from November 20th to March 8th—a certain number of excursions could conveniently be made. These were, in order of time :—First, Acre ; second, Athlît ; third, Dalieh and the reputed scene of Elijah's sacrifice ; fourth, Nazareth and Tiberias.

Before I come to these, however, let me say a word about the past of Haïfa itself. That town is not mentioned either in the Old or in the New Testament, and I feel very doubtful whether it was really within the boundaries of any of the tribes. Captain Conder in his "Handbook to the Bible" includes it in Manasseh. On the other hand, the map circulated with the Revised Version gives it to Phœnicia.\*

The lines of demarcation between the tribes ran very irregularly, and the reason for their doing so is clear enough. They were not the result of any formal survey and division of the country such as might have taken place if it had been conquered rapidly by a civilized power with a strong central executive. The "conquest," to use the conventional term, took some generations, and each tribe or clan seized and kept what it could. The author of the book which we know under the name of Joshua antedated by long ages the division of the land as it existed in his time. Happily, this seems not to have been the only thing which he antedated. There is every reason to believe that the "conquest" of Palestine was carried into effect with far less ferocity than is generally supposed. The notion of the "God of Israel" being

\* A large and useful map, prepared recently by a lady for the National Society, gives it to Asher.

specially jealous and hostile to foreigners was one which belonged to a much later epoch than that of the settlement of Israel west of the Jordan. It was a reflex of that evil disposition which, fostered by the Captivity and stimulated in a later age by the folly of Antiochus Epiphanes, gradually grew in strength till it dashed the nation in pieces against the might of Rome.

We may believe with confidence that a great number of the atrocities attributed to the followers of Joshua were never perpetrated. Even had the will to perpetrate them been present, they were not powerful enough to do so. If we wish to understand their real position we have only to turn the last page of the Hexateuch and find ourselves in the far more interesting Book of Judges, which contains echoes coming directly from an early age, and shows us the Israelitish "conquerors" of Palestine as a number of weak communities holding their own, but not more than holding their own, against the previous occupiers of the land.

So far from the Canaanites having been destroyed to anything like the extent which some persons imagine, the Canaanites are there still. They were the Hidiut, or ignorant—that is, in Captain Conder's phrase, "the mass of the people who were engaged purely in agricultural and pastoral occupations" in the time of Christ; while the most important section of the Jewish population proper was employed to a quite preposterous extent in keeping the terrible "Law" which their priests and scribes had invented for them and against which much of Christ's teaching was a protest.

\* But to return to Haïfa. It would be easy to make a long list of remarkable persons who must have been perfectly familiar with the ground on which it stands, for right across it has run for ages upon ages one of the great roads\* of the world. Pythagoras, St. Paul, and Cœur de Lion are three names suggesting a very different set of associations which occur to my mind as I write. Nothing, however, of any great importance seems ever to have happened in it.

The importance of Haïfa belongs, not to the past, but to the future. The day will assuredly come when a breakwater will be thrown out from the end of the promontory, and then a very busy seaport will grow up here, for through that seaport a railway will run to Damascus on one side and to Cairo on the other.

Very different has been the fate of the fortress which looks across the bay. Although we know it now almost under the same name as the Phœnicians gave to it 3000 years ago, it is connected with Greek history as Ptolemais and with Roman history as Colonia Claudii Cæsaris. Memories of Vespasian and Titus, of Philip Augustus of France, of Edward I. of England, of Napoleon, of Sir Sidney Smith,

\* Traversed now only by the shepherds who lead their sheep, guarded by noble looking dogs, from Kurdistan and the Hauran past Gaza to Egypt.

of Ibrahim Pacha, of Lord Palmerston, and of Lord Beaconsfield mingle at the sight of it. Its great period, however, synchronized with and depended on the Crusades, when it was the clasp which united the chivalrous enterprise of the West and that of the East. The author of "Historic Fancies" did well to bring it into his vigorous lines on the aristocracy of France :

"As when they went for Palestine, with Louis at their head;  
And many a waving banner, and the oriflamme outspread;  
And many a burnished galley, with its blaze of armour shone  
In the ports of sunny Cyprus, and the Acre of St. John;—  
And many a knight who signed the cross, as he saw the burning sands,  
With a prayer for those whom he had left in green and fairer lands.  
God aid them all, God them assail, for few shall see again  
Streams like their own, their azure Rhone, or swift and silver Seine."

The city paid dearly, however, for its exceptional position in those days. I suppose it would be hardly possible to devise a much worse administration than that which it possessed after the fall of the kingdom of Jerusalem. It had, says Gibbon,

"many Sovereigns and no government. The kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, of the House of Lusignan, the princes of Antioch, the counts of Tripoli and Sidon, the great masters of the Hospital, the Temple, and the Teutonic Order, the republics of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, the Pope's legate, the kings of France and England, assumed an independent command; seventeen tribunals exercised the power of life and death; every criminal was protected in the adjacent quarter; and the perpetual jealousy of the nations often burst forth in acts of violence and blood."

All this anarchy ended badly, as usual. After a siege of thirty-three days the walls were forced, and on May 18, 1291, the city was stormed. It is in connection with its fall that the greatest of English historians uses the famous words:—

"By the command of the Sultan, the churches and fortifications of the Latin cities were demolished; a motive of avarice and fear still opened the Holy Sepulchre to some devout and defenceless pilgrims; and a mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded with the world's debate."

Of all its greatness nothing remains. It is a miserable little place of no strength, very dirty, and far from salubrious. From time to time it does a good trade in wheat, brought on camel-back by the Bedouins from beyond the Jordan; but its prosperity, such as it is, is very fitful. The few buildings which the Saracens did not destroy yielded to time. The present town only dates from the middle of last century, and presents nothing of any interest except a rather fine mosque, built by that vigorous ruffian, Djezzar Pacha.

One of my errands in Acre was to call on the son of a man who claims, or is said to claim, to be the head of the Persian sect known as the Bâbis, and is interned near that place. M. de Gobineau's book,

"Les Religions et les Philosophies de l'Asie-centrale," which I read some twenty-five years ago, together with several conversations I have had with persons who were intimately acquainted with their most extraordinary story, one of the most extraordinary, I think, in modern times, had given me a great interest in the Bâbis, but I have found it extremely difficult to get any reliable recent information about them. I learnt nothing from the person to whom I have alluded, and his position in the midst of Turkish territory and under the observation of the Turkish authorities is such that he is not likely to know much of what is going on in Persia.

If a story which is told in Mr. Oliphant's book entitled "Haïfa," which I cannot too much recommend to any one interested in the present state of Northern Palestine, be true, the father's pretensions must be very high indeed. A gentleman who said he had been present gave me a slightly different version of the story. According to him, when this individual was summoned as a witness to the court at Acre, the first question put to him was: "What is your name?"

To that he replied: "It is unnecessary to state my name; you know it well; it is known to all the world."

It was then explained to the witness that it was absolutely necessary that he should state his name.

To that he replied: "My name is the Light of God."

He was next asked: "What is your occupation?"

He answered: "I will tell you what I am not. I am not a carpenter, I am not a camel-driver; but you need not ask me any further questions, for I will answer none."

In another version which I heard, a second and highly probable question was interposed between the two I have quoted: "Who was your father?"

To that the witness replied: "If you ask my followers, they will tell you that I had no beginning and shall have no end."

On December 2nd we drove to Athlît, one of the very few places in Palestine which can be reached on wheels over a not intolerable road. It lies some ten miles from Haïfa, and in order to reach it the traveller crosses the little plain, passes below the monastery, and the curious caves, a good deal enlarged by art, which were long ago named the "Schools of the Prophets" by some one who imagined that that phrase had reference to a particular locality, and not to bands of dervish-like enthusiasts in many localities. The name stuck to the caves, and they are revered alike by Christians, Mahomedans, and Jews. After they are passed, the road runs along the shore of the sea, leaving on the right a little tumulus known as Tell es Samak, "the mound of the fish." When many of the most sacred spots had fallen back under Saracen sway, and the Crusaders had little save the coast, it was found convenient to find new sites for Scriptural incidents, and, the Lake of

Galilee being quite inaccessible, this spot on the shore of the Mediterranean was shown as that where St. Peter fished. From this point the road continues southward, always with Carmel on the left and the sea on the right, until a low ridge of rocks is reached which cuts off the interior from the sea. Athwart this ridge of rocks the Crusaders cut a narrow way, placing at the same time a fort to command the same. Through this passage, which was known as "*Les Détroits*," corrupted now into *El Dustrey*, lay the way to *Athlît*.

*Athlît*, otherwise *Château Pélerin* or *Castel Pellegrino*, was the great hold of the Templars in Palestine from 1218 to 1291, when it was finally abandoned. It lies on the very edge of the sea, and had two tiny harbours, one to the north and one to the south. I was prepared to find a very large building from the accounts given of it by Mr. Oliphant and Captain Conder, but the reality surpassed what I had expected. Nothing, indeed, that I saw in Palestine changed my previous ideas so much as did the great Crusading fortresses. I was not at all aware that the West had got so real a hold upon the East as it obviously did during the Crusades.

*Athlît*, *Belfort*, *Tibnin*, *Hunîn*, to say nothing of the tremendous stronghold which towers over *Cæsarea Philippi*, and of which I shall speak later, were all places of great importance, and through them the country was kept thoroughly in hand.

The great ruin came when the enthusiasm which had given to the Crusaders a constant supply of recruits from Europe gradually ebbed. Our own power in India has been hitherto sustained by a very different kind of enthusiasm from that which sustained the Crusaders, though their enthusiasm, as well as ours, was largely mixed with the spirit of adventure and the desire of worldly success. I think there are indications that our enthusiasm founded on the

"Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento"

feeling is beginning to flag, thanks to the growth of various pestilent heresies amongst us. If the result of the ebbing of our enthusiasm and the less attractive prospects offered to our young men in India is to diminish the supply of recruits for our Services from England, we shall lose our great empire in the East as the Crusaders lost their little one.

Through *Athlît*, which is a place pretty much on the scale of *Heidelberg Castle*, streamed for nearly a whole century the pilgrims of Europe. They were received by the Templars, and passed on by them in safety, or comparative safety, to such of the holy places as were not quite out of the question. It is strange that so very little is known about the story of so remarkable a place. Kugler, in his "*History of the Crusades*," mentions that, on the anniversary night of the fall of the Templars, a mailed warrior with a red cross on his breast is

supposed to appear, and to cry aloud, "Who will deliver the Holy Sepulchre?" A voice comes back in response, "No one; no one; for the Temple is dissolved!" I am sure that if Athlit had been in Europe it is within its walls that the phantom would have been supposed to execute his mission.

It was a most beautiful day; the deserted courts of Athlit itself were filled by the rare English plant *Inula crithmoides*, the golden samphire, in full bloom, while the rocks of El Dustrey were sprinkled with crocuses, amidst which rose the tall white spike of the medicinal squill, one of the commonest of all Palestinian plants, but which, as it happened, I never came upon in flower save on this one occasion.

On the 10th of December I again left Haifa, and, mounting by a very steep path that portion of the Carmel range which lies south-east of the town, rode along the range—here, diving into deep ravines; there, crossing breadths of table-land or skirting hill-sides, until I reached Dalieh, one of the two Druse villages upon Carmel. Here Mr. Oliphant has a house, which is inhabited by some friends of his who look after his affairs in his absence.

The Druse women, very handsome and very powerful, do an immense amount of work, and are gradually, under the intelligent guidance of Mr. Oliphant and those who represent him, turning all the neighbourhood into a garden. I need not say that in doing so they meet with every sort of discouragement from the Turkish officials; and these people are quite right from their own point of view, for if it once became easy for energetic Europeans with ample means to settle in Palestine, and by a judicious expenditure of wealth to turn the neighbourhood of every village into a garden, the result could not fail to be disastrous to the present system of misgovernment.

I had never before been amidst a Druse population, and their customs, all fully described in Mr. Oliphant's "Haifa," were interesting to witness. The little religious edifice known as the Khalweh attracted my attention, and we were allowed to enter it. It was perfectly plain, and almost empty save for the mats upon the floor. An Arabic inscription on the wall was interpreted to me: "O thou secret source of kindness, save us from that which we fear."

From Dalieh I went, on the 11th, under the guidance of a distinguished Cambridge man who is superintending Mr. Oliphant's agricultural improvements, to the little chapel which marks the spot which the Latin Church associates with the story of Elijah's sacrifice. Recent investigators, too clever by half, have found this site unsatisfactory, and have discovered another a good deal below it on the descent towards the plain of Esdraelon; but all their criticisms proceed on the hypothesis that they possess a minute contemporary account of Elijah and his doings—are accordingly wholly valueless.

The great Roman Communion has been content to connect a won-

derfully picturesque legend with the most picturesque point on Carmel with which it could possibly be connected, leaving every one free to have their own ideas as to the exact sequence of events. Many scholars now believe that acts have been attributed to Elijah, and placed in the reign of Ahab, which really took place in the days of Jehu, the great enemy and destroyer of the House of Omri.

It would be interesting to have had a history of Ahab, and, indeed, of the whole dynasty to which he belonged, written by persons who were neither enemies nor partisans. Omri and his house have been described to us by very bitter foes, by men who disapproved most vehemently all their religious policy. We can dimly see that that policy was one of inclusion. Ahab married a daughter of the king of the Sidonians, and was obviously in close relations with that enterprising race. There is no evidence that he himself preferred the worship of Baal to the worship of his own national or tribal god—Jehovah, Yahweh, or Jah. On the contrary, the name of the latter forms a portion of the name of both his sons, Ahazjah (Ahaziah) and Jehoram, as well as of his daughter, Athaliah (Athaliah).

The religion of Israel had at that early period by no means assumed the exclusive character which attached to it when the documents from which we draw our ideas of those times were compiled, and it is more than likely that a great many of the subjects of Ahab highly approved his policy without in any way preferring the religious names and usages of Phœnicia to their own.

For a very long period after the days of Ahab, men's minds all through Palestine were in a curious state of flux as to the powers and merits of various gods. To many people, that would seem a very odd state of mind, but hardly to those who have lived in the East and know how curiously the ideas of even quite different religions lie side by side in the same mind.

I possess a gold medal, struck apparently to be presented to some temple. On one side there are Brahmanic emblems, Siva and his consort, Parvati; on the other is the confession of the faith of Islam. The person who had the work executed was evidently determined to make things safe whichever of the heavenly powers who were contending in his day for the possession of India ultimately came off victorious.

We know from the Old Testament that the House of Omri were not only able rulers in peace, but had much success in war, and there is a curious confirmation of the latter fact in the Moabite stone, which was a monument raised by King Mesha of Moab, who revolted against Ahab, as told in 2 Kings iii. 5.

Here is an extract which I copy from "The Bible for Young People":\*—

\* An excellent book, written under the general superintendence of Professor Kuenen, of Leyden, of which a translation is published by the Sunday School Society.



“‘I am Mesha, son of Chemoshnadab, King of Moab. My father ruled Moab thirty years, and I succeeded him. I have raised this “bamah” for Chemosh, a “bamah” of deliverance, for he has delivered me from all my foes, and has given me vengeance upon all that hate me. Omri, King of Israel, came up and oppressed Moab many years; for then was Chemosh angry with his land. Omri was succeeded by his son, and he too said: I will oppress Moab! But in my days Chemosh said: I will look upon him and upon his house, and Israel shall fall for ever. Now, Omri had conquered the city of Madebah and taken possession of it. He and his son oppressed Moab forty years. But in my day Chemosh took pity on his people. I fortified Baalmeon with walls and moats, and then I laid siege to Kirjatheni, wherein the Gadites had long dwelt, and which Israel’s king had fortified. I fought against the city and took it, and put all the inhabitants to death in honour of Chemosh, the god of Moab. . . . And Chemosh said to me: Go forth and take the city of Nebo from Israel! Then I went out by night, fought against the place from dawn of day till noon, took it, and slew all the inhabitants, for they were laid under the ban in honour of Astar-Chemosh. And I also took thence all the sacrificial instruments of Yahweh and consecrated them to Chemosh.’

“Then follow further statements as to the capture of cities, the erection of palaces and temples, measures to supply the capital with water, the fortification of certain places suitably situated for the purpose, and, in conclusion, a command from Chemosh to go up against Horonaim, a city of the Edomites, all which is matter of less interest to us. The whole tone of the passages we have given is precisely similar to that of many a narrative from the ancient history of Israel. Change the names, and read David, for instance, instead of Mesha, Jerusalem instead of Dibon, Yahweh instead of Chemosh, and Chemosh instead of Yahweh, and you will have a record that might very well have stood upon some Israelitish ‘stone of help.’ Moab’s humiliation is ascribed to the wrath of Chemosh, just as Israel looked for the cause of her defeats in the anger of Yahweh. Mesha wrote: ‘Chemosh said to me: Go forth!’ just as Ahab might march upon Ramoth in obedience to Yahweh’s command. Mesha laid the inhabitants of a conquered city under the ban in honour of Astar-Chemosh, just as David did in honour of Yahweh. In short, the spirit and the very style of expression are the same.”

It is very interesting in connection with this to read the conclusion of the war with Moab as related in 2 Kings iii. 27. The ruler of Moab, attacked both by the northern and southern kingdom at once, was reduced to the greatest extremity; he thereupon invoked his god, of course Chemosh, by the most terrible spell of which he knew—he offered his eldest son as a burnt-offering. Chemosh having been thus invoked, “there came great wrath upon Israel, and they departed and returned to their own land.” It is clear that the compiler of the Second Book of Kings followed in this passage some writer who believed that the tribal god of Moab had come to the rescue.

It will be observed, too, by any one who reads this chapter, that the followers of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat, with the full sanction of Elisha, committed against the Moabites precisely the same atrocities which Mesha boasts to have committed against his enemies, and there are probably still millions of excellent persons who would tell us that the one set of atrocities which were committed in the name of one tribal

god were perfectly wrong, but the other perfectly right—simply because, ages and ages afterwards, the name of the latter tribal god became identified with the name of the One Supreme God.

Those who know to what lengths religious and political hatred goes, even in the most civilized countries, will, I think, come to the conclusion that there is very little evidence to support the common idea of Ahab, and will be quite as inclined to take sides with Hosea \* against, as with the writer of 2 Kings in favour of, Jehu.

Whatever may be the truth about historical events with regard to which our information is so incomplete, there can be no doubt of the extraordinary interest of the scene which is presented to the eye of any one who climbs to the top of the little Roman chapel above alluded to.

First, turning to the south-west, we see the wide expanse of the Mediterranean, out of which we are told arose the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. In that cloud the Latin Church has seen a "type" of the Blessed Virgin; and probably few historical students who have observed the enormous influence for good which was exercised over European manners by the devotion paid to her, and which arose from such small beginnings, will fail to see in this idea a happy and natural fancy. Next, the eye wanders along the whole coast to the neighbourhood of Jaffa, and falls far to the south upon the range of hills pierced by the pass which leads from that town towards Jerusalem. Much nearer the spot where we stood, but still far to the south-east, are the mountains of Samaria. On the east, showing as a long blue line, are the highlands of Gilead beyond the Jordan. Turning to the north we behold far off the Horns of Hattin, of which I shall speak presently. Still farther away stands Safed, of which I shall also have more to say hereafter, and from it a long line of elevated country carries the eye to the north-west till it falls into the sea at the foot of the Ladder of the Tyrians.

It is, however, with nearer objects that the mind is chiefly occupied at this point. Immediately to the west there is nothing save a low shoulder of the Carmel range just high enough to make it impossible to see beyond it; but north, north-east, and south-east lies the great plain of Edraelon, the battle-field of Palestine *par excellence*, with a warlike history full of notable struggles from the day of Thothmes III. to the days of Napoleon. \* Upon it, a little to the east, lay Megiddo, to which we shall return. Beyond it, and just below the fine range of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan perished, was Jezreel, the city of Ahab. Through the eastward opening of the plain, between the hill known as Little Hermon and Gilboa, the Bedouin hordes, who were afterwards defeated by Gideon, poured into the plain, as they have done five hundred times since, and are quite ready to do again, at any moment, if the atten-

\* Hosea i. 4.

tion of the military force in these parts were called off for a few weeks. Through the same wide open gate and the one on the southern side of Gilboa came the Scythian invasion in the days of Josiah, a memorial of which was long left in the name of Scythopolis given to the place better known as Bethshan, the modern Beisan.

Endor, Shunem, Nain, are all well in sight, so are the topmost houses of Nazareth; Acre is not visible. Perhaps, however, the most conspicuous object near at hand is Mount Tabor, whence the multitude collected under Barak rushed down to attack Sisera.

As we descended from the chapel of Elijah's sacrifice to the great plain we had this battle-field full in view. The struggle which is commemorated in the Song of Deborah, one of the oldest portions of the Old Testament—older by many centuries than almost the whole of the Hexateuch—took place in all probability in the middle of the autumn rains, which must have been much heavier that year than they were this, and it was quite easy to see, as we rode along between the foot of Carmel and the Kishon, what a very unpleasant neighbour that river must have been in extremely wet weather to a beaten army. A large portion of the fugitives, and not impossibly Sisera himself, must have followed the very road we were taking, for the conformation of the ground allowed of no other.

Those writers may be correct who see in an eminence on the northern side of the Kishon, near where it passes from the plain of Esdraelon to the plain of Acre, the site of Harosheth of the Gentiles.

Once again upon the plain of Acre, we soon came in sight of the white houses and blue sea of Haifa, which we reached after some hours of riding under a sun which was as hot as that of the hottest July day ever is in England.

On the morning of the 28th we started from Haifa for Nazareth. The road is at first the same as that by which I returned from Dalieh; after a few miles, however, it diverges to the left, and, crossing the Kishon at a point where that stream flows, or rather stagnates, between very high banks, slowly ascends the Zebulon hills, which are dotted with the short, thick-set Valonia oak, *Quercus aegilops*. If these hills could only be put under reasonable forest management, such as we should apply to them in India, they would soon be covered with valuable trees, to the infinite advantage of the country. From the eastern shoulder of the range there is an extremely fine view of the plain of Esdraelon, into a bay of which the road soon descends. The plain is in its turn left for low hills, and at last the Franciscan monastery at Nazareth is reached, after about six hours in the saddle.

We duly visited all the holy places—the Mensa Christi, the supposed site of the Synagogue, the shop of Joseph, the Grotto of the Annunciation, and the Fountain of the Virgin. Of these, the last is beyond all

comparison the most interesting, for it is the only spring of any sort of importance at Nazareth, and it is as certain as anything can be that it is, if not the same, certainly quite close to the fountain which the women of Nazareth frequented nineteen hundred years ago—another illustration of the true saying, “No traditions are so enduring as those which are writ in water.” The other sites are extremely doubtful, and good authorities hold that the town lay in those days higher up the hill-side than it does now.

I did not see either in Nazareth or its surroundings so much beauty as others—Renan, for instance—have found in them; but it is to be remembered that in December there is nothing like that wealth of flowers which delights those travellers who come hither in the month of April. The shape of the hills has certainly no charm, and the place is too full of substantial, well-built modern houses to be altogether picturesque. The road from Nazareth to Tiberias climbs the hill on which the town is built, and then dips down by a sharp descent to the rather prosperous village of Reineh, which has come into some little prominence lately from its having been put forward as a candidate for the honour of representing Cana of Galilee. That honour has hitherto been disputed by two places—Kana el-Jelil and Kefr-Kenna. The first of these has commended itself to some recent sagacious travellers, and, if it could be proved that El-Jelil was not a modern addition to the old name, its claim would be overwhelming. That, however, is more than doubtful, and we may well hold, if we please, that the writer of the Fourth Gospel was thinking of the old orthodox site of Kefr-Kenna, where the tradition has been localized for many generations.

Our road took us through that place, and presently entered a long plain which ran between low limestone hills, and itself covered, no doubt, rocks of the same character, which were pleasantly diversified a little farther on by numerous small and rounded masses of stone the product of some primeval eruption, amongst which the horses had wearily to pick their steps. This was the first notice we had that we were approaching the Jordan valley, the scene of great volcanic disturbances, and, after a brief halt near Lubieh in an olive grove peopled by goldfinches, we came upon the two hills known as the Horns of Hattin.

One of these has borne from time immemorial the name of the Mount of the Beatitudes, but that designation is really quite arbitrary. If those who have handed down to us the Sermon on the Mount meant us to understand that it was delivered in some particular place, and did not intend it rather as a sort of compendium of the usual teaching of Christ in this neighbourhood, it is violently improbable that they could have been thinking of the Horns of Hattin; they must have had in their minds some place nearer the lake, of which there are

hundreds far more suited to the delivery of an address for those who dwelt upon its borders.

A sadder, and, alas! indubitable tradition connects these hills with the crushing defeat of the Crusaders by Saladin in the year 1187:—

“On that dry ridge,” says Dean Stanley, “under the burning midsummer sun of Syria, on the 5th July 1187, was encamped the Christian host, in the final crisis of the Crusades, and round the base of the hill on every side was the victorious army of Saladin ready for the attack. The attack was made, and under circumstances somewhat similar to those of the rout on Mount Gilboa; the Christian entrenchments were stormed, and one more was added to the long list of the battles of the plain of Esdraelon—the last struggle of the Crusaders, in which all was staked in the presence of the holiest scenes of Christianity, and all miserably lost.”

The language here used might convey a false impression to the minds of those who were quite unacquainted with the history of the Crusades, for more than a hundred years passed before the West gave up these fine countries to barbarism. The author of “Sinai and Palestine” no doubt meant that the battle of Hattin was the turning-point in the history of the Crusades, and that was true enough.

Leaving Hattin on the left, we soon gained the hillside, which falls down to the Lake of Gennesaret, catching, as we did so, a glimpse of the top of the tremendous cliffs which overhang Wady Hamâm, and down which Herod let his soldiers in boxes suspended by chains to attack the robbers who swarmed in the caverns of their precipitous sides. The path by which we descended was detestable for some hundred yards, but at length better ground was reached, and we came ere long to a piece of new road which is being constructed for the purpose of connecting Nazareth and Tiberias, but is, alas! likely ere long to fall into ruin as complete as many another equally costly undertaking up and down this land.

We alighted at the Franciscan monastery in Tiberias, and obtained our first ideas of the lake from the excellent superior, a Tyrolese from the neighbourhood of Jenbach, well known to many travellers in Palestine.

After breakfast next morning we hired a stout boat, and took our course under a cloudless sky towards the northward. The Lake of Gennesaret is “about the size of Windermere, but rather broader.” It lies 682 feet below the Mediterranean, and is bordered on both the east and west sides by steep declivities. From no part of the western shore can its whole length be seen, but when well out in the middle of it, near the northern end, it seems to prolong itself southward to infinity, the low land where the Jordan leaves it not being visible.

The rocks which surround it are not specially beautiful, and there are hardly any trees upon the banks. Seen under a grey northern sky it would probably seem very commonplace. We have all of us visited

numbers of lakes which in very many respects are its superiors. Atmosphere, however, is a marvellous beautifier, and I cannot imagine there being two opinions about the loveliness of the scene which was presented to us on the 30th of December.

As we stretched out into the lake, our eyes and thoughts were given to the broad features of the landscape—to the precipitous wall of cliffs which holds up the great plateau of the Jaulan; to Hermon, which rises grandly to the north, dominating this whole region; and to the clear waters over which we were gliding under a sky which would have done honour to the most perfect English June.

The first point to which our attention was specially called was Mejdol, which lies just at the southern end of the little plain of Gennesaret and marks the sight of the village of Mary Magdalene, whose immense importance in the history of Christianity Renan has so well brought out in "*Les Apôtres*." But for her action at one supreme moment, it seems highly probable that Christianity as we know it might never have been at all, and yet how small a place does she occupy in most accounts of the early days of the new religion! True it is that she was canonized by the Church, and that any stranger to Christianity whose first ideas of it were drawn from the great Italian painters would have concluded that the part played by her had been very great indeed; but the historians and theologians who have written of these things have been curiously deficient in the insight or instinct which guided alike the Church and the artists.

The plain of Gennesaret is a small piece of level ground, the latest measurement of which makes it two miles and a half long by one broad. Well watered and fertile, it enjoys a climate very superior to that of the rugged uplands which hem it in, and Josephus, with that craze for exaggeration which was one of his many demerits, has described it as a sort of Paradise. That it can never have been, but it was doubtless in the time of Christ a populous and prosperous bit of country.

The first question which arises as we coast along it is, Where was Bethsaida—the "city," or, in other words, the hamlet, of Andrew and Peter? To that question various answers have been given. The traveller may, according to taste, believe it to have been on the edge of the water some way north of Magdala, or to have lain on another plain at the head of the lake, or he may conclude that there were two Bethsaidas—one on the plain of Gennesaret and another on the other plain. For all these views there are respectable arguments to be adduced.

The next question is, Where was Capernaum? Here again a choice is presented to us. We may believe it to have been on the plain of Gennesaret at Khan Minieh, or to have been about an hour from the northern end of the plain at a place called Tell Hâm. The great

authority of Robinson supports the first of these sites, and Captain Conder, whose judgment on a question of this kind must carry great weight, is of the same opinion. The following very interesting remark is quoted from his "Tent Work in Palestine": "It is a wonderful reflection that to Jewish hatred we, perhaps, owe our only means of fixing one of the most interesting sites in Palestine, and through the opprobrious epithet of Minai, or 'Sorcerers,' the position of Christ's own city is handed down to the Christians of the nineteenth century." Just at present, however, Tell Hûm is rather the favoured candidate for the honour of having been Capernaum, and our boatmen steered us thither. As we approached it, however, we saw that its much ruined ruins were in full possession of a very dirty company of Arabs, whose black goat-hair tents were pitched close to the remains of the synagogue. We avoided landing there accordingly, and passed on to a pretty and quiet creek which was more suitable for our purpose. Here, to my profound satisfaction, although it was midwinter, the oleanders were in blossom, and that not sparingly. Our thoughts went immediately to Keble's beautiful lines:—

"What went ye out to see  
O'er the rude sandy lea,  
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,  
Or where Gennesaret's wave  
Delights the flowers to lave  
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm ?

"All through the summer night  
Those blossoms red and bright  
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze,  
Like hermits watching still  
Around the sacred hill,  
Where erst our Saviour watch'd upon His knees."

It is fitting that the name of the author of "The Christian Year"—incomparably the most characteristic work of the Church of England—should be the first modern name to recur to an Englishman amidst these sacred scenes. "The Christian Year" will be read with delight long after the peculiar way of looking at life which gave rise to it has been profoundly modified.

"Immunis aram si tetigit manus  
Nascente Lunâ, rustica Phidyle,"

still touches our hearts, though the Altar and all it symbolized are dust and ashes.

There is, however, another English name which was only second to that of Keble, in my mind, at this place—the name of the late Dean of Westminster, whom those who knew him in his Oxford days like to think of as—Arthur Stanley. No one has described Gennesaret so well as he has done, alike in his "Sinai and Palestine" and in one of the excellent appendices to his "Sermons in the East." Far removed as were his theological opinions from those of Keble, no one was

more devoted to that charming poet. His devotion was not reciprocated. Keble could not have been what he was without an element of narrowness, and I have good authority for saying that he could not abide his younger contemporary.

It makes, however, very little matter. History takes small account of the mutual likes and dislikes of famous men, and they "have both to be confounded in the same glory." Not that the Broad-Church Dean will live as long as the High-Church Vicar of Hursley, although in a great many ways he was far the superior of the two. The men, however, who serve their generation most are often not those who are remembered the longest; much of their work goes in fighting with beasts at Ephesus, and they are apt to be forgotten with the beasts they slew.

"Nothing lives but style;" and those to whom the memory of Arthur Stanley is dear should make haste to cull from his writings the most perfect things he said. Such a book would be read for some generations; and one thing connected with him will, I think, be read as long as the language exists—the noble poem in which the son of "that well-recorded friend" has connected the memory of the "child of light" with the abbey he loved so well. Two lines from that poem kept running in my head all day on these waters—

"Oh, Saxon fisher, thou hast had with thee  
The fisher of the Lake of Galilee."

From the scene of our midday halt we stretched away towards the north-west, speculating as to the precise site of Chorazin, which lay doubtless on the higher lands at some distance back from the lake. Near the point where the Jordan comes in, we landed and picked up in great numbers the pretty and delicate shells characteristic of the spot; which done, we turned our prow towards Tiberias.

Our homeward voyage was very delightful, and gave us, amongst other things, an excellent view of the eastern shore, light and shadow both doing their best to bring its outlines into bold relief. It is, as it always was, a wild and desolate region, nor is there anything in the history of Gergasa, Gamala, or any other spot therein on which the memory need care to rest.

Our rowers were all men taken precisely from the same class from which sprang the Apostles. Two of them at least were good Mahommedans, and performed their evening devotions with their faces towards Mecca, a suggestive incident enough on the Sea of Tiberias, not less than the fact that the top of the hill of Nazareth is crowned by a little chapel, one of those Mukams which go back to a period before Islam, before Christianity, before Judaism—are, in fact, the old Canaanitish High Places.

We had an ideal sunset with a not less ideal moonrise, and long



ere we reached the landing-place the lights of Tiberias were glancing over the waters under the dark outline of Tancred's Castle.

Much ink has been expended in discussions as to whether Christ did or did not enter Tiberias, but not a sentence that has been written on the subject is worth the paper which it has blackened. The simple fact is that we know nothing whatever about the matter ; there is not a scrap of evidence to go to the jury. It is, indeed, strange to think that, although we know more about the life of Christ in this immediate neighbourhood than we know about it anywhere else with the possible exception of Jerusalem, our information is after all so excessively meagre. By pretty general consent, His public teaching is held to have occupied about three years. Let any one write down without note or comment what can be gathered from the New Testament with respect to these three years, and what does it amount to ? Would it be a fairly full account of even three months of what we have every reason to suppose was a very active existence ?

A time will come, perhaps, when this will be no longer regretted ; when it will be recognized that all the attempts which have been made in our days by so many gifted men, approaching the subject from so many different sides, in Germany, France, and England, to re-create for us the Christ of history have been more or less failures, not really from any fault of their own, but simply from the absence of documents. But the Christ of the Church is not the Christ of history : it is an ideal built up upon the facts which we know about the Christ of history by sixty generations of men and women who have become filled to overflowing with the spirit which was evolved from the life and teaching of the Christ of history, and more especially from His teaching in this particular locality, for I think it could be shown that from the words first uttered on and near this Galilean lake came most that is best in Christianity—not all, for it must not be forgotten that through that marvellous instrument, the early Roman Church, Christianity absorbed much that was best in the religions and philosophies which preceded it. The ancient world, as some one most truly said, built up Christianity, but in doing so it built itself bankrupt.

From Jerusalem, on the other hand, came, as soon as the actual bodily presence of the Master was removed, much that is worst in Christianity, though in its corruptions a thousand other streams of evil have mingled. The worst kind of Catholic, the worst kind of Protestant and the worst kind of Oriental Christian are highly composite products, the expressed essence of unnumbered ages of historic and prehistoric envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, no less than of unnumbered guesses at truth, historic and prehistoric, which, however plausible they may once have been, are now generally acknowledged to have been only guesses.

On the morning of the 31st we left Tiberias, and during the earlier

part of our ride enjoyed the companionship of Dr. Torrance, an intelligent medical man settled there in connection with a missionary society. He showed us, outside the town and behind Tancred's Castle, the tomb of Maimonides, who, born at Cordova about 1131, attained great fame alike in the East and in the West, producing works without number, chiefly on the antiquities of his nation, but largely also upon medical subjects,\* and founded a college at Alexandria for his co-religionists. Dr. Torrance also called my attention to the admirable position chosen by Herod Antipas for his palace, and pointed out, far off, the valley through which the Jabbok comes down from the east to join the Jordan, as well as the site of Gadara, with its memories of Meleager and the Anthology which connect the Sea of Galilee with the highest culture of Greece.

A mistake, *felix culpa*, made by the soldier-policemen who were supposed to be guiding us, obliged us to ride for some way southwards at a high elevation along the lake, and gave us a succession of the most delightful views over its northern and middle portions. At length we had to say good-bye to it, and found our way over hill and dale to the foot of Tabor. There was nothing worth noting on this part of the route except a herd of gazelles and the extraordinary development of an orange-coloured lichen upon the boulder-like blocks of volcanic origin which covered a hillside.

The latter interested me in connection with the passage in "The Christian Year" which immediately follows that which I have just quoted:—

"The Paschal moon above  
Seems like a Saint to rove,  
Left shining in the world with Christ alone;  
Below, the lake's still face  
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace  
Of mountains terrac'd high with mossy stone."

I have, I think, somewhere seen these lines criticized as being too Northern. Lichens are, to be sure, not mosses; but anything more Northern than these blocks, or less like what I expected to find in Palestine, it would be difficult to mention.

Just before we entered on the pretty woodland, composed largely of Valonia oaks and the terebinth, *Pistacia palestina*, which clothe the northern base of Tabor, we passed a great ruined khan, one of those which, strongly built and fortified, were placed along the road which leads from Cairo to Damascus. This was the chief line which trade followed when the pirates of the Levant made the sea route too dangerous.

It is with Tabor that legend and art have until recently connected the Transfiguration, but some modern travellers have shown a disposition, not unnaturally, to think of it in connection with the incomparably grander Hermon. There is of course no reason why any one who so pleases should not do this, but personally I prefer to localize such

narratives in the places in which they have been localized by the imagination of successive generations. Few pilgrims have, I suppose, yet found their way to Hermon in the belief that it was the undoubted scene of the remarkable narrative with which we are all familiar, but for ages before and for ages after the Crusades thousands of pilgrims, many of them very remarkable persons, have looked with veneration upon Tabor. The view from the top is interesting, but not so interesting as that from the chapel of Elijah's sacrifice.

A long ride, partly in the dark and partly in very glaucous moonlight, over a rough wild country in which the jackals were very vocal, and in which both the hunting leopard of India and the panther are found, brought us once more to Nazareth, where we passed the whole of New Year's day. The Church of the Annunciation was filled with a very orderly crowd, in which women largely preponderated, assisting with much attention at the High Mass in honour of the Pope's Jubilee and listening to an Arabic sermon. The daughters of Nazareth have rather a reputation for good looks, but their sisters of Bethlehem have, I think, very much the advantage of them. The Grotto of the Annunciation is one of the less happily chosen sites, and the unfortunate story of the Santa Casa of Loretto helps to disenchanted one with it.

No one should omit to ascend the hill immediately above the town, the top of which must have been within a few hundred yards of the house of the Blessed Virgin. It commands a very noble prospect, in which Haifa and the promontory of Carmel are very conspicuous objects.

On the 2nd of January we rode across the hills, through a pretty but not historically interesting district, and, striking the shores of the Bay of Acre, crossed the Kishon at its mouth, and returned to our starting-point.

From the 2nd of January to the 8th of March we remained quietly in Haifa. This is the period of the year during which the heaviest rains fall, and rain is, of course, a serious obstacle to travelling on horseback with no shelter but canvas.

From some points of view the spring may be said to begin in Palestine as soon as the first autumn showers fall, but the progress of vegetation during what we call the winter months is not rapid. Few flowers were out, as I have already mentioned, on the 20th of November the *Merendera* mentioned in the last paper, being, perhaps, the one most likely to attract notice. In December two crocuses, the *cancellatus* and the *hyemalis*, became abundant. At Christmas the beautiful and sweet-scented *Narcissus tazetta* was in full flower, but it is by no means very common in the immediate neighbourhood of Haifa. A very beautiful cyclamen, I think *Aleppicum*, was flowering everywhere on Tabor in the last week of the year, long before it came out in any quantity at Haifa. I am inclined, indeed, to think that Haifa is, for

some reason not clear to me, rather a late place. Certainly far fewer flowers were in blossom there in the first week in January 1888 than I had found between Jaffa and Ramleh at the same period in 1887. The difference was much greater than could be explained by the slight difference of latitude.

The flower most abundant on the hill above Nazareth in the last week of December was the large daisy, *Bellis sylvestris*, but I saw great nosegays of cyclamen and narcissus brought into the town from no great distance.

At Haïfa there was no burst of spring; the flowers stole out gradually after the middle of January, each day's walk furnishing one or two that had not been observed before. The anemones, so important a feature in the Syrian flora, did not appear till about the third week in the year. The blue variety of *Anemone coronaria*, sometimes treated as a separate species, came first. The scarlet anemones, well known as the blood-drops of Christ, and by some authors identified with the lilies of the field, were hardly found in any numbers before the 5th of February. About the same time came the yellow star of Bethlehem, *Gagea reticulata*. The star of Bethlehem of our gardens, *Ornithogalum umbellatum*, came earlier, before the end of the year, but I did not see much of it near Haïfa. A tall white asphodel was abundant by the end of January, and a little later came its handsomer relative, *Asphodeline lutea*.

By the 17th of February the scarlet anemones were in great profusion, as was a small marigold, I think *Calendula aegyptiaca*, which, with *Senecio vernalis*, lit up the waste ground; while a pretty lilac crucifer, *Malcomia crenulata*, was equally plentiful in the cornfields.

By this time, too, all the rock débris began to be covered by another crucifer, *Ricotia lunaria*, one of the loveliest plants of its family and well worthy of a place in our gardens. The barley sown in December, to be mown as we mow a hayfield in England, was fit for cutting by the middle of February, and the whole country was green with young crops. By the third week of January the first of the irises, *Iris sisyrinchium*, was in flower; next came the far rarer, and as yet but little known in Europe, *Iris palestina*, which likes growing close to the sea, and is abundant between Haïfa and Athlît.

The almond had in Hebrew a name which means "the hasten," or "the hastener;" hence the play upon words in Jeremiah i. 11, 12: "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree [shâked]. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen, for I will hasten [shâked] My word to perform it." I had expected accordingly to find it flowering very early, but this was not so. I have seen it in blossom on the Pincian quite as soon, if not sooner, than it came out at Haïfa. A large almond-tree in front of my sitting-room window was still in

flower on the 28th of February, one of the most beautiful days I ever saw in any climate, and which looked like the beginning of a long course of fine weather. In the night, however, the most glorious moonlight effects were suddenly marred by a violent storm among the Galilean hills, followed by a westerly gale which sadly despoiled my poor almond-tree.

An idea of the climate may be gathered from the fact that I thought instinctively of Matthew Arnold's

"tempestuous morn in early June,  
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
Before the roses and the longest day,  
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor  
With blossoms red and white of fallen may  
And chestnut's flowers are strewn."

On the 6th of March the Palestinian form of the hawthorn, a species slightly different from ours, was already in blossom, and this too was the moment when the whole air was filled, among the Kishon sand-hills, by the perfume of the beautiful white broom, *Retama roctam*, which I mentioned in my last paper. Another characteristic flower of this date was a small blue iris, the *Reticulata*, which is very abundant, much more so than either of the irises I have already noticed, and is, indeed, through the whole of March one of the most conspicuous objects in Palestine.

I think I have mentioned most of the flowers which would be sure to catch the eye of any traveller who passed through Haifa in the first two months of the year, but of course there were many others, of which as they did not occur in sufficient profusion to attract the attention of every one, I need not make mention here.

By the end of the first week of March the time seemed to have arrived when we might attempt a wider survey of the country than had been hitherto possible, and on the 9th, having, through the kind offices of Mr. Eyres, our able Vice-Consul at Beyrout, secured a dragoon provided with excellent tents, I started for Cæsarea.

MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF.

## AMONG THE NORTH SEA TRAWLERS.

NOT long ago, in bitter weather, I stood on the deck of a smack, as the livid sun sank in a whirling trouble of flying spray. The wind blew hollow, and, as the hundred and twenty vessels of our fleet fell into loose order, there came a noise as though a musketry engagement were going on between two great forces. The immense beam of our trawl was twisted on the rail, and then our five hands began with a series of gymnastic operations which were enough to appal any outsider. To see a litho but heavily weighted fellow spring on the rolling rail and run round with a warp; to see another spring clear over the side and tug at the net; to see the absolute sureness of hand, and foot, and eye displayed while the vessel soared up the steeples of the seas, and made her arrowy plunge downward—all this was impressive to me, for I had never seen violently hard work performed in such weather. Then came the night full of weird sights and strange sounds; an illimitable river seemed to be rushing away under us, and each rolling freshet was marked with intricate streaks of foam; the smacks all round tugged and jerked at their trawls until it appeared that something must go; but the gallant boats tore steadily on, and the sound of their plunging came like a sharp staccato through the enormous ground-bass of the gale. I had spent hundreds of nights at sea, but that particular night was marked for me, because I suddenly gained knowledge which had never been dreamed of by me, and the whole circumstances of a complex social problem started out suddenly before me. It was one of those mystic, immortal nights wherein the whole soul grows stronger and more secure in vision and conviction in spite of physical privation. The roar deepened and the icy cold caught at my breath and numbed me; it is useless to wrap yourself up in swathes of heavy clothing when you are on that desolate

sea in bad weather; you must choose between violent exertion and the stifling warmth of the cabin. I had been brooding long until I felt as though all the suffering and all the daring and endurance of a hundred generations of dead seamen were before me. How many thousands perished before means were evolved in the course of years to cheat the inexorable fury of the sea! How many agonies of struggle had passed on that rushing water, and yet our man was singing at the wheel, as though the very ooze under him were not thick with the bones of drowned sailors. Then my mournful poetic humour was interrupted by the prose of a sudden sea which knocked me over and efficiently drenched me. In a little while my streaming clothes were off, and I was shivering in the pleasant softness of dry flannels; then I went to the crew's cabin, and that flash of new knowledge of which I have spoken came to me. All the fine fellows lay in their hammocks, and each man's limbs were loosened in a very ecstasy of rest. The mighty Caistor man heaved his great breast gently, and slumbered like a baby; a superb, tan-faced lad lay so still that you might have thought him like the effigy on a tomb but for the rich colour of his skin; the rosy, purple-streaked face of the skipper was placid: and on deck the deluges of water came upon us and went bellowing aft with a clamour like a cataract. All those sleepers were quite wet, and they had lain down without being able to find time for such finikin luxuries of change as were necessary to my degenerate carcase.

This was the little suggestion which came so poignantly home to me. I, the ignoble landsman, must needs get into dry clothes after the first sousing; but these good fellows had not only to do without changes, but they must go on, day after day, performing the most violent forms of labour, after taking their small snatches of rest in their soaked and steaming clothes.

At midnight, a hoarse cry from the skipper roused the sleeping men; silently, swiftly, they flung themselves from their hammocks, put on their heavy sea-boots, and went off on deck with all the smartness of drilled man-of-war's-men. No man could describe what followed by using mere words; only the hand of a fine artist could give an idea of the hurry, the reckless toil, the fierce flashing of lights, and the mad rush of waves that seemed like to carry the toilers away. The gale was rising, and the music of the wind in the cordage made my heart tremble, but our fellows did not heed the wind, nor the thunderous volleys of water that hit us; they got the fish from the net, and sat down in that roaring midnight to do the gruesome work of cleaning and packing. Towards two o'clock the gale threatened to tear the canvas off us, and all hands had to struggle for four solid hours until we were reefed down; then the exhausted, streaming fellows went below and lay down instantly, while the water trickled in stray dribblets on

to the grimy cabin floor. The wind still gathered force until the fleet were blown apart like flying feathers, and a succession of pale-green A'ps rushed on us under the leaden sky of the sad morning; all day long we were dancing over the swift seas; we were isolated from every species of human companionship except that which we had among ourselves; but work must perforce go on as usual. That is the life which the smacksmen lead all the year round; in summer the ceaseless strain may not be heeded, but when the smack is like a mere rolling iceberg and the men's beards are solid icicles, then the pinch comes, and then every human power of endurance must be kept from day to day at the most strenuous pitch.

In the wild days, when the snowstorms sweep along and the ceaseless waves roll savagely, the fishermen work on.

When, at last, after our forlorn tussle, the fleet gathered together once more, I saw a sight more significant than any which met me during the gale. Men with cuts and bruises and dislocations began to arrive on board of us, for I was on a Mission trawler, and our hospital work only began when the pinch of the gale had passed. Man after man was attended by our deft skipper, and when, in the lull of that evening, a few strangers gathered with us, I noticed that they prayed very hard for the wounded men. Some of them growled out their rough thanks for the help that had been given them. Now, among all these rude fellows whom I had seen toiling, I never heard a rough word or saw a coarse action. I have been enough among sailormen, and, as every one knows, the curse and the blow are tolerably ready with the wilder sort; but these smacksmen seem to be transformed and they exercise a transforming influence on their comrades. There is a change, and these men are not like the fellows I knew twenty-five years ago. It takes rather a long story to make any outsider understand what all this means. It takes a long time to show how a great and beneficent structure has gradually grown with all the still and inevitable force of some strong tree, while the more careless portion of the public have been as unconscious of the growth as they are of the mysterious and gradual thickening of the trees which they pass daily. Unnoticed save by a company of ardent religious folk, a mighty organization has arisen, and people are only just beginning to know what a strange and beautiful work has been done in comparative secrecy. And now for the story of a miracle.

## II.

The fisherman of old times—nay, of comparatively recent times—dwelt apart from the world, and I do not think that any human creature could have fared so hardly. Even nowadays when I go among the smacksmen, and see how they live, I wonder with more



and more intensity how any class of men can be found to endure such an existence. Every condition of squalor, cold, excessive toil, and danger is known to them, and, during the greater part of the year, they do not know a single pleasure, even of the low sort. Why should they endure such a fate? It is because they know of no other. Many of them leave the parish schools and become apprentices; from that day until their bleak and barren life's end, they are cut off from the world of men. People think that a voyage to the Cape is rather a long and tedious affair, but the fisherman stays out at sea for eight weeks at a stretch, and during that time he must be content with alternations of furious labour and mere dullness unless some influence from outside can be made to touch him. For eight weeks the men only have their reeking cabin as a refuge from the deck; and the very name of pleasure would sound strange to them. No one who is inexperienced can conceive the extent of the fishermen's ignorance even now, and I think that only that same ignorance keeps them from feeling discontented. At their own craft they are consummately skilful; they know the cunning and mysterious ways of fishes; they can read the meaning of every change of wind, or sky, or sea; and they are so heedless of danger that it is sometimes frightful to see them. Then, barring the worst of the weeds from the slum, they are men of superb physique, and their powers of bearing labour and privation are quite without parallel in my experience. This noble set of toilers must be reckoned as only equal to the merest children in knowledge. When they are bad, their badness is brutal; when they are good, their goodness is marked by infantile simplicity. The sailor goes from port to port; the smackman travels from the desolate banks of the Dogger or Ameland to the quayside of his native town, and then he goes back again—year in, year out. Often on weary afternoons, when the grey sky stooped low and the dim water was lashed by the sleet, I have thought "What a life!" Mr. Carlyle boldly asserted that a man is nearer the Eternal Verities, or something of that kind, when he is at sea; now I should say that the fisher, with his dog's housing and his dog's life, is a good deal kept away from the verities, eternal and otherwise, and I should rather not have had Carlyle's company during the eighth week of his enjoyment of the Verities. At the best the smack goes briskly along in smart weather; at the worst she is surrounded by bitter snow and plunging seas. Again—What a life!

Now, there is no Englishman who durst describe the fisherman's mode of life in days gone by. One of the new school of gentry who write in France might enjoy the work, but he would be obliged to keep his story in his own language, for even Zola's latest outrage does not picture a state of things worse than that on the North Sea. If you can contrive to talk frankly with an old hand, he will make

your skin creep by flat, bald narratives of ancient brutality. Try to imagine a kind of life which combined the horrors of a Liverpool slum with those of the fore-castle in one of the ships that Smollett knew, and then you may have some idea of the condition of the floating villages wherein the fishers lived out their awful lives. In many cases the only entertainment in which miserable brutes could indulge was the infliction of torture on yet more miserable boys. The spread of kindly humanity, and the sharp terror of the rope, have done away with the cruelty, but the memory of that ancient evil is like a bad dream. The men were brutalized. Yes, and what chance had they in life of becoming anything else? Their very existence was ignored. Here was a navy manned by twelve thousand daring but ignorant seamen, and the British nation at large did not know that the twelve thousand embruted toilers existed! Our money was poured out in rivers, and, at the time when Borrioboola Gha was in fashion, we frittered away hundreds of thousands on impossible missions to savages, while thousands of men—British men, with infinite capacities for good—were living in a state worse than any savage of the Southern Seas, and certainly worse than the state of the happy savages in Uruguay. The strange thing is that there is no one to blame. The fishermen did not explain their condition, for the simple reason that they could not; they were totally illiterate, and they never travelled out of the groove that connected the smack, the tavern, and the dreary sea. Then the public, who would have been in a fever of sympathy had they known the truth, were totally in the dark. How could the orthodox traveller be expected to endure cold and storm and sordid misery at the Tail of the Dogger? Thus the dumb fishermen and the darkened public contrived between them to let the reign of evil last until the year 1881. Now since that time a change has been wrought which has never been equalled since the days of Father Mathew's crusade. What I am going to tell is no fragment of gushing romance; it is not the dream of a fiction-writing reformer; it is plain fact, which amazes me more and more in spite of my familiarity with every detail. In 1881 Mr. E. J. Mather went out into the North Sea, and bore all the necessary hardships while he passed about among the fishermen. He had been engaged in amateur Mission work on shore for years, and his new experience made him sad, and passionately eager to make a change among the multitude who dwelt in the very shadow of Night. In the quaint and most moving chapters of his book, called "Nor'ard of the Dogger," he tells all about the dull resistance that seemed to spoil his early efforts, and a judicious reader can see that Mather attacked a task which would have made very resolute men of the ordinary kind turn away with a shrug of despair.

But he was under the domain of one importunate idea; the horror of great darkness that had brooded over him in the midst of the

swarming fleets never left him, and he gave himself up to the effort of solving a big and almost terrifying puzzle. Now, his way of proceeding was to rely upon prayer in the first instance, and I am bound to say that, if facts of the solid kind count for anything, his proceedings have been anything but inefficacious. I must explain here, however, that with the spiritual side of the Mission work I have nothing to do. I am a journalist—partly political fighter, and partly special correspondent—and I only deal with such secular things as a trained observer may handle with advantage. Well, Mr. Mather had no money available for the purposes in view, and certainly the two North Sea skippers with whom he discussed his plans had none; but they had a good deal of faith, and they brought that to bear. In a very little while a gentleman advanced a thousand pounds, and with that sum in hand a little smack called the *Ensign* was fitted up, and she departed from Yarmouth amid the confident jeers of the loafers. There were twelve thousand sailors to be reached as far as possible, and one tiny vessel to do the work. The change which took place was almost past belief; as the smacks returned home, the fishermen brought reports concerning the treatment which they had met with on board the *Ensign*, and wives and mothers were grateful. A wise beneficence had placed a small dispensary on board the smack, and many a poor fellow was relieved; the men who came for surgical aid were attacked by that process which is quaintly called "Saying a word for the Master," and religious converts became very numerous. When the *Ensign* ran into Yarmouth again, the crowd cheered her, and that slight indication of a change has been so far followed up that any man would be rather unpleasantly greeted (by the women especially) if he now ventured to speak against the Mission.

The subsequent history of the work would sound like a tale heard in a queer dream if I gave it at length; money gradually poured in just when it was most needed, a company of the best men to be found in philanthropic circles allied themselves cheerfully, at his earnest request, with the enthusiastic Director; and this was well, for staid, business men form the wheels and brake of the engine, while the enthusiast supplies all the steam. The phlegmatic public seemed to wake up from a dream of indifference; various donors presented heavy sums; a few munificent persons went so far as to present vessels; and thus, at this moment, nine splendid, well-found smacks are at work among the fleets, while two hospital ships, which promise to be the finest of all, are on the stocks at Yarmouth.

And now let us see what these vessels have done. As aforesaid, I write mainly of secular things, but I feel it almost a duty to mention one curious matter which came to my notice in our dreary July. An ugly morning had broken with half a gale of wind blowing; the sea was not dangerous, but it was nasty—perhaps nastier than it looked.

I was on board a steam-carrier, which I may say, for the benefit of landsfolk, is a low-built, powerful iron vessel that lunges in the most disturbing manner when she is waiting in the trough of the sea for the boats which bring off the big 80 lb. boxes of fish. The little boats were crashing, and leaping like hooked salmon, and grinding against the sides of the steamer, and I could not venture to walk about very much on that reeling iron deck. The crowd of smacksmen who came were a very wild lot, and, as the breeze grew stronger, they were in a hurry to get their boxes on board. Since one of the trunks of fish weighs 80 lb., I need hardly say that the process of using such a box as a dumb-bell is not precisely an easy one, and, when the dumb-bell practice has to be performed on a kind of stage which jumps like a bucking broncho, the chances of bruises and of resulting bad language are much increased. The bounding, wrenching, straining, stumbling mob in the boats did not look very gentle or civilized; their attire was quite fanciful and varied, but very filthy, and they were blowzy and tired after their wild night of lashing rain and chill hours of labour. A number of the younger fellows had the peculiar street Arab style of countenance, while the older men were not of the very gentle type. In that mad race against wind and tide, I should have expected a little of the usual cursing and fighting from a mob which included a small percentage of downright roughs. But a tall man dressed in ordinary yachtsman's clothes stood smoking on deck, and that was the present writer; the rough Englishmen did not know that I had been used to the company of the wildest desperadoes that live on earth; they only knew that I came from the Mission ship, and they passed the word. Every rowdy that came up was warned, and one poor rough who chanced to blurt out a very common and very nasty Billingsgate word was silenced by a moralist, who observed, "Cheese it. Don't cher see the Mission ship bloke?" I watched like a cat, and I soon saw that the ordinary hurricane curses were restrained on my account, simply because I came from the vessel where all are welcome—bad and good. For four hours I was saluted in all sorts of blundering, good-humoured ways by the men as they came up. Little scraps of news are always intensely valued at sea, and it pleased me to see how these rude, kind souls tried to interest me by giving me scraps of information about the yacht which I had just left. "She was a-bearin' away after the Admiral, sir, when we passed her. It's funny old weather for her, and I see old Jones a-bin and got the torps'l off on her"—and so on. Several of the fellows shouted as they went, "Gord bless you, sir. We wants you in the winter." No doubt some of my friends would, at other times, have used a verb not quite allied to bless; but I could see that they were making an attempt to show courtesy toward an agency which they respect, and though I remained like a silent Lama, receiving the salutes of our grimy, greasy friends, I

understood their thoughts, and in a cynical way I felt rather thankful to know that there are some men at least on whom kindness is not thrown away. The captain of the carrier said, "I never seen 'em so quiet as this for a long time, but that was because they see'd you. They cotton on to the Mission—the most on 'em does."

This seems to me a very pretty and significant story. Any one who knows the British Rough—especially the nautical Rough—knows that the luxury of an oath is much to him, yet here a thorough crowd of wild and excited fellows became decorous, and profuse of civilities, only because they saw a silent and totally emotionless man smoking on the deck of a steam-carrier. On board the steamer, I noticed that the same spirit prevailed; the men treated me like a large and essentially helpless baby, who must be made much of. Alas! do I not remember my first trip on a carrier, when I was treated rather like a bundle of coarse fish? The reason for the alteration is obvious, and I give my very last experience as a most significant thing of its kind. Observe that the roughest and most defiant of the irreligious men are softened by contact with an agency which they regard as being too fine or too tiresome for their fancy, and it is these irregular ruffians who do greet the Mission smacks with the loudest heartiness when we swing into the midst of a fleet.

As to what are called the conversions, I can say nothing in the theological way, but I judge by the results which I have seen. I am as impartial as an ancient Roman about religious systems and sects, but I know that good is good, and I know that a sober, gentle, courteous fellow, who prays with passionate self-humiliation, who is tender to wife and children, who never offers to return evil for evil, and who takes pride in being a gentle and law-abiding citizen, is better than a muscular beast who is only proud of his strength. Now, I could run round the fleets and pick out at least three hundred men who were once something more than inoffensive ne'er-do-wells—they were active and offensive blackguards. These fellows do not ever cant; they have become civilized men, and if their religious exercises do become demonstrative, what of that? They are good in all relations of life; they are fine workmen; and, if they cry for pardon and pity, who shall blame them? If I sneered at one of them, I should never get rid of my sense of shame during life; it would be a crime against humanity. You must rouse strong emotions in order to bring forth the deeper nature of rude and ignorant men; their ideas are all rather crude, and you cannot teach them subtleties. If by any means you can make them good instead of bad, sober instead of bestial, kindly instead of brutal, then really I, for one, do not much care about the means which you use. If any one can see, as I have seen, 150 strong fellows assembled on the deck of a Mission vessel; if he can

notice the rude but subtle courtesy, the absence of vulgar horse-play, the hearty, merry kindness that is made manifest among the friends, then he will own, as I do, that a strong civilizing influence has been at work. The æsthetic people have a good deal to say about religious matters nowadays; what would they think and feel if they heard 150 of those strong, hoarse voices rolling over the sea as the night falls? The men have the passion of worship, and they sing because that is the best way to free their wild hearts. For miles around the noble chorus is heard on the vessels far and near. Are not the singers better employed than they would have been in the days when a fine Sunday was spent on board the cruising drink-shop? And are not the hearers better for listening to rough sounds of worship, rather than to spluttering curses and sounds of fights and brawling? I think so; and that is the only way in which the religious work of the Mission touches me strongly. Let elegant and cultured persons put the matter as they choose; but here are the points that touch me personally: A dangerous blackguard is reached by religion; he at once is changed; the point of honour is present in his mind, and he becomes sober, gentle, and devout, without in any way losing his manliness. These converts cling together; they support each other in their "Experience meetings," one man derives strength from another; and, as a matter of fact, this increasing army of religious enthusiasts have so leavened the fleets that the police on shore find scarcely any complaint against a smacksman at any time. They tell their stories to each other, these simple souls; and I would ask any one to observe the exquisite simplicity of the following little tale, which I quietly took down at a time when the speaker did not know I was within hearing. The man's low tones thrilled me; his passionate humility moved my heart, and I think his poor confession far more impressive than any merely literary work:—

"It's just five years since I first tried to take the right road. Some of my friends was goin' on board the *Thomas Gray*, and they came to my ship, and I didn't know what they could want me for. But I went with them, and some friends spoke to us about God and His love; and when they was done I felt myself of a sudden so full like of the love of God, that I stood up there and then, and gave myself to God. And that very same night my wife, who is now a good Christian woman, was on her knees prayin' for me and hopin' God would make me lead a better life; and before she was done, God came to her heart, and she writes to me, and says that she had found God, and would I try to do the same. And when I got to my vessel I writes to her and says I had given my heart to my Father, and I would try to be a better man, and lead a better life. And her letter and my letter crossed each other, and I gets hers the same morning as she has mine. And she writes and says that she sat down in the kitchen and had a cry for a good long hour, because she was full of joy.

"I was not one of the best, I wasn't; my home was, as I may say, a hell upon earth, and my children was afeard of me, and they were right, for I was bad and cruel in the drink. But it is all changed now, and I have kept

on the good road as well as I could, and we are happy. I trust, my friends, that I shall go on trying to be a good man till the Lord Jesus is pleased to call me, and that is all I can say."

Observe his desire to avoid "fine" talk. I had a funny lump in my throat before he had finished, and the cadence of his voice carried suggestions to my nerves like simple tones from the infancy of music. Another man, who spoke under the influence of an emotion that was awe-striking, told of his escape from a crime that would have brought him to his end. He was fond of his wife, but he struck at her with a knife at a time when he was mad after a long spell of drinking. When he came to himself and found that he had barely missed the poor girl's heart, he was stunned. I do not want to think more of this man's piercing pathos; I could not bear it at the time, and I cannot think of it now with composure; but I know that a score and more of good fellows broke down as he went on in his wild self-abandonment, and I know he has been a steady influence for good during a long time. I have noticed symptoms which might signify insincerity, but our men of the fleets are mostly notable for a kind of noble humbleness. Can this be harmful? Surely not. The religious men are carrying everything before them, and the humblest smacksman may now float a flag bearing a religious inscription, without in the least fearing a shower of oyster-shells such as would have greeted him less than nine years ago. Once more I can only go by results, and this long series of "conversions" has produced effects such as would have been thought incredible before the Mission fairly worked its way among the fleets. No sectarian talk is permitted, and the men are usually only addressed by speakers who call themselves evangelical. They may call themselves Buddhists if they like; I only know that I have seen their work; I have seen a set of ruffianly communities gradually transformed; I have seen things that are worthy and of good report winning reverence instead of mockery; I have seen two great towns turned into quiet, orderly places by the influence of a Mission which has indirectly softened the manners of the worst dare-devils on the North Sea. If any set of Buddhists, or Shakers, or Plymouth Brethren, or Zoroastrians can do as much, I will tell them to come and try, and I am sure they shall have my strongest backing.

But most unsectarian and easy-going people will agree with me that the hospital work of the Mission is (for folk of our sort) of extreme importance. Years ago I had no conception of the amount of positive suffering which the fishermen endure. I was once on board a merchant steamer during a few months, and I was installed as surgeon-in-chief. We had a few cases which were pretty tiresome in their way, but then the utmost work our men had to do was the trifle of pulling and hauling when the trysails were put on her, and the

usual scraping and scrubbing and painting which goes on about all iron ships. But the smacksman runs the risk of a hurt of some kind in every minute of his waking life. He must work with his oilskins on when rain or spray is coming aboard, and his oilskins fray the skin when the edges wear a little; then the salt water gets into the sore and makes a nasty ulcer, which eats its way up until you may see men who dare not work at the trawl without having their sleeves doubled to the elbow. Then there are the salt-water cracks which cut their way right to the bone. These, and toothache, the fisherman's great enemy, are ailments which may be cured or relieved by the skippers of the Mission smacks. In a single year over three thousand cases have been treated in the floating dispensaries, and I need hardly call special attention to that fact. Twenty-five per cent. of the men engaged in the fleets find their ailments sufficiently painful to necessitate a visit to the beneficent Mission smack, and I may say that I never saw a malingerer come on board. What would be the use? It is only the stress of positive pain that makes the men seek help, and their hard stoicism is very fine to see. A man unbinds an ugly poisoned finger, and quietly lets you know that he has gone about his work for a week with that throbbing fester painning him; another will simply say that he kept about as long as he could with a broken finger. Then there are cases of a peculiarly distressing nature—scalp wounds caused by falling blocks, broken limbs in various stages of irritation, internal injuries caused by violent falls in bad weather. The Mission smacks can always do something even now, but then a heavily injured man must be sent home in the steam-carrier, and I should like people to imagine what that is like. There is no chance of delicate handling while a strong sea is running; the lunge of the small boat must be watched dexterously, and the cripple must be heaved down like a sack. Then, after the cruel ordeal of the middle passage, the sufferer is thrown up on to the steamer, and then comes the two days' run home. A man suffering from a simple fracture can be discharged in a fortnight, but his work is gone, and he must seek for a fresh berth in a market where the unemployed are very numerous. I grant that the present staff have given an immense amount of relief to acute pain, and the gratitude of poor souls whose wounds and sores have been dressed, is almost piteous; but something more is wanted. Last winter, during that bad time when the rigging of the smacks was filled with solid ice, when the boats were covered in so that an hour's work with hatchets and boiling water was needed before they could be extricated from the mass of ice, and when the men had to walk on the glassy decks with sacks tied over their boots, one young surgeon kept the sea and dared everything. If any one wants a totally new sensation I advise him to read this young Mr. Grenfell's account of this trying cruise. Apart from its peculiar



literary merit, which is of a rare and undefinable quality, the spirit of the whole thing affected me like an exercise in religion. That one narrative represents Young England at the best; the laughing stoicism, the easy contempt for danger, the resource and skill indicated made me feel rather proud of my country. Mr. Grenfell stuck to his post like—well, like one of our typical English heroes—until he had satisfied his employers and himself; he made perilous trips from ship to ship, and though he gently hints that it is rather awkward to perform operations skilfully when a vessel is plunging, and you have to lash your patient to any handy support, yet he persevered in his merry, stoical fashion, and achieved some results which are now mentioned with bated breath among the fleets. One operation performed on a lad who was quite demented with pain and sleeplessness, has rendered Mr. Grenfell free of the whole community of fishermen. His brilliant successes, attained in the worst season known for thirty years, point out the proper course for the Council of the Institution to take, and I fancy the public will assist when they know the circumstances.

Cruising hospital ships with good surgeons are wanted—that is the crying need at this time of day.

One hospital cruiser will be ready in the late autumn, and some kindly friend has presented a lump sum of £3500 in order that a second vessel may be built. Last year, while travelling about among the fleets, I came to see plainly that the floating hospital was a necessity, and I found that the Director had been hankering for six years after the same notion; the Queen supports the scheme proposed, and now only a dead-lift effort is needed to put in practice an idea which, last year, we reckoned as a dream—a dream unattainable. To those who do not go to sea I will give one hint: if a man is sent home on the long journey over the North Sea, he not only suffers grievously, but he loses his employment, and his family fare badly. If he were transferred to the hospital ship his place could be filled for a little while by one of the spare hands whom the Mission intend to send out, and his berth would be saved for him. \*I do not deny that the scheme is rather impressive in the magnitude of its difficulty; but then no man breathing—except Mr. Mather—would ever have fancied, five years ago, that the Mission would become one of the miracles of modern social progress, and thus I have learned to believe that even the new difficulty may be conquered. If comfortable folks at home could only see how those gallant, battered fishermen suffer under certain circumstances of toil and weather, they would hardly wonder at my putting forward the hospital project so urgently. By rights I ought to have spoken beforehand about other branches of the Mission's work, but the importance of the healing department has overshadowed all other considerations in my mind. Still it is worth while to speak of the myriad minor ways in which this marvellous agency spreads

happiness and comfort among those who were once the least cared for of all the suffering toilers in the world.

Up till very recent years the fishermen were a rather debauched set, and those who had money or material to barter for liquor could very easily indulge their taste. Sneaking vessels—floating grogshops—crept about among the fleets, and an exhausted fisherman could soon obtain enough fiery brandy to make him senseless and useless. The foreigners could bring out cheap tobacco, and the men usually went on board for the tobacco alone. But the shining bottles were there, the sharp scent of the alcohol appealed to the jaded nerves of men who felt the tedium of the sea, and thus a villanous agency obtained a terrible degree of power. I have in a pamphlet explained how Mr. Mather contrived to defeat and ruin the foreign liquor trade, and I may do so again in brief fashion. Our Customs authorities at that date would not let the Mission vessels take tobacco out of bond, and Mr. Mather was, for a long time, beaten. But he has a somewhat unusual capacity for mastering obstacles, and he contrived to sweep the copers off the sea by the most audacious expedient that I have heard of in the commercial line. A great firm of manufacturers offered him tobacco at cost price, the tobacco was carried by rail from Bristol to London; it was then sent to Ostend, whence a cruiser belonging to the Mission cleared it out, and it was then carried to the banks and distributed among the fleets. A fisherman could buy this tobacco at a shilling per pound; the copers were undersold, and they found it best to take themselves off. No one can better appreciate this most dashing and beneficial action than the smackowners, for their men are more efficient and honest; the fishermen themselves are grateful, because few of them really craved after drink, and the general results are obvious to anybody who spends a month in the North Sea. We know the Six Governments have seen the wisdom of Mr. Mather's action, and one of the best of modern reforms has been consummated. The copers did a great amount of mischief indirectly apart from the traffic in spirits. If some of our reformers at home could only see the prints and pictures and models which were offered to hot-headed young men who must of necessity lead a celibate existence, they would own, I fancy, that if the Mission had done no more than abolish the traffic in literary and other abominations, it has done much. A few somewhat particular folk object to supplying the men with cheap tobacco, but any who knows what intense relief is given to an overworked man by the pipe will hardly heed the objection very much. After a heavy spell of work, a seaman smokes for a few minutes before the slumberous lethargy creeps round his limbs, and he is all the better for the harmless narcotic. How much the men appreciate the boon may be gathered from the fact that some fifty tons of tobacco are yearly sold among them.

Busy ladies over all the country are constantly knitting for the Mission, and the quantity of articles distributed at easy prices is so startling that I hardly like to quote figures. The vessels are boarded by eager men, and the mufflers and mittens are gratefully bought. Should any one visit the North Sea even in summer, he will soon discover that the imposing boot-stockings worn by the fishermen are almost a necessity of life in the chill, wet nights. The pleasure of the men when they secure a new garment is touching; they cannot well replenish the stock they bring from home, and the handy shop supplied by the Mission is a blessing to them.

But, much as I recognize the physical benefits which the Mission confers, I value even more the subtle humanizing action of the mere power of sympathy. One good fellow said to me, long ago, "Ah! some on 'em laughs at us when we calls the seagulls the fishermen's friends. I wonder what they would say if they was out here for eight weeks and only the gulls for company?" You may always see the men feeding the pretty birds in hard weather, and the roughest of them will say, "Pretty Kitty, Kitty. Has the weather found you out?" The loneliness that gave rise to the saying about the gulls is not so oppressive now. The men are proud of the keen interest shown in them, but they never presume, and their quiet kindness to visitors is amongst the most delightful things that I know. Then they are being gradually raised by contact with men of refinement, and the steady improvement in manners is more and more apparent to me each time that I go out to the fleets. The good souls do not want patronage; they are full of fine, simple manhood, and what they take pride in and appreciate is the friendliness of those whom they used to regard in a far-off way as "Ladies and Gentlemen." Do my readers remember Mr. Peggotty's roar of delight when Master Davy turned up? Something of the same sort rises from each smack as the vessel with the blue flag glides up, and the hearty good-will shown is something to remember.

I can see some defects, I can see some dangers; but, on the whole, I do not know any charitable organization which is such a triumph of skill and completeness. The vast number of volunteer workers, of course, enables the Director and the Council to keep down expenses, but nothing could have been done but for the fine ruling faculty which has developed such a fabric in so short a time. A great scholar, who studied the working of the Mission, wrote to me, "I am glad that there is something in this wretched world that goes right." He expressed my own notion exactly. These fishermen are really worth helping. Before long we may need to use all our resources, and here we have a set of such seamen as cannot be matched—no, not even by the New York men in the pilot cutters. They should not be neglected.

My subject is so vast that I have been well-nigh in despair over the

difficulty of condensation ; at every turn I think of something new which seems to require remark ; but I fancy enough has been said to give a fair idea of a very beautiful and wonderful social phenomenon. In my youth the East Coast smack was proverbially mentioned among all sailor-folk as the chosen home of filth, cruelty, and all the nautical abominations which smart sailors abhorred. Poor little boys were martyred, for the grown-up men had been reared like beasts, and they behaved like beasts. If a youngster did go overboard on a dark night he was counted no more than a drowned puppy. All that is altered ; on the dismal North Sea the kindly modern spirit is slowly spreading, and I look for good days. At any rate here is a Mission managed on keen business principles, and those who care to see it at work have merely to take a run out in one of the Mission ships, and they will learn within a fortnight that a cynical newspaper writer has given a moderate but accurate account of a lovely and hopeful movement.

JAMES RUNCIMAN.

## THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT ROME.

### II.

WE are to consider in this paper the effect of the marriage arrangements of Rome on the happiness and character of the Roman women. It is needless to say that it is impossible to reach incontestable conclusions on such a subject. Our evidence cannot but be fragmentary and one-sided, whatever be the nation or period whose happiness or morals we choose for the subject of our investigations. Even in our own day it would be easy from the reports of the divorce and police courts and newspaper paragraphs to draw together such materials as might lead one to assert that women were treated with the greatest cruelty and that the age was one of the most licentious. But the evidence in the case of the Romans is peculiarly fragmentary. Only this has to be said for it : that it is not selected, that the facts which bear on the subject have been recorded for other reasons, and that therefore they may be expected to give a fair average picture of the state of matters into which we are inquiring.

It is necessary to deal at the outset with a prejudice which has influenced the views of many modern writers. It is supposed that Christianity must have appeared at a time when the ancient world was falling to pieces ; when, therefore, morals were particularly low, society was in an utterly corrupt condition, and licentiousness universally prevailed. There is no sure foundation for this opinion. There is no picture of the last days of the Republic or the first years of the Empire that is so black as that painted by Ammianus Marcellinus of his own times. And the licentiousness of Pagan Rome is nothing to the licentiousness of Christian Africa, if we can put any reliance on the description of Salvian. I may adduce one instance of the effects of this prejudice. Drumann, in his laborious work of six

volumes, has collected all the biographical facts that records have sent down to us in connection with the last period of the Republic. In his index to this book he has a very short list of passages that refer to the virtues of women and a very long one referring to their degeneracy. We turn to the first of these latter passages, and what do we find? Drumann is describing the proscriptions carried out by the triumvirs, Octavian, Antony, and Lepidus, and he narrates how the Roman trembled before his own wife, children, slaves, and freedmen; and adduces instances in which Romans were betrayed by their relatives or slaves. He mentions three instances of the treachery of wives, and we may be sure that these were all the instances with which the records of the period furnished him, for it is not likely that any one has escaped his most diligent search. But he allows that another side of human nature was brought to light, and, in exhibiting it to his readers, he quotes eight instances in which wives saved their husbands at the risk of their lives, or followed them into exile. It would be rash to draw an inference from these facts, but, if inference is to be drawn, it is that, even in the midst of wild disorders in the State and a general reign of terror in which each one feared for his life, wives were far more frequently true to their husbands and ready to share every peril with them, and that, therefore, we have really no proof of degeneracy, but, on the contrary, of strong affection between husband and wife.

In considering the effect of the marriage customs of the Romans we think naturally first of the fact that consent was the essence of a Roman marriage. No woman could be compelled to marry. It is true that women very frequently married when they were exceedingly young, often when they were only fourteen or fifteen years old, and that we must suppose that in these cases the influence of the fathers was predominant. But even in these cases the girl had to give her consent, and consent remained the essence of the obligation to a married life. Whenever there arose a feeling of bondage, the woman as well as the man could arrange for a dissolution of the connection. And the woman had no pecuniary difficulties in the way. Every father provided for the support of his daughters for life by the dowries which he bestowed on them; and, therefore, no woman was compelled to put up with a faithless and cruel husband because she was entirely dependent on him for her subsistence. The complaints which we hear of Roman marriages are not from the female but the male side. The women were too independent. A Roman marries a Roman woman, who has ample means of her own. He finds that the old times are gone, and he cannot now lay hold of her money or property without her consent. He must now humour her if he is to enjoy her wealth, and the effort to gain her over in this way is held up as degrading and humiliating to a man, and it is represented that it is a better for

a man to be without a wife than to be subject to all the imperious whims of a wealthy woman.

Then, again, there was no shame attached to a dissolution of marriage. Marriage was a contract. Religious ceremonies were connected with it, but they did not constitute the marriage, and they were not essential to it. No sacredness invested the idea of marriage. It was an agreement between two parties, and, whenever this agreement began to gail the one or the other, there was no reason why the agreement should not come to an end. The strength of the Roman feeling on this point is seen in the attitude towards breach of promise. In *Latium* actions for breach of promise were common, as we are told by *Servius Sulpicius*, in his book, "*De Dotibus*," quoted by *Gellius* (iv. 4), and they continued till the citizenship of Rome was conferred on the *Latins* by the *Lex Julia*. But the Romans never seem to have allowed them. Sometimes the *sponsalia* or betrothal, though a private act, was celebrated with great pomp, but the Romans thought that it was dishonourable that marriages should be held together by the bond of a penalty, whether future or already contracted,\* and "if," says *Juvenal*. "you are not going to love the woman who has been by a legal agreement betrothed and united to you, there seems to be no reason why you should marry her."†

Appeal is often made in this connection to the frequency of divorce. In early days the Romans did not divorce their wives, and this fact is exhibited as a proof of the virtue of early times and the degeneracy of the later period. The first Roman divorce is said to have occurred about the year 231 B.C., when *Spurius Carvilius* dismissed his wife because she bore him no children. One writer represents *Spurius* as fond of his wife, but every citizen had to answer the Censor's question, "Have you a wife for the purpose of procuring children?" *Spurius*'s wife was by nature incapable of bearing children, and he therefore felt conscientious scruples in answering the Censor's question in the affirmative, as he was bound to do, and so dismissed his wife, according to the advice of the family council. It is not likely that this was the first divorce. At least it is recorded that the Censors of 307 B.C. removed *L. Annius* from the Senate because he had divorced his wife without consulting the family council, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. But it is probable that divorces came into vogue about the middle of the third century before the Christian era. The Roman Catholic lady who has lauded the virtue of the Romans because no divorces took place before this time, has suggested an explanation of the fact. "The Roman husbands," she says, "did not divorce their wives: they killed them." As long as the Roman wives were under the control or in the hands of the husband, the husband unquestionably could kill his wife under certain restrictions,

\* *Paulus* in "*Digest*," 46, l. 134.

† vi. 200.

but when this state of matters ceased, then the obvious course was, unless the wife committed great crimes, and thereby incurred severe punishment, to dissolve the marriage quietly. And it seems to us that women would prefer divorce to death, and that, instead of a degeneracy, the altered state of matters implies a softening of manners and an advance in civilization.

It cannot be denied that divorces became frequent after women attained freedom, but much exaggeration prevails in regard to this matter. It is only about the men and women who occupied a prominent position in society that we get information, and their political interests often led to marriages and divorces. To form an estimate of general society from these would be as erroneous as to form an estimate of English and French society from Henry VIII. and the Napoleonic family. Marquardt notes the cases of frequent marriages. "Ovid," he says, "and the younger Pliny married three times, Cæsar and Antony four times, Sulla and Pompey five times, Cicero's daughter Tullia three times." It is needless to say that there is nothing wonderful in this. Many men and women in modern times marry three times, and there are some who have married four and five times, and one Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had seven wives. Yet these cases have not been deemed indicative of an exceptional state of low morality. The satirists and moralists are fond of employing exaggerated language in regard to women in this connection. Juvenal talks of a woman having eight husbands in five years, and Martial of a woman being married to her tenth husband. Seneca describes some noble women as reckoning their years, not by the names of the Consuls, but by the names of their husbands. And it is possible that a few women may have become notorious in this way. The Augustan marriage laws offered strong temptations to go through the form of marriage, when there was no real union, and thereby elude the penalties inflicted on the unmarried state. But there are no clear instances recorded. Some suppose that in an inscription on the tomb of a woman it is affirmed that she had seven husbands, but the interpretation is incorrect, as Wilmanns has conclusively shown. The authentic case of the largest number of husbands is that of the woman of Samaria, who had five husbands, and was living with one who was not her husband. But her case may have been quite peculiar, and, strangely enough, it is to this notorious woman to whom the grandest revelation of universal worship ever made to mortal was vouchsafed. There is no good reason to suppose that divorces were very frequent in ordinary society. There were not the same causes as prevailed in the circles in which political power was a predominant motive of action. From the earliest times of subjection came down the idea that, while the man might marry frequently, the woman ought to marry only once, and this idea had



its influence even to the last period of Paganism. In the later period the woman was not forced into marriage, and if her first marriage, owing to her early age, may generally have been the result of parental arrangement, the second would almost certainly be one made with her own free will, and with her eyes open to all the consequences of the act, and therefore it was likely to be a marriage of permanent affection.

Examining history, then, I think we must come to the conclusion that the Roman ideas of marriage had not a bad effect either on the happiness or morals of the women. If we take the period of Roman history from 150 B.C. to 150 A.D., we shall be surprised at the number of the women of whom it is recorded that they were loved ardently by their husbands, exercised a beneficial influence on them, and helped them in their political or literary work. Many of these women had received an excellent education, they were capable and thoughtful, and took an active interest in the welfare of the State. It is well known that it was Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, that inspired her sons with the resolution to cope with the evils that beset the State, and her purpose did not waver when she knew that they had to face death in their country's cause. Julia, the daughter of Julius Cæsar, and the wife of Pompey, kept the two leaders on good terms as long as she lived, and acted with great sweetness and prudence. Cornelia, Pompey's second wife, was a woman of great culture, and a most faithful and devoted wife. Plutarch thus describes her: \* "The young woman possessed many charms besides her youthful beauty, for she was well instructed in letters, in playing on the lyre, and in geometry, and she had been accustomed to listen to philosophical discourses with profit. In addition to this she had a disposition free from all affectation and pedantic display which such acquirements generally breed in women." The intervention of Octavia, the wife of Antony, in affairs of State was entirely beneficial and judicious. The first Agrippina displayed courage and energy, herself crushed a mutiny among the soldiers, and was in every way a help to her husband. Tacitus praises his mother-in-law, the wife of Agricola, as a model of virtue, and he describes her as living in the utmost harmony with her husband, each preferring the other in love. And Pliny the younger gives a beautiful picture of his wife Calpurnia, telling a friend how she showed the greatest ability, frugality, and knowledge of literature. Especially "she has my books," he says; "she reads them again and again; she even commits them to memory. What anxiety she feels when I am going to make a speech before the judges, what joy when I have finished it. She places people here and there in the audience to bring her word what applauses have been accorded to my speech, what has been

\* Long's translation.

the issue of the trial. If I give readings of my works anywhere, she sits close by, separated by a screen, and drinks in my praises with most greedy ears. My verses also she sings, and sets them to the music of the lyre, no artist guiding her but only love, who is the best master."

These are only a few of the numerous instances that might be adduced, in which wives behaved with a gentleness or courage or self-abnegation worthy of all praise. It is true that they took an active part in the management of affairs, but, on the whole, it must be allowed that they acted with great good sense. And there is a curious proof of this in the times of the Empire. Wives went with their husbands to their provinces, and often took part in the administration of them. Some of the old stern moralists were for putting an end to this state of matters, and proposed that they should not be allowed to accompany their husbands to their spheres of duty; but after a debate in the Senate, the measure was rejected by a large majority, thereby affirming that their help was beneficial.

No doubt it was their good sense, their kindness, and their willingness to co-operate with men, that led to their freedom and power in political matters. And this power was sometimes very great. Cicero, in a letter to Atticus, relates an interview which he had at Antium 44 B.C. with Brutus and Cassius. Favorinus was also present, and besides him there were three women—Servilia, the mother of Brutus; Tertulla, the wife of Cassius and sister of Brutus; and Porcia, the wife of Brutus and daughter of Cato. Servilia strikes in twice in the course of the discussion, and it is evident that her words carried weight. On one of the occasions she promises to get a clause expunged from a decree of the Senate. There must have been many such deliberations where women were present. Even in earlier times the influence of women is represented as great. Livy asserts that Licinius was induced to propose his laws to gratify the ambition of a daughter of M. Fabius Ambustus, whom he had married.

It is true that some of the women who engaged in political affairs were reckless and disagreeable. A woman played a most important and daring part in the Catilinarian conspiracy, and it was through a woman that the plot was revealed. Cicero's wife, according to his own account of her, knew more of his political affairs than he knew of her household arrangements, and when his love grew cold to her, partly perhaps on account of her temper, but partly because he had become fond of a rich young lady, who might help him out of his pecuniary straits, a divorce took place, and Terentia married the political enemy of her former husband. Livy, the wife of Augustus and the mother of Tiberius, was, according to some, the prime mover of most of the public deeds during the reigns of both; but a doubt still remains whether we ought to place her among the good or the

bad. But even these women had much enjoyment from their careers and the companionship of their own choice. At all events, the women enjoyed great freedom, and a wide field for the exercise of their power. And many of them certainly made a good use of their opportunities and wealth. Some of them were charitable. They bestowed public buildings and porticoes on the communities among which they lived; they received public honours, and one woman in Africa so impressed her fellow-citizens with her excellence, that she was elected one of the two chief magistrates of the place.

It cannot be said that all the professions were thrown open to them; because many of the professions were not open to the men. Medicine and teaching and similar arts were still to a large extent practised by slaves or freedmen, and were deemed unworthy occupations for free-born citizens. Law was not a profession, and women had a wide range of action in legal matters.

Valerius Maximus mentions that Mæcia of Sentinum, when accused, pled her own cause amidst a vast concourse of people, and managed the transaction with accurate knowledge of the forms of procedure as well as with bravery. She was acquitted almost unanimously. For her masculine mind they called her Androgynes, or Man-woman. He also mentions Afrania, the wife of the Senator Licinius Bucco, whom he brands as fond of getting up lawsuits and pleading her own cause before the prætor, not because she could not procure advocates, but because she had an over-supply of impudence. He says that her name became a byword for a woman of unexampled forwardness and immorality. He states that she died in the first consulship of C. Cæsar, and the second consulship of P. Servilius, that is, in 48 B.C., remarking that her death was the one event in the life of such a monster that deserved record. In the "Digests," a quotation is made from Ulpian to the effect that women were not allowed to prosecute on behalf of others, because it was not in harmony with the modesty becoming the sex to mix themselves up with other people's affairs, and assume to themselves functions appropriate to men. The origin of the restriction is assigned to the conduct of a most impudent woman, Carfania, who, by pestering the prætor with her shameless prosecutions, obliged him to issue the prohibition. Some have identified this Carfania with Afrania, but it is likely that the prohibition was made at a later date than 48 B.C.

As we have already seen, the women of Rome sometimes held meetings among themselves in early times, and Livy mentions instances to which I have not alluded. Under the Empire we hear of a regular assembly or corporation of women (*Conventus matronarum*). On the first occasion on which this *Conventus* crops up in history, we get a glimpse of the lively scenes which must have occasionally taken place in it. Agrippina, the mother of Nero, had been trying to seduce

Galba, who afterwards became Emperor, from fidelity to his wife. His mother-in-law was very wroth with her for this, and when Agrippina came to a meeting of the *Conventus* she rated her soundly, adding force to her words by vigorous blows with her hands. Afterwards, the *Conventus* appears again in the reign of Elagabalus, who assigned his mother a place among the senators. He built on the Quirinal a meeting-place for the *Conventus*, which his biographer calls a Senate, and the matrons decided there the various points of court etiquette, such as precedence and the dresses to be worn by ladies of different ranks. Probably this senate of women came to an end through its absurdity, and we do not hear of it again till the reign of Aurelian, who is said to have restored to women their senate, and to have made the priestesses take first rank in it.

Many Roman women devoted themselves to philosophy and literature, and showed considerable ability in them. But there is no proof that any one attained a great reputation. Only one literary work of a Roman woman has come down to us, the *Satire* of Sulpicia. It is creditable to her good sense and ability, but it does not take a high place among satires.

What, then, are we to say in regard to the morality of the Roman women? Unquestionably some of the Roman writers depict their morals in the blackest colours, but the facts that I have adduced seem to me to prove that the accounts are greatly exaggerated. It would be absurd to deny that there were many bad women in Roman society, just as there have been bad men and women in all societies, but we are apt to form too gloomy a picture of the conduct of women, because it has been the delight, of writers, to whom we have listened eagerly, to contrast Heathenism with Christianity. But in regard to this matter it is of great importance that we view the facts from the right point.

First of all we must be on our guard against confounding Pagan with Christian notions of morality. The Romans highly esteemed purity in a woman, but they confined these ideas of purity to the female citizens, and their notions were based on the necessity of having a pure and unadulterated breed of citizens. Their notions of purity did not extend to the male citizens, and therefore, when the woman was still under the control of the husband, the woman could not divorce her husband, though her husband could divorce her without assigning a reason to her. There was indeed an institution among the Romans which has been thought to exalt the idea of purity and virginity. But a slight knowledge of Roman thought shows the error of this opinion. Every sacrifice offered to a god required to be pure. The ox that was to be sacrificed must not have dragged the plough or undergone any toil. It must be reared and kept exclusively for the homage that was paid to the god. And so the vestal virgins conse-

crated to the goddess Vesta must be pure and undefiled by subjection to any one, as long as they were in the service of the goddess. But this was not a moral but a ritual purification. Marriage was not an obstruction to service to a god, if the god presided over functions that were consistent with it, and, indeed, in all the great priest-hoods in Rome it was essential that the priest should be married, for his wife acted as the priestess, and it was advantageous that the priest should have a family, as his children were expected to assist in his various priestly functions. Even the vestal virgins were allowed to marry, after they had served the goddess for the prescribed period of thirty years. The Roman women were not therefore restrained by a sense of moral wrong in connection with this matter. And accordingly, when they escaped from the firm grasp of the husband's power, they could not see why that which was allowed to the man, should not be allowed to the woman; why, if he gratified his passions without restraint or the condemnation of society, the same indulgence should not be conceded to her. And accordingly some of them did plunge into the wildest careers of licentiousness and shamelessness. They adopted the prevalent philosophy of the day, Epicureanism, with their fathers and brothers and husbands; they abjured all belief in a future state and in moral distinctions, and they acted as the men who held the same creed did. Others of them took to Platonism, and were particularly fond of "The Republic," because it advocated community of wives. But these women were not worse than the men of their day, and there were much fewer bad women than bad men.

Then our ideas of the immorality of Roman women are often drawn from what is said of the women connected with the Court of the early Empire. But our accounts of these women are derived from a bitter satirist, a pessimist historian, and a scandalmongering biographer. And there can be no doubt that the most notorious of the licentious women of the Court had, like the men, a strong taint of insanity. If we take into consideration what I have already said about all Pagan notions of purity, and along with this keep in sight the state of matters at the end of the Republic and the beginning of the Empire, I think that a milder view of the case will present itself to us. The Roman Republic came to an end through the rivalry of the great houses, whose matrons are the subjects of history. These houses were divided against each other, even though they were sometimes closely related by blood and marriage. Occasionally, even son was arrayed against father, and nephew against uncle. The lives of the principal men were in continual jeopardy. Very many of them died violent deaths. Their homes were thus frequently broken up, and selfish feelings were brought prominently into play. In these circumstances women had to act a difficult part, and their motives were often misconstrued. Thus the suspicion is suggested that Livia, the wife of Augustus, had frequent

recourse to poison, but surely the circumstances of the case render this suspicion doubtful. Livia was unquestionably a bold resolute woman, and took an active part in the management of the Empire. She had been married before, and by her former husband had two sons, one of whom was Tiberius. Augustus also had been married before, and had one daughter, Julia. It was natural that Augustus should seek to establish his dynasty through his own daughter Julia, and not through his stepson. Accordingly he gave her in marriage to his nephew Marcellus, whom he intended to be his successor, but Marcellus died at an early age without offspring. Augustus then gave the widowed Julia in marriage to Agrippa, in whom he had great confidence, but Agrippa died also. Agrippa left a family, two of whom were youths of much promise, and Augustus naturally looked to these grandsons as possible successors. But they died also. Meantime Augustus gave his daughter in marriage to his stepson Tiberius, who by no means valued the gift; for he had to part from a wife whom he had loved to unite himself with a wife whom he detested, and whom all the world knew to be dissolute. And in the end Tiberius succeeded to his throne. Now it was suggested that Livia from the first had made up her mind to make Tiberius the successor of Augustus, and that, with this object, she employed poison—poisoning Marcellus, poisoning Agrippa and his two sons, and probably poisoning Augustus himself. But we must suppose the acts of poisoning to be most fitful: for Marcellus died in 23 B.C., Agrippa in 12 B.C., the sons of Agrippa in 2 A.D. and 4 A.D., and Augustus himself in 14 A.D., each at a considerable interval of years from the other, and it seems to me impossible that, if a woman had made up her mind that her son should succeed, she would follow out her plan only at widely separate periods.

Some of the other women, who are notorious for their bad conduct, were unquestionably bad. But in the case of Messalina, whose name has become a byword, it has to be remembered that she was only twenty-six years of age when she died. The second Agrippina, who is equally infamous for her wickedness, may be paying the penalty for having written memoirs, in which she blackened the characters of her contemporaries. And nearly all the women who are gibbeted as monsters of iniquity belonged to the imperial family. The Emperor held a position of power and glory, such as never had fallen to the lot of any mortal before him. The wealth and honours that were heaped on him were such as might turn the head of any man. They could not but have a very injurious effect on the women of the family. The descendants of this family intermarried cousins with cousins, or even in closer connection, and, between the unique exaltation of their lot and the frequent intermarriages, need we wonder that a taint of insanity infected them? I think that in this way we

may account for a considerable number of the wild excesses that are laid to their charge.

I do not deny that there were many licentious women outside of the imperial circle; I do not deny that there may have been some foundation for the railing accusations which Juvenal brings against the sex; but I am confident that these accusations are exaggerated in a high degree.

And if there were women who plunged into vice because they saw their husbands and brothers claim and exercise the wildest licence for themselves, there were other women who took an opposite course. They argued that the equality was right, but that men and women were equally bound to abstain from licentiousness, that the same law prevailed for the man as for the woman. This opinion was a tenet of the Stoic philosophy, and it was to this sect of philosophers that many of the noblest Roman women belonged. I will mention but two of them. Porcia, the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, was a Stoic—"a philosopher," as Plutarch says, "full of spirit and good sense." When married to Brutus, she perceived that her husband did not communicate to her his political movements and secrets. So she removed all her attendants, took a knife, and inflicted a deep wound in her thigh so that the blood flowed out copiously and then fever ensued. Her husband, in alarm, came to her, and she then addressed him: "I, Brutus, Cato's daughter, was given unto thy house, not, like women who serve as concubines, to share thy bed and board only, but to be a partner in thy happiness and a partner in thy sorrows. But, with respect to thy marriage, everything is blameless on thy part; but as to me what evidence is there, or what affection, if I must neither share with thee a secret sorrow nor a care which demands confidence? I know that a woman's nature is considered too weak to carry a secret, but, Brutus, there is a certain power towards making moral character in a good nurture and an honest life: and I am Cato's daughter and also Brutus's wife, whercon hitherto I had less relied, but now I know that I am also invincible to pain."\* Then she showed her husband the wound. He admired the deed, and, stretching out his hands, he prayed the gods "that they would render him worthy of so noble a wife." The other Stoic woman whom I shall mention is the well-known Arria, the wife of Pætus. Pliny gives the following narrative, received from her granddaughter: "Her husband, Cæcina Pætus, was sick; her son also was sick, both, to all appearance, by a fatal attack. The son died; a youth of exquisite beauty, of equal modesty, and dear to the parents as much because he was their son as for other reasons. She made all the preparations for the funeral, and paid the last rites to him, in such a way that her husband remained in ignorance of what was going on.

Whenever she entered his chamber, she pretended that her son still lived and was even improving in health. And when he often asked, 'How is my boy?' she would answer, 'He had a good night, he took a little food eagerly.' But when the tears long kept in check overcame her and began to stream forth, she would go outside and give herself up to a flood of grief, and then come back with dry eyes and calm countenance." It was this same woman who taught her husband how to die. He had received commands from the Emperor Claudius to put himself to death. He hesitated. His wife thereupon took a dagger, plunged it into her breast, drew it out and offered it to her husband, with the words, "Pætus, it does not pain." There were many such Stoic women. What opinions did they entertain in regard to the education and position of their sex? We are well informed on this point. A Stoic philosopher, C. Musonius Rufus, who flourished in the time of Nero, wrote treatises on the education of women and on marriage, and large fragments of his writings have come down to us. He argues that the same training and education must be suitable for both. He affirms that this ought to be the case for training in all the mental qualities, but that possibly certain tasks may in some cases be more appropriate for man or for woman. The sum of his exposition is perhaps contained in the following words: \* "I say that, as in the human race men have a stronger and women a weaker nature, each of these natures should have the tasks assigned to it, which are most suited to it, and the heavier should be allotted to the stronger, and the lighter to the weaker. Spinning, as well as housekeeping, would, therefore, be more suitable for women than for men; while gymnastics, as well as out-of-door work, would be fitter for men than for women; though sometimes some men might properly undertake some of the lighter tasks and such as seem to belong to women; and women, again, might engage in the harder tasks, and those which appear more appropriate for men, in cases where either bodily qualities or necessity or particular occasions might lead to such action. For perhaps all human tasks are open to all, and common both to men and women, and nothing is necessarily appointed exclusively for either; not that some things may not be more suitable for one, and others for the other nature, so that some are called men's and others women's occupations. But whatever things have reference to virtue, these one may rightly affirm to be equally appropriate to both natures, since we say that virtues do not belong more to the one than to the other." Musonius applies his principle of equality to sexual relations and to marriage. He held that what was wrong in a woman was equally wrong in a man, or rather was more disgraceful to a man, inasmuch as he claimed to be a stronger being, and therefore more capable of controlling his

\* Translation by Dr. John Muir.



passions. He therefore denounced all illicit amours as unjust and lawless. He also propounded a view, which was afterwards adopted by the Christian writers, that all indulgence of the flesh not requisite for the propagation of the race was unworthy of a philosopher. But he differed from the great mass of the Christian writers, and regarded marriage as the happiest condition of life. He describes it as a communion of life, and a mutual care for each other in health and sickness, and in every occurrence of life, and he brands a marriage when there is no community of feeling as worse than a desert. He argued that the man who does not marry must be inferior in his experience and usefulness to the man who does, and that therefore the solitary life is not advantageous even for the philosophers. And he urges that the whole of civilization rests upon the institution of marriage. "For," says he, "the man who takes away marriage from the human race takes away the household, takes away the State, takes away the human race."

The opinions of Musonius and the Stoics greatly influenced subsequent legislation in regard to marriage. But this is an obscure and disputable subject, and we can refer here only to the commencement of legislation on marriage. It was the Emperor Augustus who first drew up laws in regard to it. Before his time marriage was deemed essentially a private transaction, and no enactments had taken place in reference to it except as to the disposition of dowries. Family councils controlled it, and, like all other private acts, it was subject to the judgment of the Censors, who in this matter followed prevalent opinion. The prevailing opinion was that all Romans were bound to marry. The Censors put the question to every Roman, "On your word of honour have you a wife?" If the answer was in the negative the Censor weighed all the circumstances of the case, and, if he deemed the man negligent of his duty, he imposed on him a fine called *uxorium*. From the earliest times it had been reckoned a Roman's imperative duty to marry. Dionysius embodies this practice in the statement that the "ancient law compelled all adults to marry." The historians mention several instances in which the penalty for neglect of this custom was imposed by the Censors. We are told that the Censors, M. Furius Camillus and M. Postumius Albinus, in 403 B.C., obliged all who had reached old age without marrying to pay a sum of money to the public treasury, and Valerius Maximus, in stating this fact, puts into their mouths words to the following effect: "As nature imposes on man the necessity of being born, so it imposes on him the obligation to produce birth, and your parents bind you by maintaining you to the obligation of maintaining their grandchildren. In addition to this, fortune has given you a long period to listen to her appeals to you to perform this duty, while in the meantime your years have wasted away and you have remained without the name of either

husband or father. Go, then, and pay the knotty coin which will be useful to a numerous posterity." We need place no implicit belief in the exact details of this narrative, and Plutarch may be nearer the truth when he relates that the Censors induced, either by persuasion or penalties, the unmarried Romans of their day to wed the women who had been made widows by the devastating wars of Veii. But, whatever may have been the particular occurrences, there can be no doubt that the sentiments put by Maximus into the mouths of the Censors were the genuine sentiments of the Roman people, and they continued to be the same till the latest days of the Republic. We are told that Quintus Metellus in his censorship, the date of which is uncertain, but it was either 131 B.C. or 101 B.C.—according as we accept the statement of Livy that it was Quintus Metellus Macedonicus, or the statement of Gellius that it was Quintus Metellus Numidicus—urged that all should be forced to marry, *liberorum creandorum causa*, and delivered a speech on marriage which Augustus deemed so convincing that he read it aloud in the Senate, and drew the attention of the people to it by edict. And Cicero, in his treatise "De Legibus," makes it part of the duty of Censors to prevent people being bachelors.

There would not be the same obligation on females to marry, but it is likely that every Roman citizen girl married. It is probable that the number of the females was not so great as that of the males. Every father had the right to expose his children, and, while he had no reason to make away with his male children, the necessity of providing dowries for females would induce him to think seriously before he took up and reared the female children that were born to him.

This, then, was the state of matters in the best times of the Republic, but this state was changed by the violent civil wars that preceded the establishment of the Empire. Then the great families of the commonwealth were decimated and family ties broken up. A feeling of the utter uncertainty of life and an indifference to its continuance pervaded all classes. Moreover, luxurious habits had become prevalent. Formerly sons with their wives lived in the house of their father, and constituted, in fact as in law, one family. Instances of this conjoint family life are recorded so late as the second century B.C. But now the expense of bringing up a family had come to be felt by many as a burden, and the trouble of family cares was regarded as an encroachment on the enjoyments of life. And hence arose an unwillingness to marry. People saw no good and felt no pride in having families. Their children might be a curse to them, or they might be exposed to lives of poverty, accusation, harassment, and proscription—lives in fact which were miseries, and not blessings. But Augustus held that the prevalence of such sentiments and practices

was fatal to the welfare of a State, and the special circumstances of the time made them peculiarly dangerous to Rome. For the State had suffered enormous loss by its civil wars. Appian asserts that at the census of Julius Cæsar it was said that the population was only half of what it had been before these wars. Dio Cassius describes the scarcity of the population as terrible, and the number of women had decreased. Friedländer estimates the free population of Rome in 5 B.C., omitting senators, knights, and soldiers, as consisting of 320,000 males and 265,600 females. A remedy for this state of matters was urgently required, and Augustus believed that a remedy could be found only in legislation. Accordingly legislation was the remedy which he adopted. The accounts of this legislation are very confused. Mention is made of three Bills—one, *Julia de adulteriis coercendis*; a second, *Julia de maritandis ordinibus*; and a third, *Lex Papia Poppæa*. He commenced his legislation in the very beginning of his reign in 28 B.C., but as, on assuming the supreme power, he abrogated the decrees of the triumvirate, and claimed to be restoring the Republic, his Bills had to go through the ordinary processes of discussion in the Senate and proposal to the Assembly. This afforded scope for every form of obstruction, and, besides difficulties in passing the Bills, the laws met with fierce private resistance. Before passing his final law, the *Lex Papia Poppæa*, in 9 A.D., Dio Cassius states that Augustus, knowing that the equites were eager for the abrogation of his previous laws, summoned the whole of them to a meeting. He divided them into two classes, those who had married and those who had not. He deplored the fact that the latter class was more numerous, and addressed to them strong words of reproof, and at the same time expounded the reasons why marriage should be praised and rewarded, and bachelors condemned and fined.

The *Lex Papia Poppæa* probably embodied all the regulations which Augustus had made in regard to marriage, with such additions and amendments as experience had proved to be necessary. Its great object was to encourage and reward marriage, and punish and prevent celibacy.

Julius Cæsar, painfully alive to the effects of the civil wars on the destiny of the Empire, had already offered rewards for a numerous offspring, and we find that in his agrarian law for the distribution of lands in Campania, he gave the lots to fathers of three or more children, of whom at the time there were twenty thousand. Augustus resolved to carry out this idea systematically. Any married woman who had three children received special privileges, and the *jus trium liberorum* became an honour, which was also conferred at first by the Senate, and subsequently by the Emperors, on distinguished women on whom nature had not bestowed the requisite number of children. Four

children released a freedwoman from the guardianship of her patron,<sup>†</sup> and three children put a free patroness on an equality with a patron.

Similar privileges were conferred on men. The consul who had the greater number of children had precedence over him who had fewer, and the married consul took precedence of the unmarried. The candidate for office who had children was permitted to assume certain offices of state at an earlier age than the unmarried, and other privileges were bestowed on the married. Fines and disabilities were imposed on bachelors. The ages fixed for males were twenty and sixty, and for women twenty and fifty, and whoever was unmarried within these ages was subjected to a tax, and could not become heir except to near relatives, and could not receive legacies.

Such were some of the provisions of this *Lex Papia Poppæa* for the encouragement of marriage. Our information in regard to it is in many respects defective and unsatisfactory. The law was much discussed by subsequent jurists, and it is likely that some of the clauses, which are represented as the work of Augustus, were inserted by later legislators.

Augustus did in regard to adultery what he did in regard to marriage. He translated ordinary private practice into public law, and on the whole made the conduct of the Romans milder than it had been, though he was strongly tempted by the licentiousness of his daughter to prescribe stern punishment for the crime. His law required that the divorce should take place in regular form. The freedman of the man who wished to divorce must hand over the *repudium*, or bill of divorce, in the presence of seven Romans of full age, and the wife who wished a divorce must do the same. The law ordained that a woman who was found guilty of adultery should be banished to an island, and lose half of her dowry and a third of her property, and similar punishments were inflicted on a faithless husband. In the case of the wife, it still lay with the husband to carry out the penalty, and he himself was liable to be punished if he did not carry out the sentence. The husband could still kill his wife if he found her in the act; but he could execute vengeance only if he put to death both the guilty parties.

The *Lex de maritandis ordinibus*, which was no doubt embodied in the *Lex Papia Poppæa*, brings to light a new phase of Roman life. Distinctions had arisen among the Roman citizens, and more anxiety was felt to maintain the honour and purity of the highest of these classes than to preserve the ordinary Roman citizen from the outside world. Senators were forbidden to marry freedwomen, but all other citizens were allowed to marry them, owing to the scarcity of free women, but prohibited from marrying prostitutes, procuresses, condemned criminals, and actresses.

The legislation of Augustus in regard to marriage has generally

been regarded as a failure. Horace celebrated the success of the *Lex Julia de adulterio cohibendo* in *Ode iv. 5*—

“Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,  
Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas”—

words which seem to me to prove that the accounts of the degeneracy of the women were grossly exaggerated—for no legislation could produce effects in any way approaching to those described by Horace, if the evil were deeply seated. From Horace's words we may gather that the law had some good effect ; and the prominence of the *Lex Papia Poppæa* in the discussions of jurists, renders it likely that it continued to act for some time with considerable force. The general effect of legislation based on it, and of the course of events, was to alter the basis of the Roman State, and to make the individual, and not the family, the unit. Husband and wife became more closely connected together, the wife becoming to some extent the heir of the husband, and her children being entitled to inherit her property. But causes were working, in combination with the aversion to marriage, which rendered the *Lex Papia Poppæa* nugatory. In the Christian Church arose an inordinate estimate of the virtue of celibacy. A large family came to be regarded almost as a disgrace, as a proof of lasciviousness. And thus, when Constantine, a Christian Emperor, ascended the throne, he abolished most of the pains and penalties of celibacy and childlessness, and Justinian abolished all the clauses that dealt with inheritance. But to understand the motives of Christian legislation, we must discuss—in another paper—the position of women among the early Christians.

JAMES DONALDSON.

## MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S NOVELS.

**M**R. STEVENSON has said that if Shakspeare could have read "Rhoda Fleming" he would have cried, "Here's a fellow!" Carlyle, I happen to know, was acquainted with "Richard Feverel;" his wife read it aloud to him, and he was so pleased that he said, "This man's no fule." This is not the whole story. First Mrs. Carlyle read the book herself, and many times she flung it aside in irritation before becoming reconciled to Mr. Meredith's yoke. Such is the common experience of readers, who fall back before the showers of epigrams or resent the fantastic phraseology. It is the law of the land that novels should be an easy gallop, but Mr. Meredith's readers have to pant uphill. He reaches his thoughts by means of ladders which he kicks away, letting his readers follow as best they can, a way of playing the game that leaves him comparatively free from pursuit. Too sluggish to climb, the public sit in the rear, flinging his jargon at his head, yet aware, if they have heads themselves, that one of the great intellects of the age is on in front.\*

Phrase-making is Mr. Meredith's passion. His books are as overdressed as fingers hidden in rings. "Our life below is short," Lady Wathin informs Diana of the Crossways. "We have our little term. It is soon over." "On the other hand," Diana points out, "the platitudes concerning it are eternal." Again, in "Emilia in England," a social club from the village appeals to a local magnate for a subscription. Tom Breeks, primed with eloquence, is spokesman, but does not satisfy his friends. He has omitted something from his speech, and they shout the reminder, "Bundle o' sticks, Tom Breeks, don't let slip 'bout bundle o' sticks." Tom, however, has had too much bear,

\* A member of Parliament, who professed great admiration for Mr. Meredith, asked me once that did not think "Sir Gibbie" his finest work. I said yes.

and struggles in vain to introduce the bundle of sticks, which is "the foundation sentiment of the club." He dashes his cap pitifully to earth, with the wail, "I'm dashed if I can bring in the bundle!" Mr. Meredith has Diana's contempt for platitudes, and it will not suffer him, whatever the temptation, to bring in the bundle. "A writer," he says elsewhere, "who is not servile and has insight, must coin from his own mint." He sets the example, and sends some strange phrases into the currency. "Russet yeas and honest kersey noes" are shown out. "As affirmatively as one may protest" is offered in exchange for "Yes." "No" makes room for "Her head performed the negative." Mr. Meredith's characters do not laugh, they "shake another roll of laughter out." Richard Feverel "pushes a few months forward"—that is, he misrepresents his age. A man "comes out with a chuckle." When he threatens to embrace his lady-love, "the gulf of a caress heaves in view, like an enormous billow hollowing under the curled ridge." One lady "puts a tooth on her under-lip as her head resumes its brushing negative;" and another "swings suspended on a scarce credible guess." They "knock rising groans on the head," and "squeeze themselves shadowily." "In the middle of the night it rang a little silver bell in my ear," means that the speaker suddenly remembered something. Watches "say a quarter to ten." "He hurried to the Opera and met the vomit." They "arrest their resumption of speech," though it is scarcely fair to say "they," Mr. Meredith never letting two do the same thing in the same way. Sometimes he is very realistic: "Her nearest eye, setting a dimple of her cheek in motion, slid to the corner toward her ear."

These are misses, but the readers of this most brilliant of living writers know how often he rings the bell. "She ran ahead of his thoughts like nimble fire," is a picture in a line. What could be better than a blundering punster "extinguished by his own spark?" "The cold bath before dinner in strange company." "The sun of his purse," for the parasite's patron, grows into a gem as you consider it. Were I to pick out Mr. Meredith's triumphs in phrase-making I could tattoo the CONTEMPORARY with them—to use one of his own phrases. He has made it his business to pin them to his pages as a collector secures butterflies. He succeeds, I believe, in this perilous undertaking as often as he fails. He must have the largest vocabulary of any living man. It is told of a great newspaper editor that he had a contributor with a curious craze for introducing the latest thing in felt hats into his articles. A hundred times the editor struck the felt hats out, and a time came when he dreamt nightly that his contributor had outwitted him. Mr. Meredith seems to have similar nightmares about the commonplace, and undeniably the phraseology which he offers as a substitute straws the readers' path with stones. It turns their attention to side issues. Mr.

Meredith has plucked the old phrases to pieces, flung them into the cauldron to be stereotyped in new combinations. He will have no clowning men who clutch at straws, nor wits who set the table in a roar, nor heroes who kick against the pricks. He does not suffer from a determination to the mouth of *sub Jove, par excellence, alter ego, and bete noire*. As a consequence his pages are a new sensation to the jaded palate. If to avoid the conventional in phrases he puts words to fantastic uses, he shows that language which had become cold may still be beaten red-hot, and in the process he strikes out numberless sparks of thought. This thinking over words puts new life into literature.

The majority read novels not to think, but to keep themselves from thinking. They will never care for Mr. Meredith, who is an intellectual exercise, like chess. Diana's maid rejoiced in tales of "wicked princes, rogue noblemen, titled wantons, daisy and lily innocents, traitorous marriages, murders, a gallows dangling a corpse dotted by a moon and a woman bowed beneath." It must be allowed that "in the upper and the middle as well as in the lower classes of the country there would be a multitude to read that stuff, so cordially, despite the gaps between them, are they one in their literary tastes." The multitude are gorging on it at present in its tenth and twentieth editions. Admit all that, and it is still a dangerous thing to hold that popularity is only within the charlatan's reach. We have had great novelists ere now who brightened the lives of millions of their contemporaries. Mr. Meredith has, to my mind, a title to consideration with the best of them, yet he has only a handful of readers for every thousand whom even Thackeray and George Eliot delight. If he is cultured, so were they. Why is it that so many intelligent novel readers, for whom the gallows dangling corpses has no charm, turn despairingly from "Richard Feverel," the greatest novel of this generation? Want of brains will not do, and that would be the explanation if such readers rejected Mr. Meredith because of his circumlocutions. They must know that if his style is trying it is often superb, that if there is a phrase to shudder at in one sentence there is one to lay down the book and think over with admiration the next. Some say that readers mistake the thing; considering as novels what are really comedies. Mr. Meredith calls some of his books comedies himself, and I think he might give the name to all except "Rhoda Fleming." In these days of adaptations of stories to the stage the only living writer of comedies to be regarded is the only novelist of note, living or dead, who has not been adapted. But to call the books comedies does not help us much. Whatever they are they only irritate some very intelligent people. There is, indeed, an air of unreality about them, not merely the comedy air, for which only enthusiasts whom Mr. Meredith's brilliance dazzles have no eyes.



It is Mr. Meredith's wit that wearies many of his readers. He is, I think, the greatest wit this country has produced. Sheridan is not visible beside him, and Pope has only the advantage of polish. Mr. Meredith is far more than a wit, but wit is his most obvious faculty, and he seldom keeps it in subordination. Wit does not proceed from the heart, and so in many of Mr. Meredith's books there is little heart. They compare badly in this respect with Thackeray's novels; indeed, his characters are often puppets as Thackeray's were not, and the famous ending to "Vanity Fair" would be in its proper place at the end of "The Egoist." This want of heart is a part of the price Mr. Meredith pays for his wit; but he also suffers in another way that damages his books as comedies not less than as novels. He puts his wit into the mouths of nearly every one of his characters. They are all there to sparkle, and in the act to destroy their individuality. They are introduced in lines so wise and pointed that at once they stand out as sharply defined human beings; then they talk as the persons we had conceived could never talk, and so we lose grip of them. It is this that makes so many readers unable to follow the story; they never know when they have the characters. Each book is packed with wit as Ripton Thompson stuffed the cab with the stout lady who had fallen to his right arm at Richmond. Diana is the author's favourite heroine, because she is the cleverest: he has a positive ill-will for the characters of his own creation who do not justify their existence by scintillating. There are few of them, but Richard Feverel's friend, Ripton, is one: he is introduced for the sake of contrast, and so heartily does Mr. Meredith despise him that he calls him Thompson. Yet we know Ripton Thompson as we never get to know some of those who make a butt of him. "The Pilgrim's Scrip" is a volume of aphorisms written by Sir Austin Feverel, but all his relatives, any one of his visitors, could have written it as well. Everybody talks Pilgrim's Scrip. "Singular," says Richard Feverel, "she says just what my father said." Unfortunately this is not singular. "Now Mrs. Berry only put Lady Blandish's thoughts in bad English;" if it were not for the bad English Lady Blandish might be talking. "It's my belief," says Mrs. Mountstuart, in "The Egoist," "that naturalness among the common people has died out of the kingdom." This seems to be Mr. Meredith's opinion too. His common people are as gifted as the girl in the fairy tale who dropped gold pieces every time she opened her mouth. Be they nuns, soldiers, maidens, lovers, schoolboys, or philosophers, they must flash. Mr. Meredith sees to it that they are witty, as Mr. Hardy stands by heroines of uncertain mind, as Mr. Payn insists on marrying his heroes before they are one-and-twenty. When two characters meet there comes the clash of arms, quick as an echo.

The female characters suffer, I think, most. Rhoda Fleming and

Janet in "Harry Richmond," which contains, too, a wonderful picture of a Roman girl, are flesh and blood, but, despite the author's subtle distinctions, I confuse the three sisters in "Emilia in England." They speak with one voice, and they reappear in other novels under other names. They are Mrs. Mountstuart and Lady Blandish, with a few years added to their age; the reader sees no distinct personality in their comedy speeches. They are only voices from behind a screen.

Though Gammon's stolidity in "Rhoda Fleming" is amusing, Mr. Meredith's rustics do not compare with Mr. Hardy's. They have more in common with the soulless animals whom the author of "Mehalah" offers as peasants. One who could eat hog "a solid hower" disappears in mist when he begins to talk metaphor. Were it not for his conversation Sir Lupin, the husband of Emmy, would be among the best conceived figures in "Diana of the Crossways." Sir Lupin is an idle, foolish soldier, whose career, like that of Algernon Feverel, "lay in his legs," and he neglects his wife. An operation has to be performed on her, and while she is under the knife his self-reproaches are most pathetic. The scene is the most touching in the book, and would be flawless were it not for the language Sir Lupin has to speak. This brainless warrior says of Diana, "she comes out in blazing armour if you unmask her." "If she were to take fire, Troy'd be nothing to it." Women "are the devil—or he makes most use of them; and you must learn to see the cloven hoof under their petticoats if you're to escape them. There's no protection in being in love with your wife. I married for love; I am—I always have been—in love with her; and I went to the deuce. The music struck up, and away I waltzed." A clever man would not talk so smartly if he were in torture; a stupid man could not do it at any time. Sir Lupin's behaviour, in short, is as true to life as his language is false to it. Nevertheless when, as soon as Emmy is out of danger, we see him waltzing off after another woman, we recognize a type in him. He is in many ways so vividly drawn that in this case we pass the wit by as mere quotations from Mr. Meredith. Mrs. Berry, the soft-hearted London landlady in "Richard Feverel," is witty with the best of them, but is chiefly interesting as showing Dickens's influence. Mr. Meredith, who speaks of another stout lady as "the bosom," calls Mrs. Berry "the bunch of black satin," and her lamentations over her husband's fickleness might be dropped into "Peverich." "A widow and not a widow, and haven't got a name for what she is in any dictionery. I've looked, my dear, and—she spread out her arms—'Johnson haven't got a name for me!'"

Even Mr. Meredith's boys are premature wits. Crossjay, in "The Egoist," is "a rosy-cheeked round-bodied rogue of a boy, who fell upon meals and puddings and defeated them." His theory is that "girls

always have something the matter with them to spoil a game." In such sentences a real boy is created, but, though only twelve, Crossjay's figures of speech are worthy of his tutor—who is the Wilfred of "Emilia in England"—and he philosophizes on boyhood and death like an eavesdropper at the study-door of Sir Austin Feverel. Richard Feverel in his boyhood is at times shadowy from the same cause, but he is not meant to be an ordinary boy, and, in the fight between him and Ripton, Mr. Meredith's humour overcomes his wit. The scene is so inimitable that I cannot pass it by. Ripton has remarked that his friend's sentiments are girlish, "an offensive remark, remembering which, Richard, after they had borrowed a couple of guns at the bailiff's farm, and Ripton had fired badly, called his friend a fool."

"Feeling that circumstances were making him look wonderfully like one, Ripton lifted his head and retorted defiantly 'I'm not!'"

"This angry contradiction, so very uncalled for, annoyed Richard, who was still smarting at the loss of his birds, owing to Ripton's bad shot, and was really the injured party. He therefore bestowed the abusive epithet on Ripton anew, and with increase of emphasis.

"'You shan't call me so, then, whether I am or not,' says Ripton, and sucks his lips.

"This was becoming personal. Richard sent up his brows, and stared at his defier an instant. He then informed him that he certainly should call him so, and would not object to call him so twenty times.

"'Do it, and see!' returns Ripton, rocking on his feet and breathing quick.

"With a gravity of which only boys and other barbarians are capable, Richard went through the entire number, stressing the epithet to increase the defiance and avoid monotony, as he progressed, while Ripton bobbed his head every time in assent, as it were, to his comrade's accuracy, and as a record for his profound humiliation. The dog they had with them gazed at the extraordinary performance with interrogating wags of the tail.

"Twenty times, duly and deliberately, Richard repeated the obnoxious word.

"At the twentieth solemn iteration of Ripton's capital shortcoming, Ripton delivered a smart back-hander on Richard's mouth."

Thackeray's boys are not so genuine as these, nor even Traddles. I would not give the scene of which this is a part for all "Tom Brown's School-days." There is nothing of the kind to put beside it in contemporary fiction, except the scene in Mrs. Oliphant's "Sir Tom," in which Jock commiserates the pretty Bice for being so plain-looking; Bice knocks him down.

Mr. Meredith's most dramatic story is "Richard Feverel." Here the wit put into their mouths does not take the colour out of the leading personages, because the Feverels are a witty family. Their appearance anywhere is like turning on the gas, for their conversation lights up their surroundings, but they are wits of different kinds; and they seldom speak out of character. Adrian, the Epicurean, is a cynic on all matters that do not relate to the stomach. When Richard says

that his beautiful young wife did everything in her power to make him defer the marriage, Adrian shakes his head. "She could," he points out, "have shaved her head, for instance." A memorable character, too, is Hippias, who knows that a time comes to men when even the spring seems old; and Sir Austin, who lives too much in his aphorisms; and Richard himself, whose ordeal the author follows grimly, yet with the serenity of a senior who has a large heart for the wild passions of youth. Mr. Meredith only gives himself the position of an onlooker. He sees the car of Juggernaut nearing Richard, but, though he loves the lad, it is not his part to drag him away from the wheels; there never was an author more determined to let his characters shift for themselves. These four wits clash like cymbals; figures not to be forgotten if we met them separately, they stand out more forcibly in a group. Some of Richard's actions I cannot understand, such as his desertion of his wife immediately after their marriage; yet this is, to my mind, the most uniformly excellent of Mr. Meredith's books, the one I should most grieve to lose. It is less touching than "Rhoda Fleming," and less diverting than "Evan Harrington," which is the novel that should introduce readers to the author; and Richard is not so striking a character as Beauchamp, the most interesting of Mr. Meredith's heroes. But the work is conceived in a grand spirit, and contains far more than its share of the lofty wisdom with which Mr. Meredith may go down to posterity.

The three most outstanding figures in Mr. Meredith's gallery of portraits appear, nevertheless, in other books. Sir Willoughby Patterne, the "egoist," is one: a psychological study so minute, witty, and yet kindly, is not to be got in the pages of any other novelist. Never before in comedy was there such a dissection of a heart. Sir Willoughby "has a leg," "with brains in it, soul," that "walks straight into the hearts of women," and the comedy shows that such tenants have no long lease of these habitations. Not even Gabriel Harvey, who was vexed when dogs put up a tail at him in passing, cut a more ridiculous figure at the hands of Tom Nash than Mr. Meredith makes of the egoist. Sir Willoughby would like his wife to come to him "out of an egg-shell, somewhat more astonished at things than a chicken, but as completely enclosed before he tapped the shell." He is "too proud for ambition." When he would make Clara despise poetry, he merely says that he is not a poet. The food he enjoys is the admiration he looks for in women's eyes. So long as his cousin, Whitford, lives on the estate, he is loved as part of the egoist's self, but if he leaves he becomes extinct. "A dead leaf might as reasonably demand to return to the tree."

"Beware of marrying an egoist," the egoist says solemnly to Clara; but, when she asks to be released from her engagement, his mind cannot take her meaning; as his *fiancée* she is a piece of his egoism; and when she puts her request more plainly he talks inco-

herence. To complete his self-approval, he looks for "the conclusive accordant notes he loved on woman's lips, the subservient harmony of another instrument desired by musicians when they have done their solo-playing."

From Clara he flies for this music to Lætitia, who has been a pleasant mirror to him all his days. If necessary for his self-adoration, he will even make her his. "There was one woman who bowed to him to all eternity! He had inspired one woman with the mysterious, man-desired passion of self-abandonment, self-immolation." The ladies who encircle him must be votive offerings. Finding that he must propose to Lætitia, he does it in this way:—"Freely and unreservedly, as I ask you to give your hand, I offer mine. You are the mistress of Patterne Hall—my wife!" Lætitia, however, in whose admiration he had such faith, "does not know what love is, except that it is an empty dream."

"'Marriage, my dearest . . .'

"'You are mistaken.'

"'I will cure you, my Lætitia. Look to me: I am the tonic. It is not common confidence, but conviction. I, my love, I.'

"'There is no cure for what I feel, Sir Willoughby.'

"'Spare me the formal prefix, I beg. You place your hand in mine, relying on me. I am pledged for the remainder. We end as we began: my request is for your hand—your hand in marriage.'

"'I cannot give it.'

"'To be my wife!'

"'It is an honour; I must decline it.'

"'Are you quite well, Lætitia?'

Then Sir Willoughby remembers that there are times when a madness comes over women. He recovers his own reason to remind her that he is in her power, and she promises not to divulge the proposal. Then he says grandly, "Permit me to escort you upstairs." He makes a last attempt to make Clara see him with his own eyes, bribing her father with port, for Dr. Middleton, a connoisseur, has been dining with a widow, and is of opinion that "we have a class of manufacturing wine merchants on the watch for widows in this country." Sir Willoughby's sisters plead for him, recalling how, when he was a child, "he one day mounted a chair, and there he stood in danger, would not let us touch him because he was taller than we, and we were to gaze. Do you remember him, Eleanor? 'I am the sun of the house!'" It was inimitable." Even this reminiscence does not soften Clara's heart, and he has to grovel before Lætitia yields. Then he mounts his chair again. There is perhaps no stage big enough for Sir Willoughby, yet it is a dismal thing that he should be lost to the theatre. Mr. Meredith might adapt to the French stage, where wit gets its due.

The countess in "Evan Harrington" is a Becky Sharp, without Becky's bohemianism. Becky, married to a Spanish nobleman, and

made respectable for life. The stage in this book is crowded with comic characters, not the least real being the countess's father, the magnificent tailor, who dies in the first page, and yet pervades the story to the end. Other writers have attempted to interest the reader in characters kept out of sight, but never with such success as here. One gets to know old Mel so well that, meeting the countess at a dinner-party, we could recognize his daughter. The countess's admiration for the great man of whom the Fates in a sporting mood made a tailor, is intense, but she is so essentially his daughter that there are times when society aspirations induce her to disown him. Comedy could not go much further than in the scene where Goren, the tailor, boards the *Jocasta* to announce old Mel's death to Evan and his sister, the countess. "It's a black suit, young man!" says Goren, "It's your father." The moment is big with the fate of Harringtons, for there are fine people around to whom the countess has talked fancifully of her superior connections. Should Goren disclose the terrible secret of old Mel's occupation, all will be over. "I'm going down to-night," continues Goren, "to take care of the shop. He's to be buried in his old uniform. You had better come with me by the night-coach, if you would see the last of him, young man." There is a queer silence, and then the countess carries the situation with the superb cry, "In his uniform!" Old Mel had been in the militia.

To me Harry Richmond's father is Mr. Meredith's most brilliant creation. What novelist has not worked the "adventurer"? In Dickens he is a low comedian or a heavy villain, coloured as only the most richly endowed imagination ever novelist, had could put on colour, always warranted to draw laughter or a shudder. Thackeray's Barry Lyndon is a more enduring study, one of the author's greatest triumphs, yet Roy Richmond is, I think, a greater. They are in different worlds, and to compare them would be folly. Barry, with all his exaggerations, is the more true to life; he is the adventurer vulgarized till he is human; while Richmond, the fantastic, in fiction the "greatest, meanest of mankind," a dreamer of magnificent dreams, one who cannot bring his mind back to the present, is a comedy figure. This dweller in the future is a strangely romantic conception from beginning to end of his wonderful life, and his death is not to be forgotten. The most tenderly pathetic scene in fiction is probably Colonel Newcome's death, but the most impressive is the death of Roy Richmond. Tragedy rings down the curtain. Roy's mind gives way towards the end of the book, but the grand schemer breaks out once again in anticipation of the home-coming of Harry and his wife. They near the house to see it in flames. "I perceived my father's man, Tollingby," Harry writes, "among the servants, and called him to me; others came, and, out of a clatter of tongues, and all eyes fearfully askant at the wall of fire, we gathered that a great

reception had been prepared for us by my father; lamps, lights in all the rooms, torches in the hall; illuminations along the windows, stores of fireworks, such a display as only he could have dreamed of. The fire had broken out at dusk, from an explosion of fireworks at one wing and some inexplicable mismanagement at the other. But the house must have been like a mine, what with the powder, the torches, the devices in paper and muslin, and the extraordinary decorations fitted up to celebrate our return in harmony with my father's fancy." "We gathered from the subsequent testimony of men and women of the household who had collected their wits, that my father must have remained in the doomed old house to look to the safety of my aunt Dorothy. He was never seen again." All his bewildering life Roy had loved Dorothy. Thackeray admitted that when he had written a certain great scene in "Vanity Fair" he felt that it was genius. We are as far as ever from a definition of genius, a word not to be lightly used, but there are some unmistakable instances of it, and I cannot think that Roy Richmond is not one of them.

Of pathos of the quieter kind there is not much in Mr. Meredith's works. The wit tends to wrap something round his heart; it is not tears, but awe that he produces. The stamp of the University man is burned into him; one would say that he is too fearful of the "broad guffaw" and "deluge tears," were it not that now and again he plays for both and fails. The drunken scene following the marriage in "Richard Feverel" is, I think, unworthy of the writer, and Clare's diary in the same book is not so much pathetic as revolting. Clare is a girl who has been forced into marrying an elderly man, and when she dies, aged nineteen, of love for Richard, her diary shows that her passion for him began in her childhood. It is hardly conceivable that any young girl like Clare could have been so morbid; but in any case diaries of this kind are best in the fire. The last of Clare is as sickening as the death of Paul Dombey, though it should be noted that Mr. Meredith sins in this direction but once to Dickens's score of times. He has, of course, only a share of the humour that makes Dickens the delight of the world. Mr. Meredith's landscapes are usually condensed into a sentence, which doubtless seems mean to readers who are amazed at the descriptive powers of Mr. William Black. Yet there are scores of passages as fine as this, taken from a love-scene so pretty, witty, and unreal that Lord Beaconsfield might have written it: "The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper sky. In the west the sea of sunken fire draws back: and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine-tops, surveys heaven." There are some fine scenic effects in "Emilia in England," but I think we shall look in vain through contemporary fiction to match Mr. Hardy's thunderstorm in "Far from the Madding Crowd."

Chaucer is certainly our greatest example of the purely objective writer, Milton of the subjective, Shakspeare of the combination. Mr. Meredith is much less subjective than he seems. He is undramatic for the same reason as Mr. Browning: their characters do not speak as they would speak in real life; but Mr. Browning gives them his own ideas to utter, while Mr. Meredith only lends them his wit. The character is merely Mr. Browning's mouthpiece, a middleman between the author and the public; but Mr. Meredith's own views on any subject are not to be gathered from what the beings of his creation say. Even Sir Austin Feverel is no mere excuse for letting the author talk. Frequently Mr. Meredith smiles at the "Pilgrim's Scrip," and he suffers Adrian openly to jeer at it. "Not an aphorism," is Adrian's reply when he is asked if he has heard from Sir Austin lately. Despite the wisdom of the "Pilgrim's Scrip," too, it leads the baronet astray. On the whole, the scrip can only be taken as Mr. Meredith's with this important limitation—that he knows how much is lost in condensing life into a few sentences. Some of the aphorisms are merely clever, and so not to be mentioned with others, which go to the root of things, and lay bare a mind standing above the pettiness of the world, acquainted with it but not seared by it, sorrowful for humanity's weaknesses, but a lover of the good that is in it still. This is the Shakspearean mood. "All great thoughts," says one of the finest aphorisms, "come from the heart." It is from the heart that Mr. Meredith speaks when he says: "Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered." Wit, which does not reside in the heart, is responsible for some of the aphorisms about woman, as: "I expect that woman will be the last thing civilized by man;" or "man grows, woman does not;" or "Alas! that in calamity woman cannot stitch;" or "Who can say when he is not walking a puppet to some woman?" or even "Young men take joy in nothing so much as the thinking women angels, and nothing sours men of experience more than knowing that all are not quite so," which is at least an improvement on Chamfort's "Whoever is not a misanthropist at forty can never have loved mankind." Mr. Meredith scales greater heights in the lover's petition, "Give me purity to be worthy the good in her, and grant her patience to reach the good in me;" and there is noble passion in this outburst against the wild oats theory: "Oh women, women, who like, and will have for hero, a rake! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms, and that the putrescent gold that attracted you is the slime of the Lake of Sin?" "Wherefore," the Pilgrim queries, "wild oats are only of one gender?" How much greater is this than the flash in the pan that suggested it?—"The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable, but beware the little knowledge of oneself." "The liar must eat his lie: the devil's mouthful." "For this reason so many fall from God, who have attained to Him; that they cling to Him with their weakness, not with their



strength." The coward among us is "he who sneers at the failings of humanity."

In this paper I have confined myself to Mr. Meredith's prose works, and I believe they will outlive his poetry. As to how many generations they will go down to, I shall make no predictions. Mr. Stevenson, with the audacity of a generous spirit chafing at the comparative neglect which has been the lot of his master, calls "Rhoda Fleming" the "strongest thing in English letters since Shakspeare died." I shall only say that Mr. Meredith is one of the outstanding men of letters since the Elizabethan age, and that, without dethroning Scott, he is among the great English writers of fiction. We have a novelist of genius with us still. The others had their failings as he has, and, if the future will refuse to find room for so many works as he offers it, one may question whether it will accept theirs. To say that he is a wit is not to pronounce the last word. He is the greatest of the wits, because he is greater than his wit.

J. M. BARRIE.

## FRANCE AND ITALY.

IF I were asked to point out the man best entitled at this moment to the pity of his fellow-beings, I should certainly name the editor of "Zadkiel's Prophetic Almanac." Poor wight! In his hands, he conceives, are the issues of Peace and War! Here we are drawing near the eve of a New Year's Day. We are all on the look-out for his soothsayings about the prospects of 1889. Peace or War? To be sure, the Prophet may get over his difficulty by an oracular dodge. "Give the spoilt child what he asks," he may say, "and we shall have a quiet house." By all means; but what if the child is crying for the moon?

From the days of the Grand Monarque to the time of the Third Napoleon the motto of every French ruler has invariably been: "Quand la France est satisfaite le Monde est tranquille." The question, therefore, is, as it ever was: What will satisfy France? What ails, at this moment, Europe's *enfant terrible*? But the answer, if you believe France herself, is just now easy enough: All that France for the present aspires to is merely the final achievement of the Eiffel Tower. France is bent on peace. Paris is next year to be the Plain of Shinar. There will be a gathering of nations in that cosmopolitan city, with the World's Mart, and a universal language, and in the centre of it all "a tower whose top may reach unto heaven." There will be an International Exhibition bringing together all the tribes of mankind "scattered upon the face of the whole world," and putting for ever an end to all chances of war and revolution.

Why should France's benevolent advances be declined? It never required much pressure to induce the people of both continents to flock to the French capital. There never yet was an Exhibition that did not bring grist to the mill of every shop in the Boulevards, of

every hotel in the Rue Rivoli. Why, then, all the hesitation and mis-giving in this instance? Why this disposition to dread "*Gallos et dona ferentes*"? It is because the invitation is to an Exhibition *and something more*. It is because 1889 is to be a commemoration of 1789—because France is calling on all nations to join her in the celebration of that great cataclysm which was to usher in the millennium upon earth, but which, whatever good it may have done to the rest of the world, had no other results for France herself than to unfit her either for the establishment of good social order at home or for the enjoyment of a sound, durable peace abroad.

That France, with a view to inspire confidence, should refer to the era which led to the Reign of Terror and the Napoleonic invasions may seem strange enough. 1789 merely opened the revolutionary period: what surety is there that 1889 may close it? what certainty that it may not, on the contrary, be the beginning of a new series of centennial convulsions? In various periods of her history, no doubt, "France was sick, and France a monk would be;" and she may possibly be in such a frame of mind now. But it may also happen, as it invariably happened before, that, on her recovery, claustral life may lose all attraction for France. For well or ill, France is in the hands of her doctors—her politicians—who are not to be brought to agree on any imaginable method of cure.

Good, bad, or indifferent, however, as these practitioners may be, France is unquestionably welcome to her own government; the government of her own making; the government she best deserves. But there is no reason why, because one fox has lost his tail, all other foxes should cut off theirs—no reason why, because France has for a hundred years tried every form of democracy and autocracy, other countries should follow her through every phase of her monarchic and anarchic experiments.

What avails it to cry Peace! Peace! when there is no peace, especially in the heart of France? The French, it seems, are the only people in the world who have not the courage to avow themselves vanquished. Even if at any time they are brought to admit that they were worsted, that in any game their stakes were lost, they seem to find it impossible to rest till they "have their Revenge."

Vengeance on the English for Waterloo! Vengeance for Sedan on the Germans! And be it observed that the mere contracting of new debts does not cancel the old ones. In her vindictive designs France does not follow the golden rule which is recommended to men in their amorous adventures: she does not take care to be "off with the old hatred before she is on with the new." Her capacity for ill-will knows no bounds; she has a bone to pick with all and each of her neighbours, and soonest, as a rule, with the nearest.

That, in spite of this, France may not venture, either single-handed or

even with the help of Russia, to engage in any rash enterprise likely to lead to a general European war may be readily believed. She is aware that she will have to reckon with Bismarck, and she is no more likely to forget for many years the lesson she received from him in 1870 than she was able to recover from the blow inflicted by Wellington in 1815.

At the utmost she may only attempt to reach her goal by roundabout ways. She may be content to fly at humbler game—to strike the saddle when she fears to touch the steed. Before she deals with her “hereditary foes” she will pick a quarrel with her “natural allies,” her “Latin sisters”—with Spain and Italy, and more especially with this latter, where she apparently hopes to meet with the feeblest resistance. But in any attempt of this nature she must proceed with great circumspection and prudence; she must contrive to draw her weaker neighbour into a field of contention in which the two mighty German Powers may not deem themselves either bound by the compact of the “Triple Alliance” or called upon by their immediate interest, and by the sense of their own security, to interfere in behalf of their Italian confederate.

The mutual jealousies and inveterate rancours evinced by Italian and French Ministers in all their diplomatic relations may appear no less puzzling than disquieting to those who do not sufficiently care to refer effects to causes—who do not consider that the real, the great, the mortal offence given to France by Italy was simply the fact of this latter coming into existence; that it was by her aspiration to become a nation that Italy awakened in Germany the long-dormant instinct of nationality; that it was the formation of a new Italian kingdom which suggested the scheme of a reconstruction of the old German Empire.

It had taken France little less than four centuries of crafty as well as violent aggressive policy to reduce the nations east of the Rhine and south of the Alps to the condition of mere “geographical expressions”—to re-cast and modify the map of Europe till she, France, alone should be the centre of a system of small and emulous planetary bodies, all obedient to her attraction, and shining by her reflected light. That work of consummate wisdom and unscrupulous violence which began with Louis XI. and was followed up by aspiring Sovereigns and intriguing priests, the work of Francis I. and *Henri Quatre*, of Richelieu and Mazarin, the rearing of the rampant French monarchy of Louis XIV. and the Napoleons, is now all at once overthrown, succumbing to the superior genius of a sub-Alpine and to the stronger character of a Brandenburgian statesman—of Cavour and Bismarck. The time was when “not one cannon could be fired in Europe without the good pleasure of the autocrat enthroned in the Tuileries.” But the office of doorkeeper of Janus’s temple, which up

to late times was filled by an imperial dweller on the banks of the Seine, has now devolved on that long-headed Chancellor on the sands of the Spree, who, in his capacity of "Ego et Rex meus" (be that *Rex* an old warrior in his ninetieth year or a gallant prince barely one-third of that age), has since 1864 made his own will the law of the civilized world, reducing France to the condition of a second-rate Power, and compelling her to renounce those provinces of the Vosges on which Germany holds her tight grasp of "eighteen army corps and forty-two millions of subjects."

It will be long before France feels equal to the task of breaking up Bismarck's edifice. Nor, as we have hinted, can she hope for better success by a previous attack on the less stately and apparently less solid structure of Cavour by trying, as she did in former campaigns, to find her way to the Danube or the Elbe by a march along the vale of the Po. Neither in Germany nor in Italy could France venture on a war of conquest, or contemplate a permanent occupation of Turin or Milan any more than of Vienna or Berlin. Our age is not favourable to any country's removal of its neighbour's landmarks. Even Germany, at the close of a defensive and gloriously victorious war, by her re-annexation of Alsace-Lorraine professed only to "come by her own," and any trespass on undeniably alien territory was effected on the specious pretext of a "rectification of military frontiers." Even Russia may in our days be acquitted of any immediate and immoderate acquisitive designs. She could not be so mad as really to covet the possession of Constantinople or to meditate an invasion of India. What, perhaps, she really wants is an outlet into the open seas—perhaps Salonica in the *Ægean*; perhaps Bassora or some other port in the Persian Gulf. But, for the attainment of such desirable objects, even Russia, with a hundred millions of subjects and three millions of soldiers, would hesitate to go to war; even Russia is aware that manœuvring will always avail her better than fighting. She trusts to the address of her wily diplomatists, and still more to the apathy and supineness, to the selfishness and mutual jealousy, to the glaring incapacity of Western politicians, ever ready to play into her own hands.

Though more impetuous and reckless, France also has, since *Sédan*, learnt to look before she leaps. Statesmen like M. Floquet and M. Goblet are not likely to emulate the exploits of Charles VIII., of Francis I., of Bonaparte. Even President Carnot, though the grandson of the *organisateur de la victoire*, is not so rash as to draw the sword *d'un cœur léger*. It is with other weapons than cannons and bayonets that Republican France contrives now to carry on hostilities with Italy. Between those two countries there is, and there has been for these last eighteen years, an interchange of notes and protocols, of pamphlets and leading articles, a war of words which has broken

no bones, but which has certainly not enhanced the opinion other nations entertained of the decorum and self-respect of either of the contending parties.

It will take many years before impartial history undertakes to reconcile the conflicting versions those two Latin sisters give of the various subjects of their mutual complaints and recriminations. France, we all know, taxes the Italians with the black ingratitude and breach of faith by which they requited the French blood shed for them at Solferino, to which they owed their existence as a nation, not only closing their ears to the outcry of France prostrate after the disaster of Sedan, but even profiting by her dire distress to seize that Rome the gates of which were, by M. Rouher's peremptory decree, "FOR EVER" to be shut and barred against them. But, for their own part, the Italians contend that their independence was as much the work of Germany at Sadowa as of France at Solferino; that their neutrality between those *two* benefactors was imposed upon them by the sense of strict justice, as well as by a variety of other political, financial, and military considerations. They urge that, for her share in the work of their emancipation, France received in Savoy and Nice *the payment she had bargained for*; also that she repented what she had done, and strove to the utmost to *undo* it by standing up for the Bourbon at the siege of Gacta, and more signally by her championship, at Aspromonte and Mentana, of that Papal temporal power which was at all times the main obstacle to the fulfilment of Italy's high destinies.

There is no doubt that at the time of their unification, and ever since, the Italians had to submit at the hand of France to such snubs and humiliations, to such incessant pricks of the pin, as they could hardly have failed—had their power been on a par with their will—to requite, if not by the thrusts of their swords, at least by the stabs of their daggers.

We need hardly mention the Peace of Villafranca; the surrender by Austria to France of that Venetia which had been won for them by Prussia; the presence and attitude of the French frigate *Orénoque* at Cività Vecchia; the squabbles and intrigues of a double discordant French diplomatic establishment in the new capital of the Italian kingdom, perpetuating and envenoming the ill-blood between the Quirinal and the Vatican—all the petty affronts, the chicanes, the *trucasseries*, which the offended could not be expected to forget as readily and heartily as the offender.

But a far deeper and less curable wound on Italian pride was inflicted by France's *coup-de-main* upon Tunis; by that dog-in-the-manger policy by which the French Republic, still labouring under the indigestion brought on by her boa-constrictor repast of Algeria, proceeded to swallow, one after another, the North African provinces

bordering on the ill-defined limits of that vast colony, east and west, when she could and should so much better have advanced her material interest, and shown her good nature to so much greater advantage, had she asked her Latin neighbours, the "sister nations" (Italy on one side, and Spain with Portugal on the other), to make common cause with her, and come in as partakers of that Barbaresque feast of which there was so much more than enough to satisfy the earth-hunger of all of them.

The conquest of Tunis—undertaken for the mere purpose of spiting the Italians, and carried out by a series of false pretences and equivocations which sank modern diplomacy to a depth of profligacy never reached hitherto—was on the part of France one of those *faux pas* which the most subtle of French statesmen denounced as "more unpardonable than a *crime*." Had Italy promptly and manfully stood up for the independence of that Regency, thereby incurring the chance of a war with France, the consequences might no doubt have been very serious, yet hardly less grievous than those arising from the long succession of blunders in which Italy for her own part was involved, when urged to demand "Vengeance for Tunis!" and advised to seek at Tripoli, at Assab, at Massawa, or any spot on the North or East African coast, some compensation for such diminution of her maritime ascendancy as was entailed upon her by her expulsion from what had always been looked upon as her most valuable commercial settlement in the Mediterranean.

To this tame forbearance and submission of Italy to the doings of high-handed France there must now probably be an end. Italian acquiescence under wanton French provocation was owing to the policy to which the Left or Radical, the Rattazzi party, had wedded themselves whilst acting in opposition to the Right or Moderate, the Minghetti Government. When, after Rattazzi's death, the men of the Left (Depretis, Cairoli, Nicotera, Crispi, and others) came into office, in 1876, they found themselves, both politically and diplomatically, committed to French ideas—politically, to ultra-democratic and semi-republican principles and measures; diplomatically, to the substitution of a French alliance for the friendly relations and *entente cordiale* which the Conservative (La Marmora, Ricasoli, and Minghetti) Cabinets had consistently endeavoured to contract with Germany and Austria-Hungary.

It was not long, however, before the leaders of the Left, invested now with the responsibilities of power, saw, as it frequently happens, good reason to modify some of their most advanced opinions, and strove, so far as it was practicable, to retrace their steps. Their Bills for the establishment of popular sovereignty—i.e., Mob Rule—stopped somewhat short on the brink of the abyss of universal suffrage. And as to their management of foreign affairs, they found it impossible

any longer dumbly to put up with the slaps in the face that France almost daily administered to them. They perceived that that Power's animosity to them was implacable, and that any tender of good-will on their part would be met with the taunt by which Louis XII. answered the envoys of the Genoese when that republic sued for his protection on the terms of acknowledged sovereignty: "Vous vous donnez à moi, et moi je vous donne au diable." The deal, in this case, was Bismarck; France had only herself to blame if she had by main force thrown Italy into the arms of the Germans.

After the occupation of Tunis, France had, of course, no longer one friend left in Italy. But if the loss of Tunis was a grievance to the Italians, the remedy the Radical Administration devised by landing at Massawa was only an aggravation of the evil. By their expedition to that African port they placed themselves in an *impasse* where it became questionable whether all the sympathy of England, or even all the power of Germany, would ever enable them to advance or recede with safety and honour. The sad truth is that, though the Italians are politicians by instinct, their statesmen are deficient in that knowledge, experience, and temper that go to the formation of real practical rulers of men. There is not, and there indeed can hardly yet be, a governing class formed in that new State; and the men of the Left, the Premier, Depretis, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mancini, at whose suggestion the Massawa campaign was undertaken, knew probably no more of the geographical, historical, or political conditions of the East Coast of Africa than they did of the history of the extinct volcanoes of the moon.

And so little did they rely on the diplomatic capabilities of the untried men of their own set that they had successively to look among their political adversaries of the Right—to Corti, Maffei, and Robilant—for a Minister who could extricate them from the tangle in which their own rashness and incapacity had involved their relations with foreign Powers.

Upon the death of Signor Depretis, however, the Government of Italy, a little more than a twelvemonth ago, came into the hands of the only real *man* of the Left—the man who from the outset seemed destined to win the confidence of all parties, and who already, as Minister of the Interior, had immediately gained a decisive ascendancy over his colleagues and over the chief of the Cabinet himself.

That man was Francesco Crispi. He was, however, hardly installed in his office, in 1877, when he was hurled from it by a criminal charge (of bigamy) which was never disproved, and which could not so soon be forgotten. In him Italy seems now to have found the man of the situation, and his name has in so short a time become as well known throughout Europe as it had already been for many years in his own country.



Signor Crispi is a native of Sicily, and he bears in his somewhat rugged countenance the traces of that dark, hot Saracenic blood which still runs in the veins of so many of the islanders his countrymen, and keeps up within them an energy which one would vainly look for among the descendants of the Hellenic settlers of Campania and Magna Græcia. Like the mountaineers of Abruzzo and Calabria, the natives of Sicily, and especially of the western districts of the island, are looked upon as *Southerners*, but by no means as *Neapolitans*. Crispi was a patriot long before he dreamt of becoming a statesman. An exile since 1848, he formed his character in the hardening school of adversity, and made the best of his banishment, being a traveller, at first from necessity and from choice in the sequel. In Malta and in England he became acquainted with men and things, and was for several years an earnest student of British social and political institutions. In the Garibaldian campaign of 1860 he played the same part as his countryman, old Giovanni da Procida, the hero of the Sicilian Vespers of 1282. Like him, Crispi laid out the ground for an insurrectional movement with such address and pertinacity that to him quite as much as to the red-shirted warrior himself the victory of the "Thousand of Marsala" has, by universal consent, been fairly ascribed.

That such a man can be relied upon for unswerving strength of will and indomitable temper no one need doubt; and it was probably by his discovery of a character akin to his own that Prince Bismarck, who had seen Crispi in England and elsewhere, showed a disposition to enter with him into a more intimate intercourse than he had encouraged with any other Italian statesman, no matter of what party. By twice asking Crispi to a *tête-à-tête* interview with him in his own residence, the Prince seemed to hint that he had found in Crispi the man he wanted.

Signor Crispi, for his own part, soon perceived that the Republican Government of France was not to be pacified by submissiveness. In that war of petty vexatious *chiquenaudes*; in that undignified interchange of ill-humour, which assumed every day a more pointed character; in those awkward frontier incidents; in those bloody street brawls of sailors and artisans in the streets of Paris, Marseilles, and other localities; in that war of tariffs which put an end to honest trading enterprise merely for the benefit of "unlimited" contraband companies; finally, in the outrageous language of the blackguard Press on either side, which (were it not for the callousness to all gentlemanly feelings consequent on the democratic notions of "liberty, equality, fraternity") would lead to incessant international duels—in all that ignoble sparring without gloves of these "Latin sisters," the new Italian Premier seemed determined to show France that "two can play at one and the same game."

As an old journalist, however, Signor Crispi was aware that in the mere shedding of printers' ink France must have a decided advantage, inasmuch as the French hardly know any other language than their own, and read no other than French papers, while, on the other side, the Italians have little else to read on their *café* tables than the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and other French prints, from which they borrow whatever little knowledge they have of anything, and which hold up the only mirror they ever see of themselves, by far the greatest number of their halfpenny sheets being below contempt, and hardly readable at home or abroad.

To make up for this absence of journalistic champions, Signor Crispi came to a resolution to take all the fighting upon himself; and the Notes which he sends out as circulars to his King's representatives abroad are couched in that plain, direct, and positive, but at the same time not unfrequently acrid and trenchant language with which able editors are apt to carry on their arguments. He has taken his diplomatic style from Prince Bismarck's *chancellerie*, and, to begin with, he follows his leader in that bold innovation which emancipated the Foreign Office in other countries from the use of the French as the *universal language* in their international correspondence in substitution for the Latin that answered the same purpose in the Middle Ages. For many years the German Chancellor had deemed it expedient to convey his mind to his neighbours in his own strong Teutonic idiom, thus throwing upon his correspondents the burden of translation, and disavowing any responsibility that might arise either from accidental or wilful misconstruction. For we all know that by translating the French word *demandeur* into the English *demanding* (instead of *asking for*, or *requesting*) an explanation, a bungling interpreter, in one instance, very nearly brought about a quarrel between the White House and the Tuileries Cabinets.

Of course the Italian as well as the German Ministers well knew that, by referring the clerks of the French Foreign Office to their Ollendorff, they gave these worthies as well as all their countrymen an offence which they would not soon forgive, but which could hardly be made into a *casus belli*. For the privilege France enjoyed of making all nations go through her grammar, herself all the time learning none, was not grounded on established right or written down in any treaty. It had simply arisen from the complacency and courtesy shown by civilized people to the nation which had for centuries taken the lead in every branch of material and intellectual development, and especially in matters of fashion and social polish and refinement.

It was Crispi's as well as Bismarck's purpose to make France know her own place; to take her down a peg or two from the height to which her neighbours' good-natured consent, no less than her own conceit, had raised her; to advise her to take rank at least on a foot-

ing of equality with nations which had on a trial shown themselves as good as she was.

"Why should not France," they reasoned, "be as morally great in adverse as she was in propitious circumstances? Why should she not have the courage to avow herself vanquished? She had at Trafalgar to yield to England the empire of the seas; she had at Sédan to give up to Germany her supremacy as a military Power. But what of it? Have not other nations met with the same vicissitudes? Had they not to surrender towns and provinces like stakes at the end of a losing game? Was not, for instance, Germany robbed of Strassburg in 1681? Well! what of it? She regained it a hundred and ninety years later, and she won Metz to boot. But Germany knew that it was not by fretting, but by fighting, that a nation can restore its fortunes. She did not fill the world with her grievances; she made no parade of her wounded susceptibilities; she simply bided her time; she endured and hoped, and kept her powder dry. She referred effect to cause; she healed the divisions which had opened the gaps in her armour. And she did not renew the contest till compactness had made her invulnerable, till she regained in her union the strength which could insure her victory?"

"Why could not France condescend to take a lesson from her enemy?—a lesson of long-suffering, resignation, and silence?" Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi seem determined that France, whether she will or not, shall learn such a salutary lesson. The alternative they hold out to her is "to fight or be quiet." And so long as the difficulty is limited to a mere game of *brag*, Italy, with two great empires to back her, seems in a position to give her Latin sister "a Roland for an Oliver."

But it is impossible to foresee to what extent this bad blood between two such ill-matched adversaries as France and Italy may be carried without leading to at least a partial outbreak. There is hardly an open ground, hardly a close list, on which their thousand and one quarrels may not be settled by a fair international duel. Italy, let us hope, would be strong enough to stand her ground with honour on her own Alpine frontier. But she is vulnerable at all other points, both by land and sea. The mere rumour that a sudden attack on Spezia could be contemplated was sufficient to warn the Roman War Office to place at once that most important naval station above imminent danger. But there is hardly a bay or creek along the whole extent of Italian coast, either of the mainland or of the islands, where a town may not be bombarded, or the landing and lodging of a considerable force may not be effected with impunity. Nor can the Italian rulers be tranquil as to the probable result of a naval engagement, for they could not afford—hardly survive—another Lissa.

What France might be tempted to try is, not a deliberate campaign

against Italy, but simply a sudden and smart *coup-de-main*, to humble that country before her big allies should have time, or deem it worth their while, to come to her rescue. "Frappez fort et frappez vite!" is French tactics; and "Woe to the conquered!" is the universal rule. Were the blow struck, Bismarck might consider himself bound "to defend, but not to avenge, his ally;" and the matter would be referred to a Conference, where the vanquished would be made to go through the Caudine Forks. A stick to beat a dog is soon found, and, for want of a better, there is always at hand the pastoral staff of the Bishop of Rome. It will at all times be good policy for a French statesman to claim for his country the rights and duties of the "eldest daughter of the Church." "On est *Catholique* en France," said a *diplomate* who well knew the humours of his country, "même quand on est *sans-culotte* et *Septembriseur*." Louis-Philippe in 1832, and Louis-Napoleon III. in 1862 and 1867, have shown how by a sleight of hand at Ancona or Cività Vecchia a son of Charlemagne may hold sway at Rome. And we may see how, even by the bare assumption of the title of "Protectress of the Holy Places," the France of our days contrives to force her own Jesuits into the place of the Italian Franciscans both in the missions of the Levant and the Far East, with serious disturbance of the public peace, but with the full connivance and the ready blessing of the infatuated Pope.

The world has seen many wonders, but the greatest surely would be that of a war of the Cross, on behalf of the Roman High-priest, waged by France at the head of the Papal Zouaves of Catholic Christendom, on the very centenary of that Revolution which set up the "Goddess of Reason," and hardly a score of years after that Commune which threw down its gage of battle by the slaughter of an archbishop and his priests.

Notwithstanding her natural and salutary dread of Bismarck and of the Triple Alliance, it may yet be on the cards that France should play the part of the "wicked fairy" at the hundredth anniversary of that Revolution to which she is so earnestly asking the attendance of all her European neighbours, and that she may begin by quarrelling with such of the weakest among them as are still throwing cold water on her invitation. France's intentions, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs tells us, "are friendly and *pacifique*. Her armaments are purely *defensive*, and while other nations are astir with intent, as it seems, to attack France, or to ward off an attack from her, she alone remains *calm* and *impassive*, seeking no adventures and *minding her own business*."

This sounds reassuring. But, alas! France's business is rather extensive, and her commercial agents are everywhere and very peremptory, and both herself and her neighbours are playing with very formidable double-edged tools. M. Goblet's peaceful assurances might

have great weight if it could be hoped that he and his colleagues, or other men of their own way of thinking, might long be guiding the destinies of their country; that they might still live as Ministers to close, if indeed they have the good fortune to open, that Exhibition the very name of which has been put forth under such ominous auspices. So long as France and Italy, with the rest of the world, are under the control of sane men, one may hope for the best, but there are also madmen to be reckoned with; and if these get the upper hand, that cautious policy by which the European Powers have long been and are still manœuvring, each of them to throw on their opponents the odium of the murderous initiative, will cease to act as a restraint upon their worst instincts.

What seems certain is that, in the event of a war, the first and most eager to fly at each other's throat will be the two Latin sisters.

The uneasiness to which the mustering of the French naval forces at Toulon and the cruise of the Italian ironclad squadron into Greek waters had given rise in the early part of this month has by this time (September 20) in a great measure abated. Between two fleets sailing, the one to the western, the other to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, a hostile encounter need hardly be immediately apprehended; and it would seem idle to ascribe to *malice prepense* those somewhat too frequent clumsy collisions, in the latest of which, at the Canary Islands, the French steamer *La France* ran down the Italian *Sud-America*, a much smaller steamer, with a loss of life to the latter of several scores of her crew and passengers.

It seems, besides, that after Signor Crispi's visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh and his meeting with Count Kalnoky at Eger, M. Goblet has spoken his last word about those futile consular squabbles at Florence and Massawa to which the French Minister alone ever attached any serious importance. And meanwhile the Great Powers are satisfied with their usual harmless autumnal playing at soldiers; and President Carnot, with his attendant Prime Minister, M. Floquet, is *stumping* the provinces with assurances that the reign of the pacific *avocats* has for ever put an end to the empire of the fire-breathing *charlatan* Generals.

The weather-glass, in short, is for the moment "set fair" in Europe. There is, nevertheless, no abatement in the mutual ill-will between those two unnatural Latin sisters, France and Italy. The language of the Press on either side is more than ever virulent, and the rancour is shown in those savage and even murderous outbreaks between French and Italian working-men, of which recent instances have occurred at Roubaix, Mantes, and other Northern industrial districts, as well as at Marseilles, Cette, and in those other Southern localities

where Italian, and especially Piedmontese and Genoese, immigrants were wont for centuries to be received with open arms; the hospitable France of those days learning from aliens the rudiments of that silk trade of which she is now the mistress, and need fear no competition—a clear evidence that the present hatred of Italy and the Italians in the adjoining country arises not so much from trade jealousy as from that international animosity which has spread from the highest to the lowest ranks.

At this rate are we advancing towards that universal millennium of peace and good-will, to that establishment of equality and fraternity, so auspiciously ushered in by the great crisis of 1789—by that world-redeeming Revolution of which we are next year expected to attend a solemn commemoration under the shadow of the portentous Eiffel Tower.

A. GALLENGA.

## A SHORT REPLY TO ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

**I**N the May number of this REVIEW I ventured to criticize an article by Mr. Michael Davitt. My contribution has now in turn been condemned for its "reckless inaccuracy," and for the "mischievously misleading assertions," which are, I am for the first time informed, there to be found. My present critic is, not unnaturally, astonished that an attack, such as he conceives it to have been, upon the work of "one who has so fully established for himself the right to speak with authority upon the Irish Land Question," should for so long have been allowed to pass unchallenged. To me it has equally been a matter of some surprise, that no further arguments were forthcoming to sustain the summary conclusions based by Mr. Davitt upon such slender supports. Yet it is not Mr. Davitt, but his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, who, after a lapse of four months, notices my paper, with a view to exposing the "wildness of its assertions," and the "seriously and cruelly misleading" character of the statements which it contains.

Dr. Walsh will not, I trust, impute the shortness of my reply to any want of appreciation of the task which he has performed. My reasons for believing that brevity may here be combined with a clear explanation of the matter at issue are solely founded on the fact that the whole of his criticism is confined to two short paragraphs, in immediate juxtaposition, selected by him from my former article, and occupying in all less than one page. When I speak of two paragraphs, I somewhat overstate the case. The second of the two, though but of eleven and a half lines, may be said to bear the whole brunt of this heavy indictment. For in the first one line is alone considered—a line to the authorship of which I cannot lay claim, since it is copied in

facsimile from the Report of the Irish Land Commissioners. I gave it in this form:—

Province or County.	Number of Cases in which Judicial Rents have been fixed.	Acreage.			Former Rent.	Judicial Rent.	Increase per cent.
		A.	R.	P.			
Fermanagh . .	11	184	3	9	£37 6 10	£100 12 6	168·3

The charge of “inaccuracy” cannot, evidently, refer to the first paragraph, for the above statement of fact, the only one which it offers, is faithfully transcribed from an authority correctly given, together with the page on which it may be found. Dr. Walsh, it is true, discovers an error in the Report, showing that the increase in three of these cases was one of eleven per cent., and that in the remaining eight cases it could not, owing to insufficient data, be determined. It suffices to remark that my statement was accurately copied from the Annual Report, the only one referred to in my article, and that Dr. Walsh’s correction, on the other hand, is made by the help of a table which that Report does not give.

Waiving for a moment the question of the proper description of the authority by whom these rents were fixed (for that description appears in the second of the two paragraphs noticed by his Grace, and can more conveniently be discussed in considering the corresponding portion of his criticism), I have now to deal with the second charge—viz., that my statements are “misleading”—a charge which in this connection can only mean that the statement of rents fixed in Fermanagh, owing to the context in my article, is there more likely to appear of exaggerated importance, and so to mislead, than if met with in its place in the table of the Report. It is easy to show that the contrary is the case. The paragraph in question is preceded by passages in which I strongly object to Mr. Davitt’s scant reference to the general averages of reductions in rent, and is itself an obvious and, I still think, a justifiable parody of the use to which he, in his article, put some scattered statistics collected from the detailed reports of the Land Commissioners. It was written, and this appears on the face of it, to point out the absurdity of founding upon the reductions granted on a few estates a wholesale charge of immorality against the landlords of Ireland. The latter part of Dr. Walsh’s criticism shows plainly enough that he read the beginning of my paper with very little care; I am, therefore, quite ready to believe that the intention of this isolated section has wholly escaped him. However that may be, I now come to a more serious matter. When Dr. Walsh describes the one quotation in this paragraph as “a passage which he (the writer) sets forth as establishing the fact of the increase of 168·3,” he, unintentionally, I do not doubt, but still distinctly, conveys the impression that the



increase is deduced by me from a former rent and a judicial rent given in the table. When, again, he writes, "this truly marvellous statement he *professes* to have extracted from a table in the last official Report," he leaves his readers at liberty to suppose that even the two latter figures are not to be found in the Report, or that, at any rate, they are there so obscurely stated as to have eluded his research. And this he does, although the statement was given in the form I have reproduced above, accompanied by a reference to the page on which it occurs, and followed by a particular description of the purport of the table printed upon that page.

I pass now to the second paragraph of the two singled out; also a short one, so short in fact that my critic reprints it in full before discussing it. It is composed of five statistical statements and of two references, sufficient, in my opinion, to indicate the tables in the Report from which the former were taken. Adopting the same procedure as before, I will first investigate the charge of "inaccuracy." It is, then, gratifying to find that the evidence of this grave fault, if I have been guilty of it, must be sought elsewhere than in these five statements. I may, perhaps, be allowed to take this opportunity of pointing out that, although this charge is persistently brought forward throughout the whole of Dr. Walsh's article, in no case has he been able to indicate a figure incorrectly rendered by me. The five figures in this paragraph, showing the increase per cent., under certain decisions, on former rents in Kildare and Meath from 1883 to 1887, and in Kildare, Queen's County, and Leinster from 1886 to 1887, are all, as in the case of Fermanagh, accurately quoted from my given authority. \* I have now proved that even the small portion of my paper, constituting the chosen *objectif* of my critic's attack, contained a large proportion of matter plainly innocent in itself. From the already curtailed dimensions of the post of danger I have, in fact, retrieved so much, that four lines only are left to support the censure of fourteen pages. Since the six statements with which his Grace is alone concerned are all accurate quotations from the Report, their supposed "inaccurate" and "misleading" character must be due to the descriptions of the tables from which they are taken, as given by me in these four lines. Let us examine them, for here, at last, my guilt or Dr. Walsh's error must appear. The first three form the opening sentence of the second paragraph under discussion, and refer back to the decisions in Fermanagh mentioned in the first. They are these:—"The table showing this increase in the rents fixed in County Fermanagh is that which exhibits the effect of the decisions by the Irish Land Commission, from the 25th of May to the 21st of August 1887." Having reduced within such narrow limits the field in which my offences must be supposed to lie, I can now at once point out the simple nature of the misconception which has led his Grace to discover so many un-

desirable qualities in my former article. My critic, if I understand him aright, assumes that these six cases were given by me as the results, not only of "decisions by the Irish Land Commission," as I stated, but also of decisions given by Sub-Commissions, to which in these two paragraphs I did not allude. Why he should have made this assumption I do not know. True, he isolates the passage from all which precedes and follows it. So isolated it may conceivably be made to bear the meaning imposed upon it by him. He does not, however, explain the grounds upon which an author is to be held responsible for the consequences of so original a proceeding on the part of his reader. He laments my "singular ill-luck" in overlooking so many tables setting forth "the results of the operations since 1881 of the different modes of procedure recognized by the Land Act of that year." Had he turned back but one page, he would have seen that I had not been so unfortunate as he supposed. I there refer to the tables giving these results for the year ending August 1887 in these terms:—"Cases tried by Sub-Commissions (Table III.). . . . Those tried by the Irish Land Commission (Table V.) and by Civil Bill Courts (Table IX.). . . . agreements lodged with the Land Commission (Table XI.) and with Civil Bill Courts (Table XIII.)" I make my critic a present of the two tables giving the reductions effected by arbitration. There were in that year four such cases in the whole of Ireland. A little lower down on the same page I referred to the corresponding tables "for the six years ending August 1887," as follows—"percentage of reduction . . . . in decisions given by the Sub-Commissions, 20·1; by Civil Bill Courts, 21·2; in agreements lodged with those Courts, 16·9; and in those lodged with the Land Commission, 16·6; while in the period from May 1883 to August 1887 (the longest in this case shown in the Report) the reductions fixed by the Land Commission average so little as 11·6 per cent." I may regret, but I cannot deny, that my treatment of these tables affords but dull reading. Had I here been so fortunate as to arrest his Grace's attention he would have seen, on reaching it, that the sentence—"The table showing this increase in the rents fixed in Co. Fermanagh is that which exhibits the effect of the decisions by the Irish Land Commission from the 25th May 1883 to the 21st of August 1887"—constituted nothing more than a reference to the last table mentioned in the above passage—a passage in which I had carefully distinguished between these cases and those tried by Sub-Commissions or by Civil Bill Courts. The other expression blamed by Dr. Walsh, "The decisions of the Land Commission show," and this is the last of the four offending lines, gives in like manner an adequate reference to the corresponding table for the one year ending in August 1887, the "Table V." mentioned in the first of the two passages I have just quoted.

I need not follow my critic's elaborate proof that many more rents are fixed by Sub-Commissions than by the Land Commission. If this were not sufficiently obvious from the nature of the case (there being several Sub-Commissions almost exclusively engaged upon this duty, as against the Land Commission, consisting of only three members, and responsible for nearly all the operations of the Land Act),\* it at any rate appears plainly enough from the very statements which Dr. Walsh has selected for censure. The words, "the average increase upon thirteen cases decided during that time (four years) in Kildare has been 9 per cent.," afford as clear an indication of their exceptional character as any reader could require, provided, of course, that he had noticed on the two preceding pages three totals which, added together, give 183,797† as the number of rents fixed in Ireland by the five methods there distinguished and enumerated. Even from my brief and incidental notice of these decisions in Fermanagh, Meath, and Kildare, it can be seen that added together they amount to but forty-three cases in all during four years. If, then, any of my readers have supposed that in Kildare, Queen's County, and Leinster during one year out of these four, they were possibly far more numerous, I cannot see that they are entitled to pity, nor is it easy to conceive of any method of exposition by which such a faculty for misconception could be guarded against.

I have purposely retained the description, adopted in my former article, of the ~~decisions entered~~ in Tables V. and VI. For I wish to point out that the argument, there employed, is in no way affected by the differences in the various methods of procedure under the Land Act. It would neither gain nor lose had I merely given the numbers of judicial rents recorded and the averages of reduction, omitting any definition of the tribunals by which they are fixed. In speaking of rents fixed by the Irish Land Commission my only concern was to facilitate reference to the Report.

Returning for the last time to the charge of "inaccuracy," I venture to say that the simple and safe system, which I followed, of giving to the various tribunals the names which they bear in the Report is secure from any attack upon that score. It compares, in my opinion, very favourably with my critic's practice of invariably substituting for "cases in which judicial rents have been fixed by Sub-Commissions" (*cf.* the headings of Tables III. and IV. in the Report)—an

\* Sub-Commissions also inspect, and fix rents on, the sites for labourers' cottages; this, however, occupies but a very small portion of their time. The Commission decides the order in which cases shall be heard in different counties, supervises the work of the Sub-Commissions, the administration of the Church Fund, the collection of tithe rent-charge and fixed annual instalments, and, since last year, the collection of statistics of prices and the alteration of judicial rents, the hearing of appeals and legal motions, &c. &c.

† The total, 183,820, given by Dr. Walsh, is obtained by adding to the above figure the twenty-three cases which have been decided by arbitration since the passing of the Land Act.

expression of his own coining—viz., cases . . . in which judicial rents were fixed by the ordinary procedure of the Irish Land Commission.” Having in this way abandoned the distinguishing names of the head and subordinate tribunals, merging the operations of the Sub-Commissions in those of the Land Commission, Dr. Walsh then seeks to re-establish the distinction he has himself abolished by denying the use of the term “decisions” in the case of judicial rents fixed by the latter. No countenance for such a proceeding can be found in the headings of the tables in the Report. Judicial rents, according to these headings, are in Tables III. and IV. “fixed by Sub-Commissions,” in Tables V. and VI. they are “fixed by the Irish Land Commission,” and in Tables IX. and X. they are “fixed by Civil Bill Courts.” These are the titles which, throughout my former article, I slavishly copied. A charge of pedantry would, I imagine, have been more easily sustained than that of inaccuracy, which my critic has preferred. It is, to be sure, a small point (for it nowhere touches the main issue, and only affects the facility of reference), but I submit that, in referring to the Report, confusion is less likely to arise from speaking of *decisions* by Sub-Commissions and *decisions* by the Land Commission than from re-naming the operations of the first “the ordinary” and of the second “the exceptional” procedure of the latter. The confusion, indeed, of the tribunals, with which Dr. Walsh practically charges me, never arises until he introduces this new nomenclature. He blames me, for instance, in speaking of rents fixed by the Land Commission, for omitting the words “upon the reports of valuers appointed upon the application of landlords and tenants.” The table under this heading is, according to him, “not of all the cases in which rents have been fixed by the Land Commission.” But here, owing to the confusion created by re-naming the tables, he is inaccurate, for, setting on one side the question, wholly alien to this discussion, of appeals, the only judicial rents fixed by the Land Commission are those fixed upon the reports of Court valuers. The insertion or omission of these words is, in fact, absolutely immaterial in any paper which, by keeping invariably to the titles given in the Report, distinguishes in every case between the decisions of the Sub-Commissions and those of the Land Commission. The same may be said of a general or restricted use of the term “decisions.” The judicial rents “fixed by the Irish Land Commission” are, it is true, assessed by Court valuers. But the three Commissioners appoint these valuers. The appointment of Sub-Commissioners, on the other hand, rests solely with the Lord-Lieutenant, so that a very real and not a verbal distinction exists between the relations of Court valuers and of Sub-Commissioners to the Head Commission. The Commission, again, can set the award of its valuers aside, if it can be shown that there has been any carelessness on the part of the latter

in arriving at the result. Under those circumstances, I am content to leave the technical propriety of my use of the term "decisions" as a pleasing exercise for the ingenuity of the curious. It is a theme calculated to produce a discussion comparable, in length and lack of profit, only to that of Pericles and Protagoras, who, we are told,\* "disputed for a whole day in the case of a fatal accident at an athletic contest, whether the dart which inflicted the wound, or the thrower, or the arrangers of the contest, were truly the *cause* of the accident."

This completes my justification of every word in the two paragraphs chosen from among so many. I have shown that the matter contained in them was not inaccurate, and, I think, that it need never have been misleading. In conducting their defence, without following Dr. Walsh throughout the length of his attack, I have, I fear, sacrificed to brevity whatever possibilities of entertainment may exist in so dry a subject. For it cannot be denied that an element of humour creeps in, as my critic, developing by degrees into my censor, assumes in addition the solemn office of "cicerone" to an ingenuous public, whom he gravely introduces to table after table, a large majority of which are given more minutely in my article than in his own.

I find myself obliged to add a word as to the intention of the selected passage, its position and its importance in relation to the rest of my paper, for these two have been entirely misunderstood and misrepresented by Dr. Walsh. By ignoring the whole of my argument, and raising a discussion upon an expression, which in no way influences its cogency, he has successfully eluded the matter at issue between Mr. Davitt and myself. Briefly, it was this: Mr. Davitt, in the April number of this REVIEW, made an attack upon the morality of Irish landlords. "The Land Courts . . . and the County Courts, . . ." according to him, "have proved beyond all question that the landlords of Ireland have pushed their legal powers far beyond the limits of moral sanction." In so far as he supported this contention from the reports of the Land Commissioners, he put forward (1) a single average in these terms:—"The report of the Land Commission tells us that the reduction of cases tried by the Commission amounts to 31 per cent.;" and (2) some selected instances of reductions granted upon particular estates, and in some cases upon particular farms. Briefly noticing the assumption implied in Mr. Davitt's argument—viz., that reductions prove the former rent to have been excessive in former years (an assumption obviously difficult to prove, and one, so far as I know, of which the proof has not yet been attempted), I opposed to Mr. Davitt's single average (1) a detailed account of ten averages of reduction obtained by five operations under the Land Act, for the one year, and for the six years ending August 1887; (2) to Mr. Davitt's second batch of statistics I attached, and I think rightly, very little

\* Professor J. P. Mahaffy's "Social Life in Greece."

importance. To show the absurdity of arguing from a few reductions upon a few estates, referred to by the writer as "the worst cases of rack-renting," I instanced the increased judicial rents in Fermanagh, and parodied the use to which Mr. Davitt had put facts of an equally limited magnitude. I then incidentally mentioned that five other somewhat similar decisions had been recorded in the same table, and in the corresponding table for one year. It is on account of this short ironical passage, and the few incidental remarks added, that the Archbishop of Dublin arraigns as a whole a paper which, in addition to the above contention, dealt at equal length with other subjects, exposing in one place Mr. Davitt's grossly inaccurate statement of the statistics of emigration, and in another the ludicrous inadequacy of the figures by which he attempted to connect agrarian outrages with evictions. I cannot imagine how it was that his Grace came to suppose that such a passage contained some "of the more important statements" in my paper, nor can I guess what may have led him to speak of the statistics in it as selected "for the purposes" of my "comments." Had he carried his eye for one line beyond the limit to which he so jealously clings, he would have seen that the only comment was a short one and to this effect—"I am unfortunately debarred from attaching much importance to selected cases." It would, indeed, have been difficult to touch more lightly upon the exceptional cases in which operations under the Land Act have given rise to an increase of rent. I might have put them to another and a perfectly legitimate use. So long as Mr. Davitt and others persist in overstating their case, the production of facts which cannot be reconciled with their sweeping assertions will furnish their opponents with an ample refutation. The one white crow, dear to logicians, when found, will disprove the general proposition that all crows are black. A refutation of this kind is idle, not because it is inadequate, but because it sheds no more light upon the subject under discussion than the shallow contention against which it is used. The reductions of 40 per cent. on the estates of a few landlords, named in some instances by Mr. Davitt, and the cases of increase in several counties given by me, are but, so to speak, the giants and the dwarfs which the doctrine of averages teaches us to expect in every large collection of statistics. Whether it is preferable to name individuals or counties is a mere question of taste. The essential difference in the uses to which the cases at each extreme have been put lies in this: that, while Mr. Davitt preferred to rely upon the extreme cases which told in his favour rather than upon the mean results of the Land Act, the extreme cases of an opposite complexion were only adduced by me to show the folly of such a proceeding, and to divert the attention of the public from narrower considerations to the broad issues which my opponent affected to despise. I sought to emphasize such prominent and truly important features of the position as the following:—The

Sub-Commissions, towards whose decisions both Mr. Davitt and Dr. Walsh lean in kindness, have up to August 1887 fixed 84,158 judicial rents, giving an average reduction of 20·1 per cent. The agreements lodged with the Land Commission in the same time have numbered 84,672, showing an average reduction of 16·6 per cent. These two classes added together form the bulk of all the results of the Land Act. The general outcome of that exceptional legislation has, in fact, been to produce a reduction of rent in no wide degree dissimilar from that with which we are familiar in many districts of this country. In England this falling off in the value of land is attributed to a plurality of causes : to the fall of prices, to foreign competition, to a scarcity of gold or a plethora of silver. In Ireland it is attributed to one cause : to the inhuman exactions of Irish landlords in the past. It is notoriously difficult to discover a causal relation between diverse sociological facts. I shrink, therefore, from pronouncing a definite opinion. I must, however, confess that the English hypothesis wears, in my eyes, the greater air of probability.

Although convinced that Dr. Walsh's charges cannot, in common fairness, be advanced against my former article, I do not deceive myself with the hope that they are powerless to injure its writer. Charges, to which an eminent man has lent the authority of his name, are estimated for the most part in the light of his reputation, and are not so much as examined by the many to discover if they have even a vestige of foundation in fact. But another effect may also be anticipated from the new departure of the Archbishop of Dublin. His name will undoubtedly procure for this controversy a large measure of public attention. And if this should lead to the consideration of the broad issues briefly indicated above, I shall cheerfully accept any private loss which may be bound up with an event so favourable to the ultimate triumph of the truth.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

## THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S DIARY.

**I**F to the German nation the Emperor Frederick was "Unser Fritz," he held and holds a scarcely less close place in our English heart. We loved, admired, and honoured the noble, steadfast man, who had come to be regarded among us as hardly a foreigner. We knew him for the loyal husband of a lady deservedly very dear to us, as not less loved by our Sovereign than one of her own sons, as a true and staunch friend of England. We took pride in his career as a warrior, but we loved him all the better for that, conqueror though he was on many a stricken field, he yet detested war with all his great, tender heart. Among our cherished memories of him are his opposition to the bombardment of Paris and his steadfast advocacy of the introduction into the beleaguered city of medical comforts for the sick and wounded. To a free people his enlightened and liberal sentiments and aspirations, known although undemonstrative—for his life as Crown Prince was one of severe and constant self-restraint—specially commended him. Throughout the Jubilee celebration of last year every eye centered with affectionate admiration on the dumb majestic figure, stateliest beyond compare, in the towering helmet, the flashing mail, the white uniform. Since the Prince of Wales lay wrestling with death at Sandringham sixteen years ago, the nation has hung on no news from a sick room with solicitude so keen as on the strange, perplexing tidings from San Remo that alternately depressed and elevated us. Then came the brief delusive Indian summer of an apparent measure of health and strength, when the new Kaiser conquered death for a few short weeks, that he might give earnest to the world of his vigorous yet enlightened kingcraft.

Scarcely had we doffed our mourning for the dead, and while our sorrow for the premature ending of a life which had promised so much



was yet fresh, when there appeared in a German periodical the extraordinary document purporting to be a series of extracts from the diary kept by the late Emperor Frederick during the Franco-German War of 1870-71. The authenticity of the extracts, we were told by the newspaper correspondents, was promptly credited by the German public with all but entire unanimity. The ready acceptance of the diary followed here in England as a matter of course. It is not too much to say that it was received with acclamation. It was taken for the crowning-stone on the cairn of the dead Emperor. Passages and expressions were recognized in it with hearty welcome, fragrant of the beautiful nature of the man as the nation had pictured him to itself. From the pen now for ever silent drops one day a pearl of paternal love; on another it records a glowing aspiration for the liberal development of Germany following on blessed peace. It scintillates on another day a flash of "the stern rapture of the fray," tells with a glow of pride of German valour, and sorrows over the wounded, friend and foe alike. It is Frederick to the life to note amidst the battle-turmoil, the pathos of "General Douai's little dog nestling up to his master's dead body;" not less is it Frederick to the life, the chivalrous compliment, with the soldierly rebuke interfused, to the despondent French officer, one of the prisoners of Wörth: "Ah, Monseigneur, what a defeat, what a catastrophe—we have lost everything!" "You have no right to say you have lost everything: you have fought like brave men, and so you have not lost your honour." It is Frederick to the life, again, who remembers, in the heat and bustle of war, the anniversary of his betrothal-day at Balmoral fifteen years before. It is our modern King Arthur, it is the finest gentleman in Europe in the highest sense of the term, who with gracious tact enters into conversation with poor forlorn Reille, standing out there among the stubbles, while the answer is being prepared which he is to take back into Sedan; who, on the following day, prevails on the King to give Napoleon his interview at the Château Bellevue, instead of subjecting the broken man to the humiliation of coming to the conqueror's feet through the masses of curious soldiery. The diary is interspersed with passages which reveal to us the innermost nature of a man greater than the closest students of his character had realized. How fine is this: "My task and my wife's has now become doubly arduous" (the Empire having been consummated); "but I hail it all the more as I quail before no difficulties, and as I am full conscious that I do not want for steady courage fearlessly and perseveringly to face the work that awaits me." The ceremony in the *Galerie des Glaces* stirs his soul to its depth. He had sobbed as he knelt and kissed the hand of his father and his Kaiser; his pen is in his hand ere his pulses are calm again: "The long-deferred hopes of our forefathers, the dreams of German poets are fulfilled:

freed from the dross of the 'Holy Roman' *flasco*, there now emerges from the long night, under the old name and the old emblems of ten centuries, an Empire reformed in head and limbs."

But this diary has produced infinitely greater results than the illustration of Emperor Frederick's character in its phases of tenderness, generosity, and devotion to duty. It has startled the world by creating the impression that, to put it bluntly, Frederick was the inventor of the German Empire. It had been the universal conviction that Bismarck was the planner, compeller, and negotiator of the German unity, and of that *Kaiserthum* to which the achievement of German unity was the immediated vestibule. To quote a *Times* leader:—

"It (the diary) radically modifies all our notions upon the genesis of the German Empire. The world has been accustomed to regard the German Chancellor as the engineer of German unity. His plan, we were taught, conceived the great idea, and his will carried it into execution. But according to the diary, it was the Crown Prince in whose mind the Imperial idea took form. It was the modest, retiring Crown Prince, whom everybody has chosen to take more in the light of a frank gentleman and brave soldier than in any other, who urged this colossal stroke of statesmanship upon the reluctant King and his Minister."

Just as people chose to take the Prince in the lesser light than was his due, the world, for the language of the *Times* is certainly the impression of the many, chooses to ascribe to him a far more important part than anything in the published diary warrants. Later I shall attempt to trace the inception and growth of the Imperial idea; but for the present I shall confine myself to a few extracts from the diary, to prove that nowhere in it does Frederick affect to claim the credit of having originated "this colossal stroke of statesmanship."

Diary, 3rd Sept. (first allusion to Imperial topic)—"The Imperial idea scarcely touched on as yet. Noticed that he (Bismarck) is favourable to it only on certain conditions. He cautioned me not to be in a hurry, although I am convinced it must come to this." No suggestion in this, surely, of the springing on Bismarck of a momentous novelty, but the simple comment that the project of the Empire had scarcely entered the regions of "practical politics."

Sept. 30th—"I address his Majesty on the Kaiser question, which is now being broached. He thinks there is no prospect of it," and refers to the remark of a Berlin professor, "that in Germany for the future there can be but a King of Prussia, Herzog of Germany. Against this I urge that the three kings (of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony) compel us to express our supremacy by the title of Kaiser. At last his opposition grows weaker." No suggestion of initiative here; the question is admittedly already under discussion, having become so because of the commencement of negotiations for confederation with the Southern States. As for the King's opposition, through his long life his attitude was always that of diplomatic opposition. Having his

hand apparently forced was his greatest luxury. His opposition to anything he had a mind for invariably "grew weaker," and ultimately disappeared.

Oct. 9th—"Bismarck considering the Kaiser question; tells me that it was a mistake on his part in 1866 not to have then treated the question with greater consideration." The words in the italics of themselves are subversive of the notion that the Imperial idea originated with the Prince.

If Frederick's interposition contributed at all toward the Empire, its utmost effect was toward the quickening up of the consummation. Bismarck was sapping up to it by successive parallels, giving South Germany, in his own language, "time to cool down," between the steps. The last parallel was open from mid-September to the 23rd of November, when the Convention of Confederation was signed. While the negotiations thus culminating were well advanced, the Imperial project was "broached," and was debated and virtually settled concurrently. Bismarck in September may have been inclined to let the former end well before the latter should be mooted; may have thought the dove of peace an auspicious harbinger of the new régime; and the Prince's urgency may have accelerated his pace. But again, Bismarck is just the kind of man to have been negotiating for the *Kaiserthum*, while telling the Crown Prince, as he virtually did on the 24th of November, not to concern himself with what was not his business.

I have been writing hitherto on the assumption that the *Itundschau's* publication is the veritable diary of the dead Emperor. It seems to me that the more closely its text is studied the stronger is the assurance that no alternative is admissible. No *via media* in hypothesis appears practicable. Examine critically the style, sentence by sentence, entry after entry. No trace of patchwork can be detected. The most skilful literary craftsman could not have been deft enough to fit in his interpolations so dexterously that every joint should be undiscernible. A strange pen, however expert in style-catching, could not fail to betray itself. But there is no trace of interpolation, not the shadow of a shade of diversity in style. The diary is one man's work. And the indications are strong that it is wholly the work of a man writing from day to day. The composition gives no sign of subsequent "writing up."

Bismarck pronounces the diary, in its published form, to be "spurious," and he sets out, rather confusedly, sundry statements which he seems to regard as conclusive evidence. Some of those statements consist simply of contradictions on his part—of averments contained in the diary—unsupported by any proof, direct or collateral. As regards those statements then, it is simply Bismarck's word against the word of the writer of the diary—and the latter the world believes

to have been the Crown Prince. When, however, Bismarck impugns the authorship of the diary because of the "many mistakes of fact and time" which he alleges it to contain, there are the means of testing the weight of this specific aspersion. He speaks of "many" such "mistakes," but cites only three, which I shall notice in their order.

"Mistake" Number 1.—Bismarck writes:—

"At the very beginning it is said that, on the 13th of July 1870, I looked upon peace as secured, and therefore meant to return to Varzin; while it is a fact, which can be proved by documentary evidence, that his Royal Highness already knew that I regarded war as necessary, and my resolution was only to retire to Varzin after resigning my office if war should be shunned; and his Royal Highness was at one with me about this, as appears from the alleged entry (in the diary) of the 15th July."

A brief summary of the course of events about the dates involved must be borne with. For some days before the 12th of July, Benedetti, the French Ambassador, had been badgering King William, who was taking the waters at Ems, on the subject of the Hohenzollern candidature. The situation had been extremely ominous. The King had telegraphed for Bismarck to come to him from Varzin. Bismarck reached Berlin (*en route* for Ems) on the evening of the 12th, "where"—I quote from Busch (Bismarck's semi-official biographer)—"he found the telegraphic announcement (transmitted by the French Ambassador in Paris) that Prince Leopold had withdrawn his candidature." Europe for a few hours breathed freely again. Taking his early walk on the promenade of Ems on the morning of the 13th, Wilhelm began a momentous conversation with Benedetti by the remark that he supposed the matter was now satisfactorily settled. Bismarck, instead of going on to Ems himself, sent Eulenburg, the Home Minister, and it was certainly the impression in Berlin at the moment, and was telegraphed to this country, that he deemed the trouble over, and was going home. Mr. Lowe, in his painstaking biography of the Chancellor, published so late as 1885, writes thus: "Both he (Bismarck) and Moltke prepared to return to the country; and Prince Adelbert, commanding the German Squadron, whose outward-bound course had been arrested at Portsmouth, was telegraphed to that he might now at last proceed on his cruise." It is certain that, if Bismarck had any such intention, it could not have lasted longer than the morning of the 13th, when he received Werther's telegram from Paris reciting Gramont's impossible demand; but it does not follow that Bismarck may not have continued to express rural intentions; for Werther's was a private communication, and the Crown Prince "stood outside the sphere of political negotiations, and was therefore liable to be incompletely or inaccurately informed about many incidents." Again, the entry in the diary of July 15—"Bismarck's views on the state of our relations with France enable me now to perceive that any

yielding on our part for the sake of peace was already impossible"—does not very clearly prove, as Bismarck cites it as doing, that the Prince previously to the 15th knew that on the 13th he (Bismarck) already regarded war as necessary.

"Mistake" No. 2.—That the diary errs in stating that the King had not much objection to immediate mobilization. This is a question merely of degree and quantity. Probably Bismarck is in the right, for it is a good distance from Brandenburg to Berlin, and his Majesty would have the longer gratification of that special foible of his—indulgence in a fine old crusted opposition the character of which Bismarck understood perfectly well.

"Mistake" No. 3.—The statement in the diary that on the afternoon of Sedan the King dictated to Count Hatzfeldt the draft of his reply to the letter of Napoleon. "The Crown Prince," writes Bismarck, "was standing by when the King ordered *me* to draft the answer; and this rough draft was read out to the King for his Majesty's approval." Bismarck certainly ought to know; yet Busch has yet another version. Busch was Bismarck's Boswell, and was "standing by" too. Says Busch: "The Crown Prince, Moltke, and the Coburg Highness talked with him (General Reille, the bearer of Napoleon's letter), whilst the King conferred with the Chancellor, who then commissioned Hatzfeldt to sketch an answer to the Imperial letter." Here, then, are three different versions of the same little episode—another illustration how difficult it is to write history. Count Hatzfeldt, as like as not, might contribute a fourth.

The petty slips or discrepancies on which Bismarck leans so heavily, as well as others which it is not worth while to notice, make for the authenticity of the diary rather than for its spuriousness; and make, too, against the theory that it was written up at leisure. A writer up, whether he were Frederick himself, or, to take Bismarck's expression, "some one in his *entourage*," would naturally have made away with such obvious weapons for the adverse commentator, at the trivial cost of half an hour spent in consulting references. But the little mistakes stand in evidence that the world has the diary just as the curt notes went down in its pages in honest, if occasionally, erroneous record of the passing day. Such trifles are not to shake our credence in the genuineness of this remarkable diary. The strain on that belief becomes severe only when we read the record of that strange and painful conversation with Bismarck of November 14, in which the Crown Prince discloses attributes in strong and sombre contrast to any hitherto ascribed to him. What! Is it our ideal *preux chevalier*, who in hard cold words urges harsh measures to compel under the Imperial yoke reluctant peoples whose troops have aided in carrying him from victory to victory, troops whose battle shout is still ringing in his ears, troops whose blood shed for the common Fatherland is

scarce yet dry on the slopes of Wörth or the water-meadows below Bazeilles! But Frederick, liberal as were his aspirations, German as were his longings, was a Prussian of the Prussians, a people in whose nature is embedded a stratum of hard masterfulness. And he was a Hohenzollern—scion of a race always successful in conquering sentiment, with less or greater effort, and on less or greater occasion. Notwithstanding his consciousness that he “represented the future,” it was no personal ambition that stirred Frederick to the advocacy of duress; he was simply at a white heat for the German Empire, and could not wait.

It is intelligible enough why Bismarck should diplomatically denounce the “alleged diary” as spurious; but it is not just on his part that he should strain its terms to support his position. He characterizes as a calumny on the dead Prince “the assertion of the diary that his Royal Highness could have thought of *employing force* against our allies (the South German States), and of thus breaking the treaties that had been faithfully kept by them.” But the diary does not bear out the strong expression I have placed in italics. Here is its language: “Bismarck asks . . . whether I wish the South Germans to be threatened. I reply, *Ja wohl*, there would be no danger in doing that; let us act firmly and imperiously, and you will see I was right in asserting that you have not yet the consciousness of your power.” The counsel was bad counsel: it was not the counsel that should have emanated from a well-wisher of German unity of the right kind, and of a German empire truly based. But it did not go the length of approval of “employing force;” indeed, the necessity for the use of force was specifically argued against by the Prince. The advice urged but the moral pressure of North Germany’s cold shoulder, and the consequent isolation of the Southern States. And when Bismarck airs his righteous wrath against the infraction of treaties, it may be germane to recall the fact that it was a threat of that identical nature whereby he brought South Germany to accept the Customs and Military Conventions of 1867.

Taking, then, the late Emperor, and none other, to have been the author of the diary, which for my own part I confess to do not without reluctance, spite of the fine traits which it discloses, and holding also that he added no subsequent touches, but that we have it just as he dashed it down night after night, there remains the problem—by what devices has it become public property? It must surely, in the nature of things, have been among the most private of Frederick’s private papers, to be seen of no man for the most obvious reasons. The idea that he could have connived at its posthumous publication is naturally to be rejected with contempt. If Frederick did not love Bismarck—and it is pretty clear there was no love lost between them—Frederick was a man of honour and

courage; not the poltroon who would shoot a blunt Parthian arrow from behind the cover of his own gravestone. Frederick was a patriot, and would have scouted the base suggestion that, in subserving any petty personal vanity, he could throw from the tomb an apple of discord into the contented anity of united Germany. Frederick was chivalrous and humane: he would have spared the memory of a broken man, and the feelings of a lone sorrowing woman, remembering that he had eaten the salt of the Tuileries. Frederick died the head of that great realm of which Roon was one of the makers: if he had jotted down the good Roon's fashion of "shoulder-shrugging and spitting," it was not in his nature deliberately to promulgate the sneer. It follows with equal stringency that Frederick could not have given opportunities for his diary to be copied, far less have disseminated it among his intimate friends. For, although frank and trustful, he was not precisely childlike and bland; he must have been aware how weak and prone to temptation is fallen humanity, even of the German species. Risks may be taken by the discreetest of men for adequate ends; but in disseminating this narrative, however confidentially, the risks were there, with no object to be gained conceivable to influence a man constituted as was Frederick. Suppose him to have been free in gossip with "his *entourage*," one need not read the diary critically to be convinced that it never could have been constructed out of narrated reminiscences. The conclusion, then, at which I finally arrive is that it must have been stolen, or have been copied surreptitiously, in the confusion and relaxation in wonted vigilance of Frederick's long illness, or possibly after his death. There is a story of private papers left behind in a drawer at San Remo, which, if true, would indicate some such lapse of vigilance.

I remember to have read somewhere that "the egg from which was hatched the German Empire was laid on the battle-field of Sadowna." But the Imperial idea had "taken form" long before that stubborn combat was fought. In 1818, the year of revolution, the first German Parliament met at Frankfort-on-the-Main, the ancient electoral and coronation city of the German Emperors. It had but a short life, and soon "melted into insignificance, anarchy, and air;" but while yet in its brief span of feverish vigour, it elected Frederick William IV. of Prussia to the hereditary dignity of Emperor of the Germans. A deputation went to Berlin to tender to that sovereign the Imperial Crown, headed by the self-same Herr Simson, who twenty-one years later was the spokesman of the Reichstag deputation, which in the Préfecture of Versailles prayed Wilhelm "to consecrate the work of unification by accepting the Imperial Crown of Germany." Frederick William declined the dangerous honour, fearing those revolutionary Greeks, and the gifts they brought: as he wrote to Bunsen, "We

accept or refuse only what *can* be offered, but they have absolutely nothing to offer." A tender from his fellow princes he would have considered favourably: "it is with my peers I must settle such an affair." The mortified deputation betook themselves to the palace of the Prince of Prussia—the title then borne by him who later came to be Kaiser Wilhelm. There they were received with the greatest cordiality. A cautious man, the Prince did not compromise himself; after explaining that the King's refusal was neither absolute nor final, but that he would not accept the German Crown without the assent of the German sovereigns, Wilhelm left them to the further consolations his Princess was not chary of tendering.

Thus early, then, had the Imperial idea taken form. Was the Empire practicable then, if Frederick Wilhelm had hardened his heart to accept the tender made him by the deputation from Frankfort? Gossiping at Versailles, in 1870, Bismarck said: "At that time things looked well for a while for a union of Germany under Prussia. The little Princes were mostly powerless and in despair. If only they could have had a good deal of property secured to themselves—domains, appanages, &c.—most of them would willingly have consented to everything else. The Austrians had their hands full with Hungary and Italy. The Emperor Nicholas would at that time have made no protest. If before May 1849 we had put our backs into it, been decided, and settled up with the minor Princes, we might have had the South. . . . But time was lost through delays and half measures, and the opportunity was gone." The opportunity might have come in other fashion if the Frankfort assembly had been temperate. If that body had but acted on the wise Welcker's good counsel, if the violence of the revolutionist element in that body had not alienated the support of men who discriminated between licence and liberty, the great work might have been accomplished while the man, who twenty-one years later was to be the first German Emperor, was living in his quiet Babelsberg seclusion.

Bismarck, in contradiction of a passage in the diary, asserts that "the Crown Prince never entertained the idea that the Empire would have been possible or profitable in 1866;" but he does not and cannot aver that the Kaiser question was not freely spoken of in the Royal *entourage* and elsewhere as the immediate result of Sadowa. From the date of that triumph till its final solution at Versailles, it may truly be said to have permeated the air of North Germany. The Liberal Press did not hesitate to write of it. The enthusiasts in the Prussian Chambers, in the discussions on the annexation measure, breathed their aspirations for the Empire when they blamed the Government for not having forced the Southern States to become members of the new Confederation. The Empire was in the hearts and on the lips of the ardent Liberals who, in the first session of the



Reichstag, clamoured for the immediate completion of German unity by the union of North and South. The Unionists in the new Customs Parliament of 1868 interrupted the discussions on cotton and tobacco to express their impatience of the shackles which the Treaty of Prague imposed on the realization of their aspirations for complete union and "the consummation of the national destinies." In the early spring of 1870, on their motion for the admission of Baden into the Confederacy, the spokesmen of the pan-German party inveighed vehemently against the policy of delay. Bismarck stood in the path, invoking the Treaty of Prague, the fourth clause of which, stipulating that the Southern States were to "maintain an international independent existence" was the little device of Austria and France to put a spoke in the wheel of German unity. To the enthusiasts of the Prussian Chamber he had pointed out that it was necessary to give South Germany time to cool in her enmity to Prussia, and to reconcile herself to union with the North. To the orators of the Reichstag he explained significantly—Prussia and France were then within hours of war on the Luxemburg question, and on the day he spoke Moltke's finger was actually on the button of the mobilization-bell—that the South for its own safety's sake would come into the Union the moment that the North should engage in war. "No horseman can afford to be always at a gallop" was the figure with which Bismarck met the clamourers of the Customs Parliament. "What hurry is there?" he asked of the Unionists of 1870, when they hinted at the *Kaiserthum*. "Has not the King of Prussia," he continued, "more military authority in Germany than any Emperor had enjoyed for five centuries? Had the old Empire ever possessed a unity of economical policy? We must wait."

But was he waiting in secret, while professing the waiting policy in public? Here is an extract from Edouard Simon's book, "The Emperor William and his Reign," a work containing internal evidence that its author had exceptional inside information:—

"While awaiting the moment of freeing himself from the restrictive clauses of the Treaty of Prague, the King would willingly have accepted the title of Emperor of North Germany. To that effect, some time before the war of 1870, conferences had been opened with the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg. King William only asked them to recognize his Imperial title, promising to adhere strictly, in every other respect, to the Treaties of 1866. The Cabinet of Berlin said that the object of this measure was to consecrate before foreign Powers the unity of Germany, exposed to the hostility of France and the dubious attitude of Austria. . . . But neither the King of Bavaria nor the King of Wurtemberg showed himself inclined to accept the proposal, and, consequently, the negotiations fell to the ground."

"I come now to the Franco-German War-time, the period with which the diary concerns itself. Bismarck had been so far right in his assurance that a war would bring in the Southern States; for now the proposals for union came spontaneously from them. Only the motive was not

the one he had counted on; they were now actuated by a fine healthy hunger for a share of the spoils of victory, for the German armies were in possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the likelihood was growing that the temporary occupation could result in definitive conquest. The negotiations begun at Munich a fortnight after Sedan were presently transferred to Versailles, and, after a considerable amount of haggling, the details of which need not be followed, the Convention with Bavaria was signed on the evening of November 23. On that night, in Madame Jesse's salon in the Rue de Provence of Versailles, not only was German unity accomplished, but the German Empire was achieved. Busch vividly depicts the great moment:—

"About ten o'clock I went to tea, and found Bismarck-Bohlen and Hatzfeldt still there. The Chief was engaged with the Bavarian plenipotentiaries in the salon. After a quarter of an hour or so, he threw open the folding doors, put his head in, looked round kindly, and when he saw that there were several of us, came up to us, and sat down at the table with a glass in his hand. 'Now,' he exclaimed excitedly, 'the Bavarian business is settled, and everything is signed. *We have got our German unity and our German Emperor.*' There was silence for a moment. Then I begged to be allowed to take the pen with which he had signed the document. 'In God's name,' said he, 'take it.' . . . 'Bring us a bottle of champagne,' said the Chief to a servant, 'it is a great occasion.' After musing a little, he remarked: 'The convention has its defects, but it is all the stronger on account of them. I count it the most important thing that we have accomplished during recent years. . . . As for the Emperor, I reconciled them to that during the negotiations, by representing that it would be much pleasanter and easier to concede certain points to the German Emperor than to the neighbouring King of Prussia.'"

The sequel, up to the grand culmination in the *Galerie des Glaces*, was comparative formality.

The unpleasant suspicion cannot but arise that throughout these proceedings the Crown Prince "stood outside the sphere of political negotiations, and was therefore liable to be incompletely or inaccurately informed about many incidents." The Bavarian plenipotentiaries had been in Versailles a month, when he and Bismarck had the remarkable discussion of November 14, in which the Prince advocated the policy of threatening the South. The negotiations must have been well advanced by that time, but no disclosure as to their progress on Bismarck's part is alluded to in the diary. Nor is there a word therein to show that the Prince had timely knowledge of the momentous event which occurred on the evening of the 23rd. He knew indeed on the following morning of the bare fact of the signature of the convention, and there is the curt entry on the 28th, "Holstein has suddenly left." But the first entry in the diary indicating that he knew anything of the great game that was being played out is that of November 30, which runs: "A draft of Bismarck's for the letter of the King of Bavaria about offering His Majesty the Imperial dignity

has been forwarded to Munich." But this entry must seem painfully belated, when it has to be mentioned that Count Holnstein had left for Munich with that document on the 26th, and the Prince had his sparse and tardy information, not from Bismarck, but from the Grand Duke of Baden. One cannot but get the impression that Bismarck throughout, to use an expressive Americanism, "had been playing a lone hand," at least in so far as the Crown Prince was concerned.

The impression is all but universal that Wilhelm throughout was but the figure-head of the ship at the helm of which stood Bismarck, subtle, shrewd, cynical, and unscrupulous. This conception I believe to be utterly wrong. I hold Wilhelm to have been the maker of the United Germany, and the creator of the German Empire; and that the accomplishment of both those objects, the former leading up to the latter, were already quietly in his mind when he succeeded to the throne of Prussia. I believe him to have possessed the shrewdest insight into character. I believe him to have been quite unscrupulous, when once he had crossed the threshold of a line of action. I discern in him this curious, although not very rare, phase of character, that although resolutely bent on a purpose, he was apt to be irresolute and even reluctant, in bringing his will to consent to measures whereby that purpose was to be accomplished. He was that apparent contradiction in terms, a bold hesitator—in the language of the hunting field, a "daring funkler"; he occasionally needed, and knew he needed, to have his hand apparently forced for the achievement of the ends he was most bent upon. Finally, he possessed that quality rare in man—that he thoroughly knew himself. His career exemplifies each and all of these attributes.

He began his reign strongly. He set the crown on his own head at Königsberg, asserting the *jus divinum* in the words, "I receive this crown from God's hand, and from none other." This was his brusque warning to the Liberal majority of his first Parliament: "I can never permit the progressive development of the nation's inner consciousness to question or endanger the rights and power of the Crown." The army was obsolete: Wilhelm knew full well that his aspirations could be accomplished only at the bayonet point; and when still Regent he had energetically set himself to the task of making Prussia the greatest military Power of Europe. He it was who had put into the hands of Prussian soldiers the weapon that won Sadowa. He surrounded himself with officers whose names as warriors Europe was later to know—Manteuffel, Vogel von Falckenstein, Hindersin, his nephew Frederick Charles. With his clear eye for the right man, he had found Moltke, and placed the premier strategist of modern times at the head of the General Staff. Roon was in comparative obscurity, no doubt "shoulder-shrugging and spitting" even then;

Wilhelm picked him out as if by intuition, and assigned to him the work of preparing and carrying out that scheme of army reform which all Europe except Great Britain has copied. And then, constant in the furtherance of his purposes, he invented Bismarck. He had steadily taken note of the man he chose to be his Minister from the big Landwehr lieutenant's first commission to the Frankfort Diet in 1851; probably, indeed, earlier, while Bismarck was as yet among the silentest members of Frederick Wilhelm's "quasi-Parliament." In Bismarck Wilhelm saw the man after his own heart—the complement of himself: arbitrary as he was, unscrupulous as he was, but bolder, and at the same time more wise. Knowing where he himself was lacking, he recognized the man who, when he himself should have the impulse to balk and refuse, was of that hardier nature—"grit" the Americans call it—to take him hard by the head, and cram him over the fence which all the while he had been longing to be on the other side of. Wilhelm had all along completely realized that war with Austria was among the inevitables between him and the accomplishment of his aims, and had accepted it as such when it was yet afar off; but when confronted full with it, his nerve failed him, and Bismarck—engaged among other things for just such an emergency—had to act as the spur to prick the side of his intent. The spur having duly done its work, Wilhelm was himself again: he really enjoyed Königgrätz, and would fain have dictated peace to Austria from the Hofburg of Vienna. He threatened to abdicate rather than return to Berlin without territorial acquisitions, and was anxious to annex to Prussia, not only Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the Elbe-Duchies, but also Saxony and part of Northern Bavaria. In his zeal for promoting German unity at Prussia's bayonet point, he lost his head a little, and on Bismarck—the man of all work—devolved, in the latter's own words, "the ungrateful duty of diluting the wine of victory with the water of moderation." One of the beads on the surface of the former fluid was certainly the Imperial idea. Wilhelm had evinced no reluctance to carry war into the territories of his German neighbours, whether of the North or South; his sole compunction had been in regard to a breach with Austria, and this partly for family reasons, partly from the influence of traditional associations, partly because he was not quite confident in his unproven arms. Reassured on this last score by the Seven Weeks War, he was briskly ready for the further inevitable adventure of a war with France when the right hour should strike. He was eager for the quarrel on the Luxemburg question in the spring of 1867, when the French army was in the chaos of just-begun reconstitution; and when sagacious Moltke calculated, "To-day we have fifty chances in our favour; a year hence we shall have but twenty-five." The deterrent voice of Europe gave him reluctant pause then, but his purpose

did not falter. War with France on the first tangible opportunity was firmly resolved on in the Pavilion Marsan of the Tuileries, when, in May 1867, Wilhelm was Napoleon's guest. Fortune singularly favoured him, for France made him an undeniable opportunity in those July days of 1870. Bismarck, as usual, was equal to the duties of his position. The little half-serious comedy of royal hesitation and its timely conquest was duly enacted, and Wilhelm, with braced nerves, threw himself heart and soul into the war. He was urgent for the bombardment of Paris; burst into a passion with General Hindersin because of the delay in the arrival of siege ammunition, took the matter into his own hand, and set indefatigable Roon to the task of hurrying up the shot and shell. His son's diary depicts with unconscious humour the amusing progress of the "weakening" of Wilhelm's opposition to the Kaisership: it had weakened in good time quite out of the sort of existence it had ever had; and he was ready for the Kaisership before the Kaisership was ready for him. Throughout his long life, he despised the voice of the people. Just as, during the three years of the "conflict time" he had made his army in their very teeth, steadfastly outraged the Constitution, and levied taxes in contempt of rejected budgets; so, when the Reichstag deputation came to Versailles in December 1870, to beg in the nation's name his acceptance of the Imperial dignity, he kept them waiting until he had received, what was in his eyes of infinitely greater consequence than the prayers of peoples—the assent of the South German Kings. And, finally, he so mistrusted the Liberal proclivities of his heir, that throughout his reign he consistently kept that noble-minded and patriotic Prince "outside the sphere of political negotiations."

ARCHIBALD FORBES. \*

## IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

### I.—THE PEOPLE.

**I**F I were asked what it was that made the deepest impression on me during my recent visit to some of the Australian colonies—their immense area, or their great and undeveloped resources, or their “weird” scenery, or their political institutions, or their schools, universities, churches, and public buildings—I should reply at once: None of these things, but the hospitality of the people. And, as I have been requested to give my “Impressions” of Australia, I must begin with the impression which, now that I have been at home again for more than six months, remains the most vivid.

There is no clear promise as yet that Bacon’s vision of an ideal republic, discovered in Australian latitudes, will be realized on Australian soil; for the English race in that new country, like the English race at home, care a great deal for material prosperity, and they cannot say as yet with the Governor of “the House of Strangers” that they maintain a trade with all countries, “not for gold, silver, or jewels; not for silks, not for spices, nor any other commodity of matter, but only for God’s first creature, which was light; to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world.” But one of the virtues attributed to the people of the “New Atlantis” is nobly illustrated by the people of the Australian colonies. The adventurous navigators who visited the mysterious island say, “We found among its inhabitants such a freedom and desire to take strangers, as it were, into their bosoms, as was enough to make us forget all that was dear to us in our own country. . . . We were come into a land of angels, which did appear to us daily and prevent us with comforts which we thought not of, much less expected.”

Even the inhabitants of the “New Atlantis” were not more generous in their treatment of strangers than are our Australian

kinsmen. I dwell on my recollections of Australian hospitality—partly, perhaps, because it is very pleasant to myself to think of the charming homes in which I stayed and the cordial friends I found on the other side of the world; but partly, too, because the English race, under the new conditions of life in Australia—social, economic, and climatic—are rapidly developing new national habits and a new type of national character; and their hospitality, though a virtue which they carried with them from the old country, is showing in the vigour and luxuriance of its growth the quality of the new soil.

As I went out on the invitation of the Congregational Unions of South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales, I knew that I should receive kindness from my own people; but their kindness surpassed all expectation; it was unwearied, considerate, ingenious, and inexhaustible. In some houses my wife and daughter and I stayed for several weeks together, and we were treated with a generosity and affection which could not have been exceeded if we had been the nearest relatives of the family, or if for twenty years we had been rendering them the greatest services. As soon as we had crossed the threshold of our new home, we forgot that we were among strangers whom we had never seen before; it was as if my host and I had been the most intimate of college friends, and had written to each other by every mail since he left England; and as if my wife and her hostess had been at the same school when they were girls, and had maintained a vigorous correspondence ever since; had confided in each other about their “offers” and their engagements; had told each other their troubles when their children had the measles and the whooping-cough; and had shared, though there were twelve thousand miles of sea between them, all the sunshine and storms of life.

In houses where we stayed only a night or only a few hours, there was the same cordiality and ease and frankness, and the same eager earnestness to be hospitable. Those who could do nothing more, met us at railway stations at which we stopped for five or ten minutes on our way to other cities, bringing flowers and fruit, and they succeeded in making us feel that in towns of which we had hardly known the names there were friends who would have been glad to entertain us as long as we chose to stay with them.

But it was not merely from Congregationalists that I received kindness. Methodists of all descriptions, Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, were equally zealous in their endeavours to make my visit agreeable and interesting. I was credited by the newspapers with being a Radical—and a Radical of an advanced and exasperating type; but the most cautious and conservative of politicians were not less cordial than those who share my general political opinions.

Something—perhaps very much—of the unsparing hospitality and

overflowing kindness which it is so pleasant to recall was due to the depth and strength of the love of Australians for the old country. Their affection for England is a passion, and it makes them extraordinarily sensitive to the criticisms of the English press and of the least distinguished of English travellers on Australian achievements, Australian institutions, and Australian manners. It also makes them sensitive to the treatment which colonial affairs and the representatives of the colonies receive from English statesmen. They love us too well not to feel keenly when we judge them hardly or treat them with indifference. They feel a natural resentment when they discover that educated Englishmen, interested in politics, know so little of the condition and resources of their great country—are uncertain whether Ballarat is in Queensland, in New South Wales, or in Victoria; and address their letters to “Melbourne, South Australia.” Their affection for England leads them to endeavours, which have in them an element of pathos, to reproduce under those distant skies the sights and the joys and the customs of “home.” They dine on roast beef and plum-pudding on Christmas Day though the thermometer marks 100° in the shade. They can surround their houses without much trouble with flowers and shrubs and trees having all the grace and splendour of sub-tropical and even tropical vegetation; but they spend hundreds in watering their grounds, because they are resolved, notwithstanding fierce heat and months of drought, to have something to remind them of the velvet softness and living green of our English lawns; and when they show you their gardens they take you away from orange groves and glorious Palms and point with special pride to poor little roots of cowslips and primroses such as grow in English country lanes. And they tell you that, even when the drought is at its worst, the “English Garden” is never permitted to pine for water.

Every Englishman that visits Australia comes from “home.” It does not much matter from what part of England he comes. The nearest of the stars, whatever its real magnitude, is reduced by distance to a point of light; and, at the distance of twelve thousand miles, Birmingham and London, Newcastle and Penzance, the Suffolk village from which one man came thirty years ago, and the Yorkshire town which another man has not seen for more than forty years, seem very near together. All England is “home” to the colonists, and the home affections surround their English guest with an atmosphere of genial warmth. For the moment, he seems to them to be the representative of unforbidden playmates and schoolfellows, of early friends, of old neighbours, of dead kindred; his presence revives a thousand tender memories of long past years. And even to the men and women born in the colonies he is invested with an interest which could not belong to a stranger of another race; they think of him as having shared the life of their parents, and they receive him as though in a remote



country and in a remote time he had been their father's and their mother's friend.

This, however, is only an incomplete account of the matter. For in their treatment of each other, as well as in their treatment of strangers, there is a frank cordiality and a demonstrative kindness which distinguish them from ourselves. If a very eminent man is leaving Euston on a political mission to Lancashire, a crowd may gather to see him off, and another crowd will gather to receive him at Manchester or Liverpool, greatly to the inconvenience of quiet people who are travelling by the same train. But similar courtesies are shown in Australia to men who are not very eminent. With us the crowd meets for purposes of political demonstration; in Melbourne and Adelaide men go to the station for no other purpose than to show their goodwill and friendliness. This is their kindly way. It is one of the slight indications of character and temperament.\*

The same spirit shows itself in their social intercourse. Mr. Froude, describing his experience in Melbourne, says: "Party followed party, and it was English life over again; nothing strange, nothing exotic, nothing new or original, save, perhaps, in greater animation of spirits. The leaves that grow on one branch of an oak are not more like the leaves that grow upon another than the Australian swarm is like the hive it sprang from." I differ from Mr. Froude. The oak has been transplanted. It is rooted in quite a different soil. It has more sunshine. It has almost forgotten the rough winds with which it wrestled in the old winters. The "leaves" of the transplanted tree are beginning to show the effect of the change.

But Mr. Froude saw only one section of Australian society, and the section he saw was that which is kept most "English" by its nearness to the Governor and to Government House. He travelled about Victoria in great splendour: "Mr. Gillies was waiting for us at the station, with Chief Justice Way.†. We were conducted to a superlative carriage, lined with blue satin, with softest sofas, cushions, armchairs, tables to be raised or let down at pleasure. A butler was in attendance in a separate compartment with provision-baskets, wine, fruit, iced water, and all other luxuries and conveniences." Metaphorically, Mr. Froude may be said to have travelled all over the colonies in a "superlative carriage, lined with

\* The Adelaide morning papers contain the names of the first-class passengers travelling by the express leaving Melbourne the previous afternoon and due at Adelaide about eleven o'clock in the morning; they are received by telegraph from the station nearest the boundary-line between the two colonies. This custom facilitates the meeting of friends. The Melbourne and Sydney papers contain similar announcements of persons due in each city by the great inter-colonial night expresses.

† Elsewhere Mr. Froude felicitously describes his fellow-traveller as "the charming and accomplished Mr. Way, Chief Justice of South Australia." The Chief Justice, as I can testify, is not only "charming and accomplished:" he has a positive genius for hospitality. Some of my brightest and pleasantest recollections of South Australia are connected with his beautiful house, "Montefiore."

blue satin," with "a butler in attendance in a separate compartment." He saw Australian society under exceptional conditions—under conditions likely to lessen, if not to efface, the differences which distinguish it from society at home. It was my better fortune to have a more varied experience. I travelled now and then "in a superlative carriage, lined with blue satin," so to speak, with "a butler in attendance in a separate compartment;" but I also travelled in an ordinary first-class carriage, sometimes in a second, sometimes in a plain third, and now and then in a carriage of the country, over what is pleasantly described as a "natural road." Dismissing metaphor, I saw all sorts and conditions of men, and I saw them when they were free to be themselves. In the presence of an eminent man of letters from England like Mr. Froude, people would assume English manners. Australians have a great reverence for literary distinction. The weight of his reputation oppressed them. He noticed that, perhaps, there was "greater animation of spirits" in Victoria than in England; but I venture to think that the "animation"—as he saw it—was a little subdued.

There is probably a difference—a difference very easily accounted for—between people living up-country, on stations and farms, and people living in the towns and cities. I thought that the people from the country whom I saw seemed grave and serious, and that some of them bore the marks of a hard life. But among all descriptions of people living in towns—among merchants, professional men, tradesmen, and working men and working women—I found a much more buoyant temperament than is common at home. They are more light-hearted, surer of themselves, more fearless, more open. This is generally true even of those who were born in England, if they have been in the colonies for twenty or thirty years. The climate, with its brightness and warmth, has found its way into their blood, and begun to modify their character. It is still more true of the young people, the "Australian natives," as they are proud of calling themselves. They have a large and healthy capacity for enjoyment. They do not exhaust the interests of life before they are one-and-twenty. Among the young men and women whom I met I cannot remember any that had the weary, listless, withered look which is too common among young men and young women at home. I think that among all my young Australian friends it would be hard to find one to whom it has ever occurred to ask, "Is life worth living?" With a vigour which we northerners are apt to think can only be disciplined and maintained under our own ungenial skies, they already begin to unite some of the characteristics which belong to races nearer the sun. They are not too shy to say kindly and agreeable things to each other. I have heard more compliments exchanged during an Australian dinner, some of them very felicitously turned, than I hear at a dozen dinners in England—compliments not to

women merely, but to men, gracious words showing the pleasant temper of the speakers, and likely to give pleasure to the persons to whom they were addressed.

In American—perhaps I ought to say New England—society there is also more of this kindly commerce than among ourselves; but between American and Australian courtesies there is a difference. When I was in New England ten years ago I could at times almost imagine that the people I met had stepped out of Miss Austen's novels. Their ways had an old-world charm. They treated each other with a measured and stately politeness. Their manners had the reserve which is an element of their national character. It surprised many of my English friends to hear that I had found the Americans at home a reserved people; but when I made my discovery known to a friend who was editor of a New York paper, he said, after a few moments' hesitation, that he thought I was right. The ordinary American is apt to be very inquisitive about other people's affairs, but he tells you little about his own. He always has himself well in hand.\*

But the Australian is unreserved, and his manners are free and unrestrained. If you really care to know his story he will tell it you. And to me it was one of the delights of Australian travel to hear from all sorts of men about their adventures in the old times when they had to travel through the bush between Melbourne and Ballarat; about their life at the Bendigo diggings when there was the first rush for the gold; about the rough ways of the miners, their courage, endurance, recklessness, and generosity; about the ships that lay in Melbourne harbour for weeks because all the crews had caught the gold fever and gone off to the diggings; about working all night long, night after night, loading waggons in Flinders Street to send off goods to Ballarat; about the troubles in the early settlement of South Australia and the sagacity and energy with which they were met; about the terror created by the bushrangers in the old days in New South Wales. One man, who has since held high political office, told me that on the very day he and his father reached Melbourne he succeeded in landing his own and his father's luggage, as soon as the anchor was down, and earning a few shillings for himself, by jumping down into the barge which was alongside to unload the ship, and asking the "boss" for a job; and he did not leave his work when the luggage he cared most about was on shore; he earned a few more shillings by landing the luggage of other people. Another, who is now a rich man, and who has also held high office, told me that in a few weeks at Ballarat he got gold to

\* I can only speak for New England and for the States which have been formed and largely influenced by emigration from New England. I did not get farther west than Chicago, and even in 1878 Chicago had ceased to be in "the west;" nor farther south than Richmond; and in Richmond I saw nothing of society.

the value of £250 ; sent it home to a brother in England, a barrister, who had the wit to send back the whole amount in cheap jewellery—the last thing in the world that most men would have thought of sending for sale among miners living in shanties and under canvas. But the jewellery was sold at a profit which my friend never ventured to calculate ; with the money it yielded him he bought a piece of land in Melbourne and built three cottages, each of which for a time, when emigrants were streaming into the colony by thousands and could find no roof to shelter them, let for £500 a year. He sold his land and cottages while the demand for houses was still urgent, and now they are letting for 12s. 6d. a week. Story after story was told me without any trace of ostentation or egotism, and simply because I was interested in them.

There are other differences between the typical New Englander and the typical Australian ; and they admit of explanation. The early settlers in New England were men who took life seriously. They were Calvinists at a time when Calvinism was credible, and they lived in the presence of the solemn and august grandeur of their creed. They had the courage to face the sternest and the gloomiest aspects of it. They had been disciplined by the most rigorous forms of Puritanism. The authority of the Eternal had for them a most awful reality. They had been driven into exile because they dared not disobey what they believed to be His will. The shores on which they settled and the early history of their settlements hardened their fibre and tasked all their severer virtues. The soil was not generous ; the climate not more genial than that which they had left behind them. By hard work and thrift they succeeded in making a living ; but for a long time they had no wealth. They were left to themselves. For several generations no strangers settled among them, bringing other beliefs, other traditions, other manners. A definite type of character had time to form itself. The New Englanders became a grave, self-restrained people. Their characteristic qualities are, I think, explained by their history. And New England has exerted a great influence on the middle and western States.

On the other hand, the people who have left these islands for Australia have been people of many varieties of religious faith—members of the Church of England, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians from Scotland and the north of Ireland, Irish Roman Catholics ; and over very few of them has religious faith had that awful supremacy which it held over the Pilgrim Fathers and the men and women who founded the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. They had not suffered the rough but invigorating discipline of persecution. As their religious beliefs varied, their theories of conduct also varied ; and they did not carry with them a common ideal of the moral life to form the basis of the new society. Some of

them went at the impulse of a patriotic desire to contribute to the extension of the empire, and to take their part in shaping the early history of a new nation of English blood; some, I know, went with the hope that they might assist to lay the foundations of the new community in faith and righteousness. But many went merely because they were restless at home, and wanted a freer and more adventurous life; many with the hope of making a great fortune by lucky finds at the gold-fields; and the immense majority because they thought that by industry they could do better for themselves, and for their wives and children, than in England. And even if the settlers had gone out with an ethical ideal as severe as that of the New England Puritans, the conditions of Australian life would probably have relaxed its severity. They found that the summers had a fiercer heat than they had ever known, and that the winters were hardly colder than English springs. For weeks and months together they lived under brilliant skies without a cloud. The soil in many districts almost fulfilled Jerrold's humorous account of it: "Tickle it with a hoe, and it laughs with a harvest." Farmers cropped their land with wheat twenty years in succession, apparently without impoverishing it; and the wheat was the finest in the world. The orchards yielded in abundance luscious fruit. Within a few years men numbered their sheep by thousands and tens of thousands, and the pasture was boundless. Then came the wild excitement of the gold discoveries, and the country was flooded with wealth. Immense fortunes were made, not only by lucky speculators in mines, but by tradesmen who supplied the miners with the necessities and luxuries of life. Petty dealers became great merchants, and their profits were enormous. Fortunes were made in less time than is required at home to establish a new business, and to make it pay a fair interest on the capital invested in it. Individuals had to live a rough life, and sometimes to suffer great hardships. And fortunes were lost easily as well as made easily. The community as a whole, in every one of the colonies, has passed through great vicissitudes. But there has been nothing like the prolonged struggle with difficulties which has left so deep and enduring an impression on the New England character. Notwithstanding occasional and even serious checks, the last fifty years of Australian history—the previous fifty need hardly be counted—have been years of magnificent prosperity.

Such a climate and such a history would, I say, have done something to relax the severest and most rigid ideal of life; and with the Australians the ideal of life was never rigid. Their history and their climate have combined to give them their high spirits, their warmth of temperament, their frank, cordial manners, their freedom from reserve.

They have also a great capacity for enjoyment, and though they

work hard they like to keep ample time for their pleasures. The young ladies—though from the scarcity of servants they do much more household work than young ladies in England—are just as zealous at lawn-tennis. They dance hour after hour, through the hot nights, with an inexhaustible vigour. The young gentlemen are equally ardent and energetic. I was told that when a prosperous Melbourne gentleman builds a large house for himself, one of his first cares is to make sure of having a handsome ball-room. At one of the houses at which I stayed the ball-room was large enough to seat three hundred people—I am no judge of how many couples could dance in it. It was used for all kinds of pleasant purposes. On one or two evenings in the week, while I was there, eight or ten young men, friends of the sons of my host, came in and fenced for a couple of hours, under a fencing-master; and my host himself, when he could get away from the "House," took his foil and fenced with them. Once a week a professor of music came to "conduct" a glee club, consisting of the members of the family and twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood; when the practice was over there were refreshments in the dining-room. In the season there are dances. Occasionally the room is crowded with friends invited to witness amateur theatricals, and sometimes advantage is taken of the popularity of entertainments of this kind to make a charge for tickets, and the proceeds of the sale are given to a charity. Whether there are many houses in which such pleasures as these are provided for the young people of the family and their friends, I do not know; but if a large ball-room is supposed to be of such importance in a large house, private entertainments on a considerable scale must be common. There are, I believe, five theatres in Sydney, five in Melbourne, and there is one, at least, in Adelaide.

Outdoor amusements are also popular with all classes of the community. On bright days—and the days are generally bright—the wonderful beauty of Sydney Harbour is heightened by the white sails of innumerable yachts, and a great regatta draws tens of thousands of spectators. In all the colonies a football match between two famous teams is a public event of the first importance. Cricket is still popular, though it excites less interest than in former years. The young men are keen for all kinds of athletic exercises; and in a climate like that of Australia there are the strongest reasons—moral as well as physical—for maintaining a public sentiment in favour of athletic pursuits. Whether the amount of time that is given to them leaves sufficient opportunity for intellectual culture and for taking interest in public affairs, is a question on which a stranger has no right to form a judgment.

In Victoria the great event of the year is the race for the "Cup" at Melbourne. I happened to be in the city just before it was run.

All the drapers' and milliners' shops were gay with ladies' dresses and bonnets and hats for the "Cup Day." It was plainly a national festival. The course is said to be the finest in the world. The Governor is present as a matter of course; he would no more dare to be absent from the "Cup" than from the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. Governors from other colonies often find that as Cup Day comes near, imperative business requires them to go to Melbourne. I was told that the public schools do not get a holiday on Cup Day, but that—so the rumour runs—the school-keepers are unaccountably and inexcusably negligent of their duties and forget to open the doors. A hundred thousand people witness the great contest—one-tenth of the whole population of the colony. It is as if more than three millions of people met to see the Derby. The behaviour of the great crowd is, I am told, most admirable. There is no drunkenness—no rowdyism. So sacred is the occasion that many of my friends were almost scandalized that I left Melbourne for Sydney a day or two before the race was run; but as I do not go to races at home, I did not care to go to a race in Australia. And it would hardly have done for me to apologize for absence from a meeting of the Congregational Union of New South Wales on the ground that I was staying a few days longer in Melbourne to see the "Cup."

Climate and prosperity have done much to form the characteristic qualities of the Australian people; but much is also due to the fact that the men and women who have gone out from these islands have had more than the average vigour of their countrymen and countrywomen. Australia is a very long way from England; it is separated from us, even now, by a six weeks' voyage; and I met many men who were six months on the sea—some who were nine months—between London and Sydney or Melbourne. Before the gold discoveries hardly any information about Australia had found its way to the great mass of the people at home; and as soon as the first excitement of those discoveries was over the mass of the people heard no more of the country. It has required courage and a sanguine temperament to travel so far to a land so unknown. Some, no doubt, have gone with broken strength, hoping that the kindlier skies would give them a chance of a successful fight against disease, which in England would have been certain to end in death; and some, ruined in reputation and fortune, as well as in health, have been sent by their friends to the other side of the world to conceal the disgrace which they had brought on honourable names. But these have borne an inconsiderable and hardly recognizable proportion to the great mass of the settlers. Australia has enjoyed a kind of natural "protection" against the feeble, the less resolute, and the less effective of our population. It has been settled by men and women with more than the average physical energy, and with a fearless and adventurous spirit. They

were an excellent stock, both physically and morally; and their children inherit their admirable qualities.

A second generation has now grown up to manhood and womanhood; a third is growing. A few years ago a grandfather was an unknown personage; but grandfathers are now not uncommon. There is no sign, as far as I can see, that the race is deteriorating. The "Australian natives" are taller, especially in New South Wales, than their parents; their spirits are higher; they have abounding physical vigour. It is said that the children born and reared in the "bush" are more vigorous than their fathers and mothers; but that the children born and reared in the cities are less vigorous. When I think of the bright, animated young women, and the robust, energetic young men, that I saw in Sydney and in Melbourne, I find it hard to believe that this can be true. If with the young squatters and farmers born in the bush there is a greater pressure of steam on the square inch than with the young barristers, journalists, and merchants born within walking distance from Pitt Street, Sydney, and Collins Street, Melbourne, the young squatters and farmers must be very formidable persons indeed. We Englishmen, at home, can be no match for them.

The time at my command was too limited to allow me to see anything of Queensland or Western Australia. Nor could I see anything of what it would be right to describe as the "bush." What kind of a life people live in "stations" far remote from towns and cities—what influence their loneliness exerts on their character—I learnt only by report. I saw some very interesting men and some very remarkable men who are "squatters," but I did not see them under the conditions of station life; and some of those whom I saw spent much of their time in towns. The type of national character and temperament which I have endeavoured to describe, is that which I found in the cities and smaller towns of South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales, in each of which colonies I was able to stay for several weeks.

But while this is the common type, the people of each colony seemed to me to have their distinctive qualities. Between the Victorian, the South Australian, and the New South Walesman—I do not wonder, by the way, that Sir Henry Parkes endeavoured to give New South Wales another name—there are very appreciable differences. I have speculated about the origin of these differences—probably unsuccessfully. But as I have never seen the subject discussed, I venture to give my theory; perhaps it may provoke some Australian writer whose knowledge of colonial history and the conditions of colonial life is larger than a mere visitor to the colonies can possess, to treat the question more adequately.

The colony which presents to a visitor the most striking and the most strongly marked type of national character is the colony of



Victoria. The explanation is, I think, to be found partly in its exceptional history, and partly in the proportions in which England, Scotland, and Ireland have contributed towards its settlement. The colony may be said to have been created by the great rush for gold in 1851 and the following years. In 1850, the year before the rush began, the population was a little over 76,000; in 1854 it had risen to more than 312,000, of whom 205,000 were males; the net immigration from 1850 to 1860 was nearly 400,000; the immigrants remaining in the colony at the end of the ten years were five times as numerous as the whole population at the beginning of the period.

The men drawn to the diggings were for the most part men of exceptional physical vigour, of courage and daring; indifferent to hardships and careless of danger. They lived a rough, wild life. Only those who were capable of great physical exertion and of great physical endurance were able to stand it for long. Of the rest some broke down; some drifted into other employments; some ultimately settled in other colonies; others returned to England. But the majority of the strong men remained, and they were numerous enough to impress their own character on the colony. When they left the diggings for other employments they carried with them their boldness, their force, their confidence in themselves and their own resources, their vigorous individualism.

But, further, in these days we have learnt to appreciate the immense importance of race; and while the immense majority of the settlers in Australia have been drawn from these islands, they have been drawn in different proportions from the three races which occupy the United Kingdom; and these proportions have varied in different colonies. To quote the percentages of the present population of each of the three colonies that were born in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, would not be very instructive. The important question is, What have been the relative proportions of English, Scotch, and Irish immigrants to the whole number of settlers from the foundation of each colony? For the descendants of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen retain many of the racial characteristics of their parents, and they severally make a definite and distinct contribution to the formation of the dominant national type; but in the population tables they are, of course, all classed together as "born in the colony." I do not happen to know whether there are tables which show the nationalities of the settlers in each colony from its commencement till now; and if they exist, and were accessible, they would be defective for my immediate purpose in one very important particular. Emigrants from Cork and Kerry and Tipperary, and emigrants from Londonderry and Belfast, could not be discriminated from each other; they would all appear in one group under the head of "Ireland." It makes an immense difference, however, to the distinctive temperament and character of a

colony whether the Irish people who have settled in it come from the north of Ireland or from the other parts of the island.

For the explanation of the distinctive qualities of the various colonies, so far as these qualities are the result of differences of race, it is safe, I think, to use the official returns which show the relative strength of two powerful religious denominations. It may be practically assumed that the Roman Catholics are of Irish birth or of Irish descent, that they or their fathers belonged to the west of Ireland, the centre, or the south, and that the Presbyterians or their fathers came either from the north of Ireland or from Scotland. This assumption might, no doubt, be fairly subjected to some qualifications. But it is roughly accurate.

Now, the tables setting out the religious denominations\* of the people in the several colonies, show that in Victoria the Roman Catholics are about 23 per cent. of the population, and the Presbyterians 15 per cent.; I have not thought it necessary to carry out the percentages into decimals. In other words, the Scotch and Irish elements form 38 per cent. This is rather a higher percentage than is found in New South Wales, where they reach 35 per cent.; and a very much higher percentage than is found in South Australia, where they reach only 21 per cent. Victoria has more of Scotch and Irish blood in it than either of the adjacent colonies. But this is not all: the Presbyterians who represent the proportion of the population drawn from Scotland and the north of Ireland are 15 per cent. of the whole population in Victoria, as against 9 per cent. in New South Wales, and only 6 per cent. in South Australia.

The characteristic qualities of the Scottish people—their industry, fortitude, tenacity, courage, thrift and shrewdness—are the admiration, where they are not the terror, of mankind; and in all these qualities their kinsmen in the north of Ireland are their equals, and perhaps their superiors. From this vigorous and formidable race Victoria has drawn a larger proportion of her people than either New South Wales or South Australia.

There was another important factor which contributed to what Mr. Carlyle would have called "the daemonic energy" of Victoria. In early days there were for a time a considerable number of American firms in Melbourne, and the business men of that city learnt to carry on their business in the rapid enterprising American way.

New South Wales has had a very different history. Though now and then the colony has expanded very suddenly—between 1850 and 1860 the excess of immigrants over emigrants was 124,000,† and

\* I have used for convenience the tables which are given for all the Australian Colonies in the Victorian Year-Book for 1885-6. The tables represent the number of persons of each denomination—giving males and females separately—as returned by the census of 1881. Tasmania does not appear. In that colony there was no religious census in that year.

† But during these years Queensland was included in New South Wales.

between 1870 and 1880 the excess was 103,000—its growth has, on the whole, been gradual. And at each of the two periods which I have mentioned, the population of the colony before the sudden increase by immigration was considerable. There were 265,000 people in New South Wales in 1850—more than double the net immigration between 1850 and 1860; and there were close upon 500,000 in 1870—nearly five times the net immigration between 1870 and 1880. There has been no sudden influx of immigrants of a particular class, in numbers so large in proportion to the population already in the country as to impress their own qualities upon the whole community. The development of the typical Australian character has at no time been subjected to any violent disturbance. In New South Wales the general type that I found in all the colonies which I visited is exhibited with the least specific variation.

South Australia, by the origin of its people, is more English than either Victoria or New South Wales. The Scotch and Irish, as I have already said, constitute only 21 per cent. of the population—hardly more than a fifth. The Catholic Irish are less than a sixth of the whole people, instead of being nearly a fourth as in Victoria, or rather more than a fourth as in New South Wales. The percentage derived from Scotland and the north of Ireland is absolutely less than in either of the other two colonies—only 6 per cent.; but its proportion to the Catholic Irish is a little higher (5 to 2) than in New South Wales, though considerably lower than in Victoria.

The important fact, however, about South Australia is, that so large a proportion of its people belong to the English stock. And the colony was founded by men who, no doubt, wanted a good investment for their capital, but who also wanted to try a new scheme of colonization, which, however, had very soon to be modified and then abandoned. The revenue from the land sales was to be appropriated to a fund for bringing out labour. The scheme had its attractions for men who were interested in economical experiments. The papers of the South Australian Colonization Society, of which, I think, Mr. George Fife Angas was chairman, were freely circulated among the Evangelical Nonconformist congregations in the north of London, and probably among similar congregations in other parts of England. I can remember seeing them in my father's house when I was a child. The promises which were made were not, I think, of a kind to draw the daring and the ambitious. The people who went out went to grow wheat and wool, and to engage in the quiet industries which grow up in an agricultural and pastoral country. They did not expect to come back to England with a fortune in five years. The discovery of the Burra-Burra copper mines in 1845, and then of the mines on the York Peninsula, drew quite another class of settlers, and drew them in large numbers; but copper has not the violent attractions of gold, and working a mine is

a much less exciting occupation than digging for nuggets. Nor did the miners remain long in the colony; as soon as gold was discovered in Victoria, 15,000 of them crossed the border.

The history of South Australia has been less exhilarating than that of Victoria. It has had times of great prosperity; but it has suffered from prolonged depression. Its growth has been slow: the estimated population at the end of 1886 was under 320,000, as compared with a million in Victoria and a million in New South Wales.

Among the South Australians, therefore, you do not find many men of the impetuous and daring sort that rushed to the Bendigo and Ballarat diggings: nor do you find the children of such men. There is less of audacity and stormy vigour among them than among the Victorians. Their strength is of the calmer and more patient kind. They can get excited on occasion; many of them must have lost their heads before losing their fortunes, during the land mania a few years ago; and when I was in Adelaide the city was working itself into a violent fever over the wonderful success of the silver mine at Broken Hill. But judging from those whom I met, and from what I heard from men who know the colony well and whose opinion seemed trustworthy, I think that in South Australia there are very large numbers of thoughtful people, with gentle ways and quiet tastes. The proportion of women to the whole population is larger than in any of the other colonies of Australia.\* The absence of a great city like Melbourne or Sydney deprives the people of some excitement. Their climate, too, is much hotter than the climate of Victoria, and they seemed to me to show the influence of their more fervent sun. The South Australian has some of the more attractive qualities of the Italian temperament. The demonstrative warmth which I found in all the colonies was most demonstrative in South Australia; and the gracious and graceful things which were said in all of them were said most frequently there. I think, too, that the South Australian has a greater capacity than the people of the other colonies, not for pleasure in general, but for pleasure of a kind that requires no violent exertion. Like the races of southern Europe, he can find dreamy enjoyment in sun and air, in shining waters and clear skies.

In Tasmania I spent only a few days, and these were spent in Hobart. Life in Hobart is very unlike the life which I saw in the three great cities on the other side of Bass's Straits. The hospitality shown to us there was just as cordial, as unsparing, and as demonstrative as that which we received in the towns and cities of Australia. It was dark before we reached our anchorage, and we were just

\* The estimated number of females for every 100 males in the seven colonies (in 1885) is instructive. New South Wales, 78·91; Victoria, 87·25; South Australia, 91·34; Queensland, 70·76; Western Australia, 76·03; Tasmania, 88·22; New Zealand, 84·80. The births in South Australia (1884) are also more numerous in proportion to the whole population than in any of the other colonies.

finishing dinner when we heard the rattle of the anchor chains which told us that our six weeks' voyage had come to an end. Within a few minutes after dinner a steam launch came puffing towards us through the darkness; when she touched the side of the vessel there were loud cries for "Spicer" and "Dale,"\* and presently thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen were on board, grasping our hands, flooding us with the heartiest and kindest welcomes, begging us to go on shore at once, and telling us that carriages were waiting to carry us off to the friendly homes where we were to be entertained. As our luggage was not ready for landing we thought it better to wait till the next morning; and then the launch came again, and our friends came again, and every one of them was eager to do something to make our brief stay as interesting and pleasant as possible.

But though the hospitality was the same as that which we received elsewhere, and though there was the same frankness, openness, and warmth of temperament, life in Hobart seemed to me, as I have said, very different from the life which I saw afterwards in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. There was a delightful sense of repose. Perhaps this came in part from the beauty and peacefulness of the scenery which surrounds the charming house, three miles out of the city, where we found a home. It reminded me of some of the loveliest parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Behind the house rose Mount Wellington to a height of 4000 feet; and, as it was still early spring, its summit was crowned with snow; in front there was a range of hills of inferior elevation, covered with grass and dark foliage; and at their feet, looking like lakes, we could see here and there the shining reaches of the Derwent. The garden was brilliant with flowers, and the orchard was a sea of blossoms.

But it was not merely the beautiful scenery outside the house where we stayed, and the cultivation, the thoughtfulness, and the affectionate and considerate hospitality which we found under its roof, that gave me the impression of peacefulness at Hobart. During the few days I was there, I met a considerable number of persons in the city, and no one seemed to be in a hurry; business was carried on leisurely and without excitement; there were no indications of struggle, no symptoms of fever. Everybody seemed fairly well-to-do; and it did not appear as if any one was very anxious to become richer. I was told that money is not being made rapidly in Tasmania, and that the young, eager, ambitious people cross over to Melbourne; that the people who remain are contented with moderate incomes; that a considerable proportion of them began life with money which had come to them from their fathers, and are not wholly dependent on their business or their profession; that the shopkeeper usually

\* Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Spicer, my wife, one of my daughters and myself.

owns his shop and the merchant and professional man his house; and that shopkeepers, merchants, and professional men have generally some safe investments that yield a modest income.

It seemed to me that the life possible to the people at Hobart was an ideal kind of life—a life free from ambition, free from anxiety, free from the passion for money-making—a life with leisure for the enjoyment of the charities of home, for the love of Nature, and for all the higher intellectual and moral interests. I dare say that the hard reality is not exactly what it seemed to a passing stranger; that many a brain is weary, many a heart restless, and many a household vexed with petty cares; that sickness, misfortune, sin and folly find their way into many a home under those beautiful hills and near those shining waters; and yet, judging not merely from what I saw but from what I heard, I think that Hobart has an ease and tranquillity which distinguish it from the cities of the Australian mainland. In the quiet resoluteness and strength of my hostess, the daughter of one of the most eminent and successful of the early colonists, I saw illustrations of the qualities of the men who founded Tasmania; and I should have seen more of the common characteristics of Australian life had I been able to remain in Launceston, through which I passed to take ship for Melbourne. But, as I have said, the more eager and fiery young life of Tasmania finds its way across Bass's Straits, and is contributing to the energy and heat of the neighbouring colonies. Tasmania, unless something happens to keep its more adventurous youth at home, will, in a generation or two, develop a distinct type of national character and manners.

These are the impressions which I received during the three months and a half that I stayed in the Australasian colonies. The time was short, and it would betray a very inordinate measure of confidence in my powers of observation if I expressed any peremptory judgments; but I saw large numbers of people, and people of every kind; and I saw them in their homes. They are ourselves—but ourselves with a difference; and while they are developing a certain common type of character and temperament, each colony, if I am not greatly mistaken, has its distinctive qualities. There are doubtless timid and irresolute men in Victoria, but the typical Victorian is not timid and irresolute; there are doubtless "hard" men in South Australia, but the typical South Australian is not "hard;" there are doubtless cold, selfish, reserved men in New South Wales, but the typical and representative man of New South Wales is not cold, selfish, and reserved. I have attempted, in speaking of each colony, to describe the type.

Whether the type—the general or the special type—will be permanent is an interesting speculation. As yet I do not think that the sunnier skies and the higher temperature have lessened the physical

vigour of the English, Scotch, and Irish who have formed the majority of the settlers. The second generation often seemed to me more hardy and robust than the first. But will the stock retain for a hundred years the rude strength which has been disciplined by the frosts and snows of these northern seas? Will not the fibre soften? Will not the muscles relax? Will "native Australians," even fifty years hence, be as vigorous in business and as keen for cricket and rowing and football as they are now?

Other influences than climate may contribute powerfully to modify the Australian national character. One-third of Australia is in the tropics; will it be possible to develop the immense resources of the northern part of the country without coloured labour? And when the cotton plantations, the tea plantations, and the sugar plantations are being worked by hundreds of thousands of coloured labourers under the management of a few thousand whites, what new vices or new virtues will be formed in the ruling race? With coloured people doing all the hard work in the fields and in the mines of the north, it will hardly be possible to exclude them from the south. What is to happen? It is at least possible that within the next hundred years the coloured people of Australia—drawn from China, India, or the islands of the South Pacific—will outnumber the white population. The descendants of the settlers who have gone out from England, Scotland, and Ireland may become a proud aristocracy, and may have their work done for them by inferior races.

These new economic and social conditions—if they arise—will ~~gravely~~ modify the type of national character. I can venture no prophecy of what Australians are likely to be a hundred years hence; at present they have in them the making of a powerful, high-spirited, and noble race.

R. W. DALE.

Birmingham.

## THE REPORT OF THE EDUCATION COMMISSION.

ON matters purely educational there is a very substantial agreement in the two Reports put forth by members of the Education Commission. Both parties are anxious to make the education given in elementary schools practical and efficient, and to adapt it, more than it has hitherto been, to the requirements of the children for whose benefit it is designed, with the hope that it may really help them in their future lives. With respect to school supply, school management, her Majesty's inspectors of schools, the staff of teachers needed to make a school efficient, training colleges and the preparation of teachers for their professional duties, the curriculum that is to govern the education given, the establishment of evening schools and school libraries, the payment of the fees of indigent children, and some other like matters, there is a great approach to practical unanimity. The cleavage commences when questions of a political or religious character have to be dealt with; and it will be found that, directly or indirectly, the points of serious difference may be ranged under one or other of these heads.

The majority are anxious to preserve the denominational schools as part of the recognized educational machinery of the country. The minority are willing to recognize these schools for the present, but they would gladly see them quietly absorbed by school boards, and the whole educational arrangements for the poorer classes placed under their authority. The majority are anxious to preserve the definitely religious character which now distinguishes the voluntary schools, and to secure real liberty for those who have religious convictions as well as for those who have not. Whilst the minority are most tender towards the scruples and convictions of those who object to definite religious teaching, they seem to be indifferent to the wants and require-



ments of those who wish for such teaching for their children. I proceed to give some evidence of this, and some illustrations of the manner in which it has influenced the Reports of the two bodies of Commissioners.

With respect to the rights of voluntary schools, the majority say :

"We see no reason why voluntary effort should not be entitled to work *pari passu* with a school board in providing accommodation to meet any increase of population, subsequent to the determination of the necessary school supply arrived at by the Department after the first inquiry of 1871. If a similar inquiry were held periodically, say every five years, voluntary effort might be recognized in the interval between two inquiries, as entitled to meet any deficiencies not ordered to be filled up by the school board on the requisition of the Department. We do not think that the letter, much less the spirit, of the Act of 1870 would be violated by such an arrangement, or by its being distinctly understood that an efficient school, whether provided to meet a numerical deficiency or specially required by any part of the population, would be admitted by the Department as part of the supply of the district, and be entitled to claim a grant as soon as it was opened."\*

On the other hand, the minority say :—

"We dissent from the mode in which the right and duty of school boards to supply accommodation for their districts is stated in the Report. Section 18 of the Education Act of 1870 runs as follows:—'The school board shall maintain and keep efficient every school provided by such board, and shall from time to time provide such additional accommodation as is in their opinion necessary, in order to supply a sufficient amount of public school accommodation for their district.' The right thus conferred on school boards has been generally treated by our colleagues as the contention of Mr. Cumin, or of the Department, or of the law officers of the Crown."† "We must, therefore, dissent from the whole of this summary of the law as to unnecessary schools, and from the impression conveyed, which is that the Education Department has strained the law in favour of school boards and against the recognition of denominational schools. We dissent from the statement of our colleagues that, when the first deficiency of school provision has been supplied, the school board has, under section 18 of the Act of 1870, only a right, and not a duty, to supply further and future deficiencies."‡

The difference between these two views is one that materially affects the whole question. According to the contention of the majority, the two systems of management—voluntary and board—stand upon an equality in the eye of the law as providing suitable elementary education: whilst, if the contention of the minority is upheld, the voluntary system is only to be regarded as a temporary expedient, which it is not prudent to sweep away at once, but which, being prohibited from expansion in school board districts, must, in the natural course of events, come to an end sooner or later.

This view of the case is strengthened by what the two bodies say with respect to the transfer of voluntary schools to school boards. All the earlier efforts to further elementary education in the country were made by religious bodies, and especially by the Church. Until 1833, schools were built without any help from the national purse;

\* Final Report, p. 60.

† *Ibid.* p. 240.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 241.

between that year and 1870 the Education Department made building grants which covered about a fifth or a sixth of the cost, but in numerous instances the conditions attached to these grants were disliked by the promoters of schools, and the grants were not applied for. By the Act of 1870, in all cases where no special provision had been made in the deed constituting the school trust for transferring the buildings, which was practically in nearly all cases, two-thirds of the managers of a voluntary school, with the consent of two-thirds of the annual subscribers, were empowered to transfer it to a school board without the sanction of the trustees in whom it was vested, and for the first time in English legislation the legal representatives could be permanently stripped of the property vested in them against their consent and without remuneration. And as the clergyman of a parish, who is necessarily more responsible for Church schools than any one else, might be unpopular, or apathetic, or be indifferent to the religious education of his people, and as the support of a Church school depends, to a considerable extent, on his activity and the estimation in which he is held by his parishioners, it thus became possible for one unworthy, or quarrelsome, or slothful incumbent to deprive a parish for ever of its Church school. The majority, recognizing the extreme injustice of this propose :

"In view of the friction caused by the working of the 23rd section, and the grievances which it appears to have created, we recommend that, in any fresh educational legislation, it be enacted that no transfer of a school held under trust shall take place without the consent of a majority of the trustees, and that the Education Department be instructed to sanction only such terms of transfer, beyond what is required for the purposes of the Education Acts, as do not interfere with the original trusts, in the event of a voluntary school being leased to a school board. Provision should also be made that no structural expenses involving a loan should be incurred without the consent of the trustees who lease the building."\*

The minority, so far from recognizing the injustice of depriving the religious body which has provided most of the money for erecting the school, would intensify the grievance by depriving the managers and subscribers of the power now accorded them. They say :

"There is no obligation proposed by our colleagues on the trustees to conduct the school themselves as a public elementary school in the event of their refusing to transfer it, and we are of opinion that buildings dedicated to the purpose of elementary education, and aided by a Parliamentary building grant, should, if the existing managers are unable or unwilling to conduct schools in them, be transferred to the local authority charged with the duty of making sufficient school provision for the district. We, therefore, not only dissent from the recommendations of our colleagues, but recommend that, where any building, which has been aided by a Parliamentary building grant, exists for the elementary education of the poor, and is not used on week days for such purpose, the school board should be entitled to have the

use and occupation of the building for the purpose of supplying school accommodation for the district."\*

If they had proposed that the smaller amount contributed by Parliament should be repaid, there might have been justice in the proposal, but that the larger portion, generally given on religious grounds, should be confiscated, is manifestly unjust.

The majority, anxious to place the two systems of schools upon an equality, and to remove as far as possible the irritation and sense of injustice now felt by many supporters of voluntary schools in having to pay rates for schools to whose religious teaching, or want of it, they strongly object, say:—

"We do not understand Lord Lingen to advocate, as has been supposed, the general abolition of the Cowper-Temple clause. That clause would not necessarily affect voluntary schools receiving annual aid from the rates, any more than it does at present, when they receive such aid from the guardians, in the shape of fees for poor children. We do not see, therefore, why this principle should not be extended further, and rate aid in respect of their secular efficiency given to voluntary schools (as it is now given to industrial and reformatory schools) without the imposition of a clause which, under the Act of 1870, affects those schools only which are locally provided and supported entirely out of the rates. The cost of the maintenance of voluntary schools has been largely increased by the rivalry of rate-supported schools. If the power of the purse, upon which school boards have to draw, has involved the managers of voluntary schools in a large, and it may be uncalled-for, expenditure, there is good reason why that purse should be made to contribute to the thus increased cost of the voluntary system. The voluntary system is not merely a part, but the foundation, of our national education. It was to be supplemented, not supplanted, by the rate system. The two systems, as the constituent and co-ordinate parts of the complete machinery of national elementary education, appear to have a common claim for support, not merely on the taxes of the country, but upon the general resources of the localities in which they carry on, side by side, identical work with equal efficiency; and that claim is all the stronger because local resources are saved from many heavy burdens by the supporters of voluntary schools. . . . We therefore recommend that the local educational authority be empowered to supplement from local rates the voluntary subscriptions, given to the support of every public State-aided elementary school in their district, to an amount equal to these subscriptions, provided it does not exceed the amount of ten shillings for each child in average attendance. Where a school attendance committee is the authority, the rate should be chargeable to the separate school district affected."†

It may be well to remark that the effect of such a provision would be that a penny rate would more than suffice to secure such assistance for all the elementary schools that could claim it in the area of the London School Board, whilst a ninepenny rate is needed to sustain their present school establishment, though the number of children in their schools does not double the number of children taught in voluntary schools.

If "the friends of religious liberty" had been willing to accord to their opponents the liberty which they claim for themselves, and had

\* Final Report, p. 24<sup>c</sup>.

† *Ibid.* pp. 194, 195.

remembered that the consciences of many religious men would be as much aggrieved by paying rates for the support of board schools as their own consciences could have been by paying Church rates, there should have been no difficulty in agreeing to such a proposal. The minority, however, proved itself superior to such consideration, and say:—

“We object to the proposal, made by our colleagues in their chapter on income and expenditure of schools, that voluntary schools should be enabled to receive help from the rates up to a possible maximum of ten shillings a head, on the ground already indicated—that such a proposal seems to us unsound in principle, destructive of the settlement of 1870, and certain, if it became law, to embitter educational politics and intensify sectarian rivalries.”\*

A proposal was made to the Commission in a petition most numerous and influentially signed that the rates paid by the supporters of voluntary schools should go to the support of their own schools, and not to those in the hands of boards. As a matter of justice, based upon the principle of “religious liberty,” of which the minority have hitherto declared themselves the champions, there is much to be said in favour of such a proposal, more especially as the Education Act of 1870 practically establishes a new religion, “undenominationalism,” for the elementary schools of the country, which has the singular merit of being a religion which nobody who cares for religion (whatever his faith or denomination may be) would teach his own children, but which for political reasons seems to be regarded as sufficiently good for the poorer classes. This proposal the majority did not see its way to accept for practical reasons, but it is instructive to read the objections to it of the extreme section of the minority. They say:—

“As to the grievance of contributing to a system they dislike, that is inseparable from the fact that the maintenance of schools has been made a public duty charged on public funds. No man is allowed to take credit for his expenditure in private charity in diminution of the poor-rate. If the proposal to allow deduction of subscriptions to voluntary schools from the school board rate were allowed, that would be in practice maintaining all schools, denominational and others, from the rates.”†

This entirely misrepresents the case. Children are by law compelled to attend school; they equally obey the law whether they attend a voluntary or a board school. The Education Department recognizes the two kinds of schools as being on precisely the same footing. It is not so with regard to the relief of the poor. The guardians are bound to supply the necessities of the poor: they can take no account of casual benevolence; and such benevolence is in no way inspected or noticed or regarded by the State. The argument is therefore inapplicable; it has an appearance of plausibility, but it conveys a misleading representation of the case.

There are two other points in which this difference of view concerning

\* Final Report, p. 246.

† *Ibid.* p. 369.

the status of voluntary school managers and school boards is clearly shown. Both Reports advocate\* the establishment of day training colleges, as all the Commission consider the present large number of untrained teachers to be unsatisfactory. But there is a wide difference in the point of view from which the two Reports regard such colleges, and the conditions under which they would have them supplied. The majority look upon them as a *pis aller*, and as in all respects inferior to residential colleges, and they consider that as private benevolence has provided the denominational colleges, it would be unfair to tax those who have thus freely given a second time. This they would be if they had to pay rates for the erection of day colleges, which their promoters desire should be undenominational or possibly secular. As the minority occasionally sneer at the supporters of denominational schools for not supplying larger funds for the maintenance of their own schools, it might naturally be expected that, as they are presumably a majority of the nation, they are prepared to contribute still more liberally for the establishment of the colleges which they so strongly recommend. When we turn to the Report of the minority, we find them taking credit for not advocating the withdrawal of the existing grants for residential training colleges, provided that certain conditions which they press are attended to. At the same time they assume that school boards stand on an eminence as representatives of the State, and they require that day training colleges shall be extensively supplied. It is clear that they have small faith in the liberality of those who uphold the principle they advocate, and evidently think that nothing will be accomplished unless those who object to what they propose can be compelled to pay; for they say:—

“The recognition of urgent need for more trained teachers is of little value unless effective machinery is provided whereby that need may be met, and we consider the statement by our colleagues that they ‘cannot doubt that the liberality of those who are anxious to see day training colleges provided will furnish whatever sums are needed,’ is an assumption which experience does not justify, nor is it reasonable, when an urgent public need is acknowledged, to wait in expectation that private liberality may relieve the public from its consequent pecuniary obligations.”†

Private liberality did provide the chief portion of the large sums needed for the erection of the residential colleges when they were required for the improvement of the education of the country; why should it not furnish the comparatively small sum required for day colleges, if the promoters are equally in earnest?

The other point on which the minority seek to emphasize the exalted position of school boards, which they evidently regard as a State-established system of education, is found in their recommendation respecting technical education. There has recently sprung up a strong feeling that, if our manufacturing superiority is to be retained, we must

\* Final Report, pp. 102, 243.

† *Ibid.* 248.

adopt the system of technical training which has for some time been successfully pursued on the Continent. Such a system, to be effective, must train our more responsible artisans in the theory, as well as the practice, of the art on which they are employed. To secure the success of such training every improvement in the manufacture must find a place in the training school, so that the students may thoroughly understand how to do their work most effectively, and the school must be supplied with all the machinery that is employed, however costly it may be. It is needless to say that schools of the kind can only be established and carried on at great expense, and that for their efficient management they require much practical knowledge. It is said that the technical school at Berlin cost more than half a million sterling to establish, and requires an annual subsidy of £20,000 from the municipality to enable it to carry on its work. The schools of the kind already set on foot in England show that the projectors recognize the need of a large expenditure to enable them to do for our English manufactures what the Continental schools have done for those of their respective countries. The munificent gifts of £60,000 by the Drapers' Company for the establishment of one school of the kind, and of what is equivalent to £85,000 by the Goldsmiths' Company for that of another, and, if the papers are to be trusted, of £100,000 by the Mercers' Company for a third, to meet large donations from other sources, give an idea of the kind of outlay which has to be faced. The majority, recognizing what is needed to enable our technical schools to rival their competitors in other countries, say:—

"It is obvious that, if technical schools are to answer the end ~~expected~~ by those who are anxious to found them, they will require very skilful oversight on the part of the persons responsible for their management. It would, therefore, seem to us to be necessary that the immediate direction of these schools should, either by delegation or otherwise, be placed in the hands of a body which would be mainly composed of persons interested in the trade of the locality, and experienced in its industries. Such a body, it may be hoped, would arouse real enthusiasm and munificence in establishing and supporting technical schools, whilst no danger would arise of institutions being set on foot which did not command the support of the practical men of the district."\*

At the same time they recognize that it might be well to commence the required training before children have left the elementary schools, and so they recommend:—

"If it should be thought that children ought to receive some instruction in manual employment, other than that which the elementary schools available for their use can give, we are of opinion that the best way of meeting the need would be through the establishment of a workshop in connection with some higher institution, which might be willing to receive into the workshop boys of exceptional ability, or others to whom it was considered desirable to give this instruction. One such central institution could do its work cheaper and better than a number of scattered institutions, whilst

nothing could be easier than to make arrangements for attendance at this central workshop being substituted on one or two afternoons in the week for attendance at the elementary school."\*

In further support of this proposal, I may add that, in visiting an excellent technical school, I asked the principal whether he found that the boys who had received some technical instruction before entering his school had any great advantage over those who had not been so taught; he said, quite the contrary, for they found the conditions under which the instruction had been given were so different from those existing with them, that the lads, instead of being at an advantage, were at a disadvantage, for they had much to unlearn before they began to learn. The majority further say:—

"When Mr. Forster's Act was passed in 1870, and voluntary effort was encouraged to co-operate further in providing the necessary machinery for the elementary instruction of the nation, the adoption of a system of technical education was in no way contemplated. The managers of voluntary schools, therefore, may fairly expect to receive liberal public aid in order that they may be enabled to supply this form of instruction on a footing of equality with board schools."†

The minority, anxious to develop and increase the influence of school boards, throw to the winds the considerations which determined the majority to report as they did. They say:—

"We dissent from the recommendations of our colleagues as to the management of technical schools when established. This question is one on which we took no evidence, and, in so far as technical schools deal with secondary education, lies beyond the limits of our reference; but, if we may venture upon an opinion, we would say that, whether the municipality be associated in their management or not, we think it desirable that the school board should also be associated, and that these schools, which should be the crown and development of elementary education, should be in touch and close sympathy, through their management, with our elementary school system."‡

Whilst shrinking from the idea of the friends of secular and undenominational education being expected to supply any portion of the funds needed for the day training colleges on which they have set their hearts, they do not hesitate to say:—

"We hold strongly that local public support implies local public management, and, therefore, while some of the instruction given by school boards, such as instruction in cookery, and collective instruction of pupil teachers, or practical, scientific, artistic, technical, or manual teaching in centres, might possibly be thrown open, under suitable regulations, to the scholars or pupil-teachers of voluntary schools, we cannot see our way to support a proposal to impose on the ratepayers a contribution in support of voluntary elementary schools."§

It is clear from the above extracts that the minority can only regard technical schools from one side. They would place them to a greater or less extent under the authority of school boards, whose members

\* Final Report, p. 154. † Ibid. p. 153. ‡ Ibid. p. 245. § Ibid. p. 245.

consist to a considerable extent of clergymen, dissenting ministers, and persons wholly unconnected with the manufacture of the district. Under such conditions they could not effect what the schools on the Continent are accomplishing. As it would be quite impossible to levy two sets of rates for technical education in the same district, they would make really efficient technical schools impossible. The money raised would be expended in teaching some rudiments of technical work to a number of children, for whom it might provide amusement, but whom it would otherwise benefit to the smallest possible extent: but the higher technical instruction, which alone can benefit the manufactures of the country, would be left in no better position than it now is. And at the same time their proposal would provide a new attraction for children attending board schools, which, from want of funds, could only occasionally be given to those attending voluntary schools.

But these direct efforts to exalt school boards and depreciate voluntary schools are not all the proposals made by the minority which would affect the position of voluntary schools. By a number of suggestions which they make the position of voluntary schools would become more difficult, if not untenable, and so the days would be hastened when all the elementary education of the country would be under the control of school boards and be undenominational or secular. I proceed to call attention to some of the recommendations which appear to me to have this tendency.

The present supply of school accommodation is by the confession of all sufficient, provided the existing mode of estimating it be continued. But as the erection of new schools is even more burdensome to those who have to provide the funds than their maintenance, some of the minority are not content to leave this matter as it stands. The existing school supply is sufficient for 5,278,992 children, allowing 8 square feet for each child in voluntary schools and 10 square feet for each child in such board schools for the older children as have requested the Department to permit them to provide that amount of accommodation. The average attendance reaches 3,527,381, and the number of names on the school rolls is 4,635,181, so that upon an average there are always 1,751,611 unoccupied school places, and if by any accident every child was to put in an appearance on the same day (which they are never likely to do), there would still be room for 643,808 more than appear on the school registers. It might seem difficult to manufacture a case of insufficient school supply under such circumstances, but to this the extreme section of the minority, consisting of the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, Dr. Dale, Mr. Heller, Mr. H. Richard, M.P., and Mr. George Shipton, have proved themselves equal. They assert that the accommodation is not well distributed; they claim that rich people have equal rights with poor ones to have their children educated in board schools at the expense of the rates; they assert that many existing schools are structurally



unsuited for the accommodation of the number of children at which the Department reckons them; and that the fees charged in many schools render them unsuitable for the children in the midst of whom they are placed. For some of these contentions they produce evidence which requires sifting; for still more of them assertion is considered to be sufficient proof. But then they further declare that every school ought to be made to furnish 10 square feet for every child whose name is on the books. This would raise the *unused* school accommodation in many places enormously, and possibly the existing million and three-quarters of unoccupied seats might be raised to two millions and a half or three millions, at a cost of somewhere between ten and twenty million pounds; and, as voluntary subscribers in these days of agricultural depression could not be expected to supply the funds, school boards would be thrust upon parishes which exceedingly dislike them, whilst voluntary schools would have their attendance materially diminished, the funds for their maintenance greatly reduced, and the school board rate enormously increased.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the stringent demands which the same gentlemen recommend with respect to school furniture and material. The effect which they expect would follow their proposals may perhaps be gathered from the following paragraph, though it is only fair to add that subsequently they say:—

“In noting the improvements needed in this part of the means of education it would not be just not to recognize the great willingness that has been shown, in many cases, by voluntary managers to meet the growing demands resulting from a sounder appreciation of what is due to education.”\*

But the paragraph to which I would draw attention is this:—

“As a rule, we may say that in the rural districts, where the voluntary schools are mainly responsible for the education of the children, it is not so much schools that are wanting as well-equipped and well-arranged schools. What we need is the improvement of some of the existing schools, rather than the establishment of additional school accommodation.”†

With regard to school supply and the demand for increased space in schools it may be well to quote the remarks of the majority in their Report. With respect to the supply of school furniture and materials they desire that everything should be good and efficient, but that no sudden demands should be made upon managers which would tend to the destruction of the schools in their charge. Concerning school accommodation, they say:—

‘It would, indeed, be a hardship were any sudden demand for more space for each child to be made on the schools built by aid of a building grant from the Committee of Council, since they frequently owe their restricted area not so much to the views of their promoters as to the limits put by the Department on the dimensions of school buildings, especially in regard to breadth, in which direction it was strongly maintained for many years by the Department that any increase on a minimum, which would now be held to

\* Final Report, p. 263.

† *Ibid.*

be insufficient, was money thrown away, and therefore was not to be encouraged by a grant. It is a matter of congratulation that a more liberal scale of estimating accommodation now prevails, and it is a most important rule of the Department that 10 square feet should be the minimum accommodation for each child in average attendance in all school buildings in future to be erected." \*

Necessarily, the most costly element in the maintenance of schools is the provision of salaries for the teachers. These absorbed last year 78.36 per cent., or nearly four-fifths, of the whole sum expended upon the maintenance of schools. It is therefore of extreme importance to the managers of voluntary schools that the cost of supplying the necessary teaching power should not be unnecessarily increased, and, whilst it would be false economy to pay inadequate stipends or to employ fewer teachers than are really required, it is essential for them to keep the amount of payment and the size of the staff within reasonable limits; school boards, having the command of the rates and being able to dip to what extent they please into other people's pockets, can afford to pay less regard to these considerations. Hitherto an efficient supply of teachers has been kept up by young persons of both sexes being apprenticed as pupil-teachers when they are thirteen or fourteen years old, and these pupil-teachers have formed part of the teaching staff of the school recognized by the Department, whilst they have, at the same time, been preparing to become the principal teachers of the future. It need scarcely be said that such an arrangement is economical, and, in my opinion, it has greatly conduced to our securing the efficient body of teachers who are now entrusted with the care of our elementary schools. The majority thus sum up their views as to the continuance of this system:—

"On the whole we concur in the opinion of the inspectors, whose words we have just quoted, that; having regard to moral qualifications, there is no other available, or, as we prefer to say, equally trustworthy, source from which an adequate supply of teachers is likely to be forthcoming; and with modifications, tending to the improvement of their education, the apprenticeship of pupil-teachers, we think, ought to be upheld." †

They propose several ways in which such improvement might be effected, which I need not enumerate.

The minority are anxious to limit the employment of pupil-teachers as much as possible. They say: "In general we consider that the pupil-teacher system is now the weakest part of our educational machinery, and that great changes are needed in it if it is to be continued in the future."‡ These changes are afterwards suggested; they all tend to make the system more costly.

For small country schools a large number of teachers have been supplied from the ranks of pupil-teachers who have completed their apprenticeship, and who, from the necessity of earning their own livelihood as quickly as possible, are unable to bear the cost of time

\* Final Report, p. 63.

† Ibid. p. 88.

‡ Ibid. p. 242.

and money which would be incurred by going to a training college. These teachers are necessarily of very unequal merit. Some of them, no doubt, are very inferior, others very good; and it is noteworthy that the two female teachers who were examined by the Education Commission, and who seemed the most able and efficient, were both untrained. It has also to be borne in mind that small country schools can often secure the services of much abler women as teachers than they would otherwise be able to do by being allowed to fill their vacancies with ex-pupil-teachers, who could not expect for many years to occupy the chief positions in town schools, but who are content to go on with the modest incomes payable in small country schools.

The majority desire that better safeguards should be provided against the admission of incompetent persons into such offices, but they make no proposals for closing the door against provisionally certificated teachers, and so leave it open to the managers of small country schools to obtain such help when they need it. The minority, on the other hand, advocate more stringent measures. They recommend that "ex-pupil teachers should not be recognized beyond a certain age unless they pass the certificate examination in the first year's papers and, after two years' interval, in the second year's papers."\* The extreme minority, whose names I have already mentioned, would impose still greater restrictions. They would† compel all ex-pupil-teachers to sit for the scholarship examination in the July following the completion of their apprenticeship, and, if they fail to pass high enough to secure their entrance into college, they would have them disqualified from counting on the staff of any school; they would make their recognition provisional, and would require it to be renewed from year to year on the report of her Majesty's inspector of the way they had taught their class during the school year; and in no case would they allow them to be recognized as head teachers.

It is unnecessary to go through the many other ways in which the minority would add to the cost of providing elementary education, in some of which the majority agree with them. They advocate circulating science teachers; the requirement of a playground of more than a quarter of an acre in towns, at all events in the case of all new schools; the appointment of organizing masters, with half their salaries provided from public and the other half from voluntary sources; separate schools, with specially strong staffs, for half-timers; besides the other matters of which I have already spoken.

The minority think that the majority are not justified in assuming that the advocates of day training colleges will readily furnish the comparatively small sum needed to establish them; but it is clear that they think themselves justified in expecting the friends of definite religious education to furnish any amount of money to carry out all the expensive improvements on which they

\* Final Report, p. 248.

† *Ibid.* p. 284.

would insist. Perhaps the most ungenerous portion of their Report is that in which the extreme section of the minority labour to show that, "so far from the strain on the resources of voluntary subscribers having been increased, the table of subscriptions, fees, and grants shows that the income for Church schools from voluntary subscriptions is 2s. 3d. a head, or nearly 25 per cent. less than it was in 1876."\* In making this statement they ignore two material facts. The first is, that the heavy demands for school board rates, amounting last year to £5,270,717, are an absolute bar to many persons subscribing to voluntary schools who fain would do so, whilst in all cases they most materially diminish the fund out of which such subscriptions can be given by persons of moderate means. And the second is, that, though the cost per child is less, the aggregate sum given is greatly increased: in 1870 voluntary subscriptions for this purpose supplied £418,839; in 1887, £743,737. And it is material to remember, in connection with this subject, that it is the assumed *minority* which has to contribute this large sum, whilst the *majority* has not voluntarily to contribute a single sixpence. For if it were otherwise, it would be the minority having control over the public purse, whilst the majority were allowing themselves to be tyrannized over through their not using the power which they possess. We will, however, now examine whether in any other way the proposals of the minority are calculated to make the weight imposed upon the managers of voluntary schools lighter or heavier.

The greatest grievance in the administration of the Government grant, urged alike by managers and teachers, is the 17s. 6d. limit—i.e., unless the managers expend more than 35s. on the education of each child in average attendance, the grant earned is not allowed to exceed 17s. 6d.; if more is spent, then the grant may equal half of the expenditure. By this means very efficient schools educating children of the poorest class, who can only afford to pay low fees, are sometimes heavily fined, whilst schools educating children who can afford to pay high fees or that are inefficient suffer no harm: the latter kind of schools because the grant they earn does not reach 17s. 6d.; the former, because the children's pence enable them to claim a larger sum, for a payment of sixpence a week amounts to 22s. in the school year. The limitation is therefore a fine on managers for doing the two things which the Legislature professes itself most anxious for them to do—making their schools efficient and educating the poorest class of children. The majority accordingly say: "In weighing all the evidence for and against the 17s. 6d. limit we are compelled to admit that it acts as a discouragement to improvement in certain cases, and we recommend that the provision in the Elementary Education Act of 1876 upon which this limitation is based be accordingly repealed."† In the face of all the evidence given on the subject

\* Final Report, pp. 367, 368.

† *Ibid.* p. 318.

by persons whose impartiality could be trusted, it was impossible for the minority to protest against such a relaxation, and it is only the extreme section which ventures to show its unwillingness to grant what all justice and regard for the education of the poorest class demand, but they take care to show that they do not quite like to permit such a modification in the conditions on which the Parliamentary grant is distributed. They say: "The claim of the managers sounds plausible when they say, 'Under a system of payment by results you should pay us all we earn.' Their attitude is that of contractors with the Government for scholastic results, and they contend that if they deliver so many good passes, so many class subjects, and so on through a priced catalogue of educational items, the Treasury has nothing to do but add up the bill and give a cheque for the amount."\* And then follow a number of objections to the alteration demanded, without a direct pronouncement against it; possibly this abstention may have been caused by at all events one of their number being so deeply committed on the subject that he would have been obliged to qualify his signature if more had been said.

The next point demanding notice is the recommendations concerning the principle on which the Parliamentary grant shall be administered in the future. The present system of "payment by results" was almost universally condemned by the witnesses examined. It was shown that to pay for the individual passes of the children encourages a system of cram, and that a large proportion of the children practically forget all they have learned in a few years after they have left school. The object, therefore, was to propose a plan that would encourage managers and teachers to adopt a sounder system of education. To effect this the majority say:—

"While we recommend the retention in some form or other of each of the three constituent elements of the variable grant, we think that the following modifications of the present system, which are based on suggestions we have received from numerous witnesses, would offer the maximum of relief with the minimum of disturbance. We propose that the fixed grant be increased to 10s. per child in average attendance, and that the conditions on which the fluctuating grants are made be so far modified as to secure that their amount shall depend on the good character of the school as a whole, and on the quality of the acquirements of the great majority of the scholars, rather than on the exact number of children who attain the minimum standard of required knowledge. In order to carry out these recommendations it would be necessary to treat the individual examination which we have already recommended, not as a means of individually assessing grants, but merely as testing the general progress of all the scholars. In determining what amount of grant the Government should make in the future, we also think that schools should be assisted according to their deserts, so as to promote efficiency; whilst no undue pressure should be placed on dull children, and no unnecessary anxiety and worry caused to managers and teachers. Under present circumstances we are of opinion that the average amount of the

\* Final Report, p. 352.

variable grant should not be less than 10s. for each scholar in average attendance."\*

Under this system the present plan of heaping large grants upon costly schools which do not require them, and cutting down the grants to poor schools which exist with difficulty, might to some extent be remedied.

It is only right to add that the minority are fully alive to this grievance, though they might probably restrict their view of it more to voluntary and less to board schools than I should be inclined to do. The extreme minority say:—

"It is a hardship, not to say a scandal, that the largest share of public support should now go to those who need it the least, and who make the least effort to deserve it by corresponding contributions on their own part. The large high-fee'd schools of the towns, which are admittedly the easiest to maintain in a state of efficiency, and which often cost the managers nothing or next to nothing, receive very high grants; on the other hand, the struggling village school, or the school working among the poorest in our large towns, with low fees and comparatively liberal contributions from rates or subscriptions, owing to the difficulties of teaching earns a low grant."†

They also recommend that the Government grant shall be paid at an increasing rate as the school fee diminishes—a plan to which I see no objection if it is fairly carried out. And yet, notwithstanding this admission, they do not recommend the remission of the 17s. 6d. limit, which would greatly ameliorate the condition of the best of these schools, whilst its pressure would, in fact, only be more severely felt by the poorest schools if the proposal of increasing the rate of grant as the school fee was lowered were adopted.

The plan proposed by the majority for the distribution of the Government grant has apparently one incurable defect in the eyes of the minority; it would not tend to the destruction of the voluntary schools, and so they say:—

"In reference to the Parliamentary grant and to payment by results, we are of opinion that the best security for efficient teaching is the organization of our school system under local representative authorities over sufficiently extensive areas, with full power of management and responsibility for maintenance, with well-graduated curricula, a liberal staff of well-trained teachers, and buildings sanitary, suitable, and well equipped with school requisites. That it should be the duty of the State to secure that all these conditions are fulfilled, to aid local effort to a considerable extent, but leaving a substantial proportion of the cost of school management to be met from local resources other than fees of scholars, and by its inspection to secure that the local authority is doing its duty satisfactorily.

"Such a system, in our opinion, would enable us to dispense with the present system of State grants variable according to the results of yearly examination and inspection, which, in our judgment, is far from being a satisfactory method of securing efficiency, and is forced upon the country by the irresponsible and isolated character of the management of the majority of our schools. In the meantime, as the system we prefer cannot, in deference to existing denominational interests, be secured, we recommend that

\* Final Report, p. 189.

† *Ibid.*, p. 351.

there be a material change in the method of distributing the grant; that a larger fixed grant be given in consideration of increased requirements in the matter of staff, premises, and curriculum; that more money be given towards specific educational objects, such as the salaries of special teachers of science, drawing, cookery, &c., of local inspectors and organizing masters, of the better instruction of pupil-teachers, and further aid to secure the diminution of their hours of work, especially during the earlier years of their apprenticeship."\*

Both majority and minority agree on proposals for giving special help to small country schools, for the exemption of all schools from local rates, and for facilities being given for the payment of the school fees of the children of poor parents in voluntary and board schools without any association with ideas of pauperism. But the minority press for the Education Department to have the same censorship over the fees charged in voluntary schools that they possess over those charged in board schools. To this the majority object, asserting that the Department already possesses the power to a sufficient extent, as they can in any case declare a school unsuitable for the wants of the district where an excessive fee is charged, and compel the erection of a board school. The minority also think that the report of the Government inspector should be made known throughout the district, to which I can see no objection; and also that the accounts of all schools receiving public money should be equally thoroughly audited, and the same rules of legality applied to their expenditure. To this there is the obvious objection that, if voluntary subscribers choose to give their money for school treats, or towards apprenticing, or otherwise benefiting the children educated in their schools through the school committee, they ought to be at liberty to do so; whilst there is now an audit of the accounts of all voluntary schools by her Majesty's inspectors, and the Department carefully excludes from its reckoning all expenditure upon the school which is not directly concerned with its secular instruction.

There is only one other point under this head to which I would call attention. The incessant changes in the Code and the great dependence of the system of Government grants upon the whims and fancies of the Vice-President of the Privy Council (for the control of Parliament was conclusively shown to be a nullity), is a source of perpetual worry and anxiety to managers, who have to make good out of their own pockets whatever deficiency there may have been in the school accounts, whilst the teachers are not less bothered by the altered arrangements they are compelled to make. The majority therefore recommend that the terms on which the grant is to be awarded should be embodied in an Act of Parliament, and not be left, as hitherto, dependent on a Minute of the Privy Council. The minority are unwilling to part with such an effective instrument for injuring or crushing voluntary schools, and uphold the present system. The

\* Final Report, p. 249.

reason they give is,\* that it would stereotype education, discourage and delay improvement, and limit the future control of the House of Commons over the expenditure. These objections appear to me beside the mark: all that is wanted could be done without any of these imaginary dangers being incurred.

I will now turn to the other part of the subject, which is really at the root of the whole difference between the two sections of the Commission: I refer to the religious question. The point here is distinctly this: the majority demand religious liberty for believers as well as for unbelievers, for those who have a definite faith as much as for those who have none. At present the whole school board rate is given to schools where no religious teaching is given, or where the religion taught is so nebulous that it does not admit of being expressed in a creed, or so indefinite that it cannot be formulated into the accurate terms of a catechism. At least such is the popular reading of the requirement, the actual words of the clause being, that in board schools no creed or catechism distinctive of any religious denomination shall be taught. This is enforced by Act of Parliament, and is not left to the free determination of the various bodies by whom school rates are levied, and is, in my opinion, a gross violation of the principle of religious liberty. The freedom of religious teaching denied to board schools is enjoyed by voluntary schools: for the preservation of this liberty the majority contend; over the destruction of it the minority would possibly not grieve, though from prudential motives they do not directly advocate it.

The majority say that "all the evidence is practically unanimous as to the desire of the parents for the religious and moral training of their children;"† though it is evident that many, perhaps most, of the parents have no formed views as to what they mean by such training. This cannot be said of the majority of the Commission. They assert, not only for themselves, but for their colleagues from whom they differ:—

"Whilst differing widely in our views concerning religious truth, we are persuaded that the only safe foundation on which to construct a theory of morals, or to secure high moral conduct, is the religion which our Lord Jesus Christ has taught the world. As we look to the Bible for instruction concerning morals, and take its words for the declaration of what is morality, so we look to the same inspired source for the sanctions by which men may be led to practise what is there taught, and for instruction concerning the help by which they may be enabled to do what they have learned to be right."‡

Holding these views, the majority press for their complete acceptance, and for "religious liberty" to be understood in its full and comprehensive sense. They say:—

"While we are most anxious that the conscientious objections of parents to religious teaching and observances in the case of their children should be most strictly respected, and that no child should, under any circumstances,

\* Final Report, p. 246.

† *Ibid.* p. 113.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 121.



receive any such training contrary to a parent's wishes, we feel bound to state that a parent's conscientious feeling may be equally injured, and should equally be respected and provided for, in the case where he is compelled by law to send his child for all his school-time to a school where he can receive no religious teaching. . . . While careful and, we believe, ample securities are taken by law to provide for the case of a parent who objects to religious teaching for his child, no parent is able to claim for his child that instruction in the Bible which is the basis of the Christianity of the nation. This grievance, we are of opinion, must be met." \*

As a strong argument in favour of religious instruction being given to all children whose parents desire it, the Report says:—

"In questions of this character, it is impossible to have negative provisions which have not also a positive side. Thus, for children to attend day schools in which no religious teaching was given, would, in the opinion of those who think that the daily lessons should be accompanied with religious teaching, be practically leading them to undervalue the importance of religion. They would hold that the impression left upon the children's minds would be that religion was a matter of inferior moment, at all events, to that secular teaching which they were acquiring day by day."

Moreover, it has to be remembered that the advocates of systematic religious teaching regard religion as a matter of intellectual conviction more than of emotional feeling or sentimental apprehension; that the persistent instruction insisted upon by the prophet †—"line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept: here a little and there a little"—is as necessary for planting the truths of Christianity in children's minds, as it was for impressing upon the people of Israel the commands of God before the coming of our blessed Lord. The majority, therefore, insist upon the duty of placing sound religious teaching in schools by the teachers who are charged with the moral training of the scholars within reach of all who desire it; and they show that in numberless cases no religious instruction would be given if it were not thus provided. They also consider it to be very desirable that such instruction should be secured by being inspected. And, it need scarcely be added, they regard the continued existence of voluntary schools as essential for making permanent that religious teaching to which they attach the greatest value.

The minority very partially share these views. They say:—

"In reference to the recommendations of our colleagues as to religious and moral training, we repeat our strong opinion that in the education of the young the formation of the character is of the highest importance. But, having regard to the great diversities of opinion among our countrymen on religious subjects, and having serious doubts whether moral training can be satisfactorily tested by inspection or examination, we do not believe that the recommendations contained in this part of the report of our colleagues would promote the object which we desire. We recognize that, for the great mass of the people of this country, religious and moral teaching are most intimately connected, and that, in their judgment, the value and effectiveness of the latter depend to a very great extent upon religious sanctions." ‡

\* Final Report, p. 123.

† Isaiah xxviii. 13.

‡ Final Report, p. 244.

After this general recognition of the value of moral and religious instruction, coupled with a protest against its efficiency being inquired into,\* we turn to the more detailed examination of the subject by the extreme section of the minority. There we find lengthened quotations from various witnesses to show that—

“Those who believe that the inculcation of religious truth on some definite doctrinal form should constitute a portion of the daily teaching of every child attending school have no occasion to regard the results of the legislation of 1870 with dissatisfaction.”

Then there are the objections of Nonconformist witnesses to such teaching, and statements to prove the success and efficiency of Sunday schools, which they thus sum up:—

“Whatever differences may exist with regard to the religious power of the religious instruction given in day schools, there is none concerning the great service which has been rendered by the religious instruction given in Sunday schools to the moral and religious life of the nation.”\*—

the intention of all that is written obviously being to prove that the friends of definite religious teaching had no grounds for complaining, and that they ought to be satisfied with things as they are, clearly showing that the minority had quite failed to grasp the position of their opponents. The minority, evidently supposing that respectful tolerance is all to which those who do not approve of board schools are entitled, whereas the friends of voluntary schools assert that as their schools are as much a portion of the national provision for education as are board schools, and are accepted as such by Government, they have a right to claim an equal amount of consideration, and that as much respect shall be shown towards those who desire definite religious teaching for their children as is shown towards those who desire little or no teaching of the kind.

After thus summarizing the essential points of difference between the majority and the minority of the Commission, which I feel could only be fairly done by stating them as much as possible in their own words, the question arises, Is it possible to arrive at a compromise by which both sides may be satisfied? I must say candidly I do not think it is, until the minority are able to take an equitable view of the situation. The majority contend that the minority shall extend to those who think with them the principles for which they have long contended for themselves, and that the liberty of conscience which their opponents claim for themselves and those who agree with them shall be secured to those who differ from them. No opponents of Church rates could feel more strongly the burden of having to contribute towards the sustenance of services of which they disapproved than do those who think as I do the burden of having to pay for the erection and maintenance of schools whose religious teaching we strongly condemn. And in our case the hardship is greatly increased by the

\* Final Report, p. 293.

nation having pronounced strongly in favour of the principle of "religious liberty," and of having applied it to the destruction of an ancient rate levied for purposes of which we approve, and then after that of imposing a new rate for the support of institutions of a necessarily religious character of which we disapprove, and compelling us to pay it. To secure peace, and a permanent settlement of the education question, it is essential that the existence of the two parties should be fully and fairly recognized. There are those who think that the religious character of the nation, which they look upon as all-important, can only be preserved by definite religious teaching being given in elementary schools. There are those who take an entirely opposite view of the question, and would allow no definite distinctive religious teaching to be given in elementary State-assisted schools. It is not an equitable adjustment to inflict burdens upon the one class of persons from which the other is wholly exempt. I have no wish to see our Church and other voluntary schools supported without assistance from ourselves: it is our duty, and ought to be our pleasure, to make some sacrifice for the education of our poor co-religionists; but then the burden thrown upon us should be one that we are able to bear, and this is being made continually more difficult, for every year sees increased demands made upon us for heavier rates and for school improvements, and these threaten the existence of schools which we value and the establishment, partly at our cost, of others which we dislike. Perfect equity in the application of principles which the nation professes to have accepted would seek some plan by which the rates of all might be applied to schools of which all could approve, and, in some form, a choice given to the ratepayers as to the schools to which their money should be applied. If this were thought impracticable, then each body of ratepayers should have accorded to it perfect liberty of giving such religious instruction as the majority prefer, the liberty of the minority being safeguarded by a conscience clause. This also is denied to the friends of definite religious instruction by Act of Parliament. And the cry is raised for a complete system of national education from which all definite religious teaching shall be excluded. There is no immediate fear of such a cry being successful. It suggests the principle contended for when the Church and the monarchy were overthrown, and which was speedily followed by a violent reaction. I have no doubt that a similar result would follow the success of the present cry for what is called a national system of education. I am most anxious that we should have neither revolution nor reaction, but that such an equitable arrangement should be arrived at as will secure justice for both sides, so that the friends of education might heartily work, each in his own way, so as to produce the largest amount of permanent good to the people of this great country.

ROBERT GREGORY.

## KRAKATOA.

**I**N these modern days, when most of the notable events which take place all over the world to-day are duly laid before us in the newspapers to-morrow, it may seem like bringing up a piece of ancient history to discuss now an occurrence that took place on August 26-27, 1883.

But an event of the majestic proportions of the great eruption of Krakatoa can only be studied properly when placed in suitable perspective, and five years have been required before sufficient data could be collected to enable us to take an adequate view of the several incidents of the explosion. The eruption of Krakatoa was not only a mighty and appalling event in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Sunda. It was there no doubt that the fatal aspects of the disaster were exclusively developed. It was along the shores of Sumatra and Java that the inundations took place in which 36,380 lives are said to have perished. But the phenomena of Krakatoa, which give it a peculiar interest, are of an innocuous type, and have had a far wider range than those of a tragical character. The shock given to our globe was such that the influence of the explosion has extended in some degree to almost every part. To appreciate all that Krakatoa implies it is therefore not sufficient merely to gather the information which can be procured at the seat of the volcano itself, we must extend our inquiries much farther afield, we have to learn what observers within many hundred of miles around can tell us. Ships' logs have to be examined. The records of barometers and of magnetic instruments all over the globe, even to the very antipodes of Krakatoa, have to be brought together. The descriptions of extraordinary optical phenomena, such as wonderful ruddy glows at sunset and sunrise, or strange hues in which the sun and the moon were

occasionally decked, have to be collected and scrutinized from numerous places scattered over both hemispheres. Need it be said that such a task as this must be a protracted one, but it has at length been accomplished, and now those interested in the matter have the opportunity of studying a unique chapter in the history of the earth.

It is to the Royal Society that we are indebted for the inception and the carrying out of this laborious undertaking. A few months after the eruption took place the Royal Society appointed a Krakatoa committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. G. J. Symons. So multitudinous were the phenomena to be investigated that the committee was divided into sections. To examine into the eruption itself and the volcanic phenomena generally, a geological section was necessary. To study the air-waves and the sounds, as well as the distribution of dust and pumice by wind and water, required the aid of meteorologists. On the border territory, between the sciences of meteorology and of astronomy, must be placed the investigation of the twilight effects and the strange coronas and weird colours of the sun and moon. The great sea-waves must clearly be studied by hydrographers, and there were also some groups of facts connected with terrestrial magnetism and electricity. Immense numbers of letters and reports had to be brought to a focus from all parts of the globe, and the extensive printed literature relating to Krakatoa had to be ransacked. At length, however, by the spring of 1887, the manuscript was completed, and now, in the autumn of 1888, a superb quarto volume of nearly 500 pages, copiously illustrated both by artistic drawings and by charts and maps, has been issued.

Midway between Sumatra and Java lies a group of small islands, which, prior to 1883, were beautified by the dense forests and glorious vegetation of the tropics. Of these islands, Krakatoa was the chief, though even of it but little was known. Its appearance from the sea must, indeed, have been familiar to the crews of the many vessels that navigate the Straits of Sunda, but it was not regularly inhabited. Glowing with tropical verdure, such an island seemed an unlikely theatre for the display of an unparalleled effect of vulcanicity, but yet there were certain circumstances which may tend to lessen our surprise at the outbreak. In the first place, as Professor Judd has so clearly pointed out, not only is Krakatoa situated in a region famous, or perhaps infamous, for volcanoes and earthquakes, but it actually happens to lie at the intersection of two main lines, along which volcanic phenomena are, in some degree, perennial. In the second place, history records that there have been previous eruptions at Krakatoa. The last of these appears to have occurred in May 1680, but unfortunately only imperfect accounts of it have been preserved. It seems, however, to have annihilated the forests on the island, and to have ejected vast quantities of pumice, which cumbered the seas around. Krakatoa then remained active for a year and a

half, after which the mighty fires subsided. The irrepressible tropical vegetation again resumed possession. The desolated islet again became clothed with beauty, and for a couple of centuries reposed in peace.

A few significant warnings were given before the recent tremendous outbreak. Admonitory earthquakes began to be felt in the vicinity some years before, and for a period of three months Krakatoa was gradually preparing itself, and, as it were, rehearsing the majestic performance with which the world was astounded on August 26-27. The inhabitants of those regions were so accustomed to be threatened by volcanic phenomena that the early stages of the outbreak, which began on May 20, do not seem to have created any alarm; quite the reverse, indeed, for a pleasant excursion party was organized at Batavia, and they made a trip to Krakatoa in a steamer, to see what was going on. The party landed on the island, and found a large basin-shaped crater, more than half a mile across at the top, and almost 150 feet deep. In the centre of this was an aperture 150 feet in diameter, from which a column of steam issued with a terrific noise. Even at this early stage of the eruption the volcanic dust was projected aloft in quantities sufficient to be wafted to the adjoining shores of Sumatra and Java.

For the next fortnight or three weeks the intensity of the eruptive phenomena seemed at first to decline, but about the end of June other craters began to open on the island, and the volcanic energy thence steadily increased until the mighty climax. The actual nature of that awful event can only be imperfectly known. The Straits of Sunda were no longer a pleasant place for a steamboat excursion. They had become the theatre of an appalling catastrophe. For many hours the adjacent shores were wrapped in profound darkness, while the tremendous agitation of the volcano originated great sea waves which swept away entire towns and villages, and destroyed in great measure their populations.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, August 26, 1883, when Krakatoa commenced a series of gigantic volcanic efforts. Detonations were heard which succeeded each other at intervals of about ten minutes. These were loud enough to penetrate as far as Batavia and Buitenzorg, distant 96 and 100 miles respectively from the volcano. A vast column of steam, smoke, and ashes ascended to a prodigious elevation. It was measured at 2 P.M. from a ship 76 miles away, and was then judged to be 17 miles high—that is, three times the height of the loftiest mountain in the world. As the Sunday afternoon wore on, the volcanic manifestations became ever fiercer. At 3 P.M. the sounds were loudly heard in a town 150 miles away. At 5 P.M. every ear in the island of Java was engaged in listening to volcanic explosions, which were considered to be of quite unusual intensity even in that part of the world. These phenomena

were, however, only introductory. Krakatoa was gathering strength. Between 5 and 6 P.M. the British ship *Charles Bal*, commanded by Captain Watson, was about ten miles south of the volcano. The ship had to shorten sail in the darkness, and a rain of pumice, in large pieces and quite warm, fell upon her decks. At 7 P.M. the mighty column of smoke is described as having the shape of a pine-tree, and as being brilliantly illuminated by electric flashes. The sulphurous air is laden with fine dust, while the lead dropped from a ship in its anxious navigation astounds the leadsman by coming up hot from the bottom of the sea. From sunset on Sunday till midnight the tremendous detonations followed each other so quickly that a continuous roar may be said to have issued from the island. The full terrors of the eruption were now approaching. The distance of 96 miles between Krakatoa and Batavia was not sufficient to permit the inhabitants of the town to enjoy their night's sleep. All night long the thunders of the volcano sounded like the discharges of artillery at their very doors, while the windows rattled with the aerial vibrations.

On Monday morning, August 27, the eruption culminated in four terrific explosions, of which the third, shortly after 10 A.M. Krakatoa time, was by far the most violent. The quantity of material ejected was now so great that darkness prevailed even as far as Batavia soon after 11 A.M., and there was a rain of dust until three in the afternoon. The explosions continued with more or less intensity all the afternoon of Monday and on Monday night. They finally ceased at about 2.30 A.M. on Tuesday, August 28. The entire series of grand phenomena thus occupied a little more thirty-six hours.

We may imagine several different standards by which the significance of a volcanic outbreak is to be estimated. The most obvious standard of comparison is, of course, that of the quantity of materials which are extruded. Another, would be the area covered by the clouds of volcanic dust and the duration of the darkness thus caused. Other standards would be sought in the incidental effects of the outbreak, such as the great waves which are thereby propagated in the sea and the distances to which the sounds are carried. Other more subtle, but not less interesting, phenomena are the waves in the atmospheric ocean, which are neither seen nor heard, but of which the barometer gives no uncertain indications. Among the remaining effects of a volcanic explosion are the curious sunset glows and the strange optical phenomena that are sometimes witnessed. We have thus a number of distinct points of view from which the significance of a volcano can be estimated. We had all heard so much about Krakatoa that at first it is a little disappointing to read the assurances of Professor Judd that, so far as the first two of these standards are concerned, Krakatoa has been surpassed by other volcanoes. He enumerates three distinct outbreaks—viz., that of Papandayang, in Java, in 1772; of Skaptar Jökull (Varmárdalur), in Iceland, in 1783;

and of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, in 1815—in all of which the quantity of matter poured forth was considerably greater than that from Krakatoa. However, even in this respect the achievements of Krakatoa if second-rate are at least respectable. The estimates made are necessarily founded on precarious data, but it seems to be certain that if all the materials poured forth from Krakatoa during the critical period could be collected together, the mass they would form would be considerably over a cubic mile in volume. It is in the other standards of comparison that the importance of the explosion at Krakatoa is to be sought. The intensity of this outbreak in its last throes was such that mighty sounds were heard and mighty waves arose in the sea for which we can find no parallel. Every part of our globe's surface felt the pulse of the air-waves, and beautiful optical phenomena made the circuit of the globe even more than once or twice. In these last respects the eruption of Krakatoa is unique.

Professor Judd has satisfactorily accounted for the enormous manufacture of dust during the eruption. It appears to consist of comminuted pumice, and is produced by the attrition of the pumice masses, as in successive outbursts they are hurled aloft, and then tumble back again into the crater.

It appears to me that the most remarkable incident connected with the recent eruption of Krakatoa was the production of the great air-wave by that particular explosion that occurred at ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, August 27. The great air-wave was truly of cosmical importance, affecting as it did every particle of the atmosphere on our globe. This phenomenon alone extends the study of Krakatoa beyond the province of Vulcanology, and gives to the subject a particular interest in physical science.

A pebble tossed into a pond of unruffled water gives rise to a beautiful series of circular waves that gradually expand and ultimately become evanescent. A very large body falling into the ocean would originate waves that might diverge for miles from the centre of disturbance ere they became inappreciable. Waves can originate in air as well as in water. We are not at this moment speaking of those familiar air-waves by which sounds are conveyed. The waves we now mean are inaudible and apparently much longer undulations.

Imagine a great globe, which for simplicity we may think of as smooth all over, and imagine this globe to be covered with a uniform shell of air. Let us suppose that this globe has the stupendous dimensions expressed by a diameter of 8,000 miles, and that the atmosphere is, let us say, 100 miles deep. Now, suppose that all is quiet, but that at some point, which for the moment we may speak of as the pole, a mighty disturbance is originated. Let us regard this disturbance as produced by a sudden but local pushing up of the atmosphere by a force directed from the earth's surface outwards, and let us trace the effect thereby produced on the atmosphere. Such a sudden impulse



will at once initiate a series of circular atmospheric waves, which will enlarge away from the centre of disturbance just like the waves caused by the pebble in the pond. If the original atmospheric impulse be large enough we shall find the circle growing larger and larger, its radius increasing from hundreds of miles to thousands of miles, until at last the wave reaches the equator. What is to happen when the diverging waves have attained the equator, and are now confronted by the opposite hemisphere? This is one of those cases in which the mathematician can guide us where the experimentalist would be otherwise somewhat at fault. We know that as the wave entered the opposite hemisphere it would at once move through a similar series of changes to those through which it had already gone, but in the inverse order. The wave will thus, after leaving the equator, glide onwards into a parallel small circle, ever decreasing in diameter, and converging towards the anti-pole. Finally, just as the waves all radiated from the original pole, so will they all concentrate towards the opposite one. But what is now to happen? Here, again, the mathematician will inform us. He can follow the oscillations after their confluence, and he finds that from the anti-pole they will again commence to diverge. Again they will expand, again they will reach the equator, and again will they gradually draw in to concentration at the original pole, nor will the process even here end. From the second confluence there will be a new divergence, and thus the oscillations will be sent quivering from one pole of the globe to the other, until they gradually subside by friction.

This comprehensive series of phenomena wherein the atmosphere of the entire globe participates in an organized vibration has, so far as we know, only once been witnessed, and that was after the greatest outbreak at Krakatoa, at ten o'clock on the morning of August 27. But the ebb and the flow of these mighty undulations are not immediately appreciable to the senses. The great wave, for instance, passed and re-passed and passed again over London, and no inhabitant was conscious of the fact. But the automatic records of the barometer at Greenwich show that the vibration from Krakatoa to its antipodes, and from the antipodes back to Krakatoa was distinctly perceptible over London not less than six or seven times. The instruments at the Kew Observatory confirm those at Greenwich, and if further confirmation were required it can be had from the barograms at many other places in England. This is truly a memorable incident, and the scientific value of the labours of those who so diligently obtain automatic barometric records year after year would be amply demonstrated, if demonstration were required, by this single discovery of the great Krakatoa air-wave.

From all parts of Europe, from Berlin to Palermo, from St. Petersburg to Valencia, we obtain the same indications. Fortunately self-recording barometric instruments are now to be found all over the

world. Almost all the instruments show distinctly the first great wave, from Krakatoa to its antipodes in Central America, and the return wave from the antipodes to Krakatoa. They also all show the second great wave which sped from Krakatoa, as well as the second great wave which returned from the antipodes. Thus, the first four of the oscillations are depicted on upwards of forty of the barograms. The fifth and sixth oscillations are also to be distinguished on several of the curves, and even the seventh is certainly established at some few places, of which Kew is one. Then the gradually increasing faintness of the indications renders them unrecognizable, from which we conclude that after seven pulsations our atmosphere had sensibly regained its former condition ere it was disturbed by Krakatoa.

Among the instruments which have yielded valuable information about the air-wave, we have, curiously enough, to mention the register of the recording gasometer-indicator at Batavia. This apparatus, designed and employed for a widely different purpose, shows that extraordinary fluctuations in the barometric pressure occurred at the time when the great wave passed over the town.

It is of particular interest, from a physical point of view, to study the numerical facts with reference to the speed at which this world-embracing wave was propagated. We shall for this purpose select the records taken at Greenwich. The phase of the wave found most convenient for measurement was the depression following the outbreak, and the moment at which this phase started from Krakatoa was 3 hrs. 32 mins. P.M. on August 17, Greenwich mean time. This is probably correct within two or three minutes. Diverging from its source this wave reached Greenwich after an interval of a little more than ten hours. The interesting point is, however, the determination of the period of a complete oscillation, that is to say, the interval between the passage of the wave over Greenwich and the next passage of the wave in the same direction also over Greenwich. It has been found convenient to designate the successive waves as i., ii., iii., iv., &c., the odd numbers being those from Krakatoa to its antipodes, and the even numbers being the return waves from the antipodes to Krakatoa. At Greenwich, for example, we find the interval between i. and iii. to have been 36.47 hours, between iii. and v. 36.82 hours, and between v. and vii. 37.05 hours. For the return waves the intervals between ii. and iv. was 34.78 hours, and between iv. and vi. 35.25 hours. The similar values vary slightly when obtained at the several stations, but the average results indicate that for its first circuit of the earth the wave required 36 hrs. 24 mins., for the second 36 hrs. 30 mins., and for the third 36 hrs. 50 mins. The similar periods for the waves travelling in the reverse way were 34 hrs. 46 mins., and 35 hrs. 4 mins. respectively. The average of all is very nearly a day and a half.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I must refer to the

approximate identity between the velocity of this aerial disturbance and the velocity of ordinary sound. This is well brought out by General Strachey. The speed of the wave varies from 674 to 726 miles per hour. The speed of sound propagation is 723 miles at zero Fahrenheit, and is 781 miles at 80° Fahrenheit. Considering that the waves had, of course, to cross the poles in their journeys, it would almost seem that within the limits of probable error the speed of the great wave and the speed of ordinary sound waves were identical. It would, I think, have been an improvement on the plates containing the barograms, if the scale had been given, so that it would have been possible to obtain some definite notion of the amplitudes of the oscillations at the different stations. The only pressure-diagram contained in the plates which does give any scale measures, is that of the gasholder at Batavia, from this it would appear, that the barometric fluctuation produced by the great wave was about four-tenths of an inch of mercury at a distance of 100 miles from the source of disturbance.

While the chapter on the air waves is the most novel scientific feature in the Report of the Krakatoa Committee, it will be admitted that the most amazing features of the same work are those contained in the section on "Sounds." Here we find a collection of statements so marvellous that they would be well-nigh incredible were it not for the ample body of excellent testimony by which they are substantiated. In the whole annals of noise there is nothing which can be compared to the records set forth in a table which occupies not less than eight pages of the volume. Let us select a few instances, almost at random.

Lloyds' Agent at Batavia, 94 miles distant, says, that on the morning of the 27th of August the reports and concussions were simply deafening. At Carimon, Java Island, reports were heard which led to the belief that some vessel offshore was making signals of distress, and boats were accordingly put out to render succour, but no vessel was found, as the reports were from Krakatoa, 355 miles away. At Macassar, in Celebes, explosions were heard all over the province. Two steamers were sent out to discover the cause, for the authorities did not then know that what they heard came from Krakatoa, 969 miles away. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to exemplify the range of this stupendous siren. In St. Lucia Bay, in Borneo, a number of natives, who had been guilty of murder, thought they heard the sounds of vengeance in the approach of an attacking force. They fled from their village, little fancying that what alarmed them really came from Krakatoa 1116 miles distant. All over the island of Timor alarming sounds were heard, and so urgent did the situation appear that the Government was aroused, and sent off a steamer to ascertain the cause. The sounds had, however, come 1351 miles, all the way from Krakatoa. In the Victoria Plains

of West Australia the inhabitants were startled by the discharge of artillery—an unwonted noise in that peaceful district—but the artillery was at Krakatoa, now 1700 miles away. The inhabitants of Daly Waters in South Australia were rudely awakened at midnight on Sunday, August 26, by an explosion resembling the blasting of a rock, which lasted for a few minutes. The time and other circumstances show that here again was Krakatoa heard this time at the monstrous distance of 2023 miles. But there is undoubted testimony that to distances even greater than 2023 miles the waves of sound conveyed tidings of the mighty convulsion. Diego Garcia in the Chagos Islands is 2267 miles from Krakatoa, but the thunders traversed even this distance, and created the belief that there must be some ship in distress, for which a diligent but necessarily ineffectual search was made. To pass at once to the most remarkable case of all, we have a report from Mr. James Wallis, chief of police in Rodriguez, that “several times during the night of August 26–27, 1883, reports were heard coming from the eastward like the distant roar of heavy guns. These reports continued at intervals of between three and four hours.” Were it not for the continuous chain of evidence from places at gradually increasing distances from Krakatoa, we might well hesitate to believe that the noises Mr. Wallis heard were really from the great volcano, but a glance at the map, which shows the several stations where the great sounds were heard, leaves no room for doubt. We thus have the astounding fact that almost across the whole wide extent of the Indian Ocean, that is to a distance of nearly 3000 miles (2968), the sound of the throes of Krakatoa were propagated.

We appreciate this result more strikingly if we reflect on the velocity of sound. Seconds or minutes may elapse between the appearance of a flash of lightning and the arrival of the thunder. A brilliant meteor has been known to be followed by an appalling crash of noise in a quarter of an hour afterwards, showing that the explosion took place about 180 miles away. But the volcanic sounds could not have been heard at Rodriguez until four hours after they had commenced to travel from Krakatoa. Were Vesuvius now to break out as Krakatoa has done, every inhabitant of Great Britain would apparently be quite near enough to hear the awful detonation.

I have not space to enter fully into the discussion of the great sea waves which accompanied the eruption of Krakatoa. I shall content myself with the mention of three facts in illustration thereof. Of these probably the most unusual is the magnitude of the area over which the undulations were perceived. Thus, to mention but a single instance, and that not by any means an extreme one, we find that the tide gauge at Table Bay reveals waves which, notwithstanding that they have travelled 5100 miles from Krakatoa, have still a range of eighteen inches when they arrive at the southern coast of Africa. The second fact that I mention illustrates the magnitude of the

seismic waves by the extraordinary inundations that they produced on the shores of the Straits of Sunda. Captain Wharton shows that the waves, as they deluged the land, must have been fifty feet, or, in one well-authenticated case, seventy-two feet high. It was, of course, these vast floods which caused the fearful loss of life. The third illustrative fact concerns the fate of a man-of-war, the *Berouw*. This unhappy vessel was borne from its normal element and left high and dry in Sumatra, a mile and three-quarters inland, and thirty feet above the level of the sea.

Such incidents, tragic as they doubtless were, are not so unusual as the exquisite series of optical phenomena which has made most of the nations on the earth spectators in some degree of the wonders of Krakatoa. Resounding as were the crashes of the explosions, they still subsided thousands of miles to the east of Great Britain, and though the great aerial vibrations tingled to and fro through the air over every part of this globe, yet they were not perceptible to our unaided senses. But now we are to consider a splendid series of phenomena which scorned limitations of distance, and which obtruded their glories on our notice for weeks and even months together.

One of the most striking maps that the Report of the Royal Society contains is that which illustrates the progress of the main sky phenomena from August 26 (evening) to September 9 (eastern time), 1883. I doubt if the skies have ever presented to our vision, within atmospheric limits, a more singular series of phenomena than those which are most clearly depicted within the modest limits of this little map on Plate XXXVII. Let me endeavour from the series of maps, of which this is one, as well as from the abundant body of matter so luminously set forth by the Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell and Mr. E. Douglas Archibald, to present a brief outline of this elaborately beautiful series of phenomena and their cause.

During the crisis on August 26-27, the volume of material blown into the air was sufficiently dense to obscure the coasts of Sumatra to such a degree that at 10 A.M. the darkness there is stated to have been more intense than it is even in the blackest of nights. The fire-dust ascended to an elevation which, as we have already mentioned, is estimated to have been as much as seventeen miles. Borne aloft into these higher regions of our atmosphere, the clouds of dust at once became the sport of the winds and the currents that may be found there. If we had not previously known the prevailing tendency of the winds at these elevations and in these latitudes, the journeys of the Krakatoa dust would have taught us. We shall confine our attention for the present to the chief phenomena, and we begin with the manifestation of these phenomena which were witnessed in the tropics.

It seems certain that, having attained their lofty elevation, the mighty clouds of dust were seized by westerly winds, and were swept along with a velocity which may not improbably be normal at a height

of twenty miles above the earth's surface. It has been demonstrated by Dr. Vettin at Berlin that the upper cirrus clouds in winter at a height of only four or five miles have an average velocity of 44·5 miles an hour. The Rev. W. Clement Ley has shown that the velocities of the upper cirrus clouds often amount to 120 miles an hour. These facts enable us without hesitation to attribute velocities to the great clouds of Krakatoa dust which shall be quite sufficient to account for the various phenomena.

It appears that this cloud of dust started immediately from Krakatoa for a series of voyages round the world. The highway which it at first pursued may, for our present purpose, be sufficiently defined by the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn, though it hardly approached these margins at first. Westward the dust of Krakatoa takes its way. In three days it had crossed the Indian Ocean and was rapidly flying over the heart of Equatorial Africa; for another couple of days it was making a transatlantic journey; and then it might be found, for still a couple of days more, over the forests of Brazil ere it commenced the great Pacific voyage, which brought it back to the East Indies. The dust of Krakatoa had put a girdle round the earth in thirteen days. The shape of the cloud appears to have been elongated, so that it took two or three days to complete the passage over any stated place. When the dust-cloud had regained the Straits of Sunda the eruption was all over, but the winds were still the same as before, and again the comminuted pumice sped on its impetuous career. The density of the cloud had, however, lessened. Doubtless much of the material was subsiding, and the remainder was becoming diffused over a wider area. Accordingly, we find that the track of the stream during this second revolution is somewhat wider than it was on the first, though still mainly confined between the tropics. The speed with which the dust revolved was, however, unabated. Continents and oceans were again swept over with a velocity double that of an express train, and again the earth was surrounded within the fortnight. The dust-cloud had now further widened its limits, but was still distinguishable, and with unlesened speed commenced for a third time to encircle the earth. The limits of the stream had spread themselves outside the tropics, though still falling short of Europe. \* There is no reason to think that there was any decline in the velocity of 76 miles per hour, but the gradual diffusion of the dust begins to obliterate the indications by which its movements could be perceived, so that during, and after, the third circuit the phenomena became so fused that while their glory covers the earth, the distinction between the successive returns has vanished. In November the area which contained the Krakatoa dust had sufficiently expanded from its original tropical limits to include Europe and the greater part of North America. During the winter months the suspended material gradually subsided or, at all events, became

evanescent, and in the following spring the earth regained its normal state in so far as the Straits of Sunda were concerned.

It remains to give some brief account of the optical phenomena due to the presence of dust, unusual both in quantity and in character, in the upper atmosphere. The frontispiece of the volume shows some beautiful pictures of the twilight and after-glow effects as seen by Mr. W. Ascroft on the bank of the Thames a little west of London, on the evening of November 26, 1883. Analogous phenomena to those here depicted, were seen almost universally during November and December in the same year. Who is there that does not remember the wondrous loveliness of the twilights and the after-glows during that remarkable winter! These appearances at sunrise and sunset are only the more generally recognized of a whole system of strange optical phenomena. One of the most striking indications of the presence of the dust streams in its first voyage round the earth was given by a strange blue sun, which scampered round the globe in thirteen days. The dust stream was also visible in its rapid voyages as a lofty haze or extensive cloud of cirro-stratus. Then, too, strange halos were often seen, there were occasional blue or green moons, and the sun was sometimes glorified by a corona that had its origin in our atmosphere. Everywhere in the world there were remarkable features in the sky that winter: from Tierra del Fuego to Lake Superior. From China to the Gulf of Guinea. From Panama to Australia. Wherever on land there were inhabitants with sufficient intelligence to note the unusual, wherever on the sea there were mariners who kept a careful log: from all such observers we learn that in the autumn and winter months following the great eruption of Krakatoa, there were extraordinary manifestations witnessed in the heavens.

Just one point more in conclusion. We have recorded the great volcanic outbreak of Krakatoa, and we have recorded a wonderful series of optical phenomena. It remains to say a word as to the proof that the latter was indeed the consequence of the former. As the Committee have begun their book with pictures of sun-glows, and as they have occupied more than half of the work with descriptions of the purely optical effects, it seems as if they, at all events, entertained but little doubt that the dust of Krakatoa was responsible for the sunsets of Chelsea. Still I notice that some members of the Committee seem to shrink from deliberately committing themselves to this view. Indeed, the very title of their book exhibits a certain degree of caution on this point. They have called it "*The Eruption of Krakatoa and subsequent Phenomena.*" The word I have italicized would not improbably have been *consequent* had it not been for the existence of some such reserve as that I have indicated. But the magnificent body of information which their labours have brought together will enable every one who will carefully study the book to form his own opinion

as to whether or not it was Krakatoa dust which painted our sunsets with those glorious hues. In attempting to decide this question we must first endeavour to conceive the kind of evidence which would be necessary and sufficient to establish the fact that the optical phenomena were consequent upon, as well as subsequent to, the great eruption.

First of all it would be natural to ask whether the existence of volcanic dust in the air could have produced the optical effects that have been observed. This must be answered in the affirmative. Then it would be proper to inquire whether other volcanic outbreaks in other parts of the world, and on other occasions, had been known to have been followed by similar results. Here, again, we have page after page of carefully stated and striking historical facts which answer this question also in the affirmative. Next it would be right to see whether the sequence in which the phenomena were produced at different places in the autumn of 1883, tallied with the supposition that they all diverged from Krakatoa. The instances that could be produced in support of the affirmative number many hundreds, though it must be admitted that there are some few cases about which there are difficulties. Surely we have here what is practically a demonstration. It is certain that these optical phenomena existed. No cause can be assigned for them except the presence, at that particular time, of vast volumes of dust in the air. What brought that dust into the air except the explosion of Krakatoa? Most people find themselves unable to share the scruples of those who think there can be a doubt on the matter. Would another eruption of Krakatoa, followed by a repetition of all the optical phenomena, convince them that in this case, at all events, *post hoc* was *propter hoc*. Perhaps not, if they have already failed in being convinced by the fact that, when Krakatoa exploded two centuries ago, blood-red skies appear to have been seen shortly afterwards as far away as Denmark.

Let me venture here to express the thanks which all scientific people must feel to the members of the Committee of the Royal Society, who have brought together in so masterly a manner a report worthy of the majestic series of phenomena which their labours illustrate. When we reflect that an explosion on an insignificant islet in the Straits of Sunda has sufficed to set the whole atmospheric covering of our globe trembling, when we remember that the dust then poured forth in a few days of volcanic activity, was adequate to adorn the sunsets of every country in the earth, we are reminded once again of the old truth: "How small the world is after all."

ROBERT S. BALL.



## THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

WE are living in a spoon-meat period, an age of universal "boiling-down." Ask the purveyors of our literature, and, from the British Museum Librarian to the most adventurous of publishers, the testimony will be as unanimous as it is unhesitating, that, wherever anything simpler is obtainable, the public has ceased to care for original authorities. Whether from a lack of appetite, a superabundance of choice, or a failure of digestive power, certain it is that the solid food must be reduced to pulp before the "general reader" will even try to swallow it. The boilers-down hold the field. Their sway is unquestioned, and, except for the stimulus of a wholesome rivalry, no test of genuineness seems to be applied to the palatable stream which flows unceasingly from cauldron, pot, and pannikin. A shilling (minus discount) will procure you, in a neat brown cover, a comprehensive manual upon any subject in earth, or sea, or sky.

And it would be folly to ignore or to deny the advantages of such a system of provender. For the general purposes of unprofessional life, especially in middle age, a smattering of many things is popularly supposed to be far more useful than the mastery of any single branch of knowledge, and, contrary though it be to the sound canons of literature, it would not be difficult to show good cause for the popular opinion. At all events the boiler-down finds a ready market for his wares, and, in the multiplicity and hurry of modern engagements, the average reader, with this pabulum provided to his hand, has neither time nor inclination for grappling with the heavier volumes which his father, if not his mother, would thirty years ago have faced courageously, to the immense advantage of the mental muscles.

It is not my purpose to disparage the modern system, or to strike a balance of advantage between the literature of past days and of our

own. If, as is probable, a hundred men, women, and children know something nowadays, say, about geology, or astronomy, or European history, or the Christian Fathers, for every five who knew anything whatever on any one of these subjects when Queen Victoria began to reign, the fact may fairly be set upon the credit side when we are balancing the gains and losses which our rage for little books has brought about.

When everybody has thus a little knowledge—dangerously little—about most things, and feels proportionally wiser, it is not wonderful that we want our novels to seem wiser also. And if the novelist or the poet of to-day finds that what he writes is liked the better because he deals—however airily—with the deeper problems of philosophy or Christian thought, it seems to show that, with all our hurry and strain, we are trying at least to find time for a little thinking too. It is quite certain that even the largest problems of our life, when reduced to simple shape, have at present a keen interest for the general reader, and that the Christian faith, as people hold it now, is likely to be a stouter and a clearer thing than formerly, because men have faced its difficulties instead of ignoring them. Impossible as it must necessarily be to discuss these subjects adequately when they are interwoven with the incidents of a novel, the attempt is not therefore useless. It serves at least to bring the larger questions of life, here and hereafter, within the reach of many who are the better for considering them, and who would never have the enterprise or energy to work out the problems for themselves. The risk attending such a treatment of great questions is not slight. But almost anything is better than a general acquiescence in ignoring the whole subject, and I, for one, am unhesitatingly thankful for every honest and capable effort to bring both sides of these vital questions within the reach of common folk. Let it be done fairly, and we dare not and do not fear the issue. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*

But there is one thing quite certain, and it is the single point on which I wish to dwell. If the literary sceptre has passed from the hands of original thinkers and writers into the hands of those who popularize their thoughts at second-hand, great indeed is the responsibility which rests upon such “boilers-down” that they deal fairly with the problems they take in hand, and master, for themselves at least, the things they have undertaken to explain.

It is not in the regions of science or history that this self-evident obligation seems likely to be ignored. Indeed, in some departments of these great subjects the popularizers have been the very men whose names stand foremost as original authorities; and such men would probably be the first to testify that the little book is more difficult to write than the big one, and requires in its author at least as sound a basis of accurate knowledge if it is to fulfil the work assigned to it.

There are accordingly not very many people who feel themselves competent to popularize a book of physical science or even of European history. It is only when the subject is the highest of all sciences—the science which is concerned with the issues of life and death—that all sorts of men and women who may possess a gift of ready writing have a cheerful belief in their own ability to grapple unharmed and unharmfully with the very deepest problems of our being and the subtlest mysteries of our faith.

The religious novel is no invention of our age—no mere impatient outcome of a modern revolt against sterner modes of study. In one shape or another it is as old as literature itself. The form has varied with the sympathies and faiths of different times and countries, and there is an appropriate complexity—if the phrase may be allowed—about the costume in which it appears among us now. But, in whatever guise, appear it must. It would be simply untrue to omit the religious side of life from what is meant to be a faithful picture of such a society as our own—a society permeated through and through, far more deeply than it knows, with the religious spirit, past and present. In a novel which treats—as modern novels do—of the ordinary ways and words of really thoughtful men and women, the larger speculative questions of our faith and its issues find an absolutely inevitable place. Nay, the highest value of many modern novels consists distinctly in the force with which, without becoming prosy, they have handled these religious problems and contributed to their solution. Most of us can recall occasions when a novel has shaped and formulated for us our rough and scrappy thoughts upon such subjects, and perhaps evoked the better self which might otherwise have kept out of sight. To name a few books almost at random, out of scores that might be quoted, there are passages in “Adam Bede,” in “The Minister’s Wooing,” in “Alec Forbes,” in “Yeast,” and even in “Donovan” and “We Two,” which have left their mark for abiding good upon the religious life of hundreds of the men and women of to-day. Whatever his opinion of the several books, he would be a bold critic who should dare to say that in any one of these the distinctively religious element was either exaggerated or out of place.

But in all these cases, except perhaps in the last-named pair, it is the practical and moral side of the Christian Faith that is put forward rather than the doctrinal or apologetic side; and hence the force with which the subject can be handled by a vigorous and earnest writer, however scanty his theological acquirements. It is when authors plunge headlong into apologetics, upon one side or the other, in the hope that fluency and earnestness will atone for what they lack in knowledge of a very difficult subject, that they run a risk of being much worse than useless to their readers. Not only will they cut a sorry figure in the fray, but they will do

actual harm by crude assertions, born, not of any intention to mislead, but of sheer and helpless ignorance, excusable perhaps in ordinary citizens, but less excusable, surely, in those who aim at presenting to their fellows, whether in the garb of fact or fiction, a Christian *Apologia* of their own. They can claim no sympathy, for their *role* is self-assigned. We may apply to such theologians what Aurora Leigh says of poets:

"Poets needs must be  
Or men or women—more's the pity."  
"Ah,  
But men, and still less women, happily,  
Scarce need be poets."

The influence of religion upon life is one thing: Theology, or the science of religion, is another; and the latter—with Apologetics and Evidences as component parts of it—is not to be acquired either intuitively or from the common experience of life. By all means let those who are capable of doing so set forth its rudiments in a popular form to be understood of all men. The task will be a worthy one whatever the shape in which the lesson is conveyed—nay, whatever the conclusion whereto the teacher may have come himself, and desire to lead his followers. But it is not a task to try a 'prentice hand upon. The issues are too grave, and the men and women are few and far between who possess at once the knowledge of so great a subject and the perhaps yet rarer power to make it plain. It implies no slur upon a brilliant and thoughtful author that he or she has made no profound study of the deeper theological problems, evidential or other. It is when an author, without such preliminary study, attempts to bring these great questions within the reach of common people, to destroy or modify, for example, the popular conception of the Christian faith, or to handle the controversies between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, and the like—it is then that the reader has a right to ask for evidence that the bold writer is not merely enthusiastic and earnest, which nobody doubts, but is adequately equipped for a task so serious, and has at least mastered for himself the problem which is going to be explained. The responsibility, the answerableness, of the "boiler-down" is here apparent in the clearest form. In proportion to the gravity of the issues involved, in proportion as the result of fair inquiry will affect men's happiness, will, in the most literal sense, "upset" them; in that proportion is the responsibility the weightier. The Phaethon whose rashness courts disaster is imperilling, it may be, not himself alone, but scores of trustful passengers, who had, as they believed, a right to feel assured that their charioteer was duly trained for such an enterprise. There are not a few such Phaethons astir among us now. If I ask those

who may read this article to look for a few moments at one who is perhaps the most prominent among these charioteers, it is not with any intention of criticizing the general character of the adventure, but with a view to test, in the only way we can, the sufficiency of the driver's professional equipment for the particular enterprise in hand.

The very formidableness of "Robert Elsmere," alike in quantity and quality, enhances the glory of its success.

"It is a novel"—as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out—"of nearly twice the length, and much more than twice the matter, of ordinary novels. It dispenses, almost entirely, in the construction of what must still be called its plot, with the aid of incident in the ordinary sense. . . . 'Robert Elsmere' is hard reading, and requires toil and effort. Yet if it be difficult to persist it is impossible to stop. . . . The book is eminently an offspring of the time, and will probably make a deep or at least a very sensible impression, not, however, among mere novel-readers, but among those who share, in whatever sense, the deeper thought of the period."†

My point is that, before yielding helplessly to this impression, it is necessary to ask for some assurance that the gifted authoress understands the problem she is dealing with. The beautiful idyll which forms the first and, to my mind, the most striking portion of the novel, the subtle delineation of character which adorns the whole book from end to end, the wealth and brilliancy of its literary style, and the unflagging interest and occasional pathos of its story—these cast around it, as a whole, so bright a glamour, that the cold-blooded questioner who ventures to inquire whether its authoress understood the problem she was dealing with stands amused or abashed at his own presumption.

But the doubt recurs unbidden. It has been raised already by no less a critic than Mr. Gladstone, and his example emboldens humbler questioners.

"There is nowhere," he says, "a sign that the authoress has made herself acquainted with the Christian apologists, old or recent, or has weighed the evidences derivable from Christian history. . . . If such be the case she has skipped lightly (to put it no higher) over vast mental spaces of literature and learning relevant to the case, and has given sentence in the cause without hearing the evidence."†

Mr. Gladstone's negative premiss may even, as I think, be expressed positively. "There is nowhere," he says, "a sign that the authoress has made herself acquainted with the Christian apologists." There is everywhere, I venture to add, a clear sign that she has not. Let any one go carefully through the passages in the book which state the argument for Christianity, in however slight a form, and he will be startled, first by their rarity, and next by their extraordinary weakness. It is, to my mind, simply incredible that a writer so gifted, so capable of clear and nervous exposition, and so transparently honest of purpose, should

\* *Nineteenth Century* May 1888, p. 767.

† *Ibid.*, p. 778.

have expressed herself as she has if she had been at the pains to acquire any knowledge of the rational, as apart from the emotional, basis on which the Christian fabric has been reared and stands. The baffled searcher looks in vain for the real combatant whom the Squire's arguments so quickly overthrew. He is nowhere to be found. No wonder the issues of the "long wrestle," which is referred to but not described, should be so certain, if the orthodox champion is thus presented as a man of straw. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Ward intended her picture of Mr. Newcome's almost grotesque position to be a serious statement of the Christian case, or that she regarded Catharine's hereditary creed, with all its earnestness and beauty, as possessing the requisite force and foothold for an apologetic argument.

Of the line taken by the negative opponents of our faith, Mrs. Ward shows some knowledge, and their case is stated with all the earnestness which belongs to what has been well described as her "sense of mission," but scarce a syllable is to be found in these eleven hundred pages which recognizes even the existence of any other than an emotional basis for the creed of eighteen Christian centuries. Again and again the reader thinks he is coming to it, but as he nears the spot he is quietly led aside with a sort of tacit assumption that the ground is so familiar there can be no gain in entering upon it.

Once only, I think, in the whole story, is specific reference made to the position taken by a Christian apologist, and the passage is so remarkable in its bearing upon my point that it is worth examining with a little care.

Elsmere, his decision already taken, his mind made up, goes back to Oxford to tell his tale to Mr. Grey. We expect to hear something of what has been the process of his conversion, and we do hear something, though not much. "I imagine," Grey is made to say, "you didn't get much help out of the orthodox apologists?" And Elsmere, in his reply, ascribes the hopelessness of his position to the very apologists whom he had been taught to reverence. Most fortunately he gives a specific example of what he means, and we are thus able in this one and only instance to test the value of the reference, and the extent of Mrs. Ward's (or rather of Robert Elsmere's) research. Elsmere's complaint is quite clearly expressed. It is that Dr. Westcott, the apologist in question, "who means so much now-a-days," we are reminded, "to the English religious world," vitiates his whole argument by isolating Christianity from its antecedents, and then arguing upon it as a thing apart. "We have reason to be grateful for this reference. It gives us a test whereby to gauge the lack of knowledge to which Mr. Gladstone, in the passage above quoted, makes allusion. I suppose, if there be any single Christian apologist of the first rank who has protested in season and out of season for the last quarter of a century against the line of

argument to which Robert Elsmere takes obvious objection, it is Dr. Westcott. It is almost an insult to those familiar with his writings, and to the thousands whom his words have helped, to suppose it necessary to contradict a misrepresentation so palpable. "Robert Elsmere," however, will be read by very many who have not read Dr. Westcott, and it may therefore be worth while to place a few sentences from one of his best-known books alongside of the reference made to them by Mrs. Ward:—

"Robert Elsmere," vol. ii. p. 313.

"It often seemed to me I might have got through, but for the men whose books I used to read and respect most in old days. The point of view is generally so extraordinarily limited. Westcott, for instance, who means so much, now-a-days to the English religious world, first isolates Christianity from all the other religious phenomena of the world, and then argues upon its details. You might as well isolate English jurisprudence, and discuss its details without any reference to Teutonic custom or Roman law! You may be as logical or as learned as you like within the limits chosen, but the whole result is false. You treat Christian witness and Biblical literature as you would treat no other witness and no other literature in the world. And you cannot show cause enough. For your reasons depend on the very witness under dispute. And so you go on arguing in a circle *ad infinitum*."

Dr. Westcott's "Gospel of the Resurrection," pp. 60-63.

"However dim and uncertain the prospect of the life of the world and the life of humanity may have been in old times, it is impossible now to doubt the noble continuity of progress by which both are revealed and characterized; and the view which is thus opened to us of the course of history throws a fresh light on the position of Christianity. It is not an isolated system, but the result of a long preparation. . . . Christianity cannot be regarded alone and isolated from its antecedents. It is part of a whole which reaches back historically from its starting point on the day of Pentecost for nearly two thousand years. . . . Christianity must be placed in intimate connection with the divine discipline of the world in former ages if we are to understand it. There have been attempts in all ages to separate Christianity from Judaism and Hellenism; but to carry out such an attempt is not to interpret Christianity, but to construct a new religion. Christianity has not only affinities with Judaism and Hellenism, but it includes in itself all the permanent truths to which both witness."

If any one, unacquainted with Dr. Westcott's writings, should hazard the conjecture that the contradiction in these parallel columns is accidental, and that the general tenor of Dr. Westcott's argument is as stated by Mrs. Ward, it would be enough to refer to almost any of his writings, or (if a more specific reference be desired) to the analysis which precedes the famous volume from which I have quoted a few sentences. The simplest reader may thus see at a glance how the whole fabric of that

vigorous treatise—successive editions of which have now been in circulation for more than twenty years—is an answer to the very contentions which Mrs. Ward puts into the mouth of Squire Wendover with so strange an effect upon the Rector's extremely fluid faith. Upon what grounds Robert Elsmere either held or abandoned the Christian creed we are not definitely told, and this fortunate reference to Dr. Westcott may point us to what Mr. Gladstone has already described as a very simple explanation of the reticence. In truth the reason is not far to seek. The lady who has given us this remarkable book has read much and knows many things. Has she ever turned her attention to the grounds on which thinking men hold the faith she so earnestly and eloquently endeavours to supplant? Does she at all understand their position or the evidence on which it rests? She has allowed us but one single opportunity of bringing her definitely to book upon a specific point. I have tried to show how the passage in question looks when it is thus tested, and it is not the fault of her readers if this is the only chance afforded them for applying such a test. What is true of Dr. Westcott is true of almost every prominent apologist of our day. The rational standpoint they have taken for the inquiry is practically the same as that of Mr. Wendover. If they arrive at a conclusion other than his, it is not because they have declined to face the difficulties, but because they have successfully grappled with them. Mrs. Ward's quiet assumption, that the only effective safeguard of orthodox Christianity is to avoid any inquiry into its claim on our allegiance, is one which it is difficult gravely to characterize. "Freethinking," it has been well said, "often means thinking that is free from the restrictions which accurate knowledge and the recognized laws of reasoning lay upon scientific investigation. And any one whose own studies have disclosed to him the mass of evidence which must be taken account of before a critical decision is given, will agree with Renan when he says that 'in reality few persons have the right to disbelieve in Christianity.'"

To those who are able and willing to sift those questions for themselves, this novel and others like it can, as it seems to me, do nothing but good. But not one in twenty of the thousands who have read it has had the smallest intention, either before or afterwards, of grappling independently with the arguments of such a controversy. Mrs. Ward has undertaken the task of setting forth what she regards as a new faith, of necessarily tremendous import, in a popular and attractive form. In one sense she has succeeded almost beyond precedent. She has brought the question before thousands of readers to whom a volume of mere argument would have been intolerably dull. Her responsibility is proportionally great. In a volume of deliberate argument every reader who is capable of following the argument at all will note the omission of any necessary step. But when the argument



is couched, as here, in the form of a romance, it is possible to skip each inconvenient stage and to lead the unwary reader to suppose he has had the full case fairly argued out before him. The greater the charm of the book the more fully will his confidence be reposed in its author as his guide. It cannot be amiss to bid him pause for once, and inquire, with whatever care he can, into his guide's capacity and training for the particular task in hand.

I have purposely confined myself to a single point. I have at present neither the wish nor the power to attempt a general criticism of the constructive plan, such as it is, of the New Gospel of Robert Elsmere's Brotherhood. Mr. Gladstone, and many others of less weight, have taken occasion to point out once more the inherent and very palpable defects of what is, in truth, only a familiar form of Unitarianism, or, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "A vague and arbitrary severance of Christian morals from the roots which have produced them." My task has been a much humbler one. It is but to warn the readers of this fascinating book and of others like it to inquire into the competence of their would-be guides and teachers. It is not once or twice or thrice that these new departures have been tried, nor is it usually those who have weighed most patiently the evidence upon which our creed is built who are readiest to believe in some new-found substitute for the Historic Faith : a faith which has weathered the assaults of eighteen stormy centuries, and which is gaining every year a firmer, because a more reasonable, hold upon the intelligence and the affection of mankind.

RANDALL T. DAVIDSON.

## THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

**W**HETHER by virtue of a wise policy, or in spite of a blundering and fallacious one, it is undeniable that the American public financing of the past two-and-a-half decades has exhibited some extraordinary achievements. For the first time since 1863, just twenty-five years ago, the amount of the interest-bearing debt of the United States can be expressed with nine figures instead of ten. That is to say, the opening of the new fiscal year beginning July 1, 1888, finds the debt reduced to a point below \$1,000,000,000. As preliminary to some observations upon the general features and the probable future of the Federal Government's revenue system, I may be allowed to recapitulate certain more or less familiar statistics, thus leading up to a statement of the present fiscal situation.

The American debt in the summer of 1861, just after the outbreak of the Civil War, was \$90,000,000, with an interest charge of \$5,000,000. Under the bad financing of the preceding four years, the debt had increased threefold in a time of profound peace. For a number of years the total annual ordinary expenditure of the Government had averaged \$67,000,000. Excepting for the comparatively small proceeds of such miscellaneous sources of income as the sale of public lands, the Government depended for its revenues solely upon the custom-house receipts. It is needless to remark that a government with a single source of income, and that an indirect one, is in a precarious financial situation; yet for many years prior to 1863 the United States depended almost entirely upon the tariff for its current supplies. In consequence of the severe business depression which began in the United States in 1857, imports fell off by some 20 or 30 per cent., and did not recover their volume until the latter part of

1863. Public land sales were also suddenly checked. Whereupon the Government witnessed a period of four years of peace, in which the ordinary revenues averaged 30 per cent. less than the ordinary expenditures, and recourse was had to borrowing at extravagant rates on bad credit to meet the yearly deficiencies. There are some monumental blunders recorded in the story of English financial administration; but surely there is nothing in that story more disgracefully stupid than was the fiscal policy of the Americans in President Buchanan's time. They had but one string to their bow, and the bow itself was inelastic!

When the war increased the expenditures of the Government from \$67,000,000 in 1861 (fiscal year ending June 30) to \$470,000,000 in 1862 (an amount which grew larger from year to year until the enormous expenditure of \$1,295,000,000 was reached in 1865), it became necessary not only to raise money by the sale of bonds and by forced loans through the issuance of legal-tender paper money, but also by the acquisition of new sources of current income. An elaborate system of internal revenue was devised, consisting of (1) heavy excise dues upon spirituous, malt, and vinous liquors, and upon tobacco in all forms; (2) a comprehensive stamp tax system; (3) an income tax; (4) a banking tax; and (5) a multitude of imposts upon various specific articles. These taxes reached their most productive point in the fiscal year 1865-6, when the Government's total income, exclusive of loans, was \$520,000,000, of which in round numbers \$179,000,000 was supplied by the customs duties, which a revived foreign trade had made bountiful again, and \$311,000,000 was supplied by the various forms of internal taxation. This was by far the largest amount of revenue that the United States Government has ever received in a single year. It was just equal to the expenditure of the year, and marked the end of the Government's borrowing.

From that date until the present time there has in every year excepting one (1874) been a surplus to apply to debt reduction. In the four years from July 1, 1861, to July 1, 1865, the Government had spent \$3,347,500,000. Towards this expenditure it had raised as ordinary revenue \$729,500,000, of which \$305,000,000 had been received at the custom-houses, and \$424,500,000 had been the product of the internal sources of income. The rest was represented by a great public debt. This debt reached its maximum proportions on August 31, 1865, when its amount, less \$88,200,000 of cash in the Treasury, was \$2,756,400,000. Of the total amount, \$2,381,500,000 was interest bearing, while several hundred millions was outstanding in the form of circulating Treasury notes, or "greenbacks." The total yearly interest charge at that time was \$151,000,000, the average interest rate being about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. One third of the debt,

\$880,000,000, was bearing 7½ per cent.; \$1,280,000,000 was at 6 per cent., and about \$270,000,000 was at 5 per cent.

On July 1, 1888, the total interest bearing debt was \$950,000,000. Sixty per cent. of the principal had been wiped out in twenty-three years; and the interest charge had been reduced to less than \$39,000,000, or to about one-fourth of the charge in 1865. The great issue of 7½ per cent. bonds had all been converted into 6 per cents. three years after the war; at the beginning of 1876 nearly half the debt had been refunded at 5 per cent.; in 1877 Mr. Sherman's huge refunding operations began, as a result of which in two years \$740,000,000 had been converted into 4 per cent. stock and \$250,000,000 into 4½ per cent. stock, while somewhat more than \$500,000,000 remained unmatured at 5 per cent., and about \$280,000,000 remained at 6 per cent. In these two years the interest charge was reduced ten per cent. The new 4 per cents. were not payable for 30 years, falling due, therefore, in 1907. The 4½ per cents. were made payable in 1891. These issues remained practically fixed in volume until last year. Quite as noteworthy as Mr. Secretary Sherman's refunding operations in 1877, were those of Mr. Secretary Windom in 1881, by which the "5's" and "6's" were disposed of. There were outstanding \$140,000,000 of the former, and \$196,000,000 of the latter—\$636,000,000 altogether. In two years he had paid off more than \$300,000,000 of the principal, and had converted the remaining \$300,000,000 into 3 per cent. obligations, payable at any time upon call at the option of the Government. In this brief period he had reduced the principal of the debt by more than 18 per cent., and had reduced the interest by more than 31 per cent., or from \$75,000,000 to \$51,000,000.

From 1883 to the beginning of the fiscal year 1887-8, the debt-paying energy of the Government was devoted to the gradual extinguishment of these "extended" 3 per cents., known as "the Windoms;" and the task was completed in the summer of 1887. There remained, then, of the interest-bearing debt, about \$1,000,000,000, consisting of Mr. Sherman's 4½ per cents., due in 1891, and his 4 per cents., due in 1907. The Government was thus brought to a sudden check in its debt-paying career; and the Treasury began to experience that embarrassment of riches which constitutes a situation so unprecedented in modern public financiering.

By sheer force of these novel circumstances, the country was compelled to examine, more carefully than it had been disposed to do for many years, its revenue system and the general lines of its fiscal policy. It had retained the machinery of the internal revenue system, and was therefore in possession of two main sources of income, instead of one, as before the war. The income tax, although a most valuable source of revenue in the strenuous years of war, was ex-

tremely unpopular, and was abolished before the people had become accustomed to it, before its details had become adjusted to American conditions of life, and, therefore, before it had received anything like a fair trial. With unfailing surpluses from year to year, which were currently available for debt reduction, the United States did not feel the need of an elastic element in its revenue system such as the income tax affords Great Britain; but the need is likely to be felt in the future, as it was so sorely felt in the time of President Buchanan just before the war period. For the five fiscal years from 1864 to 1868, both inclusive, the receipts from internal sources were greater than those from customs. But the Federal tax-gatherer was distasteful everywhere; and the special war imposts were pruned away rapidly, enormous revenues being thus sacrificed, until there remained nothing worth mentioning except the excise taxes upon spirits, fermented liquors, and tobacco, which have been borne without any real popular dissent, and which for some years past have yielded an income averaging nearly two-thirds that received from customs.

In view of all the difficulties under which he laboured, it is not easy to see how the work of Alexander Hamilton, the founder of the Federal revenue system, could have been materially improved. The fiscal policy which he inaugurated knit together and built up the Republic. Absolute freedom of trade among the States was secured; the power of levying duties upon foreign imports was taken away from the States and given to the new central Government as its principal financial resource; the revolutionary debts of the States were assumed by the Union and consolidated with the war debt of the Confederation, and the unsettled western lands were ceded by the States to the Union as the common public domain; in the Federal compact it was agreed that neither States nor nation should levy any taxes upon exports. These measures taken together constituted a national policy of the most far-reaching consequences. A tariff upon imports was a *sine quâ non*. Without it the general government could not possibly have procured an income, or gathered to itself strength and dignity. From the national point of view, moreover, the arguments advanced by Hamilton in his famous report on manufactures, for levying the duties in such a manner as to encourage and stimulate the young industries of America, seem to have been practically wise and unanswerable.

It is interesting to speculate upon the question how far the protective policy might have been carried in the first half-century of the Republic, and with what results, but for the strenuous opposition of the South. That opposition, while urged upon constitutional grounds, was in fact due to the peculiar economics of slavery. The industrial system of the South was so radically antagonistic in principle to the system of the North, that the highest prosperity of the country under

one common policy seemed impossible. Slave labour in the South produced a few staple crops, largely for export; and the planters had no desire for manufactures or for a diversified agriculture. The men of the North, recognizing the vast and varied resources of the country, its geographical isolation and completeness, and its continental extent, had a vision of national economic independence through the utilization of these natural advantages and the development of industries. They saw, at least more or less clearly, the close relationship between the growth of cities and manufactures, and of a complex economic life, on the one hand, and the attainment of a high civilization on the other; and they were willing to make the sacrifices and pay the cost. Partly through the promptings of a fine spirit of patriotism, partly through the necessities and opportunities growing out of European wars, partly through the superiority of Yankee inventiveness and the remarkable productivity of American labour, partly through bounties given by the State Governments, and partly through the operation of national tariffs so imposed as to discriminate in favour of American production, an agricultural North acquired factories, shops, and cities, imported industries instead of wares, increased rapidly in population, and at the same time developed a more intensive, diverse, and prosperous agriculture.

There is certainly much reason to believe that if slavery had not existed in the South—making industrial progress, beyond the simplest forms of agriculture, impossible for that half of the country, and making it the obvious policy of the planters to demand the free exchange of their cotton and tobacco for the cheap manufactures of Europe—the country would have made a much more united, systematic, and scientific trial of the protective system. The South had better national advantages for both iron and textile manufactures than the North. New England's seafaring industries and foreign commerce, on the one hand, and the South's great natural resources on the other, might conceivably have reversed the traditional policies of the two sections, and made the South the more ardent for protection to home industries, and the North more inclined to favour unhampered freedom for international trade. But sectional lines would hardly have been drawn. We should probably have seen a thoroughly homogeneous economic life throughout the country; and whatever use under such conditions the American people might have made of protective tariffs, they would assuredly have made material progress "by leaps and bounds." It was the irrepressible national development that finally overthrew slavery, silenced the old dispute as to the constitutional right of the nation to build itself up as a nation, and made possible for the first time an economic policy freed from the reproach, just or unjust, of sectionalism. If the North had persistently fostered manufactures in spite of Southern opposition,

and consequent fluctuations of national policy, American slavery might have survived the nineteenth century. So much for the earlier period of the protective policy.\*

The withdrawal from Washington of the Southern representatives in 1861 left the coast clear for a tariff enactment more uncompromisingly protective than any that had ever been proposed before. It is true that the primary purpose of the Morrill tariff was revenue, and that it was adopted as a measure of war taxation; but it was so framed as to be powerfully stimulative of almost every possible line of American manufacture. Its theory may be stated as follows: The taxation of imported articles not produced and not largely producible in the United States up to the maximum revenue-yielding point, and the taxation of such imports as would compete with home products at a rate as little above that of the maximum revenue yield as might be deemed compatible with efficient protection. However much or little of the result one may choose to ascribe to the Government's financial policy, certainly American industries forthwith expanded with a rapidity far beyond the boldest anticipations. The tariff of 1861 has undergone several important revisions, which have not, however, greatly altered its essential character. The tendency has been to eliminate or modify those schedules which were non-protective and existed originally for revenue purposes alone. Thus, tea and coffee were placed upon the free list in 1872, and the larger part of the chemicals, drugs, and dye-stuffs that enter the United States have also been made free. At present about one-third (in value) of all imported commodities are duty free, and about two-thirds pay duties at an average *ad valorem* rate of 47 per cent. on the invoice valuations. Of the free imports less than 2 per cent. in value are manufactured articles ready for use. Nearly all are articles of food, and articles (mostly crude) which are used as the "raw materials" of domestic manufacture and industry. Of the dutiable imports, about one-fourth in value are articles of food (and animals), paying nearly a third of the total duties, the heavy sugar tax swelling the proportion. Somewhat more than one-fourth in value are manufactured articles ready for consumption, and these pay a little less than one-third of the total duties. Exceeding one-fourth, also, are the articles, crude and otherwise, imported to be used as materials in manufacture; and these pay less than one-fifth of the duty. About one-fifth in value of the duty-paying commodities remain to be accounted for, and these may be classified as luxuries and things of voluntary use; they pay a little more than one-fifth of the total duties. Thus, if the sugar duties were abolished or reduced, it would be seen that necessary articles not capable of home production are in large part free, and that in placing

\* In the foregoing paragraph I have made free use of some sentences of mine recently published elsewhere and in another connection.

duties upon other articles, the raw materials of manufacture are taxed lowest, the food products come next, then come the luxuries of the rich; and, finally, the manufactured commodities that compete with the finished products of home industry are taxed highest of all.

Sugar is the article most productive of revenue. It pays nearly 30 per cent. of the total duties collected annually. Upon the theory of the American system, it would seem clear that this tax, like those on tea and coffee, should be remitted. For it operates as a simple tax upon the consumption of a necessary food article which is not produced at home in large quantities. The Louisiana planters furnish less than 10 per cent. of the total amount required to supply the American market, and their product remains a fixed quantity, and therefore steadily diminishes in proportion to the increasing amount consumed from year to year. Another Southern product, rice, occupies a similarly anomalous position, the duty remaining enormously high (it exceeds 100 per cent.), while no general object, either of revenue or of protection, would seem to be served. The American production of rice is necessarily small, and it is diminishing, not only relatively but absolutely, the product having fallen off nearly one-half from 1860 to 1880.

But not to go further into the details of the tariff, let me proceed to state in general terms the situation which at the present moment engages the attention of Congress and furnishes the principal subject of debate in a presidential campaign. When the balance-sheet was struck for the year which ended June 30, 1888, it was found that the total income of the year had been \$380,000,000, of which \$220,000,000 had been derived from customs, \$125,000,000 from the internal taxes (on spirits and tobacco), and about \$35,000,000 from miscellaneous sources of which the sale of public lands and the profits on the coinage of silver are the leading ones. The ordinary expenditures of the year were nearly \$270,000,000, leaving a surplus revenue of \$110,000,000. In the preceding fiscal year a surplus of nearly the same amount had not proved embarrassing, because as fast as it accumulated it was applied to the payment of the matured 3 per cent. bonds, \$125,000,000 of which melted away in the fiscal year 1886-7. But at the opening of the year 1887-8 there remained outstanding somewhat less than \$34,000,000 of these 3 per cents.; and they were speedily disposed of, while the surplus revenue continued to flow in, and the prosperity of the country seemed to be in danger from the accumulation of money in the Treasury vaults and its withdrawal from the channels of trade. The Secretary of the Treasury did not construe his authority as extending to the purchase of unmatured bonds at a high premium in the open market, and so the money poured in upon him much more rapidly than he was able to find outlets for it. As one temporary expedient he increased the number



of the so-called "depository banks" in different parts of the country, and allowed a large portion of the accumulating funds to remain with them as Government deposits. Thus the public money intrusted to these banks increased by about \$37,000,000 in the course of the year 1887-8. Two or three months prior to the expiration of the year, Congress expressly authorized the Secretary to use the surplus moneys at his discretion in buying the 4 and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. bonds at market prices. Purchases of the two issues were accordingly made, in about equal amounts of each, to the extent of \$46,500,000, before the fiscal year ended on June 30, upon which the Government paid premiums aggregating \$8,250,000, the 4 per cents. commanding from 125 to 128, and the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cents. about 107 or 108. In the entire history of public finance, it would perhaps be impossible to find a parallel for this action of the United States in buying millions of its own securities at more than 25 per cent. premium. The purchases have been continued in the current fiscal year, and many millions more of bonds have been bought at prices tending to increase rather than to diminish.

The whole debt could easily be refunded at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and could, if this were desired, be paid off to the last dollar within ten years—if only it were matured, and within the Government's control. But it is not; and this small fact is the key to the whole situation. The principal objection to a continued rapid debt payment by these purchases in the market has been well expressed as follows:

"No objection can be urged against such a plan, provided speculative prices are not paid for bonds purchased; but speculative prices will undoubtedly be paid if the Government relies upon this avenue of expenditure for returning all surplus revenue to circulation. Bondholders could ask for no better chance to squeeze the Treasury. The demand for bonds would be constant and imperative, while their supply would be limited and constantly decreasing. Under such conditions a bond would stand at premium even though it paid no interest whatever. We conclude, then, that purchase of bonds would be a piece of extravagance."\*

This view is concurred in by all American financiers and economists. After much discussion it has also been agreed quite generally that no plan of refunding which would make it advantageous to continue the rapid debt payments is feasible. It is even proposed to repeal the law which makes it obligatory for the Government to buy a certain proportion of the debt each year for the sinking fund, the compulsory purchase subjecting the Government to "squeezing" by the speculators.

Evidently, the plain and wise course for the United States just now is the reduction of revenue. This proposition does not encounter dissent in any important quarter. Republicans and Democrats alike

\* Dr. Henry C. Adams in "The National Revenues," a collection of essays edited by the present writer.

demand the reduction of Federal taxation. The redemption of undue bonds at high premium is understood on all hands to be a temporary policy, employed to keep down the troublesome surplus until Congress shall have given relief by shutting off some of the sources of the inundation. Unfortunately, differences of opinion as to the manner in which the thing shall be done, and an over-anxiety on both sides to make party capital out of the situation, are preventing any legislative action whatever. Wrongly and unadvisedly, from the financiering point of view, the fact of a surplus for which there is no present advantageous use has been used as an occasion to force a battle upon fundamental questions as to the revenue system. The surplus problem has been merged with the taxation question and the protection question in such a way as to produce an almost inextricable confusion of issues, and a forcing of the combatants into false and novel positions. The tariff is not rightly to be blamed for the surplus, nor is the excise system. There is nothing, indeed, at all blameworthy or disreputable about the surplus, except its further continuance, now that no good use can be made of it. When Congress assembled in the first days of last December the surplus ought to have been disposed of at once, upon a plan unanimously reported by the Democratic and Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee, and adopted by both Houses without a division or a dissenting voice. The necessary reduction of revenue could have been made without prejudice to any interest, and without the intrusion of any question as to permanent changes in the system or the theory of Federal taxation. The attempt to reduce the surplus, and to reform the system at the same time, is too likely to make guesswork of the one and botchwork of the other.

The Democratic politicians seem to be making the surplus an occasion for attacking the protective tariff system, while the Republican politicians, in their zeal to defend the principles and main lines of the tariff, seem in danger of palliating the evils and perils of a large surplus income, and of committing themselves to the advocacy of a more lavish expenditure as a substitute for a reduction of revenue. The Democratic politicians, merely because they desire to force the reduction upon the tariff side of the revenue system, are appearing as champions of the excise taxes—which they have always heretofore opposed with the most acrimonious and unvarying hostility, desiring to abolish internal taxes altogether, and to return to their old antebellum plan of a single string to an inelastic bow;—while the Republican politicians, representing the party that created the internal revenue system, and that has always heretofore maintained and defended it, seem now more than half willing to sacrifice it, for the sake of better securing the tariff system. I must not continue this criticism of parties, and I must not enter too confidently upon pro-

phetic ground. The opinion may be ventured, however, that the result of the present protracted contest in Congress will be some kind of compromise measure that will reduce revenue without altering the main lines of American fiscal policy. In other words it seems not improbable that there may be accomplished tardily and awkwardly, at the end of a tremendous discussion, what ought to have been done on a week's notice by mutual agreement as preliminary to a discussion upon tariff reform and the readjustment and improvement of the Federal revenue system. This compromise measure may be expected to include a very material reduction of the tariff on sugar, the reduction of the internal tobacco tax, and possibly the removal of the tax upon spirits used in manufactures and the arts, and the addition to the free list of some or all of the following articles: tin-plates, lumber, salt, coal, flax, hemp, and jute. It is less probable that it will undertake to revise the existing tariff charges upon wool and woollen goods, and upon iron and steel. Such a measure would at least have the virtue of removing the embarrassment of the surplus situation, and would leave the question of protection to be dealt with afterwards upon its intrinsic merits.

As I have intimated, the Mills Bill, which has been passed by the small Democratic majority of the Lower House, and which is now blocked by the small Republican majority in the Senate, is open to the criticism of trying to deal with protection and the surplus at the same time. It is a measure that was preceded, and has been accompanied, by so much general and particular denunciation of the protective system, that Englishmen have to some extent misapprehended its character. It adds several articles to the free list, of which wool is more important than all the others taken together. It reduces the tariff on woollen manufactures; but only so far as to adjust them to the change in the status of the raw material; and the manufacturer's protection is therefore not diminished. It modifies the iron schedule, but not very radically. Its spirit is undoubtedly somewhat inimical to protection; but its attack seems rather timid and tentative. It finds a great variety of articles taxed at the ports of entry at the average rate of 47 per cent. *ad valorem*. It makes a few of those articles free, and reduces the average duty upon the rest to about 42 per cent. This can hardly be called revolutionary.

In a few concluding observations upon the future of the American system I shall separate the question of protection from the question of taxation and finance, and speak first of the latter. The Government must always have a large and reliable income. It cannot have, either in theory or in practice, as much freedom as the British Government in choosing its sources of income. The two main sources of revenue by indirect taxation are now in its possession. The States, Counties, and Municipal Corporations have their heavy burdens to bear, and

they regard the great field of direct taxation as existing for their exclusive cultivation. Perhaps the Federal Government committed an error in relinquishing the income tax; but in any case that source of supply can never be resumed in time of peace. The people of the United States are very far from entertaining the idea of permitting such a form of taxation to be re-established, and if it is to be attempted at all it will be by the State Governments. Practically, then, the Federal Government must continue to depend upon indirect taxation. At least nine-tenths of all Americans who are entitled to have an opinion upon such a subject will agree that, for the calculable future, the Federal Government must rely upon customs duties for the largest part of its revenue. But obviously, the entire income of a government should not be subject to the fluctuations of foreign trade. Few sagacious financiers would think of questioning the maxim that a government should have at least two strings to its fiscal bow. The American revenue system must retain its machinery of internal taxation; and the inland system could find no objects more appropriate than spirits and tobacco. Although produced principally in a few States, these articles are consumed somewhat uniformly throughout the Union; and, inasmuch as the tax comes out of the pocket of the consumer, it is manifestly preferable that the excise taxes paid at the points of production should go into the general treasury rather than into the local treasuries of a few States, which would thus be in position to levy upon a consumption extending to all parts of the Republic.

And now, conceding the permanence of the custom-houses, how in future are the duties to be levied? It is at least significant that the great majority of those who are supporting the tariff reform movement in the United States agree that they would begin by placing on the free list all articles of common and needful use that are *not produced at home*, and that they would next make free the raw materials of manufacture. They also announce the principle that the common necessities of life ought not to be made subject to tariff impositions; and food articles certainly belong to this category. But the duties must be located somewhere; and it seems to be the unavoidable conclusion that the reformers would keep them upon the finished products of manufacture. Their creed would thus have been accurately expressed by a certain Democratic candidate for Congress, who declared himself "in favour of a tariff for revenue only with full protection to American industries and labour." The existing tariff may, in the early future, be very thoroughly overhauled and reformed. I do not mean to intimate that it ought not to be, or is not likely to be, thus dealt with. But a tariff of some kind there must continue to be; and that the principle of protection will be abandoned within the coming thirty years there seems not the slightest reason to believe. Never before were the people and the politicians of the United States

so generally protectionists in fact, whether professing the doctrine or not. The recent development of manufactures in the South is having a marked effect upon opinion in that section. Democracies are impatient; and they use their governments to attain their immediate ends, without estimating very carefully the ultimate cost. The people of the United States seem at present about as likely to give up manhood suffrage as to give up protection; and as for the two parties, paradoxical though the remark may be regarded, one might more safely count upon the ultimate rejection of the protective idea by the Republicans than by the Democrats.

There remains one point upon which I wish to touch in conclusion, and it is this: How the American tariff really works is for the most part only a matter of opinion. There is in existence no sufficient line of ascertained facts to prove the arguments that are urged against the protective system, or those that are urged for it. There is necessary for an intelligent reconstruction of the tariff a statistical inquiry of the most exhaustive, impartial, and scientific sort. Such an inquiry has been ably advocated by the American Commissioner of Statistics, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in a paper entitled "The Scientific Basis of Tariff Legislation." It is feasible, and would not be unduly protracted or costly. It would analyze the tariff and classify products, industries, and occupations. It would ascertain by first-hand and thorough investigation the conditions of production in various countries, analyzing cost, determining the efficiency of labour, comparing prices and profits, and so on. I shall not try here to elaborate the proposition. The results of such an inquiry, placed in the hands of a well-constituted Tariff Commission, ought to make it possible to devise a tariff which could be clearly understood. As the evidence in the case now stands, the real operation and effect of the American system—whether as a system of taxation, or as a system of protection—can only be a matter of opinion and assertion; it cannot be a matter of demonstration.

ALBERT SHAW.

## THE GENESIS OF THE PURITAN IDEAL.

1. **T**HE same event may bear very different meanings according as it is construed from the standpoint of philosophy or history, or from the standpoint of a Church or Sect. The standpoint of the latter is, by the very necessity of its being, sectional, while the former seeks one larger and more real, able to do justice to all the interests and issues involved. The more a Church claims to be historical, the less just are its dealings with history; they tend to become, where most ostensibly scientific, not a philosophy of human progress, but a vindication of its conduct or an apology for its existence. In other words, such Churches make themselves the measure of events, pronounce events good or ill as they make for or against their claims, maintain or break their unity or order; they test persons or causes as they are or are not their creations, as they do or do not work out their ends. But the philosophy of history measures an event by its bearing on the progress and order of the race, judges persons, movements, and societies by their power to help or hinder the higher good of man. On the field of history criticism is performed on a stupendous scale, but to be the true and valid criticism of history it must be gathered from the whole field, not from certain selected portions and periods. Further, the philosophy of a Church's action in history must involve a philosophy of its being and becoming; to understand what it has done we must also understand how it came to be, what it has succeeded in realizing, and what it has failed to realize. For there are the ideas that created it and there are the ideas and institutions it has created; and if the created be poor or incomplete representations of the creative, then the Church must be judged by the possibilities of good it has hindered as well as by the realities it has achieved. Again, should it claim to be the alone adequate representative of the religion, and in itself

sufficient for the religious needs and aspirations of man, then, in the degree it has failed to be either or both, its claims will be a fatal hindrance to the truthful handling alike of religion and history. As a simple matter of fact, the higher the claims of a Church, the more sectional its spirit; in the very proportion that it limits to its own borders the higher truth and goodness, its judgments become the less true and the less just. For it inverts the order of reason and reality, and, instead of measuring itself by truth and religion, it measures both by its own needs and ambitions and ends. It becomes their ground and guarantors, not they its; its fundamental doctrine is its sufficiency for the truth, rather than the sufficiency of the truth for it and for all other societies.

We may say, then, that exclusive claims to such things as sanctity, truth, the sacraments, valid orders, are, so far from being the signs of historical continuity and authority, the notes and instruments of the sectional spirit, isolating the Churches making them from collective Christendom, and, by limiting true and full religion to those Churches, injuring both Christendom and Christianity. There, are, indeed but two notes of a Christian Church, that it indubitably and veraciously express the mind of Christ, and that it faithfully and efficaciously labour to incarnate His spirit and realize His kingdom upon earth. That kingdom is one, Churches are many; the multitude of Churches cannot break up the unity of the kingdom, nor can its unity be expressed in the uniformity of the mightiest Church ever organized and administered by man. Men who have high ideas of their peculiar Church have mean ideas of the kingdom; men who have high ideas of the kingdom feel the inadequacy, not simply of one Church, but of all the Churches, for its service or realization. Few things are more humiliating than to compare our modern ideal of worship with Christ's. From a sensuous point of view nothing can be grander or more inadequate than a choral service in an English cathedral or high mass in a Catholic. The man who could hear it unawed must be boorish and brutish indeed. The place subdues him with its memories, the music exalts him with its rich marvellous harmonies, the symbols speak to him in their mute, yet mystic, language; the voices of the past and the anticipations of the future, in psalm and prayer, lift him, as it were, into the midst of the Eternities. If the end of the kingdom of Christ be to create a service that shall so steep spirit in sense, and so transfuse sense with spirit, that they cease to be distinct and become a glorified unity, then the Churches that have built and occupied our cathedrals have indeed translated this ideal into a reality. But if His kingdom was to be a state of holy obedience, where the will of God was perfectly done, and the good of man served and secured; if in it love of God was the supreme passion and love of man a motive regulative of all speech and conduct; if only chastity, purity, truth could dwell within its

borders; if righteousness, joy, peace in the Holy Ghost be the possession of all its members—then we have only to look at our hungry millions massed in East London and our great cities, more degraded in their lives, more miserable in their guilt and ignorance and shameless sinfulness, than the most loathsome tribe of savages on the face of the earth, to see the immense difference between a Church that, through its ritual, can realize an ideal service, and a Church that has for its people realized the kingdom which was the ideal of Christ.

2. Now this but represents the supreme need of the Churches to-day—*via*, the return to Christ; it is by His spirit that they need to measure themselves. Where Churches are historical, they can do this; but where they are traditional, they cannot. Thus a clever and thoughtful, though not very guarded, Catholic writer has recently said:—"Primitive Christianity in this nineteenth century? You might as well try to return to the primitive fig-leaf. Better to make the best of Catholic fulness and the modern sartorial art."\* So, then, as the Christianity of Christ is the alone primitive, *it* is the spiritual "fig-leaf," the first attempt at hiding the nakedness of the spirit; modern Catholicism has completed what He began, and successfully clothed the whole man. This happy stroke of rhetoric expresses in the nicest way the fundamental Catholic idea: Christ is not the measure of Catholicism, but Catholicism is the measure of Christ. He is but the first condition of its existence, not the ultimate and normative standard by which its truth is determined and all its later developments governed. And this complete subordination of Christ to Catholicism has its counterpart in an equal subordination of Christianity to, *it*, for Catholicism must be that Christianity may be, or where the one is not the other can be only in an irregular and inadequate way. But if Catholicism be the whole or the exclusive truth as to the Christian religion, it is impossible to find in history a record of more utter or more disastrous failure, the failure, too, being most utter where the opportunity has been greatest and the authority most absolute. Indeed, "Catholic fulness" is a bit of unconscious irony when applied to a system which cuts from Christian history some of its noblest chapters and empties Christian thought of its richest contents. For Catholicism is but colossal individualism, with all the individualistic qualities accentuated in proportion to the scale on which they are exhibited. And this is most obvious at the highest point—the interpretation of the religion. God's grace is too rich to be confined to any one channel, too boundless to be bound to councils or coteries or orders of men, infirm and fallible like all their kind. It were to affirm no paradox, but rather a position capable of the clearest historical proof, were we to maintain that the higher the theory of the Church the meaner the conception of God, or that the growth of high Church doctrine is always coincident with

\* W. S. Lilly, *Nineteenth Century*, August 1888, p. 298.



the decay of the highest theistic belief. For an absolute or infallible Church means a limited God, a God whose working men condition, whose grace they regulate and distribute. Their limitations are imposed on Him; His attributes are not transmuted into their energies. The more worthily Churches think of God, the more will they feel the fallibility of all their popes and pastors; the more they are possessed with the faith of His sufficiency, the less will they build on the idea of their own; the more infinitely good and gracious He seems, the less will they be able to claim to be His sole and adequate representatives. The virtue of a Church does not differ from the virtue of a man: all are but earthen vessels, even though they be vessels that bear the treasure of the Lord. The vessel magnified is the treasure depreciated; the more the vehicle boasts its own rare workmanship, the less it glorifies the wealth it was made to bear.

3. But a Church interprets God that it may save man and serve the State. The Church that best interprets the religion is the best Church of Christ; the Church that makes the best citizens is the best Church for the State, the true national Church. The real measure of a Church's efficiency is not its own history, but the history of the people it creates, controls, and inspires; it lives by service, not by policy, by ceaselessly applying eternal verities to the perplexities and conditions of time, not by organizing an ecclesiastical order over against the civil. These two things, the history of a Church and the history of its peoples, are not always concordant; but it is through the peoples that the work of a Church must be ultimately judged. And there may be curious inconsistencies between historical claims and realities of service. The English people, for example, is too rich in religious character and political achievement to have been the creation of any one Church; no one of them all can survey our mighty millions at home and beyond the seas, and say: "Lo! all these are the work of my hands." Towards the result every, even the obscurest, sect has contributed, and Churches not of the English State are yet of the English people, means and agents by which the spirit and truth of Christ have been translated into English conduct, custom, law. Presbytery helped to preserve and develop our representative institutions; Independency to evoke and discipline our love of freedom; Quakerism to deepen and strengthen the need of inwardness, simplicity, and ethical reality in religion; Methodism to accentuate the value of personal conviction, sincerity, zeal. God has had some message to send through each special community, or it would not have been. It is a shallow and futile philosophy of history that finds God for Europe only in the Catholic, or for England only in the Anglican Church—that sees in the Protestant or Free Churches only the spirit of schism or wilfulness or perverse individualism. The censure of man becomes a reflection on

the providence of God; His ways are despised that honour may be done to a potent and venerable ecclesiastical order.

## II.

1. Now there is one period of history which has been variously sacrificed to the narrow traditional and corporeal theory of the Church—viz., the movement of religion and religious thought in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is nothing that so shows how faith in the divine rights of an ecclesiastical corporation may injure a man's faith in the divine government of the world as the way in which Catholic writers, Roman and Anglican, have too often dealt with this great movement. They cannot afford to study it from the standpoint of what we may term a theodicy, lest their theory of the Church should suffer. They will indulge all sorts of fond romancing about the Middle Ages, with its wonderful beliefs, heroisms, chivalries, saintliness; but they will spend the resources of a mean and insinuating criticism in disparaging the representative men of a movement which was remarkable for nothing so much as the increased vitality it gave to all the intellectual, spiritual, and ethical elements in Christianity. Such a movement was no creature of accident or of violent wills contending against divine authority; there was order in it and purpose; it was the work of the will that built Nature and guides man, though of that will conditioned, as it always must be in history, by the material or agents through which it had to work. These agents saw but a little way about or before them, now hindered where they wanted to help, now helped where they wanted to hinder; but the result of their blind and often conflicting efforts was a wonderful revolution of thought and revival of religion. And this was due, not to mean, or wicked, or lawless persons; it was the result of divine law. If Christian Theism begins as a doctrine of the creational cause, it must end as a doctrine of Divine Providence, which leaves no man and no moment of time without God, least of all the great men and the great moments that determine the course of history for all later ages.

But it is not with this higher point of view we are to be here concerned. It is enough to have indicated that it exists, and to confess that, for our part, we construe history through our belief in God rather than through our belief in a Church. And now we shall briefly attempt to show how this belief only makes us the more conscious of the reign of law in a history so full of collision and change as the religious movement of the sixteenth century.

2. The fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries were centuries of great changes, and the changes, while assuming in each century a different form, yet represented throughout one continuous process. The first was the century of the Renaissance, the second of the Reformation, the third of the Revolution. The Renaissance was an

intellectual revival, due to the discovery of a forgotten literature, and the consequent recovery of a lost world; the Reformation was a religious revival, the direct and indeed inevitable result of the recovered literature; and the Revolution was the no less necessary consequence of the prior religious change. The three were but successive and inter-dependent stages of one great movement, the later growing out of the earlier by a natural yet necessary process. The recovered literature created the historical spirit, *i.e.*, supplied a standard or ideal for the comparison and criticism of life, individual and collective; and as the literature recovered was not simply classical, but Christian, this spirit could not but become, in the sphere of religion, reform, or an attempt to realize the primitive and original Christian ideal. But life could not be religiously reformed without being politically revolutionized, the political being but an attempt to translate the religious change into social and civil forms. A great historical process is but a complex, yet organic, evolution of thought, governed throughout by a logic which is its inviolable law.

### III.

1. We begin with the Renaissance. It was made possible by the then state of the Catholic Church, and actual by the recovery of the ancient literatures; the one may be described as the condition, the other as the cause of its being. It found the Mediæval Papacy in a state of decay, and it hastened the decay into a dissolution. If Christianity assimilated while it dissolved the Greco-Roman world, the Papacy spent itself in the creation of modern Europe; at least, once this work was done, its creative energies seemed exhausted. By the middle of the fifteenth century it was manifest that the old system had in every point—thought, polity, religion—broken down. As regards thought, the intellect had ceased to be constructive in theology, and had become merely critical and disintegrative. If the reason be not actively architectonic in religion, it is a sure sign of decaying belief, and this sign was not wanting now. For three centuries men had laboured with splendid enthusiasm at the interpretation of Christianity. The unity the Papacy had endeavoured to create in society and politics, Scholasticism had tried to exhibit in thought. If the region of real being was subdued to harmony by the supremacy of its spiritual head, who, because spiritual, was supreme in all things, the region of rational being was no less reduced to order by the supremacy of a commanding idea. Never, perhaps, was the world in which man lived so perfectly and so happily reflected in the world of his thought. But by the fifteenth century those days of creative speculation had ceased; it saw no great school-man of the order of Anselm or Aquinas arise, saw instead minds turning wearily from theology to history, or literature, or nature,

while out of the North a subtle and sceptical nominalism had come, fatal to the assumptions of Scotist and Thomist alike, showing thought critical where once it had been constructive. In politics the paralysis of the Papal system had been even more complete; it had lost its ancient imperialism, had forgotten the high ideals that governed it, and had degenerated into a cunning statecraft, meddling, selfish, vicious. The Popes had allowed themselves to be swept into the whirlpool of Italian intrigue, and, greedy of power, of patronage, and still more, of money, fought, schemed, bribed, betrayed, broke or kept faith, on the purest Machiavellian principles, and for strictly consonant ends. The acutest political and most typical Italian mind of the century calls Italy *la corruttela il vituperio del mondo*, and so connects its moral debasement with the Church as to show that patriotism could hardly bear other fruit than the ecclesiastical revolt. But even more utter was the religious decadence. There is no need to invent scandal: the literature of the period is the most scandalous in history, what concerns the Papacy the most scandalous of all. The vow of celibacy was not construed as a vow of chastity, and the obscurest offender could plead in apology the example of illustrious princes and heads of the Church. Impure Popes signified impure courts, cardinals and conclaves that made light of sin. The dreadful thing about Innocent VIII. or Alexander VI. was not his personal character, but his election by men who knew his personal character only too well. The whole system was moribund, and a decaying body politic is never a wholesome body, least of all in the head.

This century, then, of decaying mediævalism was the century of the Renaissance. Men who lived under a once proud and noble Church system, now fallen into impotence and unreality, found themselves face to face with an ancient literature, and, through it, with an older world. Comparison became not only possible, but necessary; through the medium of the older the newer world came to know and to criticize itself. The ancient literature was finer, the ancient world fresher, than anything the moderns knew. Man had changed since the literature had been lost to him; and the change made it at its re-birth the more vivid and him the more ready to learn its lesson. The old world knew no Church and had no sense of sin; the new world had been fashioned by the Church and was possessed with the sense of sin, though the Church had fallen into feebleness, and sin lived more in symbol than in sense or conscience. Each world had thus its naturalism, but with a difference: the nature of the old world was innocent, and so its naturalism was open and unashamed; the nature of the new world was sinful, and so its naturalism was furtive, guilty, debased. And this radical difference made minds conscious of many sharp, unrecon-

ciled, even irreconcilable antitheses. The recovered literature created a sense of style, and the elegant Latinity of Poliziano made scholastic Latin, and all that had been written therein, seem barbarous. With the sense for style the faculty of criticism awoke, and Lorenzo Valla was able to prove the donation of Constantine a forgery, the tradition as to the origin of the Apostolic symbol a fable, the language of the Vulgate faulty and inaccurate. The study of ancient philosophy proved more educative and ennobling than the study of mediæval theology. Aristotle, in the hands of Pomponazzi, took a subtler and broader meaning than he had had in the schools; the heroes and sages of antiquity were drawn into the circle of the saints—baptized, as it were, into current ecclesiastical ideas and usages; Sokratēs became a type of Christ, Plato the Attic Moses; before his bust, laurel-crowned, Marsilio Ficino kept a lamp burning, cultivating piety at the shrine of the man he taught to speak Latin. Pico della Mirandola, loving the old, yet loyal to the new, strove to reconcile the two, sought the aid of the Kabbalah, and, by the help of cunning allegory, made doctrine, and history, and philosophy speak the language he wished. But an eclectic mysticism, though devout and sufficient for the individual, is never final or scientific, or sufficient for the time. The old recovered world could not thus be reconciled with the new world on which it had broken. There were falsities in both, and also in both veracities, and the veracity in each was to be fatal to the falsity in the other. The moribund body ecclesiastic was sensitive all over to the touch of the new historical spirit; nascent criticism showed that some of the Church's proudest claims were based in fraud; the lofty spirit of Plato, now unsphered, rebuked its empty, dogmatic formulæ; and a passionate patriot and preacher of righteousness at Florence stood forward sternly to denounce its sins against the liberties of man and the laws of God. The times were ripe, but the Italy the Papacy had so helped to debase could not embody the new thought in victorious action. The spirit of Machiavelli guided the policies of Italy; and out of the mean, ambitious, and selfish intrigues of princes, uprising and restoration, in any large sense, political or religious, can never come.

2. But the literary revival could not stand alone. The men of the Renaissance loved classical antiquity, cultivated the Hellenic spirit, endeavoured to realize its ideal of life, intellectual, æsthetic, civil. And for this the political conditions were all favourable. Italy was at once the home of free cities and small States, and the seat of an imperial policy. The Empire had never departed from Rome; the Popes succeeded the Cæsars, and their city remained the mistress of the world, carrying on under new forms the old traditions of authority and rule. The free cities had affinities with Greece, pontifical had affinities with imperial Rome; and so the world that rose before

them out of the classical revival was one the men of Italy could thoroughly understand. But the world revealed in the literature of primitive Christianity was not so intelligible. For one thing, it came in a literature that offended classical taste, that had none of the grand style the men of the Renaissance loved, and they feared that too much study of it might injure the elegance of their Latinity. And so it was a literature the great Italian scholars did not care to edit, or great houses to publish. The famous presses of Italy sent forth editions of the Greek and Latin classics, but not one of the Greek New Testament; intellectual centres like Florence affected the Platonic Academy rather than the Christian school. For another thing, Italy could construe Christianity better as a political than as an intellectual system; the men who knew it only as New Rome did not care to know it as it had been before it was Roman; its roots in the Eternal City were more intelligible to them than its roots in the Paternity of God and the sin of man. But in the trans-Alpine countries it was altogether different; there classical antiquity had immeasurably less significance and ancient Christianity immeasurably more. Men remote from the seat of the Papacy conceived Christianity less as a polity and more as a reasonable religion; it appealed to them through its intellectual, moral, and historical contents rather than through its imperial source and Roman traditions. So much is this the case that it affects the whole movement, if not the very development of thought in the Middle Ages. It is a significant fact that the great schools of theology were not Italian, but trans-Alpine; the universities of Paris, Oxford, and Cologne were the homes of the greater schoolmen and the nurseries of the subtle mediæval philosophies. Anselm, though of Italian birth, was of Northern blood and culture; the same may be said of Peter the Lombard, while Thomas Aquinas had in his veins both Norman and Hohenstaufen blood, and his activity as learner and teacher is mainly associated with Paris and Cologne. Even Bonaventura could not have been the schoolman he was without Paris and its great masters. But when we turn from these, the action of the pure Northern mind on all the tendencies of mediæval religious thought is seen to be enormous. Roscelinus and Abaelard were alike sons of Brittany. Of the names connected with the famous school of St. Victor, its founder, William of Champeaux, was a Frenchman, Hugo was a German, Richard a Scot. The greatest scholar of all the schoolmen, Albertus Magnus, was a German, and Germans, too, were the noblest representatives of the highly transcendental form of piety we call mysticism, Eckhardt and Tauler, Henry Suso, and the anonymous author of the "*Theologia Germanica*," while of immediate kin were Ruysbroeck, Thomas à Kempis, and the brothers of the Common Lot. England, too, had its famous schoolmen, men like Robert Pulleyn, who, though not the oldest "*Magister Sententiarum*," was

yet older than Peter Lombard; John of Salisbury, critical, sceptical of speculation and speculative methods, but full of admiration for the saintly life; Alexander of Hales, who had the strength and the foresight to naturalize in the Christian schools the Aristotle that had issued, rehabilitated and living, from the Moorish; Duns Scotus, acutest of schoolmen, high ideal realist, metaphysical as became a Scot, yet practical as one to whom the ultimate reality was the all-efficient Will; Roger Bacon, student of nature as of theology, seeking by the use of new methods to reform the study of both, and to rescue man from the dominion of a pseudo-Aristotle; William of Occam, nominalist, yet Franciscan, making his scepticism the more potent a solvent that it was veiled under the most rigorous respect for authority. But it would become a mere tedious catalogue of now-forgotten names were we to attempt to enumerate the men of northern blood who served the mediæval Church by turning her traditions and her creed into a living philosophy. Great as were the services of the Roman Church to the young peoples, their services to her were greater still. If she gave them a polity and a ritual, they gave her a reasoned if not a reasonable faith. She, because of her imperial ancestry, was able to give the ideas and mechanism of law, the love of order, the spirit at once of authority and obedience, but they, because of their fresh enthusiasms, unexhausted and unvexed with centuries of fruitless attempting to read the riddles of the race, were able to labour at building her inchoate intellectual material into a living and articulated body of reasoned beliefs. And theirs was the nobler work: the Church was but the vehicle of ancient custom and law; but the new mind was the first to naturalize reason in religion, to claim that its whole realm lie open to the searching eye of constructive and interpretative thought. Its action in the first instance was in the service of the Roman Church, but only that it might in the last instance be the more effective in the service of the truth.

## IV.

1. It was thus but in keeping with history that the Renaissance in passing northward should become more distinctly religious. The differences that had appeared in the earlier period showed themselves under new forms in the later. The tendencies that in Italy had in the one period made Christianity Roman and imperial, in the other made the Renaissance classical and heathen; the tendencies that in the north in the earlier period made mind active and architectonic in the very degree that it was religious, in the later made the new intellectual birth a new religious awakening. The trans-Alpine is indeed exceedingly unlike the cis-Alpine Humanism. The Teutonic, as we may call it, was notable for the intense ethical seriousness, the religiousness, the Christian temper and aims of its representative men; but the Italian for its

unethical character, its spirit of revolt against religion, its recoil towards classical forms of philosophical belief, Epicurean, Peripatetic, Platonic, culminating in systems like the Pantheism of Bruno and the Atheism of Vanini. The characteristic difference was this: the Teutonic Humanism studied classical that it might the better know Christian antiquity, but the Italian studied the literature that it might the better imitate the life of the ancient classical peoples. In the one case the literature was made more of a means, in the other case more of an end; where more of an end the characteristic result was the re-birth of art, where more of a means the result, no less characteristic, was the re-birth of religion. Hence Italy had scholars and painters, but the Teutonic countries scholars and reformers, and so Reuchlin, though no official theologian, was a Humanist, that he might be a better divine. He studied language that he might be qualified to interpret religion. Colet, the most typical English Humanist, studied Greek that he might the better know and teach St. Paul. Erasmus, the purest embodiment of Teutonic Humanism, was editor of the first Greek New Testament published, paraphrased it, annotated it, and worked throughout his long and laborious life mainly on early Christian literature.\* Thus, we may say that, while Italian Humanism was willing to cease to be Christian if it could thus become more Hellenic, the Teutonic cultivated the Hellenic speech that it might the better know the original Christian spirit and the world it created.

But now it is evident that this recovered knowledge of ancient Christianity could, as little as the recovered knowledge of classical antiquity, remain without result. Where men profoundly believed their religion they could not discover anew its sources without being profoundly moved by the discovery. To come suddenly face to face with the personalities and ideas creative of the Christian faith as they lived in the marvellous literature of the period of creation, was like being translated into a new and strange world. For it is almost impossible to over-emphasize the ignorance as to Christian antiquity which then prevailed. The Roman Church had proved her infallibility and sufficiency by becoming independent of her sources. The creature of "modern sartorial art" did not need or care to remember the sad and destitute days of "the primitive fig-leaf," a philosophy of their becoming might have spoiled her enjoyment of her clothes. Symbols and traditions enough lived in her system and services, but they were hers, not history's, subdued to her colour, not made to live in its clear white light. Thus the Christianity the Church had made was known, but not the Christianity that had made the Church. And so long as the Church, simply as Church, was known, man did not feel the need of getting behind and beneath it to its Maker, did not conceive the

\* This, of course, is not written in forgetfulness of the Complutensian Polyglot, whose history but adds significance to our argument.



necessity or even the possibility of comparing it with His mind and purpose. But when they found themselves in possession of the original literature, and were able to deal with it as literature, yet as the sacred and authoritative source of the Church and her faith, comparison of the parent form and the living organism became inevitable; and, of course, could not but involve judgment as to the degree in which the organism had departed from the primitive type. It was not for the purpose of such comparison that Teutonic Humanism had gone to the sources, but the undesigned result is all the more significant. And no less significant is the way it came about. Italian Humanism, being more pagan, was blessed by the Popes; Teutonic, being more religious, was banned by the clergy.\* Reuchlin had his conflict with the theologians of Cologne; Erasmus, in spite of his transcendent diplomacy and agility in leaping out of the way of colliding forces, had his troubles with monkery in general, and men like Bedda and Stuhica in particular. Reuchlin was no Protestant, was rather so true a Catholic that he disinherited Melancthon, who was his sister's grandson, because he would follow Luther. But yet he was less a Catholic than a scholar. "I honour," said he, "S. Jerome as an angel, I value Lira as a master, but I worship truth as a God." So he worked in the scholar's way, worshipped truth by his continuous search after it and obedience to it, and by loving all the means and all the material needed for the search. And hence came his trouble. The renegade Jew, Pfefferkorn, aided and abetted by the divines of Cologne, the fallen descendants of Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, called upon Reuchlin to help in securing the destruction of all the distinctive literature of the Jews. Reuchlin refused, argued against the proposal as became a Humanist, showed the value of the Jewish literature to the scholar, to the historian, even to the Christian. Courts, imperial and papal, rang with the noise of the conflict; and, as was fit, the Humanism of Italy, papal and pagan alike, came to the help of the German. Of this battle-royal between obscurantism and science, the most famous survivor is the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*." The age was rough, its men were not all heroes or chivalrous knights, and weapons of war mutilate as well as kill. And these *Epistolæ* so partook of the character of their time, that their coarse levity offended Luther, while their merciless and provocative personalities displeased Erasmus. They profess to be written to Ortuinus Gratius, the Coryphæus of the Cologne divines, by pupils and friends, obscure men, in contradistinction to the illustrious men whose "*Epistolæ ad Reuchlinum*" had been shortly before published. Their satire lies in the bitter faithfulness with which they reflect the mind and manners of their professed authors, a faithfulness so real that it at first deceived, if not the

\* Erasmus.

victims, yet certain of their contemporaries. They are not serious history, they are fiction, very gross, as was the manner of the period; but fiction, in order to succeed, must seem true: if it seem false it will altogether fail. In this case, the mirror, being made by the hand of the enemy, may exaggerate, but, as other witnesses testify, it does not deface. Here, then, we may see, in such fashion as the medium allows, the decayed and depraved scholasticism as it lived before the eyes of Humanists like Crotus Rubianus and Ulrich von Hutten, subtle, fantastic, argumentative, vindictive, here and there filthy-minded, yet disputatious in its very filth, but, above all, enraged against the new knowledge, all its ways and all its works.

Now the characteristic feature of these "*Epistolæ*" does not consist in the vile lubricities of Magister Conradus de Zuicavia, though even these have a place in the picture; nor in the grotesque exegesis of Frater Conradus Dollenkopius, who explains that "*novem Musæ significant septem choros Angelorum*," "*Diana significat beatissimam Virginem Mariam, ambulans cum multis Virginibus hinc inde*," and "*Pyramus significat filium Dei, et Thisbe significat animam humanam quam amat Christus*"—though these may be fit examples of "*expositiones spirituales*"—but it consists in the exhibition of the intellectual qualities and attitude of the men Humanism had to contend against. They were offended at Greek, offended at Hebrew; though what Hebrew was, or what Greek, or what their worth and use, they did not know: they simply feared the new knowledge, disliked the literature it studied, and would fain have made an end of it. For they saw that the men who cultivated the new studies were scornful of things deemed fundamental and sacred; they could speak of the holy coat of Treves as "*una antiqua et pediculosa vestis*," or even deny that "*crinis beatæ Virginis est adhuc in Mundo*." A noble cause ought never to handle ignoble weapons, but progress has often had to strike obscurantism with the ridicule that kills. Truth and freedom were with Reuchlin, and, if the divines of Cologne could be vanquished by a weapon like these *Epistolæ*, they were not men good enough for a victorious cause, or possessed of a cause good enough for victory.

2. But Humanism was not only forced to overwhelm the men who denied either its right or its obligation to go to the sources. It had to read these sources, to read them in the light of its own day, and to read its own day in their light. Hence came such questions as—How did the Church and Churchmen of to-day compare with Christ and His apostles and Apostolic Christianity? Whether was the difference to the advantage or disadvantage of religion? Whether ought the established order to be accommodated to the primitive law, or the primitive law to be superseded and supplemented by the established order? We may see the answer of Humanism, more or

less again undesigned, in Erasmus. He was, like Reuchlin, no Protestant, and, like him, lived and died a Catholic. Nor is it any reflection on him to say that his primary interest was literature, his secondary religion. That is but to say that he was a Humanist, not a Reformer. To the work of a reformer no man was ever by nature less destined, and no man was ever more obedient to the nature he had. He loved peace, culture, good society; he was delicate, fastidious, sensitive, "so thin-skinned that a fly would draw blood," as was most truly said of him; he hated the obtuse, the ignorant, the vulgar, the men who could not see or feel the sarcasm within its veil of compliment or the irony hidden in a graceful allusion or ambiguous phrase. He feared revolution, with its sudden release of incalculable forces, the chaos, the collisions, the brutalities it was certain to evoke. The possible evils incident to radical change more alarmed his imagination than the evils actual in the existing order touched his conscience. He loved his esoteric world, desired nothing better than to be left in possession of it, free to criticize from its point of view the world exoteric, yet, with due regard to the benefits of studious peace, always preferring to insinuate rather than express an opinion, to pronounce a conditional rather than an absolute judgment. But in spite of the nature that bound him to the old order, and so held him a Catholic,\* no man did more for reform, or formulated principles that more demanded it. His New Testament was here his greatest achievement. Some of the great presses had indeed first and chiefly busied themselves with editions of the Bible, but in the Vulgate, which, as the Church's version, stood under its sanction, raised no question of translation, criticism, relation to prior and creative sources, was rather but, as it were, its authorized and printed tradition. But with Erasmus' New Testament it was altogether different. Here stood the Book in its original speech, with attempts to fix certain dubious readings, with one most significant text omitted, with a new version alongside it said to be more elegant and accurate than the old: how did the sanctioned and authoritative version translate this original? and could the translations beside the original be authoritative any more? Here, too, was the Head and Founder of the Church, the Church He founded, the men through whom He did it, all presented in the lucid pages of authentic and contemporary history: did the Catholic truly represent the Apostolic Church, embody its spirit, interpret its doctrines, maintain its laws and institutions? What of Rome, and the Papacy, and the priesthood, and the whole sacerdotal organization was there in the

\* No man ever more frankly enthroned authority, or professed the spirit of submission. At the bidding of the Church he was ready to condemn his own critical conclusions (opera ix. p. 864, B.); and he could, he said, have agreed with the Arians and Pelagians, if the Church had sanctioned their doctrine. See letter to Willibald Pirkheimer, Epist. p. 1029 (Ed. Leyden). We know what confessions of this kind would mean in the mouth of a cynic—no two things may be nearer allied than submission to authority and indifference to truth. He would be a brave man who would say what they mean in the mouth of Erasmus.

Christianity of Christ and His apostles? The questions were inevitable, and the answers as clear and emphatic as they could be made by a man of Erasmus' temper, and habits, and tastes. Christ was the one Teacher appointed of God Himself; supreme authority belongs to Him alone.\* He marvels that men should have made Christ's words to Peter bear exclusive reference to the Pope; they refer indeed to him, but to all Christians as well.† By Church he does not understand priests, bishops, or popes, who are merely its ministers, but the whole Christian people or collective community—*that is*, "A certain congregation of all men throughout the whole world, who agree in the faith of the Gospel, who worship one God the Father, who place their whole confidence in His Son, who are led by the same spirit of Him, from whose fellowship every one who commits deadly sin is cut off."§ As to the Sacraments, were it not that the judgment of the Church was adverse, he would incline to the reformed doctrine; even as it is, he does not see any good in a body imperceptible to the senses, or any use in it, provided only spiritual grace be present in the symbols.|| Besides, no one but the priest can know that the Host has been properly consecrated, and he can find no place in the sacred Scriptures which certainly proves that the apostles consecrated bread and wine into the body and blood of the Lord.¶ The elements are but symbols that signify the indissoluble unity of Christ, the Head, and His mystical body, the Church. Indeed, the sacerdotal tendencies and practices of the time, with their inexorable and demoralizing fetishism, had no more unsparing critic than Erasmus, and his criticism proceeded from principles that were fatal to all the artificialities, claims, and ordinances of Catholicism. Relic worship invariably provoked his severest and most pungent satire, and even moved him to gravest censure as a new and meaner Pharisaism, which became, even more than the old, the hideous caricature of godliness.\*\* To escape from it men must return to the Gospel. The rule is, men go to Rome to come back worse; what best ensures amendment of life is the Word of Truth.††

\* "Annotationes in Nov. Test.," *sub loc.* Matth. xvii. 5.

† *Ibid.*, Matth. xvi. 18. It may be noted that Stunica laid special emphasis on Erasmus' attitude to the primacy of Peter and the Papal Chair. The charges were: (1) Erasmus has affirmed that it cannot be argued from Peter standing first in the apostolic catalogue in Matthew that he was the first of the apostles. (2) He denies that the words, "Thou art Peter," refer to Peter alone. (3) He maintains that the Pope, as early in earliest times, was "Pontifex Romanus," not "Summus Pontifex." (4) He holds the monarchy of the Pope to be later than Jerome; the authority now ascribed to the Roman See was unknown even to Augustine.—"Apologia ad L. Stunicum," opera ix. p. 381. C. D. (Leyden ed.).

‡ Epist. 1029, A., "Adagiorum Chiliades," p. 589 (Basel ed.).

§ "Colloquia, de Fide," 298 (Amsterdam ed.).

|| Epist. 941, A.

¶ *Ibid.*, 1198, D. E. Of course, this represents the view of the familiar epistles—Erasmus' private, confidential opinion, what would have been most agreeable to his reason. His public view, accepted because of the judgment of the Church, may be found in the letters to Conrad Pelican, *Ibid.* 963-966, and his "Detectio Præstigiæ Cujusdam Libelli," occasioned by an anonymous German work on this subject.

\*\* "Annotationes in Nov. Test.," *sub loc.* Matt. xxiii. 5.

†† "Colloquia, Adolescens et Scortum," p. 251.

Neglect of the Gospel has caused a double evil to come upon the Church, more than heathenism of life and a ceremonial Judaism in worship. In the ceremonies the whole Papal system was for the mind and conscience of the day summarized; it was here that it most directly touched life, subverted morals, debased worship, estranged man and God. So Erasmus assailed the ceremonies from every point of view. They were unscriptural: in the whole New Testament there is no command which refers to ceremonies; against them warnings enough by Christ, arguments enough by Paul, but nowhere from any one any word of commendation.\* They were irreligious too; where they flourished, piety, morality, common decency even, decayed. And the reason was not far to seek. Positive laws, made by bishops or councils, popes or orders, could not supersede or set aside the laws of Nature or of God. These had the prior and higher authority, but they were ever being invalidated or repealed by the ceremonies. If a priest lets his hair grow or wears a lay habit he is punished, but if he debauches himself and others "he is still a pillar of the Church." Men, who would die rather than eat flesh when forbidden, yet did not scruple to live lasciviously. In language of appalling plainness he described the obfuscation of conscience by the ceremonies; they abrogated the law of God, caused disrespect and disobedience to the most rudimentary, yet imperative, moral laws, blinded and blunted the moral sense, created an artificial and utterly unvarnished conscience in persons, orders, and even whole communities.† No man had ever less of the Puritan temper than Erasmus; no man so helps us to understand the need for the Puritan spirit and character. Sacerdotal ceremonialism had done in Christianity what it has done in every religion it has ever got control of, what, Erasmus again and again argued, it had done with most tragic results in Judaism—ended the reign of the moral ideal, subordinated the divine categorical imperative to some trivial positive ordinance, to the ritual or routine of the caste or the cloister or the school. Humanism, in the light of the literature it loved, saw the evil, and in its elegant, incisive, satirical, yet humorous way, criticized what it saw; but criticism, while it may entertain and even amend life, neither can nor will do what was then most in need of being done—reform religion.

## V.

1. The translation of the literary into the religious revival, or simply of Humanism into Protestantism soon came. Both were creations of the historical spirit, the one in the sphere of literature, the other in the realm of religion. The recovered literature of classical and

\* "Ratio Være Theolog.," p. 94; "Enchiridion," pp. 60 ff.

† "Colloquia 'Ιχθυοφάρμα.' This colloquy presents a full and most vivid view of Erasmus' position.

Christian antiquity alike acted on the imagination, but with a characteristic difference: in the one case, the imagination was reached through the reason, in the other the reason was reached through the imagination and conscience. The result in the former case was culture, the exercise and enjoyment of balanced and regulated faculty; the result in the latter case was religion, the genesis of new beliefs as to God and man, and the impulse to embody them in action, *i.e.*, in the creation of a new world correspondent to the new faith. The historical spirit in the sphere of literature is objective, handles its material as facts or phenomena that have to be understood and criticized, construed and explained; but the historical spirit in the realm of religion is subjective, handles its material as transcendental and eternal realities related to an immortal subject, as symbols or revelations of the cause and end of being, and of the law by which life ought to be ordered. Now, the access to the original sources meant to the quickened conscience and imagination a sudden coming face to face with the Christ, who was at once the maker of the Christian religion and the Saviour of the Soul. The more earnest the man who stood there, the more inevitable would be the question—Is the Church's way Christ's? Does it truly represent Him and realize His religion? This was Luther's question, but not his only—it was the question of the time; yet to understand the form in which it was raised we must understand him. He was no Humanist, in the strict sense, though Humanism had contributed to his making. Some of its brightest sons were among his oldest and truest friends; but he himself had none of the fastidiousness, the dubious temper, the love of elegance, the refining, though not necessarily refined, spirit, which makes the study of literature a culture and an end in itself. He was a stalwart man, sensuous, passionate, imaginative, tender, easily moved to laughter or to tears, capable of the strongest love or hate, possessed of the simpler emotions, a stranger to the more complex, indifferent to the abstract, open to the concrete. Good had for him no being without God, and evil none without the devil. He was never meant by nature for an intellectual innovator; his changes were never due to any speculative process or logical concatenation of thought, though in decisive moments he was often guided by a supreme, yet courageous, common-sense. Like all men of strong and simple emotions, his instincts were all conservative; he hated change, changed only under the compulsion of an over-mastering feeling or need, and with a sort of convulsion of nature, conservative changes taking always more or less the form of a catastrophe. Hence the large dramatic element in Luther's life; he resisted change till fairly driven to it, then it broke from him with a noise that startled Europe. So was it with the publication of his Theses, his burning of the Pope's Bull, his appearance at Worms, and his marriage. Hence, too, the inconsistencies of Lutheranism; it has no logical coherence, is ex-

plicable when studied through Luther's history and experience, inexplicable if regarded as a reasoned and articulated system. In dealing with justification by faith his mode of handling Scripture was the freest; in dealing with the Supper his method was a slavish literalism. And the case is typical: in him lay two opposite worlds; he was a revolutionary without being a radical; or, as it were, a Protestant under protest, which means that the work he did grew out of the conflict between character and position, was not the spontaneous outcome of an innovating and reconstructive mind.

Now, this was precisely the sort of man needed to change the literary or Humanistic into a religious and reforming movement. It could not have been done by a designing man, or a cloistered student, or a malcontent, or a doctrinaire radical; it could only have been done by a man compact of passion and imagination, of a passion that, when roused, could move with irresistible force, blind to the obstructions in its path; of an imagination that, when quickened, could see further than the colder reason, and also compel others to see. Now we are to imagine this man possessed of what is perhaps the most awful and imperious creation of Christianity, the sense of sin: in him it was in kind, and quality, and degree, as it had been in Paul and in Augustine, and as it was to be later in Bunyan. Such a sense is at root a passion for the possession of Deity by a man who feels Deity too awful in His goodness to be possessed of him. It does not argue a bad man, but it argues a man who knows the impossibility of being worthy of God, yet feels the necessity to him of the God who seems so unapproachable, so inaccessible. To such a man, reconciliation, to be real, must be of God and to God, a work of infinite grace; and religion to be true must be the way or method of such reconciliation. The Christian doctrine of sin would be intolerable were it not transfigured by the Christian doctrine of grace; indeed, it is the splendour of the one that makes the shadow lie so dark upon the other. Sin without grace is the creed of cynicism or despair; it is only through grace that it becomes an integral part of Christianity.

2. Now, did the Church that confronted Luther adequately represent a religion which had created this sense of sin and this need of grace? Erasmus showed us one side of ceremonialism, its power to subvert the moral ideal and silence the voice of conscience; Luther shows us another side of it, its impotence to cure or pacify a man in whom the sense of sin is deep and strong. To make light of sin is but to deepen its hold over the man possessed by the sense of it; and the stronger the hold the mightier the passion to be free. Indulgences, penances, pilgrimages, confessions, absolutions, masses were formal things, decreed by the Church or done by the Church, reconciling to the Church, bringing profit to the Church, while what was needed was a way of saving that became the grace and majesty of God. To this

man, then, the New Testament comes, not as the voice of the Church, but as God's voice. The first Christian age rises before him; wakes into life, stands out in vivid contrast to his own. Here are no indulgences, penances, pilgrimages—no paltering with sin or making profit out of it; all is simple, of grace, through faith, without works. He feels affinity with Paul; new Catholicism is but old Judaism, with its fathers, traditions, law, ceremonial, righteousness after the flesh; and the new must be combated by the weapons that had vanquished the old. He stands in the immediate presence of Christ, and learns that His conflict with the Pharisees has the same reason and meaning as Paul's with Judaism. In the light of the New Testament duty becomes clear: there must be a return to apostolical Christianity. For Luther this return was summed up in justification by faith. His experience demanded no more, and he went no further than his experience demanded. But even so it was a vaster thing than it seemed, for it involved the fundamental matter of all—on what grounds, by whose act, through what process, on what terms, and for what ends, was man saved and reconciled to God?

Luther then seized, as the essence of the religion that stood before him in the New Testament, the idea of Redemption, justification by the free grace of God, without any work or contributory merit on the part of man; and by it he measured the Church. What he saw before him was an immense system of salvation by works, the works were ceremonial, not ethical—nay, compatible with fundamental immorality; the merit came of obedience to positive or ecclesiastical, not to absolute or divine law, was often a purchaseable or purely external and transferable thing; what ought to be was a salvation altogether of God, which allowed no place and no value to the ceremonial performances of man or the profitable but unethical enactments of a body ecclesiastical. The question was not to him as to the modern scholar, How did the ecclesiastical system come to be? That question implies a standpoint much more scientific than his; one that can do justice to the Catholic Church even while indifferent to its claims; that can recognize its services to man, confessing even the sublimity of the idea that gives it unity and vitality; but it does this only the more effectually to dispossess that Church of its proud supernaturalism. The Church of Rome is the most splendid example in the West of the continuity, under formal change, of political institutions: it is but the Empire of Rome transformed; Cæsar has had more to do with its organization, provincial and ecumenical, than Christ; its ideas, customs, offices, from the Papacy downwards, with its attributes of supremacy and infallibility, are all of Roman origin, and have developed under conditions Rome created. The rise of sacerdotal ideas and ordinances in a once priestless religion admits no less of strictly scientific treatment, the date and fact of their origin can be fixed, the ratio of increase can be measured, the



causes and conditions of growth can be analyzed and determined. The attributes Rome of old claimed for the Empire the Rome of to-day claims for the Church, and, while it may be an intelligible, it is not a rational, proceeding to explain by supernatural superintendence effects due to natural causes, but it is a proceeding that every day grows at once more intelligible and less rational. But if Luther's method was less scientific, it was more efficacious than the modern; for, while the modern seeks to explain, it does not care to overturn or supersede, but Luther could not but seek to overturn, while he did not care to explain. For to him it was impossible that both the New Testament and Rome could be right; whatever was wrong it could not be the New Testament; there stood the mind of Christ and the interpretation of His Apostles: to accept the one, to attempt to realize the other, was the absolute duty of the Christian man. To men who believed that for Christianity the mind of Christ was the creative and normative mind, the appeal to the sources was irresistible; and the ranks of the Humanists soon confessed that it was so. The older men, Reuchlin and Erasmus, stood aloof, but the younger men were carried away. Crotus Rubianus; Luther's "*Crotus noster suavissimus*," the most brilliant of the putative authors of the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," though he was later to repent and return; Eobanus Hessus, "*regius poeta et poeticus rex*;" Philip Melanchthon, scholar and divine, hope and pride of his famous grand-uncle, designated heir of his splendid library; Justus Jonas, most eloquent of the Humanists and Reformers, Melanchthon's typical "*orator*," "*der Mann der kann die Worte des Textes herrlich und deutlich aussprechen, erklären, und zum Markt richten*;" Ulrich von Hutten, knight, patriot, man of letters, devoted to a liberty near akin to licence; Ecolampadius, erudite enough to be consulted and esteemed by the great Erasmus; Camerarius, perhaps best Grecian of his age, one of the true fathers of modern scholarship, the Fidas Achates of Melanchthon; and, above all, though he acted from his own initiative, not Luther's, the most heroic of the early Reformers, Ulrich Zwingli—these, and many others, driven by the inexorable logic of the situation, became leaders in the small but resolute army of men who were trying to return to the Christianity of Christ. If Protestantism was not created by learning, yet without learning it could not have been; and there was nothing more natural, or noble, or necessary, than that the men who had discovered the use and meaning of the primitive Christian literature should endeavour to recover and to return to the religion it revealed.

3. But the endeavour to return was more natural and necessary than possible. Facts cannot be annihilated or centuries eliminated from the life of man; the past will control the present, the present reverence the past, whatever logic may say. There is nothing so impossible as a restoration; it is done by men under conditions and out of material all so different from the original that, while it may imitate the old, it

can never be the old it imitates. And here every sort of obstacle stood in the way: Lutheranism was full of inconsistencies, spared much which ought to have perished, over-emphasized its great idea, bound itself hastily to definitions and formulæ which produced new divisions and a scholasticism more bitter, controversial, and infructuous than the old. It affirmed man's immediate relation and sole responsibility to God. Yet it organized, by the help of German princes, a more Erastian Church. Then the new movement became a sort of Cave of Adullam; men resorted to it whose only reason was discontent with the existing order of things. It is granted to no revolution to be accomplished by perfect men, but the religious revolution most needs good men, and is hardly judged, often fatally hindered, when men figure in it who are not good: its own misfortunes injure it more than do the mistakes or crimes of the enemy. Then the most reasonable revolution awakens unreason, the dissolution of an old order begets the wish for a dissolution of all order and the reign of chaos. So after Luther came Carlstadt, after Carlstadt came Münzer, after Münzer the Peasants' War; and of course for these the new return to the old faith was held responsible. Kings, with faith in their own divine rights, grew grave; where the old ecclesiastic only troubled the new reformer threatened to overturn—he therefore deserved no mercy. Timid men, too, who always see double when singleness of eye is most needed, argued: "The old order was bad, still it was order; we must stand by it against these new ideas, which will subvert all things." The moment of dismay was the opportunity of reaction. Rome drew herself together and confronted her disorganized foe. In a system like hers there were and are recuperative energies of incalculable potency, and these, when summoned to act, acted. The enthusiasm of her noblest sons rose in the presence of danger, the meaning of her idea and mission dawned once more upon her. She contrasted her unbroken uniformity with the formless movement that had risen against her, her venerable doctrines with the mad imaginations of the German Anabaptists, and asked: "Have not I ruled the world these fifteen hundred years both beneficially and wisely, but if this Protestantism, which has produced these lawless and levelling sects, be allowed to exist and conquer, what will become of our rights, properties, civilization?" The question seemed so unanswerable that kings and nobles, thinking there was no choice between anarchy and Rome, marshalled armies and fought battles, to end what to them was less a pestilent heresy than a disorganizing and destructive political movement.

## VI.

1. But these confusions were but the occasion or opportunity for the rise of a great constructive genius. John Calvin is one of the best hated men in history; round his name fierce controversies have raged,

still rage; and controversies begotten of disputations hate and un-reasoning love are things the judicious, who love to pass for judicial men, do not care to touch. There is something imposing in the multitude and variety of aversions that converge on Calvin. He was hated by the Catholics as the author of the system that opposed the proudest and most invincible front to Rome; by princes and statesmen, as the man who instituted a Church that acted as a revolutionary force in politics; by Anglican bishops and divines, as the father of the Puritanism that so long disturbed their power; by Arminian theologians as the inventor and apologist of a *decretum horribile*, which they detested, without always making sure that they understood; by Free Thinkers, as the man who burned Servetus, who, because he was burned, must have been a saint, and Calvin, because he burned him, a shameless sinner; by Secular Republicans, because he founded a religious State, and dealt hardly with sins they were inclined to; by the sons of Light and Culture, for the imperious ethical temper that did not leave room for the free play of elements needed to constitute their whole of life. But the man who has touched so many men, discordant in everything but this concordance of hate, must have been a man of transcendent power, whose character and work deserve close and impartial study from all men who would understand the sixteenth and the later centuries.

Discussion of the personality and personal history of Calvin is here impossible. Enough to say, he was in almost every respect a contrast to Luther, less sensuous and more intellectual, intenser, but not so impassioned, less obstinate and self-willed, but more imperious and inflexible, not so amiable, but of a far loftier and more ethical spirit, possessed of a severer conscience and more scrupulous will, but of a nature less roomy and human-hearted. Luther was ever boisterous, a man of open sense, of buoyant and irrepressible speech, whose words were half battles, whose eye was quick to see, whose heart was quick to feel, whose judgment was always in danger of being mastered by passion or blinded by pity. Calvin, on the other hand, was a man of invincible calm, of balanced speech, gentle towards weakness, severe towards vice, severest of all towards himself, for he had, as Beza tells us in his quaint French: "*Une telle intégrité de conscience, qu'en fuyant toutes vaines subtilitez sophistiques avec toute ambitieuse ostentation, il n'a jamais cherché que la simple et pure verité.*" Calvin could never have been guilty of the mistakes of Luther, especially such a disastrous blending of the blunder and the crime as was made in the matter of the Landgrave Philip; but Luther could as little have been guilty of the severities of Calvin. Luther was incapable of conceiving, to say nothing of approving or enforcing, Calvin's legislation: his pity for human weakness would have proved stronger than his love of an ideal that showed it no mercy; but Calvin was still more incapable of

allowing, with Luther, the Church to be so much a creature of the State. To him it was impossible that the society which existed for the realization of the divine law should stand under a society whose laws were made and enforced by men. The singular simplicity of his nature made him love symmetry and system in all things, consistency in character, the veracity that made conviction, speech, and conduct all agree. It is characteristic that his fundamental thought is not, as with Luther, justification by faith or the mode in which the guilty man may be made right with God, but it is grace, or the absoluteness and sufficiency of the will of God, as a gracious will, which purposes and achieves salvation. Calvinism is Stoicism baptized into Christianity, but renewed and exalted by the baptism. It has the fortitude of Stoicism, the quality that enables it to bend without being broken, to submit without being conquered; it has its indifference to suffering, its scorn of the sentiment that simply pities evil and loses love of being in horror at pain; it has its optimism, believes with it in the efficiency yet benevolence of the universal will, in moral law as absolute, in obedience as a thing which lies "non extra omnem modo controversiam, sed deliberationem quoque." But it far transcends Stoicism, for its will is personal while infinite, gracious while absolute, so real and efficient in its working as to have made sure of all its means and all its ends. Man is placed in time to know and to obey this will, it is revealed in nature, conscience, grace; and these are so related that knowledge of God and of ourselves are not two knowledges, but one and the same. To be obedient is but to follow Nature in its ideal sense and fulfil the law of God. In its speculative elements Calvin's theology is one with Augustine's, but not in its political or ecclesiastical. In Augustine the speculative and the political are contradictory; the one he owed partly to Plato and partly to Paul, the other he owed mainly to Rome; the speculative was an unconditional, but the political a conditional system; the high necessities belonging to his theistic thought were qualified, and indeed negatived, by his artificial and conditioning sacerdotalism, his *Civitas Roma* metamorphosed into a hieratic *Ecclesia Christi*. But in Calvin the speculative and the political are so related that the one is a deduction from the other; his theology is the basis of his polity, his polity is the application of his theology to society and the State. His Church was an attempt to organize society through his theistic idea, to build it into a sort of articulated will of God. The defects of his theistic idea were expressed in his political ideal, exhibited in their harshest form in his legislation and the endeavour to enforce it. But the defects were not those of weakness or earthliness; they were those of a too lofty severity, a too unyielding moral rigor, due to the belief that God's will was gracious in order that man might be righteous, and man's duty was so to live as to cause this will to be realized.

himself and by all men. These defects may have showed ignorance of human weakness and its strength; it has yet to be proved that they showed ignobleness, either in the mind that made the system, or in the system the mind made.

2. So much for the man: let us now see something of the work the man did. He did two things: he gave to the incoherent and chaotic Protestant movement, which was threatening to break into an impotent atomism, where every passion and rivalry could have free play, a coherent and commanding system of belief and polity; and he gave to it an ordered and organized home, where it could live its own life, and whence it could influence the world. His system came first. He was born in 1509; the first edition of his "Institutes" was printed 1535, published 1536. He is an exile from France for his faith, has been a wanderer, has tried many places, found a home in none, knows not where his rest is to be; but, young as he is, hunted as he has been, he has yet worked out the main lines of his system. But only the main lines: the first edition is a mere sketch, yet a sketch which lives, with this characteristic, that the emphasis lies less on dogma than on morals, worship, polity. What mainly concerns him is the new order, what it ought to be, how it best may be. It is the work of a man penetrated with the conviction that the new Gospel is a new law, that the law must be embodied in a new life, individual and collective. The justified man is elect unto obedience; the good man cannot be contented with bad moral conditions; the perfect person needs a perfect society; and so he must labour to bring about the conformity of all things, most of all the lives of men and States, to the will of God. The motive of the book stands expressed in the famous prefatory letter addressed to Francis I.; it was meant to be a sort of rudiments by which men touched by a zeal for religion might be formed *ad veram pietatem*. But behind this stands another motive: it is an apology for the Reformed Faith, which is dying of odium, charged with being the enemy of order, law, peace, and all things civilized men hold dear. He demands that the King hear him; an unheard cause cannot be condemned, and the cause is not his, it is that of all the godly—nay, of Christ Himself. The graver the cause the greater the duty of the sovereign, who is bound "*agnoscere se in regni administratione Dei ministrum.*" But he must judge by a fit standard, by the *Verbum Dei*, interpreted according to the analogy of faith. So tried victory is sure. "*Quid enim,*" he asks, "*melius atque aptius fidei convenit, quam agnoscere nos omni virtute nudos ut a Deo vestiamur, omni bono vacuos ut ab ipso impleamur, nos peccati servos ut ab ipso liberemur, nos cæcos ut ab ipso illuminemur, nos claudes ut ab ipso dirigamur, nos debiles ut ab ipso sustentemur, nobis omnem gloriandi materiam detrudere, ut solus ipse glorificetur et nos in ipso gloriemur?*"

The charges he meets are these: The doctrine is new, doubtful, and uncertain; ought to be confirmed by miracles; is against the consent of the Fathers and the most ancient custom; is schismatical; and, finally, may be known by its fruits—the sects, seditions, licence, it has produced. These he answers thus: The doctrine is as old as Christ and His apostles; as sure as their word, is confirmed by their miracles, is supported by the Fathers, maintains the unity of the true Church, which may exist without apparent form, and needs no external splendour; but is only “*pura Verbi Dei prædicatione et legitima Sacramentorum administratione*.” Nor will he allow that sedition or licence marks the new faith: the men are godly; loss and suffering, imprisonment and persecution, have been their only reward. And here in his book it may be seen what they believe and mean: they stand by those great realities, the moral law, which tolerates worship of none but God, and forbids all sin against Him and against man; the Apostolic faith, which stands lucid, simple, sufficient in the Apostolic symbol; prayer, which has its perfect type in the *Pater Noster*; the Sacraments which Christ instituted, and the Church which He founded to secure Christian liberty, both to man and society. Here, at least, is no Lutheran individualism, no emotional conservatism, broken into, but not broken up, by the forces of a moral revolution; but here is a constructive work, co-extensive with the whole man and the State. Calvin was as radical as Luther was conservative, but, while radical, he was also constructive, just as Luther had the true conservative instinct to retain, but its no less real impotence either to design or to build.

3. And to the man who could use it the opportunity came, in the very year, too, that the “*Institutes*” appeared. Geneva was a smaller sphere than Germany, but to a creative genius it offered a far more splendid opportunity. For here were no kinglets or princelings to control a movement they hardly sympathized with and ill understood. The city was a republic, and in the throes of a change at once political and religious. It had wrested its freedom from the House of Savoy, had expelled its treacherous bishop, had renounced, with the old political, the old ecclesiastical tyranny. The “*Institutes*” revealed the man to the city, and the city invited the man. Its polity was fluid, its doctrine unfixed; what Church and what State was to be alike undetermined. If Calvin was to be its reformer, then it must accept his ideal, become a theocracy, with the Gospel as its law, with God as its King. What was instituted was no State-Church, but a Church-State. The two became indivisible; the creed was made the basis of the society, subscription to it a condition of citizenship; an offence against the Church as real a crime as an offence against the State. The legislatures were one, but the administrations differed. The consistory was the judicial authority, but the council

the executive. The former consisted of the ministers and twelve elders, who were chosen yearly by the council, though the ministers recommended. It sat every Thursday, and tried the various persons charged with immorality and disobedience. The discipline was rigid, the penalties severe. Gamblers were put in the pillory; adultery and blasphemy were punished with death; extravagance in dress, singing profane songs, absence from church were punished by exile or imprisonment. State-control was substituted for self-control, and its control soon became inquisitorial, tyrannical, unjust. The Church cannot be fused in the State, or the State in the Church, without injury to both: the one tends to lose its eternal ideal, the other its judicial character and calm. Sin and crime, discipline and penalty become identical; and, while religion is lowered and coarsened by having its discipline incorporated in the criminal law, law is weakened and made offensive by being made to invade the realm which ought to be sacred to conscience and to God. But there are moments when exaggeration is truest moderation. The measure for a crisis is not as the measure for a season of tempered peace. And Calvin's Geneva, terrible as its tyranny may now seem, was the noblest and most needed service that could then have been rendered to religious progress and political freedom.

To understand what Calvin did, we have but to compare Protestantism as it was in 1536, when his work begins, with what it was in 1564, the year of his death. In the former it seemed everywhere confronted with dangers insurmountable; in Germany threatened by the jealousies, hesitations, petty passions, ulterior and meaner ambitions of the princes, threatened by the astute policy and unbroken strength of Charles V., who was but waiting his opportunity to strike; divided in Switzerland by cantonal factions and racial aversions; without any foothold in France or the Netherlands; lying under the heavy hand of Henry VIII. in England, whose action grew the more mischievous the more anti-papal it became; with so few adherents in Scotland that they could be counted on the fingers. In the latter year the influence of Geneva had penetrated Germany, and, even where provoking resistance, had quickened the whole body Protestant; had converted almost the half of France, and enlisted her noblest sons in the army of reform, with the royal Condé and the gallant Coligny at their head; had gone like iron-drops into the blood of the Netherland Churches, and made the heroes that broke the mighty power of Spain; it had reached England, created the Puritan spirit, the faith that was to determine her political constitution, condition her religious development, and create her most fruitful and characteristic colony; had sent Knox into Scotland with a theology that was to nurse a brawny race, civilize a people, and with a polity that was to effect the completest and happiest revolution any nation ever

experienced. Without Calvin and Geneva, these things would not have been; and without these things Europe and America would not have been as they are to-day—not so good, so well ordered, or so free.

4. What were the sources of this immense influence? They were many. For one thing, a rigorous and authoritative system was met by a system no less rigorous and authoritative. The infallibility of Rome was confronted by the infallibility of the *Verbum Dei*; the authority of tradition by the authority of reasoned yet Scriptural doctrine; salvation through the Church by salvation through Christ; the efficacy of the Sacraments by the efficacy of the Spirit; the power of the priesthood by the power of the ever-present Christ. The strength of Calvinism lay in the place and pre-eminence it gave to God: it magnified Him; humbled man before His awful majesty, yet lifted man in the very degree that it humbled him. Catholicism is essentially a doctrine of the Church; Calvinism is essentially a doctrine of God. In days when men have little faith in the supernatural and transcendental, Catholicism is an enormous power; its appeal to history is an appeal to experience, and men will cling to its traditions in the very degree that they have lost faith in God; but in days when men are possessed by faith in an all-sufficient Reason that knows all and never can be deceived, in an all-sufficient Will that guides all and never can be defeated or surprised, then the theology that holds them will be the theology that makes God most real to the intellect and most authoritative to the conscience. And it was at this point and by this means that Calvinism so seized and so commanded men, faith in God being ever a less earthly and a sublimer thing than faith in a Church. Then, for a second thing, Geneva served in an equal degree the cause of freedom and of order. Calvinism was the very genius of system in theology and of order in polity. These two stood together; the one was a logical corollary from the other, yet appeared also as a copy of the ancient scriptural model. But while order was as necessary to Geneva as to Rome, it was for reasons so different that the order did not remain the same. The order Rome maintained was autocratic, personalized in the Pope, incorporated in the Church, realized by its authority; the order Geneva created was democratic, personalized in God, incorporated in the Apostolic Society, realized by the authority of conscience. Roman order was external, imposed from without; Genevan order internal, evoked from within. Hence while Rome could, in alliance with an absolute monarch, realize its order, the Genevan could be realized only by and through the people. It might be tyrannical in exercise, it must be popular in basis, and the basis was determinative; in it lay all the possibilities of freedom and progress. With it a regal supremacy in things spiritual and ecclesiastical was as incompatible as a papal; and where it prevailed, rule based on a single will became impossible. It thus allied itself



with the rights of the people and the spirit of political progress, the countries which were most penetrated by it being precisely the countries which have become the most conspicuous examples of ordered freedom. For a third thing, Geneva became the Protestant city of refuge, whither came Spanish, Italian, French, German, Netherlandish, English, and Scotch refugees and exiles. Each saw the order that reigned in the city, felt Calvin's powerful influence, acknowledged his superlative genius, beheld his splendid success. And so each came to admire and love the Genevan Church model as the most perfect realizable on earth, and went home determined to labour even unto death for its introduction and establishment. Then Calvin acquired and exercised a patriarchal authority. He corresponded with all the Churches; advised, instructed, on all questions of internal organization, doctrine, and discipline; on the relation to the State, whether friendly or adverse; on the relation to other Churches, whether Protestant or Popish; indeed, on all subjects which then arose of general or local importance. And besides Geneva was a sort of college, where young men were trained for the ministry, and whence they were despatched to their own countries to teach the new faith. And of the men trained there Michelet truly says: "If in any part of Europe blood and tortures were required, a man to be burnt or broken on the wheel, that man was at Geneva, ready to depart, giving thanks to God, and singing psalms to him." Can we wonder that the faith propagated by men who feared no human face should have spread so far, and become so prolific a nurse of heroes?

The reign of Calvin in Geneva was thus a decisive moment in modern history. It is easy to describe it in terms of bitter satire or vindictive and reproachful eloquence; but yet it was a reign that saved the freedom of Europe, religious and political alike. We may not pity the city where he ruled, for he ruled by her will, and she suffered him to be that she might serve the peoples. Under her influence a larger and more historical Catholicism arose. Men believed that they were bound to take the law from Christ's own lips, to live as He lived, to think as He thought, to create a society that should, as near as possible, be the society He designed to be, with its notes all spiritual, its conduct all moral, its authority altogether of God, and its end in Him. In politics, Genevan polity was the mother of constitutional principles, formed both the men and the ideas that worked out the modern reconciliation of order and freedom. And to knowledge it remained faithful: the higher scholarship of the seventeenth century—Joseph Scaliger, Casaubon, Gerhard Vossius—was of the Reformed Church. Men who could not find a home and a press elsewhere could find both in Holland. It may have been stern, but it was not sour; may have been jealous of art, but it loved virtue; and while nothing can be said against its love, much may be said in

defence of its jealousy. The work that had to be done needed men of resolute conscience and scrupulous will, and such men the Puritan faith created. Over an age like ours, gifted with the historical imagination, or what is taken for it, the Catholic Church exercises an immense fascination. She is glorified by distance, construed as she lived in her Golden Age, mother of art and letters and order, without the way she came by her power or exercised it being too closely scrutinized. But to the men of the sixteenth century she wore a very different aspect. She stood before them claiming to be the sole exponent of the mysteries and the mercies of the Eternal; her claims the most awful possible; her character, conduct, methods, instruments a reproach to her claims; and by her side the men saw rise the Christ of history, gentle, winsome, gracious, yet merciless to the men who claimed by right of office to stand between men and God; and in His presence, His words in their ears, His hands on their spirits, they could not dare but follow whither He might lead. They had to suffer much, to surrender much, to obey; and may it not have been that the bitterest of all their sufferings was the breach with the Church of their fathers, and the conflict against the beautiful things they loved as beautiful, but feared as instruments that impoverished and enfeebled religion?

We stand on the threshold of a great subject. We have traced the genesis of an Ideal, and cannot now begin to write its history. But we need to learn to-day that the attempt of the sixteenth century to return to the original Christianity saved Christianity. Less it is not possible to say, more need not be said. The Churches that have attempted this return stand in the presence of Churches that have resisted it, and as they face each other and the world they ought to find cause enough to humble themselves into the dust. The condition of Christian peoples is an awful reproach to the arrogance of Christian Churches, and a sadder thing cannot be than boastful claims in the face of unfulfilled duties. In one respect all Churches ought to be primitive—in the spirit of love, of fellowship, in the generous recognition that where all are of Christ all are one. We have been long enough cursed by the mean jealousy which refuses to see or to seek the good of another, and delights to depreciate whatever the other has attempted or achieved. Let Churches be, not simply courteous or charitable to each other—for the greater duties are impossible where the lesser are denied—but simply just, and unity will dawn on our divided Christendom, righteousness and peace will kiss each other.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

## HAMDI BEY.

**M**OST nations in the course of their existence produce remarkable men, and Turkey has been no exception to the rule ; the stagnation and apathy which for more than a century has reigned supreme in the empire of the Sick Man have, however, for many generations paralysed her productive power in this direction. Her rulers have been venal and her people oppressed, and it seems that future historians will have a difficulty to find names worth recording in their last chapter on the history of the Ottoman Turks.

Nevertheless, contrary to every rule of this nation, contrary to her religion, her antecedents, and her tastes, Turkey has at this juncture produced an extraordinary man, who is an artist, a freethinker, and an archæologist all in one. No man in the empire except the Sultan has more power than he has, and this power he uses to baffle the efforts of all the archæological societies of Europe and America in the pursuit of research, and he tries, with remarkable success, to keep for his own amusement the vast mines of archæological wealth which are contained within the limits of the empire, and which represent most of the sites of interest celebrated in the early days of civilization amongst mankind.

This man is by name Hamdi, and his title of Bey may perhaps in his case be equivalent to a K.C.B. His Excellency Hamdi Bey, as he likes to be addressed, is an insignificant man in appearance, a quaint little dark man with an ape-like face, a receding forehead, and a high skull but scantily covered with hair ; on his long nose rests his *pince-nez*, and on his head when he goes out he wears the orthodox *fez* ; he is lithe, and active, rejoices in contortions, his skin is yellow and puckered, and, though still young in our acceptation of the word, it would be difficult to find an Englishman under fifty who would look

as old. In point of fact, if he had been an Englishman he would probably have been a rival of Mr. Grossmith's on the stage, for nothing gives him keener pleasure than a photograph he had taken a short time ago representing him as one of the contorted ragged beggars of Stamboul, with all the appliances of mendicancy around him, including the wallet, the staff, and the dish for alms, and with the most abject look of distress on his visage that any beggar could possibly assume. "I am thinking," says his Excellency with bitter irony, "of sending this photograph to all the directors of museums in Europe who speak of me, the Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople, as a savage; it will be a satisfaction to the poor things to feel that they have been right for once."

Hamdi's origin is no less remarkable than his career; he is the son of the venerable Edhem Pasha, one of the most influential men of his day about the Imperial Court, having been Grand Vizier, ambassador at Vienna, a politician, rare in Turkey, who in his declining years has been able to maintain his position and influence. Edhem Pasha was a Greek by birth, pure and unadulterated, having when an infant been stolen from the island of Chios at the time of the great massacre there during the war of independence; he was of course brought up as a Mussulman, but, being clever, soon made his way, as anybody, however obscure his origin, can do in Turkey provided he has a cunning brain, whilst a brother of his, who was unfortunate enough not to be stolen, became a Greek priest in his native land, and remained in the humblest walks of life.

Hence Hamdi, though a Turk by education and the son of a Turkish mother, is a Greek on his father's side, and of this he is exceedingly proud, inasmuch as he is thereby able to connect himself with those classic heroes of whose deeds and reminiscences he is so fond; and, by claiming Chios as the birthplace of his stock, he is able to number Homer amongst his compatriots, and is consequently a staunch upholder of the Chiote theory respecting that mythical poet's birthplace. Hamdi thus came into the world with as fair a prospect of success in life as is allotted to any Turk, and his father, whose views are liberal and advanced, sent him to Paris to be properly educated; as a natural result of this Hamdi belongs to a class which has sprung up lately in Turkey—a class which forms a curious clique of young Turks who speak of France as their second country, who do their best to throw off as much as possible the trammels of Islamism, and who have taken with them back to Constantinople most of the vices of the nation they strive to copy, but few of the virtues. It is indeed a curious development in the midst of the superstition and apathy of the decaying Ottomans to come across fast young men, who drink, read French novels, and frequent the theatres and gambling hells of Pera. Hamdi,

however, had a soul above such frivolities, and turned his eleven years of study in Paris to another account.

In the first place, he has married two French ladies, not together, according to the custom of his race, but in proper European sequence, one after the demise of the other; in the second place, though he speaks and writes French like a Parisian, he has not confined his studies to the perusal of Zola and Paul de Kock; in the third place, though he scoffs at his religion and does not refuse a glass of wine, he has never spent his days, like a Turk who has had a Parisian education, at those curious establishments in Constantinople which, though they have "Pharmacy" written over them, do not contain any drugs, but provide their customers instead with imitation champagne and bad sherry, ostensibly for the benefit of the inner man, but in reality because young Turkey does not follow the laws set down for it by the Koran.

It was during his life in Paris that Hamdi acquired that love for art, *bric-à-brac*, and archæology which has determined his subsequent career. On his return from Paris, Edhem Pasha was in power, and naturally wished his son to be placed in a position that would ensure a prolongation of the family honours and influence. The profession first selected was diplomacy, but Hamdi could not endure it, for he had a soul above petty intrigues and the intricacies of the Eastern Question. Then he was made Prefect of Pera, and occupied this distinguished position with equal dissatisfaction to himself and those around him; with his cultivation for art and artistic tendencies, his duties in this post caused him the acutest misery, and he speaks of this period of his life, when he was an official and surrounded by all the attendant worries, as far the most wretched he ever spent.

Poor Edhem Pasha must have had considerable trouble with his sons, for Hamdi's brother insisted on becoming a student of natural science, which is as equally repugnant to the Turkish character and as great a barrier to advancement as that of art. It is difficult to imagine anything more hopeless than the prospects of an artist in Turkey, for art in every shape is absent from the race; in fact, to a Turk of strict orthodoxy art is positively wrong, for does not the Koran say, "Woe unto him who paints the likeness of a living thing; on the Day of Judgment those whom he has depicted will rise up out of the grave and ask him for their souls; then, verily! unable to make the work of his hands live, will he be consumed in everlasting flames"?

But Hamdi cares no more for this anathema than he does for that which condemns the drinking of wine, and with the exceptional subjects at his command he has been able to achieve considerable success. Most of his pictures have found their way to France, where he has many clients, and where they have commanded satisfactory sums. The best represent scenes in the interior of harems, home scenes of Turkish

women settling flowers, scenes in mosques, and scenes at tombs, subjects which are denied entirely to Christian artists. One of his best represents a woman weeping at the tomb of Sultan Mohamed, which is close to the mosque he built at Broussa, and is decorated with blue tiles. Hamdi is very good indeed when painting tiles, but somehow or other his figures suggest the criticism that they are not brought sufficiently into the foreground, but are pasted on, as it were, in the middle distance; nevertheless, his interiors are very lovely, and their great value arises from the fact that they faithfully represent what other people have only been able to paint from imagination or hurried sketches. In landscapes, too, he is fairly successful—one of Bagdad is excellent in tone and colouring—but it would be much better for him if he would leave alone pictures of smart young French *demoiselles* out for a walk; though he has had his wives for models, he has not been successful in the rendering of them.

By his exceptional position as the only picture-painter in Turkey, Hamdi has gained for himself great influence. Sultan Abdul-Hamid frequently sends for him to decorate his rooms in the new palace he has built, Yeldiz Kiosk—much, however, to the disgust of his Excellency, who hates nothing more than the *métier* of a wall-decorator, and cannot endure the groups of fruit and flowers he has had to put upon the walls of the Sultan's dining-room. On one occasion he had to spend no less than six months at Yeldiz Kiosk in this occupation, and for the time being lay aside all his other work, but as the Sultan's commands are law in Turkey, and as Hamdi is especially interested in maintaining his influence with his Sovereign, he was obliged to grin and bear it, and executed the work faithfully. Nevertheless, Hamdi vents his wrath against his Sovereign in private, going into every contortion expressive of rage when a new order comes to his studio from the palace. "That animal has ordered another picture," he will say, with grinding teeth, and one can easily understand that Abdul-Hamid, who is himself so strict a Mussulman and so staunch an upholder of the bygone traditions of Turkey, must be in every way distasteful to the unorthodox and enlightened artist.

A visit to his Excellency's house and studio at Courant-Chesmèh, or "Dry Fountain," on the Bosphorus, is exceedingly pleasant. If you go by carriage you will get excessively shaken by the bad road, but in compensation you will see the back doors of some of those stately palaces which line the shores of that sea-river—Dolma Bagtche with its imposing entrance, and the grand abode which the unfortunate Abdul-Aziz built for himself upon a site where once stood a nest of poor houses, and in which he only slept one night because he thought he saw the ghost of an old woman he had evicted, and who had died on the occasion of being turned out of the tenement in which she had lived all her life.

Hamdi's house is a regular Oriental home with, as we should say, "something so French about it." It is built of wood, like most of the villas on the Bosphorus, with overhanging eaves. You enter a dank hall paved with black and white pebbles, and, on ascending the staircase, you find yourself in the spacious reception-room common to all Turkish houses of the better class, from which the women's and men's quarters open out to the left and to the right. The *haremlik* is certainly there, but it has been converted by Mdme. Hamdi into a Parisian drawing-room, and you are shown into it without any hesitation; the *salemlik* is there too on the opposite side of the reception hall, but Hamdi has converted it into his *atelier*, and his wife is as much at home there as she is in her allotted quarters. From the windows you get a lovely view over the rushing waters crowded with every imaginable kind of craft, and over the opposite hills of Asia Minor; it is a view to inspire any artist, and his Excellency is very proud of it. Behind the house rise abruptly green wooded heights, and the kiosk and gardens of Hamdi's father, Edhem, are within easy reach. The walls of the rooms are decorated with a wonderful medley of works of art—Rhodian *faïence*, Eastern embroideries, tiles, and cases with choice Tanagra figures and other treasures of Greek art; in short, his Excellency collects everything that delights the heart of a *bric-à-brac* collector, and he has advantages in forming his collections peculiarly his own.

Hamdi comes in to welcome you with the most perfect of Parisian manners, and presently his wife will follow—a graceful woman with distinct traces of good looks, rather *négligée* in her dress and not a little *poudrée* it is true. And she looks sadly pale and haggard, poor thing, and one feels, as one looks upon her, that Marie Hamdi is one of those women who have taken an eccentric step in life and found it to be a mistake. Though she acts the complete Frenchwoman at home and roams at will through both male and female quarters, though she pours out tea and has her cigarette in the studio, yet she has to be the Turkish lady when she leaves her house. She never dares to go out without her *yashmak* to hide her face. She can never go out with her husband, nor does she talk with other men of the Turkish race, and she represents herself as bored to death by the inanity of the Turkish women with whom she is thrown in contact in the harems. She has two little children, Leila aged ten and Edhem aged four, and she feels keenly the future fate of her pretty little daughter, as she has before her the example of her predecessor's daughter, a bright, lively girl whom Hamdi has just married to a Turk, and for whom consignment to a harem means pretty much the same as penal servitude for life. When you look at Hamdi and think what he is both in appearance and position, it strikes one as truly remarkable that he has succeeded in prevailing

upon two French ladies to abandon their religion and their country and to become the occupants of a harem. Hamdi's remaining feminine possession is in the shape of a mother-in-law, one of those typical French women who in their latter days assume magnificent proportions ; she is usually kept upstairs and not shown to strangers.

You will be regaled with coffee and cigarettes ; you will be shown the studio, the picture which has just been finished and the one at present occupying the easel ; you will admire the many objects of *vertu* in the house ; and you may be shown the apology for a garden behind, for, after the fashion of these houses on the Bosphorus, his Excellency does not keep a gardener, but a fisherman, who supplies the family table with fish, who sweeps away from the front door the snow in winter and the rubbish in summer, and whose talents are so distinctly nautical that he cannot bear the garden any more than his master could diplomacy. Finally, Hamdi himself will conduct you to the front door, and his profuse thanks at the enchantment given him by your delicate attention in paying him a visit echo around you as the door closes, and you can picture to yourself the grimace on his Excellency's face, expressive of relief at your departure, as you struggle to catch your steamer through the semi-ruined village of the Albanians, jostling against ill-mannered Greeks and black Ethiopian women, who for greater security dispose of their steamer ticket in their shoe, and whose one object in life seems to be to conceal their ugly faces from the world.

Such is Hamdi Bey the artist when at home ; but Hamdi Bey the archaeologist, the stern opposer of all research except that undertaken by himself, the man who waxes into the most furious rage at the very mention of the Elgin Marbles reposing in the British Museum, who speaks of Mr. Wood, the excavator of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, as his bitterest enemy because he succeeded in removing his finds, and who says that he will never assist the Germans in getting a *firman* again (he knows well that nobody can get a *firman* without his assistance) owing to their perfidious conduct at Pergamos—in this form Hamdi appears to us in quite a different aspect.

In the days when Turkey cared for none of these things and allowed her subjects to make lime in their kilns of valuable statues, those who exported treasures for preservation in other countries worked a great deed, and even Hamdi Bey is willing to accord to them the praise that is their due. " But," says Hamdi, " things are now altered. I am a Turk, and I care for these things. I have been appointed director of the museum at Constantinople, and as long as I live nothing more shall be exported. You rich English, French, Americans, may excavate, but it shall be for the embellishment of my museum," and, like a dog with many bones, he refuses to share what he cannot eat with the hungry archaeologists who are gathered around. There are



those who maintain that he is right, and who say that things found in Turkey should remain in Turkey; but can societies like the American Institute, for example, which is prepared to spend thousands on an excavation at Babylon, be expected to be content with the honour and glory of enriching Hamdi's museum without acquiring one iota for themselves? Furthermore, his Excellency Hamdi Bey is a unique individual amongst his race, and a mortal to boot. What guarantee is there that at the end of Hamdi's career the treasures he has amassed in the Seraglio museum will not be turned into lime or otherwise maltreated? for there is no one to succeed him, and no other person of authority in the empire who cares the least for what he is doing now. Constantinople is certainly not the place for a museum under the present régime; better far that the earth should retain her treasures until others rule in this land and a happier race of archaeologists can enjoy in peace the results of their labours.

Over the whole of the Turkish dominions Hamdi Bey, with the great influence at his command in high quarters, has constructed a network of espionage to prevent the exportation of objects of antiquity. Turkish *kaimacams* and *moudirs* in the provinces are usually to be bought for money, and will let you do anything that is against the laws provided you are prepared to pay; but on the subject of antiquities they are firm, and refuse to allow the exportation of these objects, affirming graciously that they are very sorry, that they would be only too glad to accept the archaeologist's gold if they dare, &c. &c., but that it is as much as their place is worth, that his Excellency will learn where the things came from, and will insist on their dismissal. One of the results of this strict surveillance over antiquities on the part of the Turkish Government is that in the provinces people are afraid of possessing antiquities of any kind, and if they do not see their way to smuggling them out of the country they either bury them again or destroy them, for the possession of them will bring trouble. If they hand them over to the Government, the men in authority are sure to think they have more, and persecute them, not so much for archaeology's sake as for the favour they will get from Hamdi Bey. There is a poor man now in prison for no other fault than that he found a lot of gold coins, and, as he has no means of buying himself out of *durance vile*, he will probably stay there for the rest of his days.

From the Sultan, Hamdi has obtained the gift of the old Byzantine church of St. Irene within the precincts of the Seraglio, and this is now the Imperial Ottoman Museum of Antiquities. It is very quaint and pretty with its many domes and rich blue tiles, and Hamdi's collections of sarcophagi, terra-cottas, statuary, &c., though not of the highest order of merit nor well placed or catalogued, look decidedly artistic in the niches, deep embrasures, and side aisles of the old church.

From the Sultan, too, he has obtained a handsome sum of money for the erection of a new hall for the magnificent set of sarcophagi he has lately found in his excavations near Sidon, in Syria. This is the great work of his life, and he rouses himself into a perfect fever of excitement when discussing the subject, unblushingly affirming that they will make his museum one of the most important in the world and himself one of the most distinguished amongst men. His one dread at present is that foreign archæologists should see them and publish the results of his labours before he has had time to do so himself; and, with the view to baffling them, he has kept his sarcophagi carefully hidden in wooden cases, and if a curious stranger is seen prying too closely around them, he is immediately warned off by the guardian.

Beneath the church of St. Irene are the vaults in which Hamdi keeps his bones—that is to say, the inscriptions and objects of interest which he has not yet had time to study. From all parts of the empire he has collected these—from Nicæa, Cyzicus, Mersina, and Palestine. No one is allowed to look upon them, and if perchance, by a judicious bribe, some enterprising archæologist has contrived to penetrate into this vault, he is hurried on and not permitted to copy a single letter. An American Professor, of antiquarian renown, when on a visit to Cyzicus, found an interesting marble with a bas-relief on it and an inscription. On his return to Constantinople he informed the director of the museum of what he had seen, and his Excellency forthwith had it brought to the capital and consigned to this vault. Shortly after, the Professor repaired to the museum, and, on asking to see the marble in order to verify his hurried copy of the inscription, he found it turned upside down, and by no means in his power could he obtain another look at the front side of the marble.

In this way we can see pretty nearly what is his Excellency's aim in life. Money he does not want, for he can get from the Sultan's private purse sums sufficient for his purpose. The American Minister to the Porte lately asked Hamdi to name any sum he liked in return for a liberal *firman* to execute the excavations which the American Institute proposes to make at Babylon, but his Excellency politely declined to come to any terms, alleging that H.I.H. the Sultan was very kind, and that he was not in any immediate want of money. What Hamdi's soul craves for is archæological fame. His ambition is to become a second Schliemann, and, for fear that that fortunate excavator may stand in his way, he has forbidden him on any pretence whatsoever to set foot on the Troad again. Hamdi thinks, moreover, that his sarcophagi from Sidon will secure for him this desired fame; he darkly hints, though he is afraid to state it openly for fear of being laughed at if he is wrong, that one of his

sarcophagi, with a battle scene around it, is the tomb of Alexander the Great. He has read the satirical remarks on Professor Schliemann's numerous bold assertions, and he fears to commit himself in a like manner, so he has had photographs taken of his sarcophagi, which he permits passing archaeologists who visit him at Couront-Chesmth to glance at, and from their numerous suggestions he is building up his theories.

Although Hamdi Bey may be characterized as somewhat of a dog in the manger with regard to archaeology, nay, even an obstructionist to scientific research, as many in their bitterness have expressed it, nevertheless, every one must have his due, and undoubtedly he has done considerable good in preventing the wholesale pillage of the mosques and public buildings of Stamboul. Not so long ago a certain Pasha of exalted position borrowed a sum of money from a Frenchman, and when the time for repayment came he was unable to raise the required amount. "But," said he, "if I cannot give you money, for I have none, I can at least give you a lucrative post—namely, the repairing of the tombs of the Sultans, which are in a bad state, and you can remove those old tiles which people care for, and replace them by modern ones made in France." Needless to say, this post was willingly accepted, and on setting to work the delighted Frenchman discovered, in a vault beneath one of the tombs, a whole heap of ancient tiles, which provident Turks of a bygone age had put there with a view to restoration, but of the existence of which the Turks of this generation were ignorant. Endless cases of valuable tiles were thus collected and despatched to France, and, when it was found absolutely necessary to make restorations, cheap new tiles made in France were put up, and thus did the French creditor make over and over again the sum of money he had advanced to the Pasha. The recurrence of such an act of depredation is practically impossible under Hamdi's strict supervision.

A clever *imam*, however, contrived to outwit the police regulations on this point in the following way. He was priest (*imam*) of a mosque some little way up the Golden Horn which was very much out of repair. This fact he represented at head-quarters, and obtained an order from the *erkaf* for the repairing of it. The first thing he did was to have the whole of the interior whitewashed over, tiles and all, and, when all the restorations were completed to his satisfaction, he sent for the overseer, whose duty it was to make an inventory of everything in and about the mosque. This was accordingly done, and the mosque was registered as containing no tiles. The cunning *imam* then kept quiet for about six months until he considered it safe to remove by night the tiles from the walls and whitewash the vacant spaces over again; with these treasures he hurried to the shop of some friendly antiquity dealer in the bazaars and made his bargain. Such

small acts of depredation are of frequent occurrence still, and even the astutest director of a museum cannot contend with them.

Young Turkey has produced many anomalies in these latter days, and the stranger who now visits Stamboul is shocked to find so little that is traditionally Ottoman existing, yet I think his Excellency Hamdi Bey is the greatest anomaly of all, for one would as soon expect an artist and an archæologist from amongst the Kaffirs or the Hottentots as from amongst the Turks; and if it could be felt that any permanent good could result to scientific research, or that eventual security for the vast treasures contained in the Ottoman empire could be secured, Hamdi would have the support of every one. As it is, enterprise for the time being is paralysed. The Palestine Exploration Fund, the American Institute, the French, German, and English archæological societies, all make the same complaint. And the future is as dark as the present, unless, by the time Hamdi is gathered to his fathers, other rulers are found for Constantinople.

J. THEODORE BENT.

## THE IRISH LAND QUESTION AND ITS STATISTICS.

“THE present rent payable by law by the tenants of Ireland is not a fair rent. It is an unfair rent. Every eviction in Ireland is therefore *primâ facie* an eviction for an unfair rent. . . .

“In my opinion, the first thing to do is not to coerce these poor people into the payment of impossible rents. Your first object ought not to be to make it easier for the landlords to exact those rents; your first object ought to be to make those rents fair.”\*

Is this noteworthy statement of Sir William Harcourt's as to the character of Irish rents and of the evictions of Irish tenants, true or false? There seems to exist in many quarters a belief that there is available for the protection of every tenant in Ireland an effective legal remedy against the exaction of an excessive rent, so that, *primâ facie* at all events, every tenant evicted for non-payment of a rent for which he is legally liable, is to be regarded either as a worthless idler or as a rogue. Whether, then, is this view of the case, or the view expressed by Sir William Harcourt, the correct one? Are the rents, for the payment of which Irish agricultural tenants are legally liable, fair rents in the ordinary run of cases, or are they, in the ordinary run of cases, excessive? In other words, when evictions for the non-payment of rent take place in Ireland, is the presumption against the tenants, or is it in their favour?

I purpose in this Paper to examine this question in the light thrown upon it by the Official Reports of the Irish Land Commission. As regards Sir William Harcourt's words, which set forth so definitely one of the two conflicting views upon the point in question, I should perhaps explain that I have transcribed them merely as expressing

\* Speech of Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons, 25th of March, 1887, Hansard, vol. 312, p. 1531.

a definite statement of that view. I have no thought of resting on Sir William Harcourt's authority, and so of pressing his statement of opinion here by way of argument. Perhaps even it may be said that I should not be warranted in doing so, inasmuch as the state of the law, so forcibly protested against by him, has in one important respect, been modified since his protest was made. But this does not substantially affect the matter. The modification so made was one that is manifestly insufficient to meet the exigencies of the case, and that, indeed, was altogether wide of the aim of the remedial legislation demanded by the state of facts which led to the law being modified, at all. If, then, the point were in any way relevant here, I could without difficulty show that the quotation of Sir William Harcourt's opinion, as a statement of opinion, still holds good. The question, however, is not of opinions, but of facts. Those facts, fortunately, are on official record, and the record—the series of the Official Reports of the Irish Land Commission—lies open for examination to all. Are the facts of the case, then, fairly stated in the words of Sir William Harcourt's speech? If they are, as I am satisfied the official figures show them to be, it is not easy to see on what grounds the legislature can any longer shirk the urgent duty of altering the law in the direction, and to the extent, indicated by Sir William Harcourt's comment.

The main work of the Irish Land Commission is the fixing of "fair rents." Have the rents, then, that were brought before the Commission for adjudication, been, as a rule, judicially upheld as "fair"? Or have they, as a rule, been judicially set aside as not "fair"?

Before entering upon an examination of the actual results of the working of the Commission, I should wish at least briefly to notice two fundamental points. For, in the minds of persons who have not happened to become acquainted with the exceptional character of the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland—and amongst English readers there must be many such—a serious preliminary question may very naturally arise. Why, it may be asked, should the fixing of rent in Ireland be the subject of legislative interference at all? Why should "freedom of contract" be interfered with, and rent be fixed by the authority of a Court, instead of this matter being left to landlord and tenant to settle it between themselves, as a matter of bargain, in the ordinary way? Granted, even, that under a system of free contracts, things might turn out better for the landlords, and that they might obtain higher rents for their lands, why should they not be at liberty to do so? Why, in other words, should not an Irish landlord be as free as any other subject of her Majesty, to "do as he likes with his own"?

If I cared to shirk these questions, I might fairly pass them by, as in no way involved in the topic with which I have proposed to myself to deal. The system of fixing agricultural rents in Ireland by public authority, instead of leaving them to be regulated by the process of "free contract," has long since been established by an Act of the Imperial Legislature. I am not now concerned with a defence of the policy of that Act. It has been in operation for seven years. I am not aware that its repeal is advocated, or contemplated, by any party in the State. My present purpose is simply to ascertain and to set forth, at least in their main outlines, the results of its working. Have the decisions of the Courts which administer this Act been such as to show that the rents of agricultural holdings in Ireland are, generally speaking, fair? Or have they been such as to show that those rents are, generally speaking, excessive? All this is clearly independent of the fundamental question of public policy, Was it wise or right to bring into existence any such means of testing whether those rents were fair or not? With that question I am at present in no way concerned. Yet, as it may suggest itself, I do not wish to pass it by unnoticed.

In reference, then, to the plea that the establishment of a tribunal like that of the Land Commission, armed with authority to fix the terms on which lettings of agricultural land shall be made in Ireland, is an unwarrantable interference with the landlord's right to "do as he likes with his own," it may be useful to note that this plea rests mainly upon the totally erroneous assumption, that the existing property in agricultural land in Ireland is to be regarded as exclusively the property of the landlord.

The legislature, in the establishment of the Irish Land Commission with jurisdiction to fix the "fair rents" of agricultural holdings, has simply recognized an existing fact—namely, that, as a rule, the property in an agricultural holding in Ireland is not by any means exclusively the property of the landlord, the tenant also having an ownership in it, inasmuch as there is a portion of that property—a portion, in many instances, by no means inconsiderable—which has been brought into existence solely by his toil and by the toil of his predecessors in title.

This "dual ownership" of Irish agricultural land is one of the fundamental facts of the Irish Land Question. It is impossible, in the discussion of the question, to find a common ground of argument between those who start from a recognition of this fact, and those who disregard it or are ignorant of it. Persons who have not some personal knowledge of the peculiarity of the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland in this respect, usually take it for granted that no such peculiarity exists. Or, rather, they do not advert to this matter at all. They have before their minds, as they

have frequently before their eyes, in England and elsewhere, a totally different system of land tenure, a system in which, as between landlord and tenant, the land is the exclusive property of the "landlord," the "tenant" being merely the hirer of it. Assuming, then, as they do, that the same is the case in Ireland, they not unnaturally form their judgments and their reasonings about the letting of an Irish farm, as they would judge and reason about the hiring of a piano or about the letting of a house.

Now this, like most of the points which I shall touch upon in this Paper, is to be dealt with, not by argument, but by the statement of facts. In this instance, too, as in the others to which I refer, the facts of the case are unquestionable. As regards the present point, I transcribe the following statement of them from the Report of the Commission of Inquiry, known as the "Devon" Commission, which was appointed by Sir Robert Peel, so far back as 1843. This Commission, composed exclusively of representatives of the landlord interest, reported as follows:—

"It is well known that in England and Scotland, before a landlord offers a farm for letting, he finds it necessary to provide a suitable farm-house, with necessary farm-buildings, for the proper management of the farm. He puts the gates and fences in good order, and he takes upon himself a great part of the burden of keeping the buildings in repair during the term; and the rent is fixed with reference to this state of things. Such at least is generally the case, although special contracts may occasionally be made, varying the arrangement between landlord and tenant.

*"In Ireland the case is wholly different. . . ."*

"It is admitted on all hands that, according to the general practice in Ireland, the landlord neither builds dwelling-houses, nor farm offices, nor puts fences, gates, &c., in good order. The cases where a landlord does any of these things are the exception.

"In most cases, whatever is done in the way of building or fencing is done by the tenant; and in the ordinary language of the country, dwelling-houses, farm-buildings, and even the making of fences, are described by the general word '*improvement*,' which is thus employed to denote the necessary adjuncts to a farm, without which in England or in Scotland no tenant would be found to rent it."\*

In further illustration of this fundamental point, I may add the expressive words of Mr. O'Connor Morris, writing as Special Commissioner to the *Times* in 1868-9. On the then existing state of the law as to the tenants' "*improvements*," Mr. O'Connor Morris observes:—

"In Ireland, where, in most cases, what is done in the way of improving the soil is done by the tenant, not by the landlord, and where the tenant in the majority of instances has not risen to the status of a free contractor, the law is in the highest degree unfair; it refuses to protect what really is the property of the tenant, added to the holding, and exposes it to *unredressed confiscation*."<sup>†</sup>

\* "*Devon Commission Digest*," vol. ii., pp. 1122-1.

† "*Letters to the Times*," p. 148.



It was mainly to put a stop to this system of "unredressed confiscation," then in full vigour, that the Land Act of 1881, with its machinery for fixing "fair rents" by public authority, was passed by the legislature. The principle of the Act, in this section of its operation, was the eminently just one that the amount of the "fair rent" to be paid for any holding should be determined, not by the actual value of the holding as it stands, but by the extent of the landlord's "interest" or property in it, as distinct from the "interest" or property of the tenant. "The Court," are the words of the Act, "after hearing the parties, and having regard to the interests of the landlord and tenant respectively . . . may determine what is such fair rent."\*

There is no question, then, of any transfer of property from one individual to another, or from one class to another. The policy of the Act was simply to give legal protection to property previously unprotected by the law, and consequently open to "unredressed confiscation."

As Mr. Bright put the case, in his great speech on the second reading of the Land Bill:—

"Hon. members assume that we are giving a great deal to the tenant, and that we are taking all this without compensation from the landlord . . . If you complain that the Bill gives too much to the tenants, and takes all that it does give, from the landlords, I should make this answer:—

"If, at this moment, all that the tenants have done were gone, and all that the landlords have done were left, that is the sort of map I should very much like to see, for its publication would finish this discussion in five minutes. If that were to take place, if all that the tenants have done were swept off the soil, and all that the landlords have done were left upon it, the land would be as bare of house and barn, fences and cultivation, as it was in pre-historic times. It would be as bare as an American prairie where the Indian now roams and where the white man has never trod. . . .

"I believe, and I think I am within the mark, that nine-tenths, excluding the towns, of course, of all that is to be seen on the farm land of Ireland—the houses, barns, fences, and whatever you call cultivation, or freeing land from the wilderness—have been placed there by the labour of the tenantry of Ireland, and not at the expense of the landlords."\*

The Courts of the Land Commission, then, in so far as they have reduced the rental of Ireland, have in no way interfered with property to which the landlords can be regarded as having any equitable claim. They have merely, in this exercise of their jurisdiction, done something, but only something, towards checking a system of "unredressed confiscation."

So far for the alleged interference of the legislature with the rights of Irish landlords "to do as they like with their own." Now, as to the further allegation, of interference with "freedom of contract." Why, it may possibly be asked, should not Irish tenants have been left to protect their property themselves, as a matter of

\* "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates" (May 9, 1881), vol. 261, pp. 105-106.

bargain between tenant and landlord? Why should "freedom of contract" have been interfered with? The answer to this question is an exceedingly simple one. There is no interference with "freedom of contract" in the case. "Freedom of contract" cannot be interfered with where it does not exist; and, in at all events the great majority of cases, between landlord and tenant in Ireland, "freedom of contract" practically has no existence.

On this point also the case of the tenants has passed beyond the stage in which it could need the support of argument. The Land Act of 1881 was not introduced until the necessity for legislating on the lines followed out in its general policy had been established by the Report of a Royal Commission, the "Bessborough" Commission of the preceding year. That Commission, in recommending that the fixing of rent should be taken out of the hands of the landlord and tenant, and transferred to the jurisdiction of a public Court, naturally took into account this difficulty about "freedom of contract." The Report dealt with the matter as follows:—

"It appears from the evidence that the Land Act of 1870 . . . has failed to afford [the tenant-farmers of Ireland] adequate security, particularly in protecting them against occasional and unreasonable increases of rent. On some estates, and particularly on some recently acquired, rents have been raised . . . to an excessive degree, not only as compared with the value of the land, but even so as to absorb the profit of the tenants' improvements. . . .

"When rent is raised, although the rise . . . may deprive the tenant of the benefit of his own improvements, although it may make it difficult for him to get a living on the farm, *he must submit*. The evidence shows that, under a system of gradual small increases of rent, tenants *have submitted* long past the point at which they consider themselves to be unfairly rented. . . .

"The proposal for settling disputes as to rent . . . by authority in any form will appear to many a still greater innovation than the proposal [also made by the Commission] to give yearly tenants a secure tenure.

"The proposal is sometimes spoken of as if it were analogous to the attempts, so often made in the middle ages, to fix the rate of wages, or the price of commodities, by legislation. . . .

"The principle is invoked of freedom of contract; and it is asked whether in this case alone there exists an exception to the principles which have been established by political economists, as infallible guides to legislation in promoting the wealth of a community.

"On this subject of freedom of contract we have a few words to say.

"The proposal of settling rent by authority is undoubtedly inconsistent with the *ideal freedom of contract*, which the Act of 1860 postulates, and which is by many *imagined to exist*. That ideal pictures the landlord as possessor, and the tenant as desirous of possession, bargaining together and coming to an agreement by which the landlord's possession is transferred, under certain conditions of proper cultivation, rent payment, and ultimate restitution, to the tenant.

"But what are the facts? It is, in the large majority of cases, the tenant, and not the landlord, who is, and has been for years, in possession of the holding. The process of bargaining may end, and under the Land Act of 1860 it is bound to end, *unless the tenant submits to the landlord's demands*,

with a dispossession of the tenant by the landlord, against which there is no resistance possible, and no appeal.

"An ejected farmer in Ireland has *nothing to turn to*, except the chance of purchasing another holding; the offers of which are limited, and the prices high. Not to come to terms with his landlord means for him to leave his home, to leave his employment, to forfeit the inheritance of his fathers, and, to some extent, the investment of his toil, and to sink at once to a lower plane of physical comfort and social rank. It is no matter to him of the chaffer of the market, but almost of life and death. The farmer bargains with his landlord, under sentence of losing his living if the bargain goes off—

"You take my life when you do take the means  
By which I live."

"We grant that it would be inexpedient to interfere with freedom of contract between landlord and tenant, *if freedom of contract really existed; but freedom of contract in the case of the majority of Irish tenants, large and small, does not really exist.*"\*

These, then, are the solid foundations on which the policy of the legislature, in its interference by public authority between landlord and tenant in Ireland, rests: there is, on the tenants' side, a property of enormous value to be protected—a property, the protection of which against confiscation by the landlords, the tenants, as subjects of the Crown, are unquestionably entitled to claim; and there is no other means of standing between this property and a system of "unredressed confiscation," than that of legally protecting it by the authority of a public court.

It is, I regret, necessary for me to add that neither as to the first of these points, nor as to the second, has the Land Act of 1881 attained, even approximately, the object of its enactment. To some of the chief causes of this failure it will scarcely be possible within the limits of this Paper to make more than a very brief allusion. To one of them, however, I shall be able to direct attention in somewhat full detail. "Freedom of contract," in the landlords' sense of the term, has unfortunately been allowed to secure a foothold even within the jurisdiction of the Land Commission. Its disastrous influence has made itself widely felt. In no fewer than 90,000 cases, out of a total of 180,000 dealt with under the Land Act down to the issue of the last yearly Report of the Commission, the tenants have been dealt with under this still surviving fiction, and have so been deprived, in very notable measure, of the protection which it was the object of that Act to afford.

We may now proceed to the examination of the Official Returns of the Irish Land Commission. Those Returns, or rather a number of extracts from them, have recently been the subject of some discussion in this REVIEW.

Mr. Michael Davitt, in introducing a somewhat detailed exami-

\* "Report of the (Bessborough) Commission," paragraphs 19, 21 and 42.

nation of a number of cases dealt with in them, expressed grave doubt as to whether the extent to which the exaction of excessive rents prevailed in Ireland has been at all adequately realized in England. "General averages," he said, "do not convey to the public any such vivid impression as the statement of the facts in a few cases is calculated to do." With a view, then, of remedying the defect, he set forth in detail a not inconsiderable number of cases in which the reductions effected under the authority of the Commission amounted to 30, 40, 50, and, in some instances, 60 per cent.\*

This method, however, of dealing with the subject has since been protested against by another writer, Mr. George Wyndham, in the course of a somewhat discursive criticism,† in which, while treating almost with ridicule Mr. Davitt's method of dealing with Irish statistics, he gives, as I have already shown,‡ abundant proof that, whatever grounds of justification there may be for the peculiar tone in which he discharges the office of critic, accuracy in statement undoubtedly is not one of them.§

In the estimation of Mr. Wyndham, "it is hard, at any rate for the ordinary Saxon mind, to understand how an impression of extent

\* "The Irish Landlords' Appeal for Compensation," by Michael Davitt, *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, April 1888, pp. 595-598.

† "Mr. Davitt's Treatment of Irish Statistics," by George Wyndham, *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, May 1888, pp. 661-671.

‡ "Mr. George Wyndham's Treatment of Irish Statistics," *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, September 1888, pp. 448-460.

§ It is right for me to notice the fact that the October number of this *REVIEW* contains a reply from Mr. Wyndham to my criticism on his former Paper. I have read the reply with some attention. I do not see that it calls for any formal rejoinder.

So far as I have succeeded in following Mr. Wyndham's observations, he does not seem to question the correctness of any statement of mine as to the extent of the reductions effected by the Land Commission, or under its jurisdiction, in Irish rents. I have no desire to press the matter beyond that point. As for the statements in his former Paper, to which I called attention, gravely misleading statements as I cannot but regard them, he is clearly of opinion that they are in no way inconsistent with what I have shown to be the facts of the case—except, indeed, in one instance, where, as he now proclaims, his main object was not so much to state facts, as to write a "parody." With this presentment of his case he is, it would seem, fully satisfied. I have no desire to interfere with his feeling of satisfaction. I have had no concern whatever with Mr. Wyndham's statements except in so far as I was aware that they had given rise to an exceedingly erroneous view of the results of the working of the Irish Land Act in its effect upon Irish rents. That erroneous view I deemed it of some importance to displace before undertaking to deal with the case by way of direct statement in the present Paper. Mr. Wyndham's "Reply" gives the most satisfactory evidence that the obstacle which I aimed at removing no longer obstructs the way.

But I must make one protest. Only in one point of his reply does Mr. Wyndham seem to me to find substantial fault with any of my statements in reference to his Paper. In this one instance he is clearly under a misapprehension. I refer to the case of the alleged increase of 168·3 per cent. in the rents in the County of Fermanagh—"the fact," as he called it, that this increase had taken place and is recorded in an official statement which "exhibits the effect of the decisions by the Land Commission from the 25th of May 1883 to the 21st of August 1887!" Mr. Wyndham writes as if I had alleged that the "figure" representing this marvellous increase was not to be found in the Official Report, and that it had been arrived at by him as the result of some erroneous computation of his own. Now I made no such allegation. On the contrary, I stated in my paper with the utmost possible distinctness that the figure in question is given in the Official Report. I even quoted it from the Report myself. I

can be better conveyed by preferring a statement of individual cases to one of averages." He suggests, indeed, that "a clue to the mystery may lie in the word 'vivid.'" "By a 'vivid impression,'" he adds, with characteristic sharpness, "we are, possibly, to understand one which does not tally with the facts of the case."

Mr. Wyndham's anxiety to seek shelter in statements of "average" reductions is, no doubt, intelligible. An average reduction is an abstract thing. The "ordinary Saxon mind" is much more likely to be moved by the statement of actual concrete facts.

I have just now opened at random one of the earliest returns issued by the Land Commission. I find there the case of a tenant in the County of Dublin whose rent, when he appealed to the Court for protection, stood at £13 2s. 9d. The fair rent was judicially fixed at £8 2s. 9d. This was a reduction of over 38 per cent. On the next page, which deals with the County of Kildare, I find a rent reduced from £2 5s. 8d. to £1 8s.—also a reduction of over 38 per cent. On the next page again, which deals with the same county, I find a rent reduced from £20 12s. to £12—a reduction of over 41 per cent.

It can hardly be necessary to add that for those two counties, within the period covered by the Return, the "average" rate of reduction was decidedly less than the rate of the reductions actually effected in those three cases. It was, practically, only 15 per cent.

I have no intention of entering upon a discussion as to the relative importance of statements of averages and of statements

showed, indeed, that, as a matter of fact, no such increase as was indicated by that figure, or no increase in the most distant way approaching to it, had taken place. But, as regards Mr. Wyndham's quotation of the figure from the Report, I made no allegation that he had in any way tampered with it.

What I complained of, as I am sure every reader of my paper knows, was that this figure, which is given in the Report under one heading, was quoted by Mr. Wyndham as if it had been given under a totally different one. I complained simply of his statement that the Table in which the figure occurs is one that "exhibits the effects of the decisions by the Land Commission in the County of Fermanagh from the 25th of May 1883 to the 21st of August 1887,"—a statement for which there is no foundation whatever in the Official Report, as, of course, there is no foundation for it in fact.

Mr. Wyndham does not seem to understand that a charge of inaccuracy made against a writer for his treatment of statistics is not necessarily refuted by his showing that he did not tamper with any "figures" in transcribing them from the documents from which he professed to quote. A writer of his experience ought to know that accuracy in such a case implies two things:—first, that the "figures" are correctly stated, and then, that they are quoted as indicating what they really indicate in the document from which the quotation is made.

Throughout my Paper I advanced many charges of inaccuracy. In none of them did I allege that Mr. Wyndham had tampered with any of his "figures." I merely pointed out that figure after figure had been quoted by him from the Official Reports as indicating one thing, whereas in point of fact in those Reports every one of the figures so quoted indicated something totally different.

He now writes:—"I may perhaps be allowed to take this opportunity of pointing out that although this charge [of inaccuracy] is persistently brought forward throughout the whole of Dr. Walsh's article, in no case has he been able to indicate a figure incorrectly rendered by me."

I think I am fully justified in saying that this very irrelevant observation would find a much more appropriate place in a "parody" than in a "reply."

of individual facts. One point, however, seems clear. It is not the "average" landlord nor "average" rents that figure in those troublesome cases which so frequently result in eviction. Mr. Wyndham, in his chivalrous championship of Irish landlordism, may naturally be embarrassed by the "vividness" of the impression apt to be made upon the ordinary Saxon mind by the disclosure of the figures officially recorded in reference to cases of the class in question. But he will find it hard to remove that impression from any ordinary mind, whether Celtic or Saxon, by his mere allegation that the impression, vivid as it may be, "does not exactly tally with the facts of the case."

That, on the contrary, it tallies with those facts with rigorous mathematical accuracy, is, from the nature of the case, manifest. Not so the impression made by Mr. Wyndham's statements of averages. Statements of averages are, no doubt, good and useful in their way. But in such a case as this, they will turn out unsafe guides if it be not borne in mind that they are based upon the things that are done in the green wood, as well as upon those that are done in the dry. If a statement of the average of the reductions is to convey an accurate, as well as a vivid impression, the average taken must be that of the reductions effected in the cases of the particular class that is in question. The average death-rate of England is an important item in English statistics. But it would not be a very useful guide as to the average death-rate of the infant, or of the aged, classes of the population. So, too, a statement of the average rate of the reductions judicially effected on the rentals of Irish landlords, good, bad, and indifferent, is calculated to convey anything but an accurate impression of the extent of the exactions levied upon their unhappy tenants by that class of landlords whose merciless treatment of their tenantry lies at the root of so much that is diseased in the social state of Ireland. It is clear at all events that if such a method of statement is to be adopted, if the righteous are to be made a ransom for the wicked, and the upright for the transgressor, the fact that this is being done should be kept clearly in view.

Not losing sight of this point, then, we may, to some extent, fall in with Mr. Wyndham's view by examining, at all events in the first instance, the Tables set forth in the Yearly Reports of the Commission. These Tables, of necessity, deal, not with individual cases, but with aggregate results.

Each Report contains a number of such Tables. Of these, seven may, in this investigation, be taken as of some importance. They show, for each year, the results of the working of the Land Act in all the cases in which rents have been fixed by any of the various methods of procedure established or sanctioned by the

Commission. The various classes of Judicial Rents thus tabulated, are as follows:—

I. Rents fixed by the Sub-Commissions on a judicial hearing of the cases in Court;

II. Rents fixed by Agreements between Landlords and Tenants, the Agreements being lodged with the Commission;\*

III. Rents fixed by the County Courts on a judicial hearing of the cases in Court;

IV. Rents fixed by Agreements between Landlords and Tenants, the Agreements being lodged in the County Courts;

V. Rents fixed by the Commission on the Reports of Valuers appointed upon the application of Landlords and Tenants;

VI. Rents fixed by Arbitration, and the Awards recorded in the Court of the Land Commission;

VII. Rents fixed by Arbitration, and the Awards recorded in the County Courts.

It may be well to keep in view the following statement of the total number of cases dealt with under each of these methods, from the passing of the Land Act in August 1881 down to the issue of the last published Report of the Commission in August 1887:—

I. Sub-Commission Judicial Rents . . . . .	84,158
II. Rents by Agreement lodged with Commission . . . . .	84,672
III. County Courts Judicial Rents . . . . .	7,640
IV. Rents by Agreement lodged with County Courts . . . . .	6,488
V. Valuers' Rents . . . . .	839
VI. Rents by Arbitration Award lodged with Commission . . . . .	21
VII. Rents by Arbitration Award lodged with County Courts . . . . .	2
Total . . . . .	183,820

Now, beginning with the first year of the working of the Act, and taking, in the first instance, the cases dealt with under the first of these methods of procedure, we find, at the very outset of our investigation, that the judicial proceedings of the year resulted in a practically universal condemnation of the rents brought into Court for adjudication.

In this first year (1881-2), 11,929 cases were adjudicated upon, with the following result:—

TABLE (I.) SHOWING THE CASES IN WHICH FAIR RENTS WERE JUDICIALLY FIXED BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS DURING THE YEAR ENDED THE 21ST AUGUST 1882.

Province.	Number of Cases.	Former Rents.*	Judicial Fair Rents.	Rate of Reduction.
Ulster . . .	4,883	£101,088	£78,254	22·6 per cent.
Leinster . . .	2,285	80,872	66,291	18·0 "
Connaught . . .	1,962	28,572	22,644	20·7 "
Munster . . .	2,799	105,578	83,967	20·5 "
IRELAND . . .	11,929	£316,111	£251,158	20·5 per cent.

The following Table shows in similar form the reductions effected by the decisions of the Sub-Commissions for the four first years of the working of the Act:—

TABLE (II.) SHOWING THE CASES IN WHICH FAIR RENTS WERE JUDICIALLY FIXED BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS DURING THE PERIOD OF FOUR YEARS ENDED 21ST AUGUST 1885.

Province.	Number of Cases.	Former Rents.	Judicial Fair Rents.	Rate of Reduction.
Ulster . . .	33,848	£568,080	£450,381	20·7 per cent.
Leinster . . .	8,699	278,734	229,032	17·8 "
Connaught . . .	20,076	228,757	182,707	20·1 "
Munster . . .	14,697	460,190	375,222	18·4 "
IRELAND . . .	77,320	£1,535,762	£1,237,343	19·4 per cent.

I have grouped together the four first years of the working of the Act, for a reason very obvious to all who have any knowledge, even in general outline, of the statistics of the Irish Land Commission. The record of the work of the Commission naturally divides itself into three sections. Of these, the first coincides with the period of four years, 1881–5, hitherto considered;† the second coincides with the year 1885–6; and the third, on which the work has now entered, began with the year 1886–7.

\* It may be well to state here, once for all, that for the convenience of tabular arrangement, the shillings and pence are omitted in this and in all similar cases. The totals at foot of the columns are taken (with the omission of shillings and pence) from the Tables in the Official Reports.

† The official year of the Land Commission dates from the 22nd of August in one year to the 21st of August in the year following. In considering the Official Reports, and comparing them one with another, it is, of course, desirable to follow this arrangement of the year.



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During the first of these periods, as we have seen, the rate of reduction was substantially uniform. During the third, or present, period also, it is substantially uniform; but, as we shall see, this new uniform rate of reduction is a very different one from the former, the percentage of reduction being now much greater. During the short intermediate period—the year 1885-6, which, as the returns clearly show, was a year of transition—the rate of reduction varied considerably, its general tendency being to increase, from the lower rate of the former period to the higher rate of the latter.

The general lines of this division may be seen from the following figures :—

TABLE (III.) SHOWING THE AVERAGE RATE OF THE JUDICIAL REDUCTION OF RENTS FOR ALL IRELAND BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS IN THE VARIOUS YEARS OF THE WORKING OF THE LAND ACT OF 1881.

Official Years.	Average Rate of Reduction.
1881-2	20·5 per cent.
1882-3	19·5     "
1883-4	18·7     "
1884-5	18·1     "
1st Period, 1881-5	19·4 per cent.
2nd Period, 1885-6	24·1 per cent.
3rd Period (beginning) 1886-7	31·3 per cent.

From a combination of causes, unnecessary to enumerate here, the number of cases adjudicated upon during the first years of the working of the Act was largely in excess of the number adjudicated upon in the years that followed. This is a point of primary importance to be kept in view in the consideration of the general averages of results. Mr. Wyndham very naturally abstains from calling attention to the noteworthy distinction that separates the first period from the later ones. He deals, in fact, with years and with periods as he deals with landlords. To use a legal phrase, though not precisely in the legal sense, he throws them into hotch-potch. Keeping altogether out of sight the broad lines of separation that mark off the three successive periods one from another, he endeavours to concentrate the attention of his readers on what he calls the "prominent and truly important" feature, *that the average reduction effected by the decisions of the Sub-Commissions, throughout the entire period of six years ended August 1887, does not exceed "20·1 per cent."*

Now a much more truly prominent and important feature of the case is that which is disclosed in the following figures. From these

figures it will be seen of how little practical importance, in the present position of affairs, is Mr. Wyndham's general hotch-potch average result.

TABLE (IV.) SHOWING THE NUMBER OF CASES ADJUDICATED UPON BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS IN THE THREE PERIODS ALREADY SPECIFIED; WITH THE AGGREGATES OF THE FORMER RENTS AND OF THE JUDICIAL RENTS; AND THE RESPECTIVE RATES OF REDUCTION.

Period.	Number of Cases.	Former Rents.	Judicial Fair Rents.	Rate of Reduction.
First Period, 1881-5	77,320	£1,535,762	£1,237,343	19·4 per cent.
Second „ 1885-6	2,933	65,817	49,918	24·1 „
Third „ 1886-7	3,905	76,407	52,431	31·3 „
1881-7 *	84,158	£1,677,987	£1,339,703	20·1 per cent.

To bring out still more clearly the distinction of the three successive periods, and the transitional character of the intermediate period leading from the first into the third, I add the following statement of the highest and lowest monthly rates of reduction during the three years, 1884-5 (the last year of the first period), 1885-6 (the year of transition), and 1886-7 (the first year of the current period.)

TABLE (V.) SHOWING THE HIGHEST AND LOWEST MONTHLY RATES OF REDUCTION DURING THE THREE YEARS, 1884-5, 1885-6, AND 1886-7.

Year or Half-year.	Lowest Monthly Rate of Reduction.	Highest Monthly Rate of Reduction.
1884-5	16·6 per cent.	21·8 per cent.
1885-6 First Half-year	16·7 „	26·3 „
1885-6 Second Half-year	25·9 „	29·6 „
1886-7	26·3 „	35·0 „

From Mr. Wyndham's general statement that, "for the six years ending August 1887," the percentage of reduction given by the Sub-Commissions has been but 20·1, persons not specially acquainted with the facts of the case might easily draw some very erroneous conclusions. They might, for instance, form the opinion that, whilst a reduction, say, of 25 per cent., sought for by the tenants on a particular estate, may perhaps be within the limits of moderation,

\* In this and in all similar cases, the figures in the last line of the Table are taken from the latest issued yearly Official Report, that for 1886-7. They represent the true totals of the various items for the six years. Some few duplicate entries having been made in some of the earlier returns, there is in some few cases a slight divergence between the true totals thus given and the totals arrived at by the addition of the figures in the various columns.

an application for a notably larger reduction, say, of 35 or 40 per cent., may at once be set down, almost without inquiry, as extravagant; and that a tenant evicted for non-payment of rent who had declared his inability to pay his rent unless at such a reduction is to be regarded as a good-for-nothing grumbler, entitled neither to consideration from his landlord nor to sympathy from the public. But such a case is seen to stand in a very different light when the fact is made known, that Mr. Wyndham's average of 20·1 per cent. is based, in very great measure, upon a state of things which, so far as regards any practical bearing that it could have upon any case now occurring in Ireland, might as well have existed in the ancient days of the Brehon code.

It is for this reason that I have deemed it important to set forth, in the clearest possible light, the broad line of distinction that separates the period commencing with the year 1886-7 from those that preceded it.

I now subjoin a Table, showing in detail the rates of reduction for the year 1886-7 :—

TABLE (VI.) SHOWING THE CASES IN WHICH FAIR RENTS WERE JUDICIALLY FIXED BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS DURING THE YEAR ENDED 21ST AUGUST, 1887.

Province.	Number of cases.	Former Rents.	Judicial Fair Rents.	Rate of Reduction.
Ulster . . .	983	£12,436	£9,513	23·5 per cent.
Leinster . . .	894	26,321	17,181	34·7 "
Connaught . . .	1,289	17,189	10,958	36·2 "
Munster . . .	739	20,460	14,778	27·7 "
IRELAND . . .	3,905	76,407	£52,431	31·3 per cent.

The official returns furthermore show that in fourteen counties the average rate of reduction for the year was over 30 per cent. and that in two out of the four provinces of Ireland it was over 34 per cent. The following are the exact figures of the average rate of reduction in each case :—

In Kilkenny . . .	38·4 per cent.	In Galway . . .	37·2 per cent.
" King's County . . .	38·6 "	" Leitrim . . .	39·3 "
" Longford . . .	40·3 "	" Roscommon . . .	36·1 "
" Louth . . .	35·8 "	" Sligo . . .	34·7 "
" Queen's County . . .	35·3 "	" Kerry . . .	31·4 "
" Wicklow . . .	37·2 "	" Waterford . . .	32·6 "
" Mayo . . .	31·9 "	" Carlow . . .	40·1 "
PROVINCE OF LEINSTER, 34·7 per cent.		PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT, 36·2 per cent.	

I may here observe that Mr. Davitt, in the portion of his paper in which he gives prominence to a number of individual cases in which large reductions were judicially effected, seems to me by no means to

have done justice to the overwhelming strength of the case disclosed by the Official Returns. With characteristic straightforwardness he states in his Paper that the individual cases so put forward by him have been specially chosen as "some of the worst cases" of excessive renting that have recently come under public notice in the Irish press, and that he quotes them with a view of showing "to what extremes Irish landlords go." Now, in truth, very many of those cases, notable as the reductions undoubtedly are, cannot be looked upon as types of the extreme class. Amongst about sixty of them, for instance, which Mr. Davitt sets forth with most special prominence are the following:—

Case.	Former Rent.	Judicial Fair Rent.	Rate of Reduction.	Case.	Former Rent.	Judicial Fair Rent.	Rate of Reduction.
1	£30 10 0	£22 0 0	27·9 p. cent.	8	£24 0 0	£15 15 0	34·4 p. cent.
2	32 7 0	22 0 0	32·0 "	9	17 4 0	11 5 0	34·6 "
3	248 18 0	168 0 0	32·0 "	10	14 0 0	9 0 0	35·7 "
4	87 7 2	25 5 0	32·4 "	11	51 15 0	32 0 0	38·2 "
5	89 0 0	60 0 0	32·6 "	12	41 15 0	25 15 0	38·3 "
6	9 0 0	6 0 0	33·3 "	13	30 0 0	18 0 0	40·0 "
7	17 5 10	11 10 0	33·5 "	14	60 0 0	36 0 0	40·0 "

How far such cases are from really illustrating the "excesses" disclosed by the Official Returns may be seen from a comparison of the following columns of figures. The first column sets forth the reductions effected in a number of Mr. Davitt's specially selected cases; the second, *the average rates of reduction for 14 Irish counties for the year 1886-7.*

Case 1.	reduction 27·9 per cent.	Co. Kerry,	average rate of reduction, 31·4 p.c
" 2.	" 32·0 "	" Mayo	" " " 31·9 "
" 3.	" 32·0 "	" Waterford	" " " 32·6 "
" 4.	" 32·4 "	" Sligo	" " " 34·7 "
" 5.	" 32·6 "	" Queen's Co.	" " " 35·3 "
" 6.	" 33·3 "	" Louth	" " " 35·8 "
" 7.	" 33·5 "	" Roscommon	" " " 36·1 "
" 8.	" 34·4 "	" Galway	" " " 37·2 "
" 9.	" 34·6 "	" Wicklow	" " " 37·2 "
" 10.	" 35·7 "	" Kilkenny	" " " 38·4 "
" 11.	" 38·2 "	" King's Co.	" " " 38·6 "
" 12.	" 38·3 "	" Leitrim	" " " 39·3 "
" 13.	" 40·0 "	" Carlow	" " " 40·1 "
" 14.	" 40·0 "	" Longford	" " " 40·3 "

\* The special favour in which statements of averages, as compared with the statement of the facts of individual cases, are held by Mr. Wyndham must be singularly disinterested if it be not disturbed by the inspection of these lists.

But now, having so fully investigated the results of the general working of the Land Act, it seems advisable to make at least some reference to the light that is thrown upon the present position of the Irish Land Question by the reductions judicially effected in individual

cases. For it may not be altogether useless to repeat the remark already made, that it is not abstract "average" landlords or tenants, but living individual representatives of these classes, whose cases come before the public in those instances of the tyrannical exercise of landlord "rights," by which the peace of Ireland is periodically disturbed.

But here a practical difficulty arises. How is this point to be illustrated from the Official Returns? The number of cases in which rents have been judicially fixed by the Sub-Commissions within the six years covered by the yearly reports of the Land Commission is no less than 84,158. Now Mr. Wyndham is unwilling, and, to a certain extent, reasonably unwilling, to attach much importance to "selected cases," or to "single facts" culled with care from so "vast a field." Yet, on the other hand, it is impossible within the limits of even an unusually long article in this REVIEW to bring forward in evidence individual cases by the thousand, or even by the hundred. I know of only two ways of meeting the difficulty. One method is to take one of the monthly returns for some county, and to show how large a number of cases of reduction at the rate of 30, 35, 40, 45, and even 50 per cent. may be found in it within a very short compass. The other method would be to take the case of some individual landlord, and to show in how many cases his rents have been judicially cut down in the same notable degree. This latter course, however, is not very fully practicable, owing to the absence of an official index of names which would make it possible to trace the decisions given in reference to any one landlord, through the thousands of pages which the Returns of the Commission now fill. Yet it is possible, at all events in some degree, to apply this test also.

First, then, as to the decisions regarding a given locality. To avoid all danger of being influenced in the selection of a test-case by any anticipation as to probable results, I take, at random, the latest issued Official Return—the return for June 1888, issued within the last few weeks. The decisions of the Sub-Commissions set forth in it are arranged in various sections. Again, for the same reason, I take the last of these. It happens to be that which gives the decisions in the cases of leaseholders. The number of such decisions given throughout Ireland during the month was 259. Of these, 127, practically one-half of the entire number, were given in the County of Cork. I take, then, the rents dealt with in these 127 decisions, as fair samples of the rents which at present are in force in Ireland except in so far as the tenants may have succeeded in having their rents judicially reduced.

Now, of the 127 rents brought into Court, *only one was allowed to stand as a "fair rent;"* and of the reductions judicially effected in

the remaining 126, in no case was the reduction less than 10 per cent., and in only 13 cases was it less than 20 per cent.

The following list shows in how notable a degree the 126 rents in question were in excess of a "fair rent" according to the present standard of the Courts:—

In 113 cases, the rents were reduced by 20 per cent. or more;

" 91 " " " " 30 " "  
" 40 " " " " 40 " "

The reductions in these 40 cases were as follows:—

Case.	Former Rent.	Judicial Fair Rent.	Rate of Reduction.	Case.	Former Rent.	Judicial Fair Rent.	Rate of Reduction.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
1	20 0 0	12 0 0	40.0 p. cent.	21	45 0 0	25 5 0	43.9 p. cent.
2	20 0 0	12 0 0	40.0 "	22	95 0 0	53 0 0	44.2 "
3	45 0 0	27 0 0	40.0 "	23	54 0 0	30 0 0	44.4 "
4	18 10 0	11 0 0	40.5 "	24	54 0 0	30 0 0	44.4 "
5	56 0 0	33 0 0	41.1 "	25	18 0 0	10 0 0	44.4 "
6	85 17 10	50 10 0	41.2 "	26	118 0 0	65 10 0	44.5 "
7	112 0 0	65 0 0	41.9 "	27	36 15 10	20 10 0	44.6 "
8	83 15 0	48 10 0	42.1 "	28	80 0 0	44 0 0	45.0 "
9	26 0 0	15 0 0	42.3 "	29	45 0 0	24 10 0	45.6 "
10	20 0 0	11 10 0	42.5 "	30	40 0 0	21 10 0	46.2 "
11	135 0 0	77 10 0	42.6 "	31	34 10 0	18 10 0	46.4 "
12	63 0 0	36 0 0	42.9 "	32	28 0 0	15 0 0	46.4 "
13	44 0 0	25 0 0	43.2 "	33	35 0 0	18 10 0	47.1 "
14	74 0 0	42 0 0	43.2 "	34	145 0 0	75 0 0	48.3 "
15	30 0 0	17 0 0	43.3 "	35	130 5 6	65 10 0	49.7 "
16	60 0 0	34 0 0	43.3 "	36	40 0 0	20 0 0	50.0 "
17	53 0 0	30 0 0	43.4 "	37	28 0 0	14 0 0	50.0 "
18	42 10 0	24 0 0	43.6 "	38	40 8 0	20 0 0	50.5 "
19	16 0 0	9 0 0	43.7 "	39	48 16 6	21 0 0	57.0 "
20	20 0 0	11 5 0	43.7 "	40	70 0 0	24 0 0	65.7 "

I now pass to the application of the other test, the decisions judicially given in reduction of the rents of some individual landlord. Seriously as I am hampered in this case by the difficulty mentioned on the preceding page, the rapid general inspection that I have been able to make of the Official Returns has not been altogether fruitless.

The following reductions, then, have been made on the estate of a landlord whose name I forbear from mentioning.\* I will only say of him that he is not by any means regarded as an exceptionally exacting landlord. As things go, it would not, I dare say, cause much

\* In his last Paper, Mr. Wyndham seems inclined to object on the score of "taste" to the introduction of the names of individual landlords into a statement of the judicial reductions of rent in Ireland. This, no doubt, is a display of very proper feeling on his part. For my part I am unwilling to deny that there is something to be said in favour of the view that it expresses. But, as regards the public at large, I should be surprised to find Mr. Wyndham's view very generally acquiesced in. It would at all events be futile to expect that his appeal to the restraining influence of good taste will be received with the same cordial concurrence that it would undoubtedly evoke if any such refined sentiment could be regarded as influencing in any substantial degree the dealings of the landlords in question towards the humble peasants whom the law in its unbending rigour from time to time abandons as victims to their exactions.

surprise if his name were publicly known to be, as I happen to have seen it, appended to a certain document of deeply religious tone, which concludes with a fervent prayer for the promotion of "the increase of charity, and the restoration in Ireland of 'Peace and good will amongst men.'" A complete list of the reductions ordered by the Courts in the rentals of many landlords whose signatures are attached to the document to which I refer, would furnish materials for an interesting essay on the wide interval that separates theory from practice.

The following may be taken as a fair sample of the rents exacted on the estate of this landlord. Here, as throughout this Paper generally, it is to be remembered that the facts to which I call attention are not "single facts," "culled with care" from any "vast field." I take them simply as I find them in the Official Return—a set of eleven cases, the decisions in which are published consecutively in one of the monthly returns of the year 1886-7. *I transcribe the whole set of entries as they stand in the Return, omitting none of them. They are as follows:—*

Case.	Former Rent.			Judicial Fair Rent.			Rate of Reduction.	Excess of Former Rent over Judicial Fair Rent.
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
1	10	0	0	6	13	0	33.5 per cent.	50.4 per cent.
2	11	5	5	7	0	0	37.9 "	61.0 "
3	6	11	10	4	0	0	39.3 "	64.7 "
4	5	9	5	3	0	0	45.2 "	82.5 "
5	6	11	6	3	10	0	46.8 "	88.0 "
6	12	9	7	6	0	0	51.9 " *	103.7 "
7	10	12	8	5	0	0	53.0 "	112.8 "
8	9	17	7	4	5	0	57.0 "	132.6 "
9	7	2	7	3	0	0	57.9 "	137.6 "
10	7	2	7	3	0	0	57.9 "	137.6 "
11	2	13	0	1	0	0	62.3 "	165.2 "

So far for the Sub-Commissions. It has been mentioned on a preceding page that, in addition to the 84,158 cases in which fair rents were judicially fixed in those tribunals, 7640 others have been adjudicated upon in the County Courts.

The results in these cases are set forth in the following Table:—

TABLE (VII.) SHOWING THE CASES IN WHICH FAIR RENTS WERE JUDICIALLY FIXED BY THE COUNTY COURT JUDGES DURING THE SIX YEARS ENDED 21st AUGUST 1887.

Year.	Number of Cases.	Former Rents.	Judicial Fair Rents.	Rate of Reduction.
1881-2	1,455	£22,673	£17,676	22.0 per cent.
1882-3	1,686	25,831	20,135	22.5
1883-4	3,246	47,616	38,078	20.1
1884-5	720	12,013	9,778	18.6
1885-6	234	5,584	4,323	22.5
1886-7	318	6,859	4,931	28.1
1881-7	7,640	£119,568	£98,148	21.2 per cent.

The following is a statement of the percentage of the reduction in the aggregate of cases judicially dealt with in the six years, whether by the Sub-Commissions or in the County Courts :—

1881-2, Total reduction, 20·5 p.c.	1884-5, Total reduction, 18·2 p.c.
1882-2,                   "           19·6 "	1885-6,                   "           24·0 "
1883-4,                   "           18·9 "	1886-7,                   "           31·1 "

At this point, I should be quite prepared to hear of a difficulty being raised by some one who has had the patience to make his way through the long array of lists of figures so far set forth. If such substantial reductions are being given by the Land Courts, what grievance in the matter, it may be asked, have Irish tenants to complain of? If their rents in any cases are really excessive, why do they not apply to the Courts for a reduction, instead of grumbling about what they have to pay, or combining in so many ways, lawful or unlawful, to evade their legal obligations?

Criticism such as this, based upon a fundamental misconception of the present position of the great majority of Irish tenants, may very frequently be heard. That it is based upon a misconception may be shown by a brief statement of two important points. In the first place, substantial as many of the reductions are, it is by no means clear that in very many instances they do not fall far short of the requirements of the case. Secondly, there are many thousands of tenants in Ireland to whom, as a matter of fact, if not as a matter of law, access to the Courts is impossible. Reserving for a subsequent page some comments illustrating the former of these points, I may here set forth the latter as follows:—

1. As is known to every lawyer, there are not a few classes of tenants excluded in express terms by the Land Act of 1881 from the right of having their rents adjudicated upon in Court. This is not a mere speculative point. Far from it. I may mention, for instance, that the practical hardship of it was recently made evident in a case in the county of Wicklow. In the case to which I refer, the tenant had some years ago endeavoured to have his rent—unquestionably an exorbitant one—brought into Court for the fixing of a judicial rent. He was found, technically, to belong to one of the excluded classes. The Court, then, could not even hear his case. Left defenceless by the law, he struggled on, endeavouring, as best he could, to meet the exactions of a hard landlord. The struggle at length became hopeless. Within the last few months he has been evicted—the landlord having succeeded in obtaining the object of his desire, the possession of the land for his own use. This case is a type of hundreds, possibly of thousands.

2. A difficulty of another kind exists in reference to many cases that lie within the compass of the rent-fixing clauses of the Land Act. Of these, 77,320 were dealt with in the Courts of the Sub-Commis-



sions during the four first years of the working of the Act. In 78,935 other cases, within the same period, settlements, euphemistically termed "agreements fixing fair rents," were entered into between landlords and tenants, and ratified by the authority of the Land Commission. In 13,974 other cases, rents were fixed under some of the other methods of procedure established by the Commission, or sanctioned by it. Thus, in 169,379 cases in all, "fair rents" had been fixed, under the authority of the Land Act, previous to the close of the official year 1884-5. Now those rents were fixed for fifteen years. In other words, from the 22nd of August 1885 the Courts were absolutely closed, and will remain closed for years to come, against 169,379 tenants.

This number was brought up to 176,927, before the close of the next official year, in August 1886.

The disastrous effect of this exclusion upon the 176,000 tenants whose rents had been fixed for fifteen years may be seen from a glance at the official figures. It is necessary only to compare the rate of reduction on which the Courts had acted during the earlier period, with that which they adopted in 1886. The difference between the two is shown in some degree by the figures already set forth in Table III. :—

Average rate of the Judicial Reductions of  
Rents for all Ireland by the Sub-Com-  
missions, in the four years 1881-5 . . . . .

19·4 per cent.

Average rate of the Judicial Reductions in  
the year 1886-7 . . . . .

31·3 per cent.

But in order to bring out the full extent of the difference between the former reductions and those subsequently made, a further point has to be taken into account. Did the rents that were brought into Court in the years 1881-5 represent the same standard of rent, or, in other words, did they stand in the same proportion to the true letting value of the land, as those that were subsequently brought into Court, in 1886-7?

Fortunately a standard of comparison exists by which this point can be tested, at least with substantial accuracy. This standard is furnished by the Public Valuation of the various holdings throughout Ireland, known as "Griffith's," or the "Tenement" Valuation. To guard against possible misconception I should perhaps explain that I do not bring forward this Valuation as in itself indicating the fair letting value of the holdings. So far as regards the purpose of my reference, it is a matter of indifference whether the fair rents ought to be fixed at the Valuation, or above it, or below it. I take the Valuation, not at all as representing the absolute value of the holdings, but as furnishing a standard, at least an approximately accurate one, of their *relative* value. To this extent, at all events, it is

available. For it was made, as Sir Richard Griffith himself attests, with the object of procuring *a uniform basis of assessment* for the Poor Law and other taxes. Furthermore, I would observe that I by no means press this point to the length of citing the Valuation as a standard of the comparative value of any *two individual holdings*. We are now, it must be remembered, not dealing with units, but with hundreds and with thousands. Again, I am fully aware that the Valuation is not in fact, as, in theory, it is supposed to be, uniform in its assessment of even the comparative value of land in *different and widely distant parts of the country*—as between the land in Ulster, for instance, and the land in Munster. I do not purpose using it for any such comparison. What I say about it is this:—Let us take *any large number of holdings*, say 2000 or 3000, at random, out of *all Ireland*. Let us then take, in the same way, a number of others—as many, or more. We are manifestly justified in assuming that *as between any two such sets of cases*, the aggregate amount of the Valuation stands in substantially the same relation to the aggregate true value of the land. To this extent, at least, the Valuation is applicable as a standard of comparison. And it is only to this extent that I shall use it here.

Now, tested by this standard, the rents brought into Court in the first years of the working of the Land Act may at once be seen to have been assessed on a higher scale than those that have been brought into Court in the subsequent years. This is made evident by the following table, which shows, for each year, the ratio of the aggregate amount of the former rent to that of the Valuation, of the holdings dealt with. This table shows also the rate of reduction for each year, and the ratio of the aggregate amount of the reduced “fair rents” to the amount of the Valuation.

TABLE (VIII.) SHOWING THE TENEMENT VALUATION; THE FORMER AND JUDICIAL RENTS; THE YEARLY RATE OF REDUCTION; AND THE RATIO OF THE FORMER AND JUDICIAL RENTS TO THE VALUATION, IN THE CASES DEALT WITH BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS.

Year.	Tenement Valuation.	Former Rents.	Judicial Fair Rents.	Ratio of the Former Rent to the Valuation.*	Rate of Reduction.	Ratio of the Judicial Fair Rent to the Valuation.*
1881-2	£724,541	£816,111	£251,158	140·8	20·5 per cent.	111·8
1882-3	1,153,847	638,769	501,993	136·1	19·5    "	109·5
1883-4	848,275	467,583	380,013	134·3	18·7    "	109·1
1884-5	677,178	127,297	104,168	130·9	18·1    "	107·2
1885-6	50,099	65,817	49,918	131·4	24·1    "	99·6
1886-7	51,491	76,407	52,431	124·3	31·3    "	85·2

\* Taking the Valuation as the standard, at 100.

The ratio, then, of the judicial rents that had been fixed in 1881-2 to those that were not fixed until 1886-7 was that of 111·8 to 85·2. *an excess of 31·2 per cent.* In other words, in this latter year, the tenants who had had the ill-luck to have recourse to the Land Courts when those tribunals were first opened found themselves burthened with judicial rents 31·2 *per cent. in excess* of those that were then being fixed for their neighbours who had had the patience to wait, and whose circumstances had made it possible for them to do so.

For the 176,000 tenants whose rents had been judicially fixed on the higher scales of 1881-2 and the three following years, further recourse to the Courts was, of course, impossible. A remedy for this state of things was subsequently provided by Parliament, but not until too late to be of effective use in saving the country from a state of ferment not far removed from social disorganization. The remedy not only came too late. It was, as we shall see, a miserably inadequate remedy when it came.

3. Another barrier, possibly of still wider reach in excluding the tenants from the protection of the Courts, has been raised by the accumulation, absolutely unavoidable in thousands of cases, of arrears of rent.

With singular inconsistency, the Land Act of 1881, whilst establishing a tribunal with authority to cut down excessive rents, made no provision for lightening the burthen of accumulated arrears. Under this statute, a tenant who for years had found himself unable to cope with the difficulties of an exorbitant rent might bring his case into Court. It might be found that the rent was enormously in excess of a fair rent—in excess of it, possibly, by 100, 200, or, as sometimes was the case, by 300 per cent. An equitable reduction might be effected by the Court. But as to the arrears that had resulted from the excessiveness of this exorbitant rent in the past, the Courts had no jurisdiction to reduce them by one farthing.

In some cases, landlords whose rents had been seriously cut down by the Courts proceeded forthwith to bring the judicial decisions to naught, and to wreak vengeance upon the foolhardy tenants who had made the daring venture of endeavouring by process of law to check the confiscation of possibly the last remnant of their property in their little holdings. This, unhappily, the law left it fully open to a landlord to do. The power of eviction for the unpaid arrears of the very rent that had been reduced in Court remained in the landlord's hands, and, unfortunately, in not a few cases, it was a power exercised without mercy.

To a tenant heavily encumbered with arrears, the legal right of access to a Court for the fixing of a fair rent was, in this state of the law, nothing better than a mockery. A decision of the Court, effecting even a notable reduction of his rent, could be of no avail to

protect him from ruin, if the landlord chose to exercise the power of eviction. That decision, indeed, might itself become the occasion of his ruin, suggesting to a heartless landlord the exercise of that formidable power as the one means by which the decision of the Court might be frustrated. The mere apprehension of such a result—to say nothing of the threats, open or implied, at times resorted to in the sharp practice of the rent office—would, as a rule, be quite sufficient to keep the tenant from entering the Court, the doors of which, in theory, were freely open to him.

In 1882 an Arrears Act, was passed which afforded a temporary relief. But after three or four years, the difficulty again gained ground. In 1886, it brought the landlords and the Executive face to face with an agitation, the most formidable perhaps that had ever yet been set on foot in Ireland.

The notable increase in the rate of the judicial reduction of rents, first partially introduced in 1885-6, and generally adopted by the Courts in 1886-7, took place in consequence of a depression, amounting almost to a ruinous collapse, which had come upon the farming interest in Ireland in 1885. The artificial system of land-tenure created by the Act of 1881 then hopelessly broke down. In the Autumn Session of 1886, Mr. Parnell endeavoured by a temporary amending statute to meet the emergency and to save the country from the crisis of suffering and of social confusion that was so manifestly impending. His Bill was opposed by the Ministry, and, as a matter of course, rejected by the House of Commons. No other remedy was proposed by those who took upon themselves the responsibility of rejecting that proposed by the Irish leader. Parliament was prorogued for the winter. Then the tenants, denied protection by Parliament, fell back upon the primitive law of self-defence, and within a month the agitation which culminated in the "Plan of Campaign" had begun to run its course in Ireland.

Meanwhile, the agricultural crisis had gone on, deepening and widening. All over the country, the rents were in arrear—not merely the non-judicial or unreduced rents, but even the judicial rents, that is to say, those of them that had been fixed in Court during the first years of the working of the Act of 1881. In thousands of cases, it was, in fact, impossible to pay the rents, judicial or non-judicial.

In the spring of 1887, a Royal Commission, which had been appointed a few months before to inquire into the facts of the case, presented its Report. The gravity of the crisis could no longer be denied or ignored. The Report of the Commission neither denied nor ignored it, but told the truth, or a part of the truth, as follows:—

"The fall in agricultural prices in 1885 and 1886 has forced upon the Sub-Commissioners and Court Valuers the necessity of a further reduction

in fixing rents than was made on those dealt with, in the four preceding years.

"Although it is most undesirable to disturb an arrangement which was understood to be a permanent settlement [!], we cannot put aside *the pressing necessities of the Irish tillage farmers*, many of whom have lost much of their means, and are besides much indebted to banks, local merchants, and other creditors.

"The fall in the price of produce of all kinds, and in all parts of the country, has *much impaired the ability* of the farmers *to pay the full rent*. And this, following on a general restriction of credit by the banks and other lenders of money, has *very greatly increased their financial difficulties*.

"The sudden fall in prices during the last two years [1885 and 1886] was intensified in its effect by a *gradual deterioration* which had been going on in the *quality and produce of the soil*, both tillage and grass, during a series of years. . . .

"During this period *much of the tenants' capital*, in Ireland, as in other parts of the United Kingdom, *had disappeared*. The *cost of cultivation*, compared with that of an earlier period, had also *greatly increased*. The land has in consequence been much drawn upon and reduced in condition by the increasing exigencies of the tenants, and has thereby brought *poorer crops, with consequent scarcity of money*.

"All classes are suffering from *the defective produce of the soil* over a period of years, a state of things *much aggravated by the sudden fall of prices* in the last two."\*

The Commission went on to recommend a reduction of the judicial rents that had been fixed previously to 1886, implying by the terms of the recommendation that the reduction, to be effective, should be made in accordance with the increased scale of reduction that had then been adopted by the Courts of the Land Commission.

Eventually, towards the end of the Session of 1887, the Ministry introduced and carried through Parliament a measure for the relief of the tenants, then ruinously overweighted by the pressure of the judicial rents. But this measure was vitiated by two fatal flaws, rendering it, in thousands of cases, practically useless.

It was, in the first place, based upon a misleading principle, the operation of which left no possibility that the reductions effected under it could be at all adequate to the requirements of the case. And secondly—a far more serious defect—it repeated one of the fundamental mistakes of the Land Act of 1881, in making no provision for reducing the burthen of arrears.

First, as to its fundamental principle: This was, that for a limited number of years the judicial rents should vary in proportion to the change in the prices of the chief items of agricultural process. The inadequacy of such a provision is manifest. In the first place, prices alone are to be looked to. No account, then, is to be taken of any *falling off in the quantity of the produce* of the land, so that, in the event of a partial or total failure of any crop, the tenant must remain liable to the same amount of rent as if the crops had been produced

\* "Report of the (Cowper) Commission," paragraphs 34, 36, 16, and 18.

in luxurious abundance. Still more serious for the tenants is the prospect that, in the event of a general failure, or of anything approaching a general failure, of certain crops throughout the country —with the natural result of such a failure, a rise in prices—the rents, inasmuch as they are to vary in strict proportion to the prices, will not be lowered, but raised, and raised in all probability to a notable extent. Again, no account whatever is to be taken of the fact that, whilst prices have notably declined, no corresponding change has taken place in the cost of production, so that a falling off by any given percentage in the prices of agricultural produce necessarily involves a reduction by a notably higher percentage in the margin of profit, out of which the agricultural rent is to be paid. On this score also, then, apart from every other ground of objection, a reduction of rent merely in proportion to the falling off in prices is demonstrably inadequate to meet the requirements of the case.\*

But even if the reduction to be made in the rent were fully adequate, the provision would still be of almost no avail in the actual circumstances of the case. A satisfactory settlement of the difficulty of the arrears, on the basis of an equitable reduction of the burthen, was, manifestly, the first requisite of a useful measure of relief. But the measure of relief passed by Parliament on the recommendation of the Ministry made no provision whatever for the reduction of this burthen.

The omission was inexplicable as well as inexcusable in view of the fact that, only a year before, an Act for the relief of the tenants of the smaller class of holdings in Scotland had made ample provision for the reduction of arrears.

The operation of the Scotch Act is shown in the following figures from the Report of the "Crofters' Commission" for 1886-7 :—

Number of Holdings dealt with	1767
Former Rent of these Holdings	£12,457
Amount of Reduction	£3,840
PERCENTAGE OF REDUCTION OF RENT	30.8
Arrears due	£23,533
Arrears cancelled	£14,418
PERCENTAGE OF ARREARS CANCELLED	61.3†

No corresponding provision, however, was inserted in the Irish Act of 1887, and the repeated efforts that have since been made in Parlia-

\* The considerations summarized in this paragraph were lucidly and forcibly urged by many members during the progress of the Ministerial measure through Parliament. Their forecasts of the shortcomings of the scheme have been fully borne out by the miserably inadequate reductions effected under it since it passed into law.

† It will be observed that the arrears have been reduced by a much larger percentage than that granted on the rents.

This is manifestly equitable. When a rent annually payable remains unpaid for a number of years, it becomes, especially for the poorer class of tenants, increasingly

ment by Irish members and others to obtain the amendment of the Act in this respect, have resulted only in the addition of so many new items to the catalogue, already too long, of refusals by the Imperial Parliament to deal with Ireland in the spirit of even-handed justice. In no other case, perhaps, was this denial of justice so clearly indefensible. Nothing more was asked for than what had already been granted to Scotland, nothing more than a simple amendment of the law, which would remove from it the inconsistency of granting to a tenant, or of enabling him to obtain in Court, a reduction of an excessive rent, but at the same time abandoning him to the mercy of a possibly merciless landlord, who may evict him for the non-payment in full of *the arrears of that very rent which the Court has judicially cut down, or which Parliament has ordered to be cut down, as excessive!*

The figures which I have now quoted from the various Official Returns are not merely of speculative interest. They indicate a way, both easy and effective, at least as I regard it, of removing by legislation one of the most perilous elements of Irish discontent.

I speak now only of the Land Question, and of it only under one aspect—the steps to be taken for the protection of the tenants against eviction for the non-payment of excessive rents, or of the arrears of such rents. This, for the moment, is the essence of the Irish Land Question. The abolition of the present artificial system of “dual ownership” by a comprehensive measure of Purchase, is, by the consent of all parties in the State, the ultimate goal to be aimed at in the reform of the Irish land system. As a step towards this desirable end, the extension of that singularly successful measure, the Land Purchase Act of 1886, the credit of which is so largely due to the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Ashbourne, will not be objected to by many Irishmen—provided always that the step be taken only within the limits of a purely temporary measure, and so as not to stand in the way of a full consideration, next year, of the whole question of Land Purchase in Ireland. But something besides an extension of Lord Ashbourne’s Act is the urgent need of

difficult to pay it. If it be found that the rent which has thus fallen into arrear was an excessive one—so that the delay in payment was the result of the natural unwillingness of the tenant to submit to an excessive charge so long as he could hope to succeed in having it brought down within reasonable limits—it would obviously be unfair to make him bear the full weight of the additional burthen that has resulted from the delay. The landlord, but for whose excessive demands the tenant would not have fallen into arrears at all, or at least would not have fallen into arrears to the same extent, should undoubtedly be prepared to bear his reasonable share of that burthen.

A sliding scale of the extra reduction to be made, so as to provide with substantial accuracy for the equities of the various classes of cases, might be constructed without much difficulty.

Meanwhile it may be well to note that the issue of the proceedings of the Scotch Commissioners, resulting from their decisions given separately on the merits of each individual case, has been to reduce the arrears by almost exactly double the percentage of reduction awarded in the rents.

the moment. For, it is obvious, this Act can but rarely be of avail to afford protection to a tenant against the exactions of an oppressive landlord. And no one acquainted with the circumstances of the country, and anxious for the maintenance of peace within its borders, can fail to feel the deepest misgivings as to the perils by which the existence of social order in many districts of Ireland is now seriously threatened, perils which can be averted only by the prompt application of some legislative remedy for the protection of the thousands of tenants now helplessly overweighed by excessive rents which they cannot pay, and living from day to day under the terror of an eviction impending for the non-payment of them.

Now the figures set forth in the Reports of the Land Commission seem very clearly to indicate not only the direction in which such a remedy should be sought for, but also, at least in general outline, the nature of a remedy, equitable and effective, that can be applied without departing in any notable degree from principles already sanctioned by Parliament.

Even from the figures already quoted, it is sufficiently clear that—at all events if we put out of account the comparatively small number of judicial rents fixed since the adoption of the more liberal scale of reduction by the Courts of the Land Commission in 1886—the rents at present payable by law in Ireland are not fair rents, but are altogether excessive.\* But to the many sets of figures cited in the course of this Paper I would here add one more.

The cases that have been judicially dealt with may be regarded under two different aspects. Hitherto we have considered only the fact that the proceedings in Court result, as an almost universal rule, in a reduction of the former rent—a reduction usually of a very substantial percentage. But there is another aspect of the case. I have

\* In excluding from the scope of my observation the rents judicially fixed in the Courts since 1885, and in proposing, as I proceed to do, that a readjustment of rents be effected by Statute on the basis of the judicial decisions so given, I must guard myself against having it supposed that I regard even the rents fixed since 1885 as really fair towards the tenants. It would be impossible satisfactorily to set forth here the various elements of unfairness in the system under which the Act of 1881 is administered. I may briefly indicate three of the principal of these. They are (a) the constitution of the Land Commission; (b) the constitution of the Sub-Commissions; (c) the present operation of the clause, known as the "Healy" clause, of the Land Act of 1881, the object of which was to secure the tenants against having to pay rent upon the value of their own improvements—the efficacy of this vitally important clause having been notably curtailed by the judicial interpretation which, as the result apparently of an unfortunate oversight in the draughting of the Bill, the Irish Court of Appeal was obliged to put upon it.

But, as regards the judicial rents, even those fixed since 1885, are towards the tenants, they have, as compared with the other rents at present payable, one plain advantage. They represent the results of a system of adjudication established by law, whilst the other rents are shown by the officially recorded results of that system of adjudication to be excessive, and, in very many instances, excessive to a most exorbitant degree. A readjustment of Irish rents, effected by Statute on the basis of the judicial rents fixed since 1885, would at all events do away with the presumption at present existing in so many cases of eviction, that the rents for non-payment of which the tenants are evicted are grossly excessive.



pointed out on a preceding page the use that, within certain limits, may be made of the Tenement Valuation of Ireland as a standard of comparison as to the letting value of holdings taken in large numbers throughout the same province or county. The ratio, then, of the tenement valuation of the holdings that have been dealt with by the Courts, since 1885, to the "fair rents" fixed by the Courts for those holdings, must throw an important light upon the question, whether, in the cases that have not been so adjudicated upon in Court, the rents at present payable by law are fair or excessive. The tenement valuation in all those cases is known. In it, then—keeping in view the ratio of the tenement valuation to the "fair rent" in the cases that have been judicially dealt with since 1885—we have the third term of a proportion, the first and second terms of which are already known. The working out of the fourth term—the presumable amount of the "fair rent" in the holdings not so dealt with—is thus reduced to a very simple sum in arithmetic.

The case, then, stands as follows:—

For the few first years of the working of the Land Act, the judicial standard of "fair rent" was somewhat above the Valuation. On a previous page (Table VIII.) I have shown that, if the Valuation be taken as the standard, at 100, the aggregate "fair rents" fixed in the cases decided by the Sub-Commissions in the four years 1881–5, stood, for each year, respectively, at 111·8, 109·5, 109·1, and 107·2. Thus, for the first period of the working of the Act, there was maintained a standard of "fair rent," practically uniform, with, however, a slight, but clearly manifested, tendency to fall.

In the year 1885–6, of which I have spoken as the year of transition, the notable change that then had begun to set in is made no less manifest by the application of this standard of comparison, than by the test already applied, the rate of reduction from the former rents. The Report for 1885–6 shows that the "fair rents" fixed by the Sub-Commissions in that year stood very nearly at the level of the Valuation.

In 1886–7, the change which had begun to operate in the preceding year, was unmistakably confirmed. The standard of the fair rents fell decidedly below the Valuation, so that, if the Valuation be taken as the standard, at 100, the "fair rents" would stand at 85·2.

These figures regard only the rents fixed by the Sub-Commissions. From the following Table it may be seen that the result remains substantially the same, when the decisions of the County Courts also are taken into account.—

TABLE (IX.) SHOWING THE RATIO OF THE FAIR RENTS TO THE VALUATION IN ALL THE CASES IN WHICH JUDICIAL RENTS HAVE BEEN FIXED, WHETHER BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS OR BY THE COUNTY COURTS.

Year.	Tenement Valuation.	Judicial Fair Rent.	Ratio of the Judicial Fair Rent to the Valuation.*
1881-2 . .	£240,771	£268,885	111.7
1882-3 . .	476,881	522,129	109.5
1883-4 . .	381,281	418,051	109.5
1884-5 . .	104,963	113,937	107.5
1885-6 . .	54,229	54,242	100.0
1886-7 . .	66,948	57,363	85.7

The Report of the Land Commission containing the corresponding figures for the year 1887-8 has not yet been issued. But an examination of the monthly returns, which now come down to June 1888, shows that the general result of the operations of the Courts of the Land Commission and of the County Courts during the official year 1887-8 has been practically identical with that of the preceding year.†

The Tenement Valuation of the holdings so far dwelt with, this year, amounts to £123,487. The aggregate amount of the "fair rents" judicially fixed for those holdings amounts to £104,591. If, then, the valuation be taken, as the standard, at 100, the "fair rents" stand this year at 84.7.

From these figures it may be seen how few rents in Ireland, putting out of question those that have been judicially reduced since 1885, can be considered as "fair rents" according to the present standard of the Courts. The rents, then, at present payable by law in Ireland being manifestly excessive, why should not a statutory remedy be applied? The remedy suggested by the official figures seems unquestionably an equitable one. The main principle of such a readjustment of rents would, of course, be to take as a starting point the Tenement Valuation of the holdings in a given district—a province, a county, or, where feasible, a barony or other smaller district. The ratio of the Tenement Valuation to the aggregate fair rents of the holdings already adjudicated upon throughout the district in question, since 1885, would give the data for indicating the *pro rata* fair rent of the other holdings in the district. The

\* Taking the Valuation as the standard, at 100.

† The returns for the former years did not include the cases of leaseholders, that class of tenants not having then been admissible to the Courts. My comparison, then, has reference only to the non-leaseholding tenants.

It so happens, indeed, that even if the cases of leaseholders had been dealt with in the various preceding years, a comparison such I have here made in the case of the other tenants could not usefully be made, in the absence of further information in addition to that supplied in the Official Reports.

rent thus indicated should be judicially recognized as the fair rent, in each individual case, if neither landlord nor tenant objected to it, and succeeded in establishing, to the satisfaction of the Court, the existence of some exceptional reason requiring the rent to be fixed, in the case or cases in question, at a higher or at a lower figure than that at which it should stand throughout the district generally.

It is manifest that the general effect of the enactment of such a provision would be a notable lowering of rents in almost every district in Ireland. Landlords, as a rule, would, no doubt, regard this as at least in one sense an inconvenience. But it must be remembered that the reduction suggested is one *strictly in accordance with the judicial decisions* of the Courts established by law for the purpose of fixing rents throughout all Ireland. It is the boast of the landlord party that they are the main upholders of law in Ireland. It is not to be presumed, then, that they would offer a serious opposition to the enactment of a measure having for its object *the more effective application of the principle of judicial decision* for the determination of the irritating questions that have so long been at issue between them and their tenants.

Besides, it is to be remembered that the adoption of a presumably fair standard of rent for the correction of the manifest unfairness of the rents at present payable by law in so many cases, would leave altogether untouched the present right of either landlord or tenant to have a rent fixed by the Court in any individual case on its own merits. The great gain, however, effected by the adoption of the proposal here roughly indicated would undoubtedly be the substitution of a non-litigious for a litigious method of procedure, in at all events the great majority of cases. For it might safely be anticipated that in nine cases out of ten, both landlord and tenant would regard it as their interest to accept as substantially satisfactory, without appealing to the Courts, the settlement *primâ facie* effected by the operation of the general rule.

The suggested readjustment of rents should, of course, be applicable to all *bond fide* agricultural holdings in Ireland, the present arbitrary exclusion of various classes of holdings from the operation of the rent-fixing jurisdiction of the Courts being repealed.

To be effective, it should also be accompanied by an equitable provision for the reduction of arrears.

It will be observed that in referring to the standard of ~~fair~~ rent indicated by the "fair rents" already fixed, I have confined my attention to those that were fixed in the Courts. Out of a total of 183,820, these number 91,798. The remaining 92,022 consist mainly of the rents fixed by the transactions officially designated "agreements" between landlord and tenant; rents thus fixed assuming the status of "judicial" rents when the "agreements" are lodged either with the Land

(Commission or in the County Court. The number of "agreements" so lodged, down to the date of the last Official Report, was 91,160. Of these 81,672 were lodged with the Commission, and 7610 in the County Courts.

Now the average rate of reduction in these two classes of cases is a point much insisted on by Mr. Wyndham in its effect upon the general rate of reduction. The figures which he so persistently presses forward into notice are 17·4 per cent. and 16·6 per cent. respectively.

Why, it may perhaps be asked, do I not similarly take account of these figures? The reason, I think, will appear sufficiently obvious from a comparison of all the figures as set forth in the Official Reports. Those figures place it beyond question that the so-called "fair-rents," fixed, unfortunately for the tenants, in such large numbers, by the process of so-called "agreement," are evidence of one thing only. They prove conclusively that the old fiction of "freedom of contract" between landlord and tenant has not only survived, but exercises a notable, and necessarily a disastrous, influence, even under the procedure of the Land Act of 1881.

The ideal "freedom of contract" which that Act assumes to exist for tenants, so that it sanctions a process of "agreement" under which they may come to terms with their landlords by private arrangement instead of submitting their cases to the adjudication of the Court, has practically no existence for thousands and thousands of tenants in Ireland. It has, for instance, no existence for those whom the pressure of arrears still leaves, as completely as ever they were, at the mercy of exacting landlords. The heavier the pressure of arrears—in other words, the more excessive the former rents—the more helpless must be the condition of the tenant. For such tenants, under the Acts 1881 and 1887, as under the Act of 1870, the words of the Report of the Bessborough Commission are still unhappily true:—"The process of ["agreement"] may end, and . . . it is bound to end, unless the tenant submits to the landlord's demands, with a dispossession of the tenant by the landlord, against which there is no resistance possible, and no appeal."

In evidence of the extent to which, from one cause or another, this procedure, officially known by the misleading name of "agreement," is abused to the detriment of the tenants, I submit to the judgment of any impartial and unprejudiced mind the following array of figures calling attention to the almost unbroken uniformity with which the figures recording the reductions effected by "agreements" stand so notably below those that record the reductions effected by proceedings in open Court.

\* The following, then, are the comparative rates of reduction in the various counties named, as set forth in detail in the Official Report of the Land Commission for the year 1886-7. Of the 32 counties in Ireland, there are 30 in which it is possible to compare the results of the two methods of procedure, there being only two counties in

which both methods were not in operation during the year. Now of these 30 counties, there are no fewer than 23 in which a notable difference in the rate of reduction to the disadvantage of the tenants is disclosed. The following are the official figures:—

TABLE (X).—SHOWING, FOR THE YEAR 1886-7, THE DIFFERENCE IN THE RATES OF REDUCTION BETWEEN THE RENTS FIXED BY THE SUB-COMMISSIONS AND THOSE FIXED BY "AGREEMENT." (5245 Cases.)

County and Province.	Rate of Reductions granted in the Courts of the Land Commission: 3,356 cases.	Rate of Reductions "agreed to" between landlords and tenants, the "agreements" being lodged with the Land Commission: 1,889 cases.
<b>ULSTER.</b>		
Cavan . . . .	22.8 per cent.	Only 17.2 per cent.
Donegal . . . .	24.8 "	" 18.8 "
Londonderry . . . .	24.6 "	" 16.5 "
Monaghan . . . .	26.0 "	" 18.5 "
<b>LEINSTER.</b>		
Carlow . . . .	40.1 per cent.	Only 21.6 per cent.
Kilkenny . . . .	38.4 "	" 16.9 "
King's . . . .	38.6 "	" 15.8 "
Longford . . . .	40.3 "	" 23.7 "
Louth . . . .	35.8 "	" 22.9 "
Queen's . . . .	35.3 "	" 19.7 "
Westmeath . . . .	29.2 "	" 17.0 "
Wicklow . . . .	37.2 "	" 15.0 "
<b>CONNAUGHT.</b>		
Galway . . . .	37.2 per cent.	Only 13.9 per cent.
Leitrim . . . .	39.3 "	" 18.0 "
Mayo . . . .	31.9 "	" 13.7 "
Roscommon . . . .	36.1 "	" 20.5 "
Sligo . . . .	34.7 "	" 16.5 "
<b>MUNSTER.</b>		
Clare . . . .	27.4 per cent.	Only 21.5 per cent.
Cork . . . .	26.2 "	" 2.5 "
Kerry . . . .	31.4 "	" 1.3 "
Limerick . . . .	26.4 "	" 1.0 "
Tipperary . . . .	22.5 "	" 19.1 "
Waterford . . . .	32.6 "	" 6.0 "

Further light is thrown upon this important point by the following lists, in which are contrasted the two widely differing standards of "fair rent" fixed by the operation of those two methods of procedure. As in several former instances, I take as a common standard of comparison the aggregate tenement valuation of the holdings dealt with under each method. Taking the valuation, then, as the standard, at 100, the "fair rent" fixed during the last official year in each of the

28 counties in question, by proceedings in open Court,\* on the one hand, and by the transactions designated "agreements between landlords and tenants," on the other, stand as is shown in the following Table.

I should explain that, for greater convenience of comparison, I have grouped the counties into four divisions. The first of these consists of the counties, six in number, in which the "fair rent" fixed by the Court stands, for each county, at any figure *between 20 per cent. and 80 per cent. below the Valuation*. The second division consists of the counties, ten in number, in which the figures range *from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. below the Valuation*. The third division consists of the counties, five in number, in which the range is *from the Valuation to 10 per cent. below it*. In the fourth division, in five, are placed the two counties in which the "fair rent" fixed by the Courts stands at a figure *equal to the Valuation or in excess of it*.

TABLE (XI).—SHOWING THE RATIO OF THE "FAIR RENTS" FIXED DURING THE YEAR 1886-7 TO THE TENEMENT VALUATION OF THE HOLDINGS DEALT WITH, (a) BY PROCEEDINGS IN OPEN COURT, (b) BY SO-CALLED "AGREEMENTS" BETWEEN LANDLORD AND TENANT.

Counties.	Ratio, to the Valuation, of the Rent fixed by proceedings in Open Court.†	Ratio, to the Valuation, of the Rent fixed by "agreement."†
1. Carlow . . .	71 6	108 4
2 Roscommon . .	72 4	93 8
3. Kilkenny . .	73 8	106 8
4. Longford . .	74 6	100 4
5. Leitrim . . .	76 8	104 3
6 Sligo . . .	78 0	101 1
1. Wicklow . .	80 6	97 6
2. Westmeath . .	82 2	103 5
3. Queen's . . .	83 9	96 2
4. Mayo . . .	84 0	108 8
5. Galway . . .	84 0	112 0
6 Monaghan . .	84 4	92 6
7. Louth . . .	84 5	91 4
8. Waterford . .	85 0	106 8
9. Donegal . . .	86 8	96 7
10. Cavan . . .	88 2	91 9
1. Cork . . .	91 7	104 6
2. Londonderry .	92 3	96 0
3. King's . . .	92 5	104 9
4. Clare . . .	94 6	117 8
5. Tipperary . .	97 9	105 9
1. Kerry . . .	107 0	140 5
2. Limerick . .	111 1	118 3

\* In this analysis I include, on the one hand, the cases in which "fair rents" have been fixed in the County Courts, as well as those in which they have been fixed by the Sub-Commissions; and, on the other hand, the cases of "agreement" in which the "agreements" have been lodged in the County Courts, as well as those in which they have been lodged with the Land Commission.

† Taking the Valuation as the standard, at 100.

I have quoted those figures merely as showing how far removed from the standard of "fair rent" as fixed by the Courts is that of those so-called "agreements," to which so many thousands of practically helpless tenants have been induced by the landlords, or by their agents, to submit. It surely cannot be suggested that the results of operations conducted under such exceedingly suspicious circumstances should be allowed to mar the equity of a statutory readjustment of rents on the basis of the judicial decisions.

But having quoted the figures, I feel bound in conclusion to suggest the question, whether the Land Commission might not well be called upon to withhold its sanction from further proceedings for the fixing of rent by any process of "agreement" between landlord and tenant, when the rents "agreed to" are not at least *prima facie* fair towards the tenant, in view of the results obtained by proceedings in open Court.



WILLIAM J. WALSH,

*Archbishop of Dublin.*

## AN APPEAL TO LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

**Y**OU are fain to believe that the cause of morality, justice, and honour rests in these latter days with you ; that among the faithless you only are found faithful ; and that we who oppose you are smitten not only with inconceivable folly, but are the allies of crime, double-dealing, and shame. You lay your heads upon the pillow at night, and thank God that a few honest men are left to maintain the cause of good faith and a pure conscience, amidst the epidemic of vice and dishonour which has suddenly afflicted our age.

It is true that you have given up everything that you have contended for throughout life ; that by your help a reactionary minority has been placed in paramount power ; that every cause you have worked for is thrust aside or repressed ; that all you have ever denounced is become your glory ; those whom you resisted are your present masters ; that whether in home affairs or in foreign affairs, in finance, in Church, in education, in reform, though you call yourselves Liberals, yet your one dominant idea is to keep the Tory party in power, and to make a Tory policy prevail. This is true : but it serves, you think, only to heighten your merit, and to prove you to be, more conspicuously even than before, the party of morality, of justice, of honour.

I have always held that in things political, as much as in things personal, morality, justice, and honour should be our sovereign rule and our indefeasible law ; and I have not seldom stood side by side with many of you in causes where, as we thought, a party in power were maintaining privilege against justice, and in the name of vain-glory were trampling on morality and making a by-word of honour. You and we have often been united together against oppression, to defend the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich, the ignorant against the skilled, who had all the forces of society and the



State in their own hands, and in whose cause Parliament, the press, and the governing classes were already deeply prejudiced. And now that we are separated into opposing camps, I often ask myself how comes it that you should be on the side of all that is moral, conscientious, and upright, and that I should be fallen, as you tell me, to the side of intrigue, untruthfulness, and crime? The most moderate of you all speak of us as a party of infamous designs and shameless intrigues. Mendacity, treason, outrage, and conspiracy are the least of the offences which you daily cast in our teeth. How comes it, I ask myself, that I find myself so suddenly cast down to be the accomplice of villany, brutality, and fraud; the ally of criminals, and the partner in their shame?

This question has often puzzled me, and it besets me again as I read a new book on this Union problem, a book, not of controversy, but of plain narrative—I mean “Two Centuries of Irish History.”\* Reading afresh the tale of these two hundred years which have passed since the Revolution of 1688, I ask myself again, with increasing bewilderment—is it really true that you represent in this matter the cause of morality and all the virtues, and we the cause of injustice and all the vices? I will tell you some of the thoughts which arise in me as I read, not for the first time, nor for the third—but time after time as often as I think of it at all.

This is what I find as the story of Ireland. For five centuries, what is called a conquest, but what is really a series of raids by one strong nation on another nation much weaker, of raids accompanied by perfunctory confiscation, wholesale massacre, and organized terrorism. The starting-point for our glorious Revolution of 1688 was this, the historian begins:—

“The English colonists seemed what the Turks seem now to the Christians of the East—a band of robbers encamped on the soil that once was theirs, calling themselves a Government, but giving none of the blessings of Government in return for the rent and taxes they extorted.”†

“The mass of the people,” wrote one of the most eager Unionists among you, one who was then a Liberal and an Englishman ‡—“the mass of the people were socially and economically in a state the most deplorable, perhaps, which history records as having existed in any civilized nation.” “It would be unjust,” he says, “to confound these agrarian conspiracies with ordinary crime,” for the secret tribunals “were to the people the organs of a wild law of social morality by which, on the whole, the interest of the peasant was protected.”

“It was under conditions like these,” says Mr. Bryce (page xxii.), “that the suspicion of the law and its ministers became worked into the very nerves and blood of the Irish peasant. His lawlessness, which scarcely

\* “Two Centuries of Irish History,” 1691-1870, with Introduction by James Bryce, M.P. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

† James Bryce, Introduction, p. xix.

‡ “Irish History and Irish Character.” By Goldwin Smith. Obed, introduction, p. xxi.

exceeded the lawlessness of the landlord magistrates who ruled him, was not political, but directed against the land system and tithe system from which he suffered."

Such was the state of things with which our Protestant and free England began its work in Ireland two centuries ago.

The work began with the penal laws, the most ferocious and systematic effort ever made by Englishmen to extirpate the religion and crush the spirit of a conquered nation; a machine, in the well-known words of Edmund Burke, "as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." A long era of State prosecutions, the packing of juries, the straining of iniquitous laws to oppressive ends followed—a system of minute, flagrant, and preposterous tyranny, such as it would be difficult to match even in France under the old *régime*. Jobbery, speculation, extortion, legalized plunder, and official fraud became the ordinary course of law and the recognized method of governing. The robbery of the title-proctor, the connivance in fraud of magistrate and Government, the most ferocious punishments, the unchecked license of the "informer," the whipping of men, and even of women, became the settled method by which the Protestant landlord dealt with the Catholic peasant, under a legislation which, said Arthur Young, "seemed calculated for the meridian of Barbary." Then followed the era of corruption, venality, and intrigue, the monstrous laws by which Irish industry was choked in favour of English. "Ireland," said Swift, "is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern history, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities wherever they pleased." \* All efforts of the free Irish Parliament had been baffled and opposed by the infinite corruption and selfishness of the English statesmen. Then came the horrors of the Rebellion, and the Civil Wars of 1795 and 1798, dreadful massacres which have never been exceeded in the annals of modern Europe, and in which the Protestant adherents of George III. exceeded the atrocities of the maddened Catholic peasants. In the midst of the passionate memories of this strife, and by a gigantic scheme of corruption which recalls the end of the Roman Republic, the Union at last was carried.

At the Union it is calculated that but 5 per cent. of the population lived in houses with more than two hearths—some time later there were nearly 500,000 families living in mud hovels with one room. Many of these so-called "tenants," we are told by an English economist, "pay more rent than is actually the produce of the

\* The duties against Irish woollens were forty times greater than those against English. The duties against English leather and printed linens were 10 per cent.; against Irish they were 65 per cent. (Dr. Sigerson, p. 106).

land." "In Ireland," he says, "landlords never erect buildings on their property, nor expend anything in repairs." This is the one condition which our English observer found nearly constant. "Houses are dearer in some of the most remote corners of Ireland than in the best parts of London," says the Arthur Young of the nineteenth century.\* Nay, many of these wretched cottiers were forced by the state of the law to pay their rent (a rent exceeding the whole produce of the land) twice over: first to the middle-man, who defaulted, and then to the landlord—of course paying the two rents out of the earnings of labour elsewhere. "A cabin and an acre of ground to plant potatoes in, generally held at 40s. or 50s. per annum, under an obligation of working for the farmer at a low rate (6d. per day) forms the labourer's chief means of subsistence."† These wages, such as they were, were usually paid in kind; the balance being struck not under six months. An acre of potatoes rented at 50s. and forced labour at 3s. a week paid by truck. And out of this, county rates, tolls, and tithes to pay! The tithe system of Ireland as it existed down to our own memory was perhaps the most infernal engine of extortion that Europe can show in the present century. "The tithe, levied on corn, potatoes, flax, and meadow, fell chiefly on the poor." Tithe sometimes exceeded the rack-rent of the land. Eleven acres of land, let for a guinea an acre, paid £14 in tithe. Grattan cited a case in court where the tithe on twenty-one acres was 15s. per acre. Lord Luttrell declared that tithes were sometimes 28s. per acre. Nor was it so much the tithe, as the tithe-farmer, that crushed the peasant. The tithe-proctor often kept the peasants bound from year to year, and obliged them to give whatever he asked. His exactions were sustained by a complete code of laws, of which one, as Grattan said, had blood and felony in every sentence. For more than a century the battle continued to wage round this incredible exaction for an alien clergy, with civil wars, insurrections, conspiracies, murders, outrage, savage retaliation, and sanguinary legislation, Coercion Acts innumerable, and incessant provocation of religious and race animosities. Such was the Reformed Church of Christ in Ireland!

For 130 years the Catholics, seven-tenths of the whole population of Ireland, had been subject to laws which treated them, for the greater part of that period, as outlawed rebels, and for the whole of the period as incapable of political power. Many of the noblest men Ireland ever produced wore out their lives in vain struggles with the tyranny of conquerors, alien in religion and race, such as can be hardly paralleled out of the Turkish Empire. Insurrections, rebellions, conspiracies, outrage, chronic sedition, and chronic coercion were the inevitable result: One by one the links in these infamous chains

\* Edward Wakefield's "Account of Ireland," 1812.

† Townsend's "Survey of Cork." p. 203 (Dr. Bridges. v. 207).

have been broken ; and it is only within our own memory that they were suddenly surrendered, when to retain them was visibly shaking the three realms to their foundations, and was making the very name of Church a scandal and a by-word.

At the beginning of the great war in 1793, the national debt\* of Ireland was £2,250,000 ; at the consolidation of the two Exchequers in 1817, the Irish debt had been raised by English rulers to just £87,000,000.

Then follows the period of over-population, of the enormous rise of rents under competition, of wholesale evictions, of secret societies, of repressive legislation, and of continuous coercion. In the words of Baron Fletcher, in his charge to the grand jury of Wexford in 1814 : " If a lease happen to fall, they let the farm by public auction to the highest bidder. No gratitude for past services, no preference of the fair offer, no predilection for the ancient tenantry, be they ever so deserving ; but if the highest price be not acceded to, *the depopulation of an entire tract of country ensues.*" And can we be surprised, he adds, that the wretched peasant should rush on the perpetration of crime ?

Mark one little stroke of English legislation. The Seditious Meeting Act of 1817 was expressly made inapplicable to Ireland. Why ? It was especially severe on political associations with secret oaths. Had the Act applied to Ireland, it would have suppressed the Orange Lodges, on which English statesmen had long counted to crush their Catholic neighbours, lodges which were often mere gangs of assassins, the very associations which Baron Fletcher declared in his charge to the grand jury " poison the very fountains of justice."

Famines were continual. In this century famine is recorded in 1817-18-19 ; again in 1822, when " men asked what crimes were punishable with imprisonment, for in the prisons there was food ;" and again, as in 1818, famine was followed by typhus. And then we come to the great famine of 1847-48, when the people died on the roads and in the fields, on the mountains and in the glens ; " death, desolation, despair," it was said in Parliament, " reigning through the land." A million and a half of the people had disappeared before it was over : systematic emigration set in ; and in forty years the population of Ireland had fallen from 8,175,000 to 5,174,000. " Irish grievances rested on a real foundation of substantial abuses and chronic misery. The abuses have been slowly, hesitatingly, and reluctantly removed one by one. The misery has always remained. A foreign observer could see at a glance that the secret of Irish misgovernment lay in *une mauvaise aristocratie*—in an upper class estranged from the people and neglecting its duties."\*

Does the history of Europe in this century, at least outside of

\* Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and J. R. Thurfield, p. 345.

Turkey, contain a record of oppression, injustice, terrorism, religious tyranny, and race domination more atrocious than this ?

"Extreme misery is chronic in Ireland. It often takes the acute form of actual famine. When it does, it invariably produces an outbreak of agrarian turbulence." \*

Says Gustave de Beaumont :

"Of the miseries of Ireland, the first cause, the radical, permanent cause which determines all the rest is an evil governing class."

Says Sir G. Cornwall Lewis :

"The Irish peasant, constantly living in extreme poverty, is liable by the pressure of certain charges, or by ejection from his holding, to be driven to utter destitution."

"The Whiteboy Association may be considered as a vast trades union for the protection of the Irish tenantry, the object being . . . in general to regulate the relation of landlord and tenant for the benefit of the latter." \*

As Thomas Drummond, the Secretary for Ireland, wrote in his immortal reply to the Tipperary magistrates : "The wholesale expulsion of cottier tenants is unfortunately found, with the great body of the people, to enlist the strongest feelings—those of self-preservation—on the side even of guilt, in vindication of what they falsely assume to be their rights. *Property has its duties as well as its rights. To the neglect of those duties in times past is mainly to be ascribed that diseased state of society in which such crimes take their rise.*" And, when an agrarian murder followed, the landlords and magistrates loudly declared that this very letter had been the incentive to it, that the saying that property has its duties as well as its rights was a deliberate and unfeeling insult. And so, when to-day we tell those same landlords that "property has its duties as well as its rights," you cast in our teeth that we are abetting murder and sedition.

A system so savage as that which, from the beginning of the eighteenth century until the famine, the dominant English aristocracy imposed on the conquered Irish peasantry, with its penal laws and Catholic disabilities, its tithes, its alien Church, its rack-rents, its evictions, its complex network of legal extortion, its sanguinary code of criminal justice, its unbroken reign of martial law under the guise of continuous Coercion Acts, such a system was ample to explain all the miseries and convulsions which for two centuries had afflicted Ireland. They took their rise, as Thomas Drummond said, in the *diseased state of society*, and for that diseased state of society, the landlords, the English rulers, "the evil-governing class," the Protestant sects, the Ascendancy, were directly answerable. If the over-goaded and starving peasantry turned from time to time on their oppressors, with the first weapon that came to hand, it was as little to be wondered at as that the French peasants of 1789 turned upon the nobles of the old régime, or as if the Christians of the Balkan turned upon the Bash-

\* Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and J. R. Thursfield, p. 243.

bazouks and the Asiatic savages<sup>4</sup> who outraged them. And if every landlord in Ireland had been summarily dispossessed of his land, if every man of English race had been thrust across the Channel, every Protestant clergyman driven out of the island, every vestige of English law, religion, government, and property, rooted up out of the soil and cast into the sea, it might have been painful to the sufferers and criminal in the avengers, but it would have been another instance of those tremendous acts of retribution which history records, and of which history seeks rather to explain the provocation than to estimate the guilt.

The famine of 1847, the most awful, abominable, and unpardonable calamity which, in Western Europe for a century, the absolute rulers of a country have ever suffered to decimate their subject people, has no doubt deeply affected both Ireland and England. "For the past forty years we are moving in the shadow of the famine. Lapse of time has not effaced the impression made upon the Irish mind by that great catastrophe."\* It at last shook English opinion, which in the mass of the people had been ignorant rather than callous, powerless rather than oppressive, and it struck the English statesmen and the English public with shame, horror, and a poignant spirit of compunction. For forty years all that is best, wisest, and most generous in the English nature has struggled to undo centuries of oppression, fraud, and plunder—has struggled against enormous forces, against the whole mass of the Protestant class, the landlord class, the lawyer class, the ascendancy class in Ireland, against the whole weight of Conservatism, landlordism, Church, wealth, officialism in England, has struggled, often blindly, ignorantly, impatiently, but in the main honestly and well, towards a better state.

There is little need to rehearse the story of the last forty years, the slow and sullen redress of some of the more flagrant abuses, the Encumbered Estates Act, which substituted for impoverished landlords a class of speculating investors, the Landed Estates Court, the long series of Land Acts, the struggle to overthrow the Irish Establishment, the Fenian movement, the brutal vengeance which condemned to the degradation of the common felon men as patriotic as William Wallace or Franz Hofer, and the long series of Acts to protect the tenant from some of the exactions of the landlord. The tenant had reclaimed his holding from bog and waste by the labour of his own hands; he had built the wretched cabin in which he lived, and had made the rude fence. His rent was usually in arrear, and he had agreed to pay more than the land could warrant, because punctual payment was hardly expected. The moment his holding was able to support life, he abstained from further improvements, and even from the appearance of comfort, lest his rent should be instantly raised.

\* G. Macdonell, p. 424.

In the eye of the law the landlord had absolute dominion over the land. It was in his discretion alone that the tenant should stay or go, with all his improvements confiscated.

For forty years the condition of Ireland has been slowly improving, mainly because the famine and its sequel, systematic emigration, have swept away the population of Ireland to little more than half what it once had reached. The vast reduction in numbers had raised the condition a little, and with this improved condition came greater strength and a new courage. The same cause, too, had aroused the remorse of the better statesmanship in England, and for forty years all that is generous and wise in England has worked more or less towards the same end with all that is brave and true in Ireland. For those forty years you, the Liberal Unionists, were working in the same cause too. Many of you were among the foremost of those who blotted out the iniquity of the Established Church, who mitigated the cruelty of the old law of tenure, who withstood perpetual coercion, and curbed the cupidity and the pride of the ruling class. And at every stage of the long struggle you and we—for we were together then—were opposed, delayed, baffled, and denounced by the very men whom you now make your masters, and for whose sake you are ready to undo all your work, and read all your speeches backwards. The men who fought tooth and nail for the infamous Irish Establishment, who spoilt every Land Bill, who defended every enormity in the old land laws, who for a generation resisted the commutation of title, the emancipation of the Catholics; the men who have carried out inhuman evictions wholesale, who for generations have wrung millions out of the misery of Irish cottiers, confiscating the labour of generations—these men are become your friends, patrons, and masters.

What has happened to cause so wonderful a desertion? The great Jody of the Liberal Party, of your party, with all but two of its leaders, has proposed for the pacification of Ireland, or rather for the safety of the three kingdoms, a scheme of government for Ireland, the details of which are now in abeyance. You thought it your duty to reject that scheme, to secede, to break up your old party. Be it so. We will not now argue that act. The question we are now dealing with is this: how comes that alone to transpose from one party to another the cause of morality, justice, and moderation; to turn the oppressors into the saviours, and every act of cruelty into a fresh proof of beneficence and wisdom? Nothing else has been changed. The same men, the sons and grandsons of the same men who in this century owned the land in Ireland, own it still, with much the same system, and much the same agents. The same evictions, still on wholesale.

Practically the same dreadful quarrels remain. It is still for the peasant, as for centuries it has been, the struggle about the land, about

a burden of indebtedness which the tenant cannot shake off, which it is impossible for him to pay, and which keeps him at the mercy of his landlord. We are told on the best authority that 'practically an immense proportion of the smaller holdings cannot economically produce any rent at all. The wretched tenants pay the so-called rent, not out of the produce of the soil, for that barely suffices them to exist, but out of their earnings in other labour elsewhere. Rent in such a case, and this holds true of the enormous proportion of Irish tenants, is mere plunder and blackmail, sums wrung out of the necessities of starving men for the right to live. Millions upon millions which are sent over to England to the companies, banks, offices, peers, mortgagees, investors, and creditors in general, who are supposed to be the landlords of Ireland, form mere blackmail, exacted by what is practically the state of siege, maintained by what is in effect martial law. Practically the struggle between poor and rich in Ireland, between Catholic and Protestant, between Irishman and Englishman, is the same to-day that it has been for more than a century, mitigated in part, with several of its enormities removed, most of its blood-thirstiness extinct, but with the most systematic apparatus of martial law ever applied to a European people in the absence of war, and with the original and fundamental enormity even increased in force—viz., that millions upon millions of the earnings of half-starved Irish labourers are sent over yearly to mere foreign creditors whose very names are hardly known, who have never spent one sixpence on tenant, land, or Ireland, and who have no moral right whatever to receive back a sixpence, except so far as appears in a series of documents all based upon confiscation.

We turn to a very recent book which fortunately appears to point the moral of that other book on "Two Centuries of Irish History," the account of an eye-witness in recent years and within the last few months.\* Let us see whether all that has cursed Ireland for two centuries has been finally extinguished by recent legislation. Far from it. We turn to Mr. Lefevre's pages and this is what we read of one estate :—

"Evictions in wholesale have quite recently been resumed [October 1888]. A whole township has been cleared of its tenants. Twenty-three families have been evicted from their homes. Many of these people and their friends, forty in number, have been committed to trial for resisting these evictions. Others have gone to the workhouse. More recently the houses on their holdings, erected by the tenants or their predecessors, have been razed to the ground, and it is announced that the landlord, admitting that in the present state of public opinion in the district it is hopeless to expect to let the farms, will use them himself for grazing purposes. Other evictions are announced to follow. Many hundreds of the tenants have already been proceeded against in the County Courts and Supreme Courts. Ejectment decrees

\* "Holdings of Coercion. A Journal of Visits to Ireland in 1882 and 1888." By the Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, M.P. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.



have been obtained against them, and notices have been issued against them under the Act of last year, which turned them into mere carstakers. They have lost all their rights under the Land Act of 1881, and they only await the moment when it will be convenient to the landlord to evict them, or when the Government will be able to lend the forces of the Crown for this purpose."

Just as Baron Fletcher seventy-four years ago spoke in his famous charge of the "depopulation of an entire tract of country." Such is the message of peace, now that all the abuses of old are for ever redressed!

We read on, and we find another estate, with about 4500 tenants. Their rent is wholly paid out of earnings which they make at a distance from their homes. There for eighty years the family have never resided upon it, but have drawn their large rental and spent it in England. No capital has ever been expended by them in improving the property. Every improvement which has brought the land into cultivation from its original condition of waste bog has been effected by the tenants; all the houses and buildings have been erected by them. And yet the rental has been increased within a century from £5000 to £24,000. And this (this fine which the labourer has to pay for improving the landlord's property) can only be paid out of the earnings of the tenants in England. From another district nearly a hundred persons had been arrested and sent to prison under the Coercion Act of 1881, without trial, not for complicity in crime, but for alleged combinations not to pay rent. And then we have the story of a notorious peer, which reads like a tale of an Egyptian Pasha in the days of Ibrahim.

And so the record proceeds. Almost every abomination of the old landlord tyranny in full play. Wholesale evictions carried out by a body of 500 police. Seventy-five young men of good character committed for trial for resisting the officers of the law (?), and hoarded with criminals for many weeks before trial; the old packing of juries with men exclusively in the interest of landlords; the conviction of men to six and eighteen months of hard labour, for the offence of resisting the execution of an infamous abuse of law—an abuse of law which an Irish judge declared, on the bench, had aroused the indignation of the empire, and which drew from a Chief Secretary for Ireland a pointed rebuke. Here is a case from the same estate. A farm is reclaimed from bog, fenced, and drained by the tenant, who builds on it good stone houses with slate roofs. The landlord had not expended one penny, but he had raised the rent of twenty acres, originally worth 6d. per acre, to £15. The fall in value makes the tenant unable to pay. His landlord evicts him, saddles him with £17 in costs, confiscates the tenant's interest, worth £200-300, uproots the house, which goes to ruin, and leaves the farm to return to bog. Such is landlordism in 1888, after years of legislation.

"While I was in Portumna," writes Mr. Lefevre, "no fewer than 150

processes of ejectment were issued against the tenants, whilst hundreds of others were in different stages of progress."

"I left Portumna," adds this Privy Councillor, "deeply impressed with the gravity of the position of things in the district, convinced more than ever that a terrible wrong was being done to the tenantry by the invisible and unapproachable despot who ruled the country by the aid of the forces of the Crown."

• And he sums up his experiences thus :—

"All the past history of this and many other parts of Ireland shows that while wrongs of this terrible nature are inflicted, there is the gravest danger that individuals will be found to resist them by more terrible revenge. . . . How shocking that it should be due to the ignorance and obstinacy of one man, who knows nothing personally of the estate, and cares nothing for it except as a source of revenue. He could reduce his property to a wilderness by evicting all his tenants, and still be a rich man. The case is of all the more importance as he is fighting the cause of the worst landlords in Ireland."

And not only the cause of the worst landlords, but the cause which for two centuries has produced the chronic misery of Ireland. At bottom nothing essential is changed. As of old, the mass of wretched peasants have wrung from them their hard gains in distant labour, and even the wages earned by their children in America, to be paid to absentee creditors under a system of legalized extortion and statutory plunder. As of old, the labour of their hands, the homesteads they have created, and the houses they have built, are still confiscated as before, though by an indirect process which is called by mockery law. As of old, resistance to extortion is a crime to be punished with savage cruelty. The men who counsel them are thrust into felon's cells, and brutally outraged. The men who defend their cause are assailed with malignant passion and organized calumny.

In the meantime, by the Act of 1887, law is practically and permanently abolished in one of the three kingdoms. What is really martial law is from henceforth virtually the common law of Ireland. Magistrates, who are virtually nothing but police officials, carry out the orders of the Castle Government with as little regard for anything that can be called law as a Turkish *cadi*. What the Act of last year practically accomplished was this. It threw the whole power of England, armed with the arbitrary machinery which on the Continent is called "the state of siege," into the hands of one party in an economical struggle. It armed the rich and Protestant Englishman, already equipped with all the legal machinery which chicanery could invent, with what is practically martial law, to enable him to crush the wretched Catholic peasantry, and wring from them the last sixpence which organized force can screw out of abject weakness.

And this is the gigantic, permanent, systematic wickedness which you cover with the name of morality, justice, and honour. To you the money interests of Englishmen, or rather of a few rich Englishmen,

are paramount. For the sake of this, you and they fight as the West India slave-holders fought for the accursed system of slavery, vilifying all who condemned it, and filling the air with outcries about the crimes and indolence of the negro. And now again they are filling the air with outcries about the crimes and the follies of Irish tenants. One smiles at their crocodile tears over the wrongs of poor boycotted peasants; peasants whom they and their forefathers unto the third and the fourth generation—nay, unto the tenth and the twentieth generation—have persecuted, starved, and plundered. It is a bitter mockery to hear them dilate upon the atrocity of this and that outrage, when the history of the English in Ireland is one weary story of organized outrage. For every life that has been cruelly taken by a few brutalized peasants in their despair, the English land laws, and the system of extortion they maintain, have as cruelly taken a thousand lives. To us it is as cruel in the name of law to thrust dying men and helpless women and children out of their homes on to the frozen hillside, as it is to shoot a rival in the legs. Our eyes are fixed, not on the scattered instances of wild revenge which you parade as if you really cared for them, and mouth over with professional iteration, but on the three million souls who are lost to their country, on the life-long misery of at least a million souls who remain—misery which you and your friends are now bent on making permanent. Our eyes are strained to watch the tens of thousands of wanton, savage, cowardly evictions, the thousands of brave men whom you persist in treating as felons, and the Russian terrorism which you have permanently substituted for the common law of a kingdom.

The Ascendancy party will die hard, as the West Indian slave-holders' interest died, fighting to the last. They are a fighting order, sprung from fight, nursed in fight for centuries, with every gift and every vice of a dominant class. Trained to regard themselves as the born superiors of the subject class, in race, in religion, in habits, in wealth, in privilege, they are ready to plunge the three kingdoms into confusion for the sake of the old domination. The descendants of conquerors, grantees, adventurers, and soldiers of fortune, they combine the rapacity of a conquering race with the arrogance of an aristocratic order. For centuries they have thrust themselves into the family connections and the money interests of powerful classes of Englishmen. They are keen, able, and unscrupulous; ready at any moment to shoot down savages in any corner of the Empire, or to work martial law in their dear native country. At the first signal of danger to their privileges, they storm society, the Press, the Church, and Parliament, filling the minds of the official classes and the uneasy ear of wealth with dreadful visions of ruin and chaos.

We know these shrieks, protestations, and prophecies; ~~of~~ <sup>as</sup> what were those of West Indian slave-holders—a sordid affair of money.

All this raving about Empire, and the Sun of England, and the Union Jack, means merely that an order of rich men are trembling to think the days of extortion are all but ended. Law and Order are very fine words: but they sound strangely in the mouths of men who have organized a system of martial law in order to maintain a system of extortion. All this new-born pity for the poor Irish victim of the League comes ill from those, to fill whose pockets tens of thousands of victims have been slowly wrung to their end. Pity first the families from whose heads the roof they built themselves has been torn to glut a millionaire's self-will. Feel something for the stainless and courageous men who are wasting their youth in your cells and suffering your unworthy insults. These are the victims, unnumbered, continual, historic, to whose sufferings you are blind and deaf, though in comparison with theirs the sufferings of men, whom you choose to make a stage-show, are but a drop in an ocean of misery.

This whole contest between us is not really a political question, nor even a social question; in essence it is a question of money. For centuries rich men in England have found in Ireland an unlimited field where the strong might wring wealth out of the weak. There for centuries they have built up a scheme of speculation which they pleased to call Law, maintained by a system of terrorism which they nicknamed Government, and consecrated by a system of religious injustice which they pretended to be a Church. But the end of it all was pecuniary, not political. Boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, and the whole of the resources of the weaker class are precisely what we have known in our own industrial struggles. As in them, the stress of the conflict has often resulted in melancholy acts of outrage and crime. As in them, boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, and other expedients are right or wrong, justifiable or culpable, according to circumstances, in the measure of the wrong they are to prevent, or the spirit in which they are used. *Per se*, I know no reason why boycotting, or Plan of Campaign, are necessarily evil. They may vary in their character from wanton oppression to the noblest acts of public devotion. It is easy to conceive cases where boycotting (which we all of us practise in turn) and Plan of Campaign might become the first and most sacred duty of a patriot. But in this, as in every other economic struggle, the blind and spasmodic crimes of the weak and the poor are not to be weighed by the same measures as the systematic and legalized crimes of the strong and the rich.

In the long struggle of Trades-Unionism against the infamous laws that repressed combinations of workmen, we have had the same outcry about rattenning and oppression, outrage and crime. This is at bottom the same struggle for Trades-Unionism again, but it is the Trades-Unionism of an entire nation which you seek to crush, by an

apparatus of class legislation, for which Europe can show few parallels. Talk to us no more of your superior morality and your wounded feelings. If ever there was a sordid cause it is yours; if ever a struggle was a mere affair of pocket it is this; if ever the wolf railed at the lamb it is when Irish landlordism calls Heaven to witness the tyranny of the Irish peasantry. Ireland is, politically, one of the most peaceful countries in Europe, where for forty years there has been no show of attack on the forces of Government as such. And yet it is the only country in Western Europe that is permanently governed by martial law.

If you have chosen to go over to the side of the oppressor, it must be so. If you choose to reverse the labours of a lifetime, you must do so. If you must revile the leader, under whom your whole political life has been passed, now that that leader has taken up the most glorious task of his noble life, in a spirit of moral grandeur and self-sacrifice to which even he never equally reached till now, we cannot hinder you. But you shall not persuade us that we have abandoned the old belief in morality and justice between nations and classes. Whilst you are receiving the compliments and caresses of the rich and the great, whose wealth you are struggling to protect, we will think on the millions of the evicted and the exiled, the roofless cabins, and the deserted farms from which it is your glory to have driven whole families of workers. And whilst you are still resolute to rivet on a noble nation the most prolonged and most cruel system of oppression in the history of Western Europe, we will stand beside your victims and bid them not to despair.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

## SOME HUMAN ASPECTS OF INDIAN GEOGRAPHY.

IN India the earth and skies are more terrible things than we feel them to be in the temperate zone. Mountains, rivers, deserts, wind, rain, and dew there control with an irresistible compulsion the destinies of man. The configuration of the mighty triangle, nearly equal to all continental Europe less Russia, which juts southward from mid-Asia into the tropical sea, marked it out as a vast isolated field on which the agencies of earth, air, and ocean might wage their warfare on a Titanic scale. It is as if the Almighty had set apart a region of this planet in which the forces of Nature might run to and fro undisturbed and do His bidding. We still behold the rivers rending the rocks, carrying down thousands of millions of tons every year from the distant mountains and causing the dry earth to rise out of the waters. The ancient secrets of land-making are laid bare; the drama of Genesis is acted before our eyes; and we may stand by and witness, as in a stupendous miracle-play, the third morning of the Mosaic creation.

The vastness and isolation of India, walled out by the Himalayas from the rest of the world, and projected nearly two thousand miles into the ocean, enable the elemental forces to carry on their work, with but slight interruptions from local and variable causes. A majestic order is there revealed in all things. Earth and ocean act and react on each other with a regularity of meteorological results here unknown. The solar heat and the evaporation of the surrounding tropical expanse of water produce an almost unvarying procession of phenomena each year. Nor is this imposing uniformity confined to the annual revolutions of heat, wind, and rain. It seems also to disclose itself in more remote cycles spread over longer periods, which are only now coming within the range of continuous research.

The overwhelming forces of Nature have in India at all times pressed

heavily on the imagination and the lot of man. They profoundly influenced his ideas about God. They gave form to his mythology. They shaped his history. They regulate with a minute and imperious discipline his social institutions and his daily life. I shall presently point out the reservations under which such inferences with regard to the influence of Nature upon man must be received. The danger of confounding coincidence with causation can scarcely be eliminated from them. But, subject to this *caveat*, it may be safely said that the stupendous scale of Nature in India, and its uncontrollable forces, authoritatively modified the religious conceptions of the Indian races, and powerfully reacted on their social and industrial economy. Early man found himself too weak to stand alone against Nature. The chances against the individual in India are heavy, and at the same time the general conditions are highly favourable to the increase of the race. Isolation has always been felt to involve too serious risks. The gregarious instinct in man accordingly received a very full development in India, and it still exhibits a remarkable vitality. The ancient human groups have there offered a firm resistance to the centrifugal and isolating tendencies. The Undivided Family maintains much of its old coherence in the midst of a complex system of individual rights. Caste binds together the family groups and the separate trades or handicrafts into strongly organized guilds, or semi-religious semi-industrial corporations, of remote ethnical origin, but with a very practical modern basis of reciprocal obligation, reciprocal supervision, and reciprocal help. The social institutions of India which disclose the most characteristic vitality are those which most effectively discharge the functions of mutual assurance societies. Taken as a whole, they do the work of a poor-law for a dense population, subject to all the calamities of the tropics.

This appears clearly among the agricultural masses, who are most obviously at the mercy of Nature. Until our own time, the village commune was the one stable unit of rural organization in India which raised its head above every succeeding inundation of conquest. And the village commune involved many kinds and degrees of mutual insurance, from a joint responsibility for keeping up the continuous embankment against the river, or for maintaining the common reservoir or irrigation lake, to a joint liability for the revenue, or even a joint distribution of the crops. As the cultivator finds himself better secured against the vicissitudes of the seasons by the scientific appliances of British rule, he grows more self-reliant. When he knows that he can protect his own fields by Government irrigation, or supplement a local failure of crops by grain brought at cheap rates by State railways from other provinces, he insensibly becomes less anxious about his individual risks. It is no longer so necessary for him to spread those risks over a joint village group. One of the strong solvents of corporate village rights in India has been found

to be canal-water. But the most characteristic of the rural institutions of India are still those which act as a mutual assurance against the calamities of Nature and the mischances of life.

Not less masterful has been the influence of the physical geography of India upon its political history. The configuration of the country gave a uniform direction during ages to the invasions of India, and set precise limits to each successive Empire. The dynastic problem in India for hundreds of years preceding our rule was, how to weld together the North and South, in spite of the geographical obstacles. The Mughal Sovereigns staked their empire upon the solution of this problem. They staked and they lost. The fate of previous dynasties had shown that Northern India alone could not permanently withstand the influx of fresh invading races from the hardy breeding grounds of Central Asia. A consolidated India under a vigorous rule might be able to do so. This was the dream of the Mughal dynasty. The last of its great emperors wrecked his armies and his revenues in a fifty years' struggle against the barriers which Nature had set up between the North and South. Out of the magnificent fragments of his empire, the British nation has built up a united India. But it is only in these last days that modern man, with the aid of the railway, the steamship, and the telegraph, is in India emerging victorious from the long struggle with Nature. The dream of the Mughal Emperors has become the reality of British Rule.

In thus summarizing the human aspects of Indian Geography, I have not thought it needful to vindicate this method of treatment. For one of the irresistible conclusions of recent research is that if geography is to keep its place as a progressive science, it must deal not alone with the physical configuration of the earth, but also with the relations of physical configuration to the phenomena of life. This view, after being carefully worked out in Germany has now been accepted in England. The new teaching does not exclude our former conceptions of geographical research. Scientific geography must still, and at all times, be built up on the sound basis of geodetic and topographical work. But it is not the old geography of our school-days, the dry bones of terrestrial mensuration, and the nomenclature of the earth's surface, that the English Universities have now undertaken to teach. It is, to use the name given to it by General Strachey. Applied Geography, or broadly speaking the relations of terrestrial configuration to terrestrial life.

The doctrine of the dependence of life on geographical conditions has been systematically elaborated in connection with plants and the lower animals. But the supreme problem of the action of geographical environment on man is beset with greater difficulties. For while plants and the lower animals can do little to modify their physical surroundings, man does much. He gradually advances from an animal-like dependence upon his environment into a long struggle with Nature ;



a struggle in which millions of his species are destroyed, but from which the most effective races derive an invaluable training and stores of accumulated knowledge. In the final stage, it is difficult to pronounce as to whether man, with the aid of science, more profoundly modifies his environment or is more controlled by it. The problem is no longer one of the direct action of geographical conditions upon life, but of the complex interaction between man and his physical surroundings. When the problem is carried still farther from man as a biological structure to man as a historical development, many new sources of error arise. At each extension of the doctrine of the dependence of life on external conditions into the domain of civilized humanity, it becomes less susceptible of verification. The chain of sequence weakens as it lengthens out.

In such speculations—speculations which cannot be brought to the touchstone of direct experiment—a wise diffidence should govern our speech, and control our conclusions. We can see that in India the majestic scale of Nature, and the overwhelming energies of its forces, have gradually influenced man's conceptions about God. We can see that geographical and climatic conditions have tended to a full development of social and rural institutions of a certain type, and have given to that type a marked degree of vitality. But we cannot yet say, and we shall probably never be able to state, in what precise degree the physical conditions have contributed to the historical result. The great equation of the interaction between man and Nature cannot be determined by any formula of algebra. The finest instruments available for the research still leave its process one of qualitative and not of quantitative analysis. Especially is this the case in regard to the political aspects of Indian geography. We can see that certain river valleys have in the long run determined the line of march of Indian mankind: that certain chains of mountains have in the long run set limits to successive Indian Empires. But on scrutinising the individual episodes of Indian history, we find that in every case purely human and even personal influences have intervened to determine the result. The march of the races has been deflected from the natural route, and turned to the right hand or to the left, by causes quite independent of the geographical conditions. Armies have halted, and the tide of Empire has been turned back, not because a river or a mountain range could not be crossed, but because, as it seemed at the very moment when the natural obstacle would be overcome, an emperor dreamed a dream, or a rebellious son broke out into revolt in a distant province. All that we can establish is, that the constant factor of geographical configuration has in certain definite directions slowly, steadily, and powerfully controlled the course of Indian history.

The first essential for the study of this historical movements of mankind in India is, therefore, a knowledge at once comprehensive and exact, of Indian geography. That knowledge has, during the

past, eighty-eight years, been supplied by a series of operations conducted by the Government, with a magnitude of resource and with a continuity of effort which have no parallel in the annals of research. The trigonometrical mensuration of the Indian continent as a whole, its topographical delineation province by province, a geological survey of its land-structure, a marine survey of its coast and ocean approaches, astronomical observations, and a strongly organized meteorological department, have accumulated invaluable materials for the scientific geographer. Nor have the investigations stopped short at the phenomena of inert matter. The plant-life of India, and certain divisions of its animal life, have been comprehensively studied; the archaeological survey has revealed the progress of man in the past; the statistical survey exhibits the population district by district, and systematically records the conditions—physical, moral, and economical—of human life in the present. While Germany has been elaborating, with admirable industry, the principles of Applied Geography, England may claim to have stored up in India materials on an unrivalled scale for the practical structure of the science, from the initial stage of geodetic mensuration to the final problem of the influence of terrestrial environment upon man.

I think that every Englishman may look back with a sense of national exultation to what his countrymen in India have accomplished on behalf of human knowledge during the past eighty years. It is impossible to overrate the political benefits which British rule has, during this period, conferred on the Indian races; and even those natives of India who are desirous for a more sympathetic development of our Indian system of government are most forward in acknowledging its claims on their loyalty and gratitude. But while we know that we have ruled righteously, our national habit of self-depreciation sometimes leads us to underrate what may be termed the intellectual aspects of our Indian government. The scientific and geographical work done by our countrymen in India during the present century forms an unanswerable protest against such despondency.

I shall now summarize a few of the inductions which may with safety be drawn from this great magazine of research. India was marked out from primeval times as a continent which the races of mankind were destined to reach by three definite routes. The sea-coast of Lower Bengal, and the comparatively open approach by its eastern hill frontier, gave an easy access from the south-east. The evidence proves that in a pre-historic period successive migrations entered India by these eastern routes, and brought with them dialects which, after infinite processes of mutation and decay, still establish their relationship with the human groups to which the nations of Eastern Asia, from Burma to China, belong. This advancing tide of races from the south-east was encountered at a very early period by an inflow of population through the mountain passes of the distant north-west. The huge wall of

the Himalayas along the north of India seems to have allowed of little intermediate influx from Central Asia. The population of India, like the rivers of India, could only find entrance into the peninsula by skirting round the Himalayas at the extreme east or the extreme west of that mighty mountain barrier. The tide of non-Aryan mankind flowing up the Gangetic valley from the south-east was eventually encountered by the inundation of Aryan mankind entering the Gangetic valley from the north-west. A process of enslavement or of incorporation took place under Aryan supremacy. Masses of the defeated non-Aryans were pushed out of the Gangetic basin into the hills which surround it, and especially into the mountains and table-lands of Central India on the south. But even down to our own century, the south-eastern non-Aryan races kept constantly pushing in from the coast and eastern border of Lower Bengal. The Muhammadans had for a time to fix their military capital of Lower Bengal at Dacca, in the unhealthy eastern delta, to repress these movements. Our first maps of that country delineate large tracts bare of inhabitants with the words written across them "depopulated by the Maghs." It was not till the British in 1821-26 broke the power of Burmah, and annexed the eastern province of Assam and the coast of Arakan, that invasions from the south-east ceased out of Indian history.

The third great approach to India was by the Arabian Sea. The difficulties attending ancient navigation rendered this route an almost inaccessible one, for military purposes, till about one thousand years ago. From the time of the Roman empire merchant fleets had traded between the Red Sea and India. But it was not till the religion of Muhammad gave its momentous impulse to the peoples of Arabia, that invasions in force commenced by the sea. From the eighth to the eighteenth centuries of our era, however, such invasions became a historical factor of increasing importance. They led to the formation and to the maintenance of Muhammadan States and kingdoms in Western and South-Western India, which played a decisive rôle in the destinies of the whole Indian continent. But for this Muhammadan element in Southern India, the pirate Musalman strongholds on the coast, and the strong Musalman monarchies inland, it seems probable that a Hindu race, the Marathas, would at this moment be dividing the sovereignty of the peninsula with the British. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the sea became the great highway for the conquest of India. The two ancient land-routes of invasion from the North-West and the South-East are now closed. It is by no chance that Burma and Afghanistan have formed two of the permanent problems of British rule in India. The absence of a strong natural frontier between Burma and the Bengal coast compelled the actual annexation of the Burmese maritime provinces. The existence of such a strong frontier between India and Afghanistan renders milder measures possible, and has enabled us to bar the path of

invasion from the North-West by firmly holding the passes, without the necessity of annexing the country beyond them.

The geographical configuration of India had not only defined the three routes by which the peninsula should be reached. It had also prescribed the distribution of the masses of mankind who flowed in. India was marked out by Nature for four distinct seats of ancient empire, and for four ancient lands of refuge for the defeated races. The delta and rich lower valleys of the Ganges, like the delta and rich lower valleys of the Nile, seem to have been appointed as a nursery for the human race. Nor can there be a doubt that Lower Bengal would have become a centre of non-Aryan civilization, which might have greatly modified our conceptions of the possibilities of Turanian mankind, if that province had been allowed to work out its own development. But the increasing pressure of the Aryan races from the north interrupted the process. The climatic conditions of Lower Bengal, although favourable to the growth of wealth and to the increase of the species, are unfavourable to the physical development of the individual man. When, therefore, wave after wave of hardier tribes poured through the North-Western passes from the highlands of Central Asia, and pushed their predecessors down the Gangetic valley, the non-Aryans of the South-East succumbed in the impact of the races.

For meanwhile a second great seat of civilization had established itself in the north. The upper valleys of the Ganges and its affluents, together with the river margins of the Punjab, were marked out not less distinctly than Bengal as a scene for the early progress of mankind. The soil, although less perennially recuperative, was abundantly rich for the wants of a not too dense population. Any inferiority in fertility was compensated by a climate more favourable to robust physical development. From the traditional Indian point of view, the subjugation of the non-Aryan races of the south-east by the Aryan races from the north-west was final and complete. From the point of view of literary and philosophical culture, the north was also triumphant. The Aryans of the north-west appear as having given their religion, their philosophy, their poetry to all India. But modern critical research proves that the result was really a coalition rather than a conquest. There are indications that the great Buddhist religion, which dominated India for nearly a thousand years, was the product of the Eastern Kingdom of the Gangetic basin rather than the north-western, and that it was profoundly influenced in its political history and its organization by the non-Aryan races. It is certain that the mediæval Hinduism which succeeded Buddhism, and that the modern Hinduism of our own day, derive their practical structure scarcely less from non-Aryan than from Aryan conceptions and rites.

The third region of India, marked out by Nature as a seat of early

civilization, was the delta of the Indus, and the country around the mouths of the two great rivers, the Tapti and the Nerbada, which debouch into the Gulf of Cambay. Geographical configuration had, however, set narrower limits to the primitive progress of mankind in these tracts. The sandy plains of the Indus, with their adjacent deserts forming an almost rainless meteorological belt, and the mountainous background which rises at no great distance inland from the mouths of the Tapti and Nerbada, were prohibitive of the vast movements of races to which the broad fertile basin of the Ganges gave free play. Liability to sea-invasion from Arabia or the Persian Gulf, and to devastations from the pirate strongholds down the Indian coast, contributed with the silting up of the Gulf of Cambay to still further restrict the area of these western maritime seats of Indian civilization. After figuring prominently during ten centuries, from Alexander the Great's progress through Sind (325 B.C.) to the Buddhist Pilgrim's account of the court and kingdom of Valabhi (630-640 A.D.), the kingdoms of the northern Bombay coast were eventually absorbed by the great Muhammadan Empire which had its centre in the upper valleys of the Ganges.

The fourth seat of ancient Indian civilization was marked out with even greater precision. The lofty mountain ranges which run down the south-western coast render it impossible for the drainage of the inner hills and table-lands to find an exit on that side. A narrow fertile strip borders the ocean, but it is walled out from the rest of India by the Western Ghats, literally, colossal landing-stairs from the sea. This narrow strip, although admirably suited for pirate strongholds, did not give room for any extensive ancient empire. The rain which falls upon the peaks overhanging the Bombay sea-board has to search out for itself a course of many hundreds of tortuous miles till it reaches the Bay of Bengal. In this way the three great rivers of the Madras presidency—namely, the Godavari, the Kistna, and the Kaveri, rise in the mountain wall which arrests the monsoon rains on the Bombay coast, and they traverse the whole breadth of the central table-land to the eastern shores of India. A series of powerful Hindu kingdoms arose in the well-watered and comparatively open regions of south-eastern India, with outlyers as far north as the delta of the Mahanadi. They were succeeded, from the fourteenth century of our era onwards, by a shifting congeries of Muhammadan States, among which the five great Musulman kingdoms of the south stand out pre-eminent. The battle of Talikot in 1565 finally transferred the sovereignty of Southern India from the Hindus to the Muhammadans. But the Muhammadan dynasties of the south were influenced by direct maritime intercourse with the Persian Gulf, and in the end differed profoundly in their political views and religious beliefs from the Muhammadans who had entered India by the north-western passes, and who founded the empire of Delhi. To an orthodox

Suni emperor of the north, like Aurangzeb, a Shia dynasty in the south was almost as hatefully heretical as were the Hindu infidels themselves. Political expediency combined with religious differences to render the conquest of the Muhammadan kingdoms of the south a necessity for the Muhammadan empire of the north. After a struggle prolonged over more than a century, at the very moment when victory seemed within the grasp of the Delhi Sovereign, the geographical barriers fixed by Nature between the north and the south decided the fate of Hindustan. The Muhammadan dynasties alike of the north and the south were broken in the long conflict, and the Hindu Marathas rushed forth from their mountains and became for a time the masters of India.

I have mentioned that India was marked out by its physical configuration, not only for four separate seats of early empire, but also for four refuge lands for the defeated races. As successive waves of invaders poured in during three thousand years from the north-west, the early inhabitants were gradually pushed aside to right and left out of the Gangetic basin. Some of them sought shelter in the lower ranges of the Himalayas on the north. Others found new homes amid the mountains and valleys and table-lands of Central India; and there worked out a tribal political organization of their own. The deserts and oases of Rajputana afforded, at a later period, a refuge-land to the chivalrous Hindu tribes who disdained to yield to a Muhammadan invader. In Southern India a hardy breed of men grew up among the ranges and highlands which rise from the Bombay coast. This indigent peasantry, bred in the discipline of a scanty soil and a severe husbandry, disclosed, in the sixteenth century, a capacity for consolidation under military chief, and of docile guidance by astute Brahmans imported from the fertile maritime strip which lay between their highlands and the sea. Thus consolidated, they became the Maratha race. The Mughal emperors, in their attempt to conquer the south, had not only to overcome the barriers of desert and forest and mountain, but also the indomitable Hindu highlanders. Their failure in the attempt formed the turning-point of India's history.

The subsequent history of India, during the period of British sway, ceases to be a narrative of how the geographical conditions controlled the movements of man. It becomes the record of that series of splendid efforts by which the British rulers, aided by modern science, have overcome the obstacles of Nature. Of the three routes of invasion into India, the two land routes from the south-east and north-west have been closed by British rule. The third, or ocean highway, is commanded by British fleets. Even if Russia, or any other power, were now to force an entrance through the north-western passes, she would find on the Indian side of the defiles not alone the troops of the Delhi throne, but the array of a united India. For the old barriers set up by Nature between the northern and the southern

kingdoms of India have been thrown down. North and South have been bound together by the masterful appliances of British rule; by the railway, the steamship, the telegraph; but, above all, by a strong central Government, which has the wisdom not to strain too severely the forces of centralization. This is the great change in the attitude of India to the outward world. For it is a united India that any invader would now have to encounter. This also is the great change in the internal politics of India. For the consolidation of India renders the uprising of any new military power or confederacy in the four ancient lands of refuge, such as the uprising of the Rajputs and Marathas, which gave the death-blow to the Mughal Empire, a modern impossibility.

Yet the geographical conditions of ancient India have bequeathed to us the problem which forms the vital Indian question of the close of this century. Will there ever be a united India? German statesmen, down to the past twenty years, were wont to laugh at the idea of a united Germany: German poets to despair of it. One of the greatest of them asserted that there was no such country as Germany, and no such nation as the German nation. There were a number of separate countries and peoples, divided by their past history, by their present interests, and by their religious views of the future life, who covered a geographical area erroneously called Germany. We hear exactly the same things said about India at the present day. The ancient barriers imposed by geographical conditions have indeed left a legacy of disunion to the races and provinces of India. Some able men tell us that there is no India. They are the men who look to the past. Other able men speak, perhaps too confidently, of a united Indian nation. They are the men who look to the future. The facts and the duties of the present lie between these views. I, for one, do not look forward to an India which will be a single State. But I do look forward to an India firmly knit together into a great empire. For I can see an India in which the ancient barriers, that Nature had set up against unity, have been thrown down. I see an India in which ample scope is given in each Province for the local management of local affairs, yet in which the revenues and the armies of all provinces are available for the political needs and the military defence of the united Indian empire. Above all, I see an India in which the long-divided races are at this moment awakening to the first impulses of a common national life—impulses which have sprung, not from a common resistance to oppression, but from a sense of united interests under a righteous government, and of united loyalty to a wise and beloved Sovereign. Seeing these things in the present—things that were never before seen in India—and knowing how our countrymen have solved the hard problems of a divided India in the past, I look forward, not without anxiety, but certainly without fear, to the united India of the future.

W. W. HUNTER.

## THE EAST END.

**T**HE horrible murders in Whitechapel and the neighbourhood have drawn a good deal of fresh attention to East London, and it has been even suggested that these atrocities are no unnatural outcome of the degraded lives and surroundings of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. I entirely reject any such idea. If the perpetrator of these horrors is an inhabitant of the district at all (and there is nothing to show that he is), he is simply a monstrosity, an abnormal phenomenon of insane or diabolical brutality, and certainly not a supreme and culminating outgrowth of a pre-existing state of depravity.

Nevertheless, some phases of the hidden life of East London have been dragged out into the light, and they are not exactly pleasant to look upon. And people are talking and speculating upon the moral and spiritual state of the people, and drawing conclusions from extremely insufficient premises, and forming very decided opinions upon the most limited amount of knowledge. To me it seems that the more one knows of such a region as East London, the more difficult it is to come to any very positive or conclusive opinion as to its real condition. True, it is rather more homogeneous than other populations of the same magnitude, being more largely composed of one class—the hard-workers—and less diluted by admixture of the cultivated and leisurely. It might, therefore, be expected to yield more definite results to the inspection of the moralist who would gauge its condition and tabulate its elements of good or evil. And yet I know nothing so perplexing as to attempt any generalisations of the sort. One is changing one's mind day by day. No two districts, or parishes, or sets of people, are alike. I have walked down Hare Street, Bethnal Green, or Commercial Street, Spitalfields, on a



summer Sunday afternoon, when everybody is out in the street, and I have thought, as I have glanced in passing on the faces of the lounging men and lads, and of the tawdry women and girls, Is there any hope of these? I have gone to gatherings of men in clubs and schools, to parish teas, and mothers' meetings, in all sorts of places. and I have thought, Where will you find a heartier, friendlier, pleasanter lot of people than these? And yet a district like East London has a character of its own. It is pretty much as it is with a nation. A man who has spent a month in Paris, and another who has spent a month in some quiet French village in the heart of the country, will give you very diverse accounts of the character and habits of French people. And yet we do all of us instinctively assign a certain character to the French, drawing an induction from as varied sources as we can, and coming to a conclusion rather from the excesses or defects of various qualities in the people we have known or read about than from any broad, clear, sharply marked national characteristics. So in East London; with all its varying types, and diversity of conditions, I do not think it quite hopeless to get some general idea of its moral and spiritual condition by drawing a wide and liberal induction.

In the first place, whatever vices and miseries there are, it is improving, steadily improving, rapidly improving. Of this there is abundant evidence. I know the "Bitter Cry" told us the poor were getting poorer, the wretched more wretched, the wicked more wicked. Nothing can be more diametrically opposed to fact. Every available test contradicts such sensational and unfounded assertions. I will give an example of similar exaggeration. After I was nominated to East London, but before I entered upon my duties, I presided at a Temperance Meeting at Oswestry, at which Mr. Gough, "the American orator," was to give an "oration." He began his "oration" by saying he would describe a scene in East London. This made me very attentive, for I was full of my future work, and very anxious to glean all I could about it. He asked us to accompany him by night to Ratcliff Highway. (This I knew from the map was in the very heart of my future district.) He has with him a friend, and a policeman in plain clothes. At a corner of a street the policeman bids them stand still and listen. "And I will tell you," (said Mr. Gough) "what we heard. We heard oaths and curses; we heard laughter, but there was no merriment in it; we heard music, but there was no tune in it; we heard the shuffling of poor women's feet coming to the public-house to seek for their drunken husbands—Murder!" (This at the very top of his voice, making us all jump.) "Stand still, gentlemen, stand still; this happens every five minutes in these parts," (This the policeman, in a rapid whisper.) "And then we saw a drunken savage reel out of a gin-palace, and with a back-hander fling his sickly careworn wife into the gutter, and, as she got up wiping the

blood from her poor face, the brute reeled into the gin-palace again—to *enjoy himself*.” I never can go to such a place as that, I thought. However I did go, and one of my earliest Sundays I spent in seeing what sort of a place Ratcliff Highway was. I had to preach at St. George’s-in-the-East in the morning, and at Wapping in the evening, and, after early dinner, I asked the well-known popular Rector of St. George’s, Mr. Harry Jones, to show me something of his parish. So out we strolled into Ratcliff Highway. It was not long before we heard music, some very hearty singing proceeding from a Sailors’ Home we were passing. There was plenty of tune in it too, for the singers were singing Moody and Sankey’s hymns. So in we went, and sat down with a roomful of sailors, and sang with them. We did not know what we were in for, however; for when the singing stopped, a very young man got up and preached a very long sermon. I don’t like long sermons, but we could not go out without seeming rude, so we sat it out like men. It was not a bad sermon of its kind, but it was all about dying that night, and I did wish he would say something about living next day. Well, when he sat down, I got up, and just in a few words said who I was, and why I was there, and told them I wanted to be friends with them all; and so we passed on to various other scenes in streets and lodging-houses, everywhere received in so friendly a way that I already began to be very suspicious of Mr. Gough and his policeman in plain clothes. Of course, a Sunday afternoon is not the same as a week-day night; but I have been through Ratcliff Highway at all sorts of hours since, and, though I have met one or two noisy and quarrelsome Lascars there, yet I never met with the slightest incivility, or saw anything to shock me; and twice, when Mr. Harry Jones was ill, sailors have come up to me in Ratcliff Highway, shaken my hand, and asked me if I could tell them how the Rector was. And they have actually changed the name, and call it “St. George’s Street” now! It was supposed, I imagine, that a change of name would add to its respectability; just as the people of Rugeley wanted to change the name of their town, after the execution of Palmer the murderer. They should have left the name alone till it had acquired a good odour. It is a very decent street now.

Let me give some more tangible evidence of improvement. The Charity Organization Society held a Commission in November 1886, in order to report upon the so-called “exceptional distress” of the previous winter and the administration of the Mansion House Relief Fund, and their Report contains some very interesting information. An exceptionally competent witness, Mr. Vallance, clerk to the White-chapel Union, speaking of the artisans and superior workmen, says: “The social state of these men has improved with an improvement which has reached also to those of a lower grade than themselves. I don’t know that they are earning more wages” (he is comparing the

years 1870 and 1886), "but the conditions of their life have improved during the last sixteen years." The public-house trade has gone down very much; there is more sobriety, and more thrift, and workers among the poor say that rents are paid with great regularity." Mr. Dove, a master-builder, says: "The artisan is now far more respectable. Every man in our shop is rather a gentleman to what he was thirty years ago. It was the rule to find these men keeping Saint Monday, and Saint Tuesday too. Such a thing never occurs now, and they go out with their black clothes. They have given up their fustian and corduroy." If it is replied that this describes only a high class of workmen, this is true; but then Mr. Vallance's remark as to the improvement in one class reaching also to a lower is most instructive, for it is an indisputable social law that each class, as it rises to a better state, draws up the class next below it. There is another little item of evidence in the same report, which reveals a remarkable change in the attitude of at least a considerable body of working men towards the Church. Mr. Roberts, another master-builder, in speaking of the dislike of the men he employed to apply to the Relief Committee of the Mansion House Fund, being asked whether one reason of this was not a "widespread animosity against the clergy," replied, "I think the old animosity against the clergy is gone." To mention another testimony: Mr. George R. Sims maintains most strongly, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, that the younger generation of mothers is a vast improvement on the older, the rooms being kept cleaner, more taste being shown in little matters of ornament, such as window-flowers, and the children being more neatly dressed, and sent more regularly to school. I have, indeed, met with no one who has known East London for the last twenty years who is not perfectly clear as to the great improvement that has taken place in every direction. I have not myself known East London long enough to be able to note the changes so apparent to others, but I have been astonished at the friendliness and kindness of the people, even in the worst parishes. There is no active hostility to religion. If there is not much active sympathy in many parts, there is no discourtesy, and the Clergy, District Visitors, Sisters, Deaconesses, Scripture Readers, &c., are everywhere received in the most friendly manner. I do not pretend that this friendliness is always disinterested, nor do I pretend that it is easy to get beyond mere friendliness in most cases, but this friendliness is itself a change from what would have been found a quarter of a century ago. One who knows East London as it is now finds it hard to believe that Bishop Blomfield could have been hooted and pelted when he went to lay the foundation stone of the first of his twelve new Bethnal Green churches. A Bryan King or a Charles Lowder would have a very unexciting time of it now.

I will only mention one or two more little facts, which show that innate courtesy and thorough honesty are not virtues to be looked for only at the West End. When the Rev. Hugh Huleatt was Vicar of St. John's, Bethnal Green, he arranged a number of dinner-parties, to which he invited his own friends and a number of the working men and women of his parish. These dinners were held in a large parish room, but everything was arranged exactly as in a private gentleman's own house. I have dined at one of these dinners, and as regards manners and courtesy really there was little difference to be noted between the different classes of guests. Then as regards honesty: a pawnbroker, whose business was very much with the poor of Bethnal Green, told me the women were singularly honest and trustworthy; while, to the credit of the other sex, two labourers in Bethnal Green, who obtained relief from the Mansion House Relief Fund in 1885, brought back the money they had received, having unexpectedly found work.

I have been trying to show that there has been much improvement of late in East London. Yet things are bad enough still. There is a stratum of society which is horribly corrupt, and in which low repulsive vice has its home. It could not be otherwise where so vast a mass of the least well-off, as well as of the least educated and least refined, are herded together so closely. Mr. Charles Booth, in his very careful Report upon the state of the working-classes in the Tower Hamlets, calculates that 1·51 per cent. of the population belong to the lowest stratum of all—loafers, semi-criminals, street-sellers, street-performers, and homeless outcasts; while as many as 11·35 per cent. are, as a class, thriftless, living from hand to mouth, pleasure-loving, and always poor. Mr. Arnold White, who has made dock-labourers his study, divides them into three classes, and roughly reckons that of 100 dock-labourers (the lowest class of labourers, whose work is uncertain, intermittent, and spasmodic), about twenty are honest men, who have come down to this through no fault of their own, forty are more or less incapable, being morally and physically feeble, while forty are "hopelessly submerged." It is this "residuum," which, being in evidence from time to time, is taken by many, who know little or nothing of the general life and character of East Londoners, as typical of the whole district. There could not be a greater blunder. The vast majority of the inhabitants live quiet respectable lives of hard work, and deserve no more to be called vicious or degraded than the inhabitants of Mayfair. They are no great church-goers in the East, it is true. Fashion is dead against it. An astonishingly small proportion of labouring men attend any place of worship. Rather more women go. But I do not think we can gauge the real character of a people by this test. Suppose a man goes to church in the West End because it is the fashion, and another man stays away from church in

the East End because it is the fashion, is there much to choose between them? If the motive characterises the action, I do not see that the one who goes has any right to boast over the one who does not go. And then, notwithstanding this absence of public profession of religion, there are some moral virtues very conspicuous among the people. They are beautifully kind and generous to one another, and there is a certain rough, honest independence among them, which has led to their being compared to Yorkshiremen.

With regard to religion, no doubt some, and some of the more thoughtful and intelligent, have accepted the destructive teaching of the secularists, but a very large proportion seem to be in a state of neutrality. They do not reject all ideas of religion; indeed they accept some of the simpler and more elementary truths; but they have very vague and misty conceptions of what Christianity really is. It was said to me, when I first went up to London in 1879, that, if I wished to know how much religion the ordinary working man accepted, I should study George Sims' Ballads and Tales, since they exactly hit off the average mind of the class for which he writes. Now, though some of these clever writings are not quite what we should like to leave about on our drawing-room tables, yet they do acknowledge a God, and prayer, and repentance, and, in short, are on the side of right. I have seen too how ready a response is always evoked by the simple, manly, straightforward teaching of the true Gospel message of love and hope. A large number of the people have got hold of a strange travesty of Christianity, which they suppose to be the teaching of the Bible and the Church. No doubt this is in a great measure the not unnatural result of very defective teaching on the part of the Church in the past. But it is curious enough that a hard, narrow ultra-Calvinism, which has vanished from our pulpits, should have survived in the traditional conceptions of our teaching accepted by the ignorant and unfriendly. I have known a professed atheist, a lecturer against the Bible and Christianity, after hearing a simple sermon upon the love of God in Christ, declare that he had never heard of a God of that sort before, and allow that, if what he had listened to was true, he had been all wrong. And it is quite common to hear men assert that the Bible and Christianity teach that God has made most men for eternal destruction. Nor is there a more frequent complaint against religion than that which accuses it of being concerned only with another world, which is a long way off, if it exists at all, while it leaves men in their sin and suffering in this world unaided for and unhelped. You will find three out of every four of the working men surprised and incredulous when you tell them that "the kingdom of heaven" is a present kingdom, and not a future one only, and is here among them to help and guide and care for them. Of course, where these false ideas prevail we cannot expect to find much attrac-

tion to Christianity. . But, as I said, when larger, juster, worthier ideas of God, and of His truth, are once recognized and laid hold of, there is a ready, and sometimes a startling response.

Another hopeful thing is the genuine gratitude of the people for any real service. I may illustrate this by a story which I heard the late Lord Shaftesbury tell shortly before his death. Many years before, a young clergyman, who had been appointed to one of the most wretched parishes in the diocese, wrote to him to ask his advice as to dealing with such a hopeless parish. Lord Shaftesbury answered that he did not think much of a doctor who prescribed for a patient without seeing him, so he would pay his correspondent a visit. He did so, and walked about the parish, and then said, "If I were in your place I should start a ragged school." "But I have no money," said the poor young Vicar. "Well, I will think it over, and write to you," said Lord Shaftesbury. And in a day or two he wrote and told the Vicar he was sure he was right, and he might draw on him for £100. The school was at once started, and filled well. But the people would not come to church. So the Vicar resolved to preach in the open air, and, fixing on a low court in the worst part of the parish, made it known he was coming there to preach after his church service on Sunday night, and had the benches from the school taken there. When he came to the spot he was dismayed to see the front bench occupied by a number of notorious roughs, and felt quite sure they had come to disturb the service and make a row. However, to his infinite relief, all went off quietly and well. At the end he stepped down and spoke to the leader of this gang, said he was very glad to see him, but had not expected it, and asked him what had brought him. The man said, "Well, sir, you've been very good to our little kids, so I said to my mates, 'Parson's going to preach in —— Court on Sunday night. It's a roughish place. Let's go and see fair play.' That's what's brought us." Again, the astonishing way in which "Father Lowder" won the hearts of the people of St. Peter's, London Docks, proves that they are not without the grace of gratitude. They knew he would do anything for them, and that they could not offend him; and they loved him heartily. The scene at his funeral at Chislehurst was itself a sufficient proof that these rough fellows are to be won.

I have on several occasions gone round at night with the present Bishop of Bedford, when he was Rector of Spitalfields, to his various homes for men and boys rescued from the low lodging-houses, in which his work was so remarkable; and I never saw loving care and thought (even though tempered with a good deal of pretty strict discipline) repaid with warmer gratitude or brighter welcomes.

Then I can speak with admiration of the thorough earnestness and

reality of East Londoners. They do not affect religion, for it does not answer. They do not play at religion, for life is a hard, stern thing to them. But, if they take up with religion, they *mean it*. They count the cost, and the cost is heavy. They pay for the step they have taken in ridicule and persecution. I have addressed congregations of men, all of whom have gone through much for the sake of their religion, and the grip of whose hand-shaking at the door did one good, though one winced a little at the moment. I have constantly been quite uplifted by the sight of a number of strong, full-grown, perhaps middle-aged, men, coming among the lads and girls to Confirmation, and bravely confessing Christ before men. Three times I have had a churchwarden march up to be confirmed at the head of the candidates.

I do not know that it proves very much that is positive beyond a general spirit of friendliness, but it certainly proves that the men are not the untamed ruffians some who do not know them suppose that I have received a hearty welcome when on several occasions I have gone to give addresses in their clubs. I was from the first most anxious to find opportunities of meeting the working-men, who were never found in church, and speaking to them face to face, and Mr. Thornhill Webber, the present Bishop of Brisbane, made the happy suggestion that I should ask the admirable choir of my City church, St. Andrew's Undershaft, to give them a little concert at one of their clubs, with an address from myself between the parts. I went in this way to out-and-out Radical clubs (I would go anywhere for such a chance), and, though it was just a little rough from the crowding, and the chairman had to exercise some firmness in keeping order, I myself was received far more cordially than I could have expected; and at one of the clubs I was asked to urge the clergy to come among them, and speak to them, as they would be glad to know them better. I wish this invitation were more often responded to.

These political clubs must not be confounded with the many, and constantly increasing, clubs for working men partly managed by the clergy and their lay workers. It is unhappily a necessity, at least for the present, to lean upon clerical, or at least parochial, management. The men are not yet strong enough to stand alone. I at one time strongly advocated working-men's clubs managed by themselves, but experience has shown me that, instead of training the men in self-restraint and some simple forms of discipline, circumstances are too strong for them, and these clubs quickly drift into mere drinking and gambling clubs. The semi-parochial clubs are, however, a vast engine for good, bringing the more cultured and refined into contact with the rougher element of East London life in all directions. There are such clubs now, with their reading-rooms, bagatelle, billiards, and affiliated cricket, football, and swimming clubs, in hundreds of

parishes, and the "Oxford House," in Bethnal Green, has not only large clubs of its own, with a roll of 1200 members, but has also a union of affiliated clubs with a total of 3392 members. It is always a pleasure to go into these clubs, and their simple rules are in themselves an education to a class that has known little of restraint in language and manners. It is worth mentioning, as refuting a very prevalent opinion that a non-drinking club cannot be made to pay, that the "University Club," the largest of those managed by the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, in which no strong drink is allowed, is in a most flourishing financial state, and also has an equally flourishing co-operative society incorporated with it. All information about this club can be obtained from P. R. Buchanan, Esq., the hon. secretary, whose address is "University Club, Bethnal Green."

One of my latest experiences in East London was an introduction to, and enrolment in, a "Fathers' Meeting," conducted by the vicar's wife, in the parish of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East. I twice visited this somewhat novel society of seventy or eighty poor working men, all of them fathers, and very hearty and pleasant and friendly they were. After my first visit I received a parcel containing a pair of red leather slippers, with a letter, beginning, "Dear fellow-further," which puzzled me a good deal, till I made out that it was from a shoemaker out of work, a member of this "Fathers' Meeting," who explained that, having nothing to do, he measured my foot with his eye, and had made me the slippers, and remained "Your affectionate fellow-farther, A. B."

I have kept in view throughout the lower strata of East London life, because to these public attention is at present more especially directed, and in these, consisting as they do of the vast majority, the many perplexing problems, which so many are seeking to solve, present themselves. It must never be forgotten that East London embraces a large range of social grades, and that there are not wanting elements of strong intellectual energy, and even of artistic refinement. It is to the class capable of receiving higher education and culture, consisting largely of the young teachers of Board schools and other schools, clerks, intelligent mechanics, and the like, that Toynbee Hall, with its singularly energetic, incessant, and many-sided activities, largely devotes itself. I know few more interesting experiments than that of the "Wadham House," which is simply an adjacent group of model lodging-houses, taken by Toynbee Hall, and sub-let (I need not say without profit) to *working-men students*, every occupier of a room being pledged to attend some evening classes of instruction. If you wish to see the most intelligent and cultured phase of East London life, you should ask to spend an evening at Toynbee Hall. If you would rather become acquainted with a rougher and less polished element, the Oxford House men will readily intro-



duce you to it. And an evening visit to the People's Palace will show you another picture full of deepest interest, numbers of classes working away heart and soul at all sorts of subjects, with the recreative element, thoroughly well organized and enthusiastically appreciated, yet holding, as it is right and wholesome it should hold, "a secondary place in this great undertaking. There is no doubt that this bold experiment, suggested by Mr. Walter Besant's most amusing romance, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," but brought to its present state of practical efficiency mainly by the energy and untiring labour of Sir Edmund Currie, is already a splendid success. At the same time, no one who knows anything of the inhabitants of East London would suppose that it either has, or is likely to have, any direct influence upon the lower strata of the population. It lies on a level above costermongers, dock labourers, and factory girls. But, as has been already said, whatever raises one class does indirectly and eventually raise other classes below it.

The factory-girls are a hard nut to crack. They are very rough, coarse in language, independent, and impatient of restraint. Their lives and habits, like the lives and habits of duchesses, are moulded upon the public opinion of their class. Unfortunately that public opinion is exceedingly tolerant of things that should not be, and it is no easy task to influence or regulate that public opinion. Then there comes in, even here, the same social difficulty which may be observed at the other end of the social scale—the difficulty of social grades and cliques, so that the artificial flower-girls cannot be invited to meet the jam-girls, and the jam-girls look down upon the match-girls, and the match-girls have no idea of associating with the rope-girls. You must therefore have a good many separate agencies at work, and I fear little has been as yet done to win, and help, and humanize, and Christianize, these poor girls. Yet they are very open to kindly influence, and I have seldom spoken to a more interesting or appreciative audience, though I have often spoken to a less noisy one, than that of a thousand factory girls, whom Dr. Barnardo once allowed me to address in the "Edinburgh Castle."

And now I must bring forward two or three witnesses, whose opinions are worth having, and whom I have asked to write to me and to tell me what conclusions they have come to as to the moral and spiritual state of East London.

The present Bishop of Bedford, late Rector of Spitalfields, writes thus of his former parish, which consists in a large measure of low, common lodging-houses:—

"The atmosphere is certainly greatly improved—marvellously so—within the last ten years. There is a better tone. As to open immorality, it is bad now, but not nearly so bad as it was. There is no hostility to religion—quite the contrary; but there is an increasing objection to a great deal of the poor

diluted stuff that was once the only Gospel they ever heard. The teachers have improved, and the taught have thereby benefited. They feel now that it is not Christianity that has caused their sufferings, but the want of Christianity on the part of those who call themselves Christians. They feel they have sympathy, and that their unhappy conditions are deplored, and that it is Christian people who are seeking to mend them, and who are no longer content with a Gospel which is only to save them hereafter, but preach a Gospel which has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. There is less reckless helplessness, less indifference, and very little open hostility. They are a really grateful class, and are improved by seeing that the hypocrite is not encouraged, but is the man against whom 'Woe' is denounced, and not the poor fellow who is the miserable victim of sin and misfortune. I am very hopeful, but there must be no relaxation of effort, or we go back at once."

The Rev. A. J. Robinson, Rector of Whitechapel, writes :—

"Whitechapel is decidedly not excessively corrupt." [And, after tracing the beginning of the great transformation which had taken place to the incumbency of Mr. Champneys, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, he adds :—]—"I really think that it would hardly be possible to go anywhere in the world and find a more sincere and warm-hearted body of Christians than the Communicants of this parish. We have just revised our list, and find we have over 500 regular Communicants. Our congregations are large. At a week-night service, when I catechize grown-up people, the number is from 180 to 200. We have 70 Sunday-school teachers *from ourselves*. The Temperance Society and many other branches of work are all carried on, under the Clergy, by the people themselves. We have evangelists among our own working-men, some of them working in other parts, both at home and abroad. A parish can hardly be so very bad that can show these fruits. I am very sanguine about the state of this parish. As to those who are not worshippers in our Church, or rarely so, I am sure, from my experience, they have *no hatred* to religion or to the Church, or to the parsons. A young curate, who has just come, says his first week's work has astonished him: everywhere he is well received and welcomed. He expected everything very bad, and is perfectly astounded. I have never heard a word of insult or blasphemy when preaching in the open air or working among the people. My own firm conviction is that, given certain conditions, religion would make great progress. The fault, I think, is not in the people, but in the lack of efficient and sufficient workers. There is not a single court where we have not had service this summer, and *everywhere* the people welcome us. Poor dear Whitechapel! It is terribly maligned; but I am sure there are as bright specimens of true Christian life here as in any parish in the kingdom. I only wish people who write about East London would condescend to learn the real state of things. I think our bad points are *more risible*, and therefore people infer we are far worse than others. For instance, drunkenness and immorality are simply, from the nature of the houses and crowding of the people, *public*. Every one knows what in the West it is easy to conceal."

The Rev. Edwyn Hoskyns, Rector of Stepney, writes :—

"I find my opinion constantly changing according to the district I am in. As I walk through many of the congested districts I can imagine nothing worse. The aged drunken women, the debauched look of girls, the brutal appearance of men, and the terrible language of children, make a fearful picture. But thus to depict the East End would be absolutely untrue. And this is where the outside world is so at fault. It will not

believe that a very large area of the East End is occupied by a population very well dressed, and of real sterling character. This lower middle section, embracing the upper ranks of the artisans, is the strength of the East End, and marked by a free, honest, independent spirit, very pleasant to deal with. From these ranks come our Church workers and Sunday School teachers. There is a real dignity and grace, I might without exaggeration call it an aristocratic bearing, amongst many of the women and young girls, which is frequently lacking in the West End drawing-room. They are pure, modest, and strong. I attribute this, to some extent, to the way in which our young girls at an early age enter houses of business in the City and elsewhere, and learn how to behave, and to stand alone; though, of course, some fall under the trial. East Enders are most orderly. The Peoples' Palace supplies proof of this. In the six weeks of the Penny Fair 325,000 passed the gates. There were hardly any police, no row, and no ejection. East Enders are not antagonistic to religion as a body. In this part on any Sunday night within a radius of half a mile 10,000 people are in church or chapel. Vice may be stronger and bolder in the East. The cringing beggar has no place there. Altogether there is a crisper, firmer character in the East End. There may be antagonists but they will be honest, while friends are real and not sham."

The Rev. S. A. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, takes a less favourable view of the morals of the lower classes of the East-End, and thinks the standard of life and of opinion among them is very low. He says:—

"As to their attitude towards religion, or rather towards religious organizations, it is one of indecision. They are not bitter against them, they view them as means of possible relief, and they patronize their well-meaning missionaries. But they are not touched by their spirit, and even those who for a time join a sect or 'army,' are not religious in a sense we understand. These people are indeed children whose toys are vices. They have the elemental virtues of kindness and frankness, but they play with thieving, impurity, &c. They are not sunk beyond reach, as they have not taken evil as their good. They need the leading which the Holy Spirit gives this age passed to them through friendly voices."

I need not say that Mr. Barnett is here speaking only of the type too familiar to him in the worst streets of his parish, and that there is no man who honours and respects more cordially the better and more hopeful elements of East London life, such as gather round the highly-charged intellectual atmosphere of his next-door neighbour, Toynbee Hall.

The general outcome of all this is surely not hopeless. The verdict of *The Record* upon its report of the spiritual state of London South of the Thames was, "Christianity is not in possession." I dare not reverse this verdict for East London. But I hold that it *may be* reversed, and that there is a distinct and steady approach towards such reversal. There are terrible difficulties in the way—~~a mass~~ of impenetrable indifference; an ingrained class feeling, and ~~an assumption~~ that religion is a sort of luxury for the well-to-do and well-dressed; an eager propagandism of unbelief; a desperate ~~recklessness~~ in im-

provident marriage; an emigration from the poorer quarters of all who are making a little money, and so the deprivation to the poor of the refining influence of such culture as these may acquire; the immigration into the poorest parts of the restless, incompetent, and vicious, from all quarters, especially from other lands; the growing difficulty of housing the rapidly increasing multitudes decently;—these and many other hindrances stand in the way of advance. And yet I echo the words of some of my correspondents:—I am hopeful. I cannot take the pessimist view. I see so much that is full of promise and prophecy of good. Only give the men—real men, men “full of the Holy Ghost and of power,” men of love and sympathy, manly men, patient men, self-sacrificing men—only give such men in sufficient number, and I should have no fear of the issue. The work is most difficult, the task is stupendous; but the work is full of intense interest, and the task is the noblest man can put his hand to. Whether the Church will rise to the height of love and power and sacrifice needful for the accomplishment of the mission to which God is calling her, I know not. But upon the accomplishment of that mission hangs the future welfare of England.

W. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD.

## THE IDENTITY OF THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

**T**HERE are few men indeed who could afford, without grave misgivings, to find themselves differing from Professor Max Müller upon his own subject. That subject may be roughly defined as the Historical Development of Language. It has been pursued by him with special reference to the great family of tongues which are the common inheritance of all the branches of the Aryan race. To this immense and fruitful field of inquiry Professor Max Müller has devoted, with splendid results, the conscientious labour of a life. His writings upon it, so far as English literature is concerned, stand alone; and it is difficult to say whether they are most remarkable for the thought and learning they exhibit, or for the charm with which their instruction is conveyed. It is impossible to read them without feeling that they are instinct with the love of truth—that blessed atmosphere in which it is a delight to breathe, and without which no science can be successfully pursued.

Yet such is the writer who has lately propounded a theory, which he himself admits to be opposed to the opinion of “nearly all living philosophers, particularly of those living in this country.”\* For this, he says, he was prepared. But this is not the worst. All his critics, he adds, have not only dissented from his theory, but have treated it as a complete novelty, “as a mere philological mare’s nest”—as, “in fact, a mere paradox.” “Among these critics,” he further admits, “are men who stand in the foremost ranks of philosophers in England.”† Against these verdicts he protests with all his energy. It is certainly a very remarkable result of any theory propounded by a man so distinguished, and enjoying so great a reputation.

The explanation, however, is very simple. Professor Max Müller

\* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October 1888, p. 475.

† *Ibid.* p. 476.

need not suppose that this widespread, if not universal, dissent in England from his lately propounded theory, involves any disparagement whatever of his well-established and well-earned authority on his own subject. The simple fact is that in this theory he has left that subject for another subject, which, though connected, is very far indeed from being the same. He has left the subject of the Historical Development of Language for the widely different subject of the Origin and the Nature of Human Speech and its Relations to Human Thought. On the first of these subjects he enjoys the authority due to laborious research in departments of learning which are accessible to few. On the second of these subjects neither he nor any other man can enjoy any authority whatever, except such as may attach to careful reasoning on facts which are more or less accessible to all. One of the most charming of his books is called "Chips from a German Workshop"—a book which it is impossible to read without feeling that the horizon of our knowledge has been widened in many directions, over the history of our race. But neither was it possible to read that book without feeling that the "workshop" which turned out such "chips" was one in which no man could work without a long and laborious apprenticeship. The very materials on which work was there expended are the rare and costly products of the deepest diggings in the mines of very ancient and almost pre-historic forms of speech. In such a workshop the whole furniture and apparatus are those which only a specialist can supply. He who should enter it empty-handed would find nothing in it to work with, or to work upon. There is, however, another kind of workshop, into which we can all enter, with good hope of doing independent and valuable work. This workshop is the laboratory of our own mind, in which the discoveries and the dicta of other men are broken up into their constituent elements, in order that we may see exactly what it is they have discovered, and how it is that they express themselves in the telling of their discoveries. This is an operation by which we can distinguish between those results of discovery which we must and ought to accept on adequate authority, and those interpretations of discovery which are often very different things indeed, and which we are bound to examine for ourselves. When, for example, Professor Max Muller tells us how it came to be that the Romans called the highest of their gods by the name of Jupiter—when he traces the word through all its stages up to the earliest Vedic forms in which the conception of the Father who dwells in Heaven was expressed in sounds which by degeneration were merged into the proper name of Jupiter—we accept with gratitude, and with intense interest, an etymology which in itself contains a whole volume of philosophy and of theology. But when the same learned professor further tells us that no human being could ever have formed such a conception, or indeed any other conception of the kind, apart from

some corresponding words, or that the word and the conception are identical—we must be at liberty, without the smallest disparagement to his legitimate authority, to accept this doctrine with reserve, to take it into our own intellectual workshop,—to pass it through the prisms of the mind, and to see how it stands the processes of disintegration, of dispersion, and of analysis.

And now the first thing we have to do is to find out, and to define, what the theory exactly is. "The Identity of Thought and Language" are the words continually used for the expression of it. But it is quite obvious that these words cannot possibly be interpreted in their barest literality. Professor Max Muller himself warns us against such an interpretation (p. 481). It is of course a contradiction in terms to speak of any two separate things as identical. They may be like each other in one aspect, or in several aspects—they may be the same in size, or in form, or in colour. They may be equal to each other in weight, or in bulk, or in capacity. In this most important practical sense any given standards of measurable quantity may be said to be, and are constantly spoken of as, identical. But this word can never be accurately used of any two or more separate things, unless by the context, or by special explanation, the particular quality, or the particular aspect, be specified in which sameness, or equality, or likeness, is asserted under the use of the word identity. For we must remember that the danger of looseness and inaccuracy in such use, increases in proportion to the other differences which separate between the things compared. Two things so widely different in their own nature as any given thought, or concept, and any given sound or word, cannot possibly be spoken of as identical except in some very restricted or artificial meaning of the term. The identity which is asserted of any two things must have reference to some one or more qualities, or aspects, which are selected for comparison, and in which they bear some close relation to each other. Thus the outline of a man's face may be identical with the outline of his portrait, on paper or on canvas. Or one man's voice may be spoken of as identical with the voice of another man, as often happens with twin brothers or twin sisters, with voices indistinguishable from each other. In this last case the likeness comes nearer to identity than in most others, because that likeness results, in the first place, from lungs and from vocal chords, which are probably identical in form, in tension, in fibre, and in other circumstances; and because, in the second place, the resulting waves of air are really identical, or nearly so, in all those characteristics which give its quality to sound. Another wonderful case of identity, in one aspect, between two things, which, in all other aspects, are absolutely different, is the case of fossilized forms of life. In many of these the minutest peculiarities of organic structure are replaced by, and reproduced in, lime or siliceous matter, or some other mineral

substance, in complete substitution for all those other substances which alone are the abode of organic life. Yet in visible form and structure the dead and vanished animal or plant is identical with the form and structure which we see transmuted into stone. It follows, from this first elementary step in our analysis, that the word identical ought never to be used of two separate things without some express qualification and definition of the particular aspect in which such sameness is alleged.

Accordingly Professor Max Müller admits, although in a tone of complaint, that "such an expression as identity of thought and language can be cavilled at" (p. 481); and to get rid of the cavils he proceeds to give his definition:—"When we say that Language and Thought are identical, we mean that they are two names of the same thing under two aspects." But this is not a definition. It is merely a re-assertion of the theory in a number of words more ambiguous than the one word which they purport to explain. That which he admits to be denied by the concurrent voice of all living philosophers in England is precisely the assertion that thought and language are "the same things." What we want therefore is a definition of the "two aspects" under which he identifies two things which in so many other aspects are, beyond question, absolutely different.

For this purpose it is necessary to get at a definition—first—of what he means by Language, and—secondly—another definition of what he means by Thought. Perhaps we shall find that Professor Max Müller makes good his theoretical assertion by definitions which involve the same assertion in another form—so that the identity which constitutes his theory is itself constituted by nothing except an arbitrary definition.

In the first place, and as a matter of course, he repudiates meaning by Language the mere sound of words, or the mere shape of letters. "We can certainly distinguish the sound of a word from its meaning" (p. 481). But he illustrates this undeniable truth by an erroneous analogy, which indicates that he only half admits it. "We can distinguish . . . between the sound and the meaning of a word, just as we can distinguish between the pitch and the timbre of our voice." The effect and purport of this analogy is to lower and abate the kind of difference which exists between the sound of a word and its meaning. "Pitch" and "timbre" are two qualities of sound, both equally depending on certain motions in one and the same material medium. When we distinguish between these we do so by one single bodily sense, which depends on a mechanical apparatus appreciative of minute differences of atmospheric vibrations; and these differences, besides being very minute, are in their own nature distinguishable only as differences in the same materials, and in motions the same in kind. Moreover, these different motions are concomitant and inseparable.



able. Herein lies the fallacy of the comparison. It is made use of to cover the suggestion, and to support the proposition, that the sound and sense of a word are as inseparable as the pitch and timbre of a voice. But this cannot be admitted. There is nothing so misleading as a false analogy; and this false analogy has, I think, misled Professor Max Müller, by the facility with which it lends itself to his predominant idea. It enables him to say of the sound and sense of a word what we can undoubtedly say of the pitch and timbre of a voice—that “though we can distinguish, we cannot separate, the two.” But this cannot for a moment be admitted as true of thought and language—of the sense and of the sound of a word. Not only can these two things be separated, as well as distinguished, but they are separated, as a matter of fact, in a great variety of ways. They are separated when some one given idea, which is and must be the same in all men, is expressed by separate sounds in a great variety of tongues. They are separated when, even in health, we often forget a word, and hunt in vain for the appropriate expression of the thought or of a memory which haunts us. They are separated in disease, when the patient is afflicted with “aphasia,” and when he struggles in vain to convey his meaning or to intimate his wishes. The truth is that any accurate definition of Language must fix on the complete separability of sense and sound as not only possible but as one of its most essential characteristics. In mere cries and groans which are not articulate, and which, therefore, do not constitute speech, the sound and the meaning are not so separate as in Language, properly so called. It may be perfectly true that a word is not a word, in the fullest sense, to us unless it is associated with a meaning. But this association is purely conventional; and the conventional agreement which joins them, in one place, does not hold good across some little river, or over the crest of some adjacent hills, or on the other side of some narrow sea. The only sounds which are, or may be, really inseparable from ideas of a certain kind, are not words properly so called, but mere involuntary noises which express such emotions as are common to mankind and to the lower animals. Sounds which are really words—representing language in the true sense—are always arbitrary and conventional—limited to some special area where the sound and the sense have been united by habit and association, and outside of which the separation between them is complete. A union such as this is surely a very narrow and insecure connection on which to found an allegation of identity, even when every allowance is made for loose and metaphorical expressions. It is, of course, easy by virtue of nothing but our own definition to justify any assertion which that definition is made to fit. It is easy to defend the identity of Thought and Language if we refuse to consider anything as language which is not locally identified with some thought. The Professor

Max Müller says of English that, when spoken to a Chinaman, it is to him "mere sound and jabber. It is no longer language, because it is of the essence of language to be sound and meaning at the same time" (p. 482).

We come, however, upon the real seat and centre of our difference with Professor Max Müller's theory when we reach his definition of what he means by Thought. He separates the whole field of mental operations into three divisions. He admits that two out of these three divisions are areas of mental operation into which language does not necessarily enter. But, as regards the third division, he denies the possibility of any separation from, or independence of, Language. Sensations, he says, we may have without Language. Perceptions also, or images, we may have without Language. But what he calls "Concepts" he asserts that "we can never have without words" (p. 482). By concepts he means, apparently, all abstract ideas—that is to say, ideas of which his description is that they are concerned at first with "one feature only of a whole image, and afterwards with other features," selected as it were out of many, and conceived of as representative of the whole. Under this definition or description he includes, not only the old and well-established category of abstract conceptions—such as love and hatred, justice and charity, life and death—but also such generalized conceptions of material things as are the common stock of all thought and all language, as, for example, man and woman, bird and beast, fish and reptile, or dog and cat, or tree and bush. Of all such conceptions he asserts broadly—very broadly—that we cannot think of them apart from words. He farther describes them as "abstract concepts; to which nothing can ever respond in imagination, nothing in sensation, nothing in nature" (p. 482).

Now the whole of this passage—the whole of this analysis—seems to me to be full of fallacies. Yet in dealing with them we are confronted by Professor Max Müller with a claim to special authority. He declares that all this mapping of our mental operations, and all these assertions about the peculiarities which distinguish them, are "results which the Science of Language has arrived at" (p. 482). We must all protest against this claim as inadmissible. Whatever else is certain about these delimitations—these propositions and assertions, on different provinces of thought—one thing about them is obvious and certain—namely, that they belong primarily to the Science of Metaphysics, and only in a secondary degree to the Science of Language. They bear a close relation to metaphysical questions which are as old as philosophy itself. They revive all the problems, and repeat much of the language, of the Nominalists and Realists of mediæval fame. We need not deny, or doubt for a moment, that the science of Language, properly so called—that

is to say, the science which deals with the historical development of Language—may, throw the most important light on the science of Mind. "The profound but unconscious metaphysics of Human Speech" is an expression which I ventured to use many years ago as indicative of my own sense of the inexhaustible fruitfulness of this great field of inquiry. And again in more recent years I have referred to human speech as "that sure record of the deepest metaphysical truths."\* Our dissent from Professor Max Muller is not founded on any depreciation of his science, or on any forgetfulness of its absorbing interest. But Philology is only one branch of mental science, and nothing more. The History of Expression is a very different thing from the Nature of Thought. On this great subject the one indispensable method of research is Introspection. Even the evidence which comes to us from the past can only be interpreted by the concepts of the present; and one steady look into the conscious and unconscious operations of our own minds, may tell us more than whole volumes on the development of words and of grammatical forms. I have said a "steady look"—meaning much by this expression: because it would be a great mistake to suppose that the work of introspection is an easy work when it is undertaken with such an object. Neither do I mean to deny that the knowledge of certain historical facts concerning the earliest known forms of speech may be of immense value in focusing our attention on the cardinal points of self-inquiry. If, for example, it can be proved, as Professor Max Muller asserts, "that all words, even those which we call singular, are derived from general concepts, in so far as they must be traced back to roots embodying general concepts" (p. 478), we are put in possession of a fact of most curious and significant importance. But we cannot even understand this fact, nor see its meaning, unless we know beforehand what "a general concept," in its own nature, is. In testing, therefore, the truth of Professor Max Muller's theory, that we cannot even possess such a concept apart from some embodying word, let us come to the examination of his metaphysics without any fear that we are incompetent to conduct such an operation.

First, then, let us take his own admissions. One of these is that "we have sensations without language, and some of these sensations may produce in men, as well as in animals, involuntary cries" (p. 482). One series of questions upon this admission immediately arises: Are sensations the same in all creatures? Do they not vary with the specialities and complexity of the organism? If they do, is not the range of sensation, and of all that it involves, as wide as the range of organic life? And is not this range so wide that it is fallacious to make any general assertion as to the limits of sensation, or its necessary accompaniments in the higher forms of life? In particular,

\* "Unity of Nature," p. 306.

is it certain that in man—with his high cerebral development—it is even possible for him to have certain sensations without the immediate, concurrent, and necessary birth of certain general concepts? Can he feel warm without thinking the concept which in our tongue is expressed by "warmth"? Can he feel chilling things without having the concept to which the word "cold" is similarly attached? And are not such general concepts as these, in his case at least, awakened in the mind by an almost mechanical and automatic apparatus? What are we to say of those many kinds of sensation which instantly impel to some corresponding action—action of flight, or of resistance, or of attack, or of some cunning combination which involves a whole series of the inventive faculties? Sight is in itself a mere sensation in the most mechanical sense of the word. It is the actual touch of vibrations in a medium, hitting, by positive external impact, an organic surface "sensitized" for the purpose, and forming upon it a special impression which the brain reads off automatically by virtue of an apparatus. We know, not only by the phenomena of disease, but by occasional facts in the normal and perfectly healthy experience of us all, that the mere visual impression is separable from the mental interpretation which ordinarily is the immediate and necessary accompaniment of our perception of it. In what is called most truly "absence," this separation is familiar to us all. But by sensation we mean both visual impression and mental interpretation in their usual, active, or perceptive combination. So that if it be agreed that we can have sensation without language, that is to say, wholly apart from words, then it will be very difficult indeed to say how wide a range of true thought may be, and constantly is, exercised or possessed apart from articulate sounds.

But farther, Professor Max Müller admits that we may have not only sensation, but also "images" without words. His developments of this admission are of the largest and most generous kind. Not only "images" of external objects, or of material things, but even "imagination" as a mental power, he concedes to the region of the Inarticulate. I do not wish to take any advantage of Professor Max Müller, by ascribing to his words a meaning which perhaps he did not intend. But we must remember that, whether he intended it or not, the word Imagination does generally include in ordinary use the very highest powers which the human mind can exercise. He means to use it in some disparaging sense, quoting, as applicable to it, the Shakespearian line: "Such stuff as dreams are made of." But dreams, so far as the mere materials of thought are concerned, are made of precisely the same "stuff" as the play of "Hamlet," or the character of Othello, or the speech of Henry V. on the field of Agincourt. The only difference is that the coherence of that "stuff" is in dreams deficient, because of the partial slumber of the mind,

whereas in the highest works of imagination the "stuff" of imagery is woven into a coherent texture by the perfect co-operation of all her mental powers which are, or which need to be, concerned. Those who dissent from the theory that we cannot have concepts without words, may therefore be perfectly content with the admission that we may have "images" without them. For, just as mere sensuous impressions are not truly sensations unless they are clothed with an atmosphere of related thought, so also must the analogous truth be asserted of all imagery which is really such. Images are repetitions of sensation, endowed with all its mental wealth, and consciously reproduced from the stores of memory. Both in their own nature, and in this very work of reproduction, all true imagery is bathed in the light of a thousand concepts. Hence it is that without images we can do nothing in the fields of thought, whilst, with images, we can mentally do all things which it is given us to do. The very highest and most abstract concepts are seen and handled by our intellects in the form of voiceless imagery. How many are the concepts roused in us by the forms, and by the remembered images, of the human countenance? Love and goodness, purity and truth, benevolence and devotion, firmness and justice, authority and command,—these are a few, and a few only, of the abstract ideas which may be presented and re-presented to us, in every degree and in every combination, by the remembered image of some silent face. And well do the poets know this. Their whole skill and art may be said to lie in raising and recalling images; and although it is of necessity that, in addressing minds other than their own, they can only raise images in them through the medium of language, we know that, whilst the tie between their words and their ideas is arbitrary and conventional, that other tie which binds together their images and their ideas, is a tie natural, immediate, and direct. What a wealth of concepts is set before us for example in the images raised by this single line:—

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

And if we can think of these images, and of all that they suggest, without the intervention of any word, and without hearing, even in imagination, a single sound, we may be sure that the very highest concepts, the most generalized and the most abstract, are separable from language, and independent of it. Introspection, careful, watchful, and prolonged, will convince us—perhaps to our own astonishment—how large a part of our thinking operations are conducted—though it be only for an instant and by a momentary glance—through the raising and recalling of remembered images. In the supreme domain of human character and action we shall often be able to detect our concepts clustering round the image of some man or woman, who by some accident of early association has been the type to us, and is now the remembered symbol, of some exalted virtue. For example,

I am conscious in my own case that the very concept of abstract thought is associated in my mind with the massive head and powerful countenance of Dr. Chalmers—in whom I first observed its effects,—his eyes deadened to all external things by the manifest concentration of the intellectual faculties in profound and silent meditation. In like manner, my very idea of the purest Christian benevolence is inseparably associated with the stately form and the majestic expression of Mrs. Fry, who was perhaps the noblest embodiment in our time of the divine virtues of compassion. With the abstract concept, again, of Imperial dignity and command, we are most of us accustomed to associate some image such as that of the statue of Augustus in the Vatican, or of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol, at Rome. It is this association indeed which is embodied in the very word "August." As regards modern life the same association might well be united with the image of the late Emperor Nicolas of Russia, who, as I recollect him in 1844, was certainly the most splendid specimen of the Genus Homo, in at least one aspect of his being, that could be pictured or conceived. In none of these cases, nor in a thousand others, do the associated concepts require any remembrance of the name of the man or of the woman. It is not round a word—which may be, and often is, forgotten—but round an image, that the glory shines. The mere name is of no other use than as recalling the image. And for this end it is by no means absolutely required. Because this may be accomplished as well or even better not only by the higher arts of sculpture and of painting, but sometimes even by the more primitive resources of mimicry or of gesture.

Nor is it only in the case of those abstract concepts which relate to human character that remembered images are the habitual and fundamental materials of thought. This is equally true of those abstract concepts with which mathematical science is concerned. Such abstract truths, for example, as the fundamental axiom that "things equal to the same thing are equal to one another," is a concept which can only be grasped and understood when we picture or image to ourselves some visible standard of weight, or of measure, or of capacity, and when we image to ourselves, farther, the actual filling of vessels, or the actual cutting of rods, so that lengths and quantities may be equal and constant. It is only by a distinct imaging of the actual process through which equality is thus tested and secured, that we can see in that process the illustration of a self-evident, universal and necessary truth. Strange to say, Professor Max Müller himself reduces all reasoning, and all concepts, to the simple arithmetical processes of "the addition and subtraction of conceptual words" (p. 489). In this definition, apparently he follows Hobbes.\* What may be the value or the truth of this generalization I am unable to see. It seems to be one of

those attempts to get at the essence of things which consist in boiling down and throwing away all that is essential in our concepts of them, and then presenting to our recognition some dry bone, or *ossepuit mortuum*, which is like nothing that we either saw or understood. The desire to get rid of what is called mystery is the temptation which leads men into these empty formulæ of pretended explanation. The desire is vain. The world of which we are part, is full of mystery—profound, unfathomable. And the connection between mind and matter is the deepest mystery of all. The relation between Thought and Language is one little branch of its impenetrable mazes, and the attempt to get rid of the mystery which attaches to it by calling it simply “addition and subtraction” seems to be nothing but a poor device of self-deception. I cannot recognize it as any adequate, or as even a partially correct, representation of the ultimate nature of the logical process. But assuredly, if it be a representation of that process in any sense, then it would follow that even the most mechanical imagery would be equal to the work of supplying concepts, because the mere addition and subtraction of numbers can always be imaged by some heap of visible units being increased or diminished in bulk or in obvious quantity. It is the same in everything. Images and pictures, in infinite varieties of combination, are the warp and woof of all human thought. When I think of “war” I do not think of that rather weak-sounding monosyllable. Nor do I think of the stronger word, “battle”; nor of the Roman “bellum,” nor of “prælia,” nor of the Teutonic “kreich,” nor of any other word. I think of some typical and characteristic image, or of a crowd of images—of men in movement and in conflict—of charges of cavalry—of squares standing to resist them behind a hedge of bayonets or of spears: or I think of the “far flashing of the red artillery,” or perhaps of the still more powerful imagery called up by the words, “Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood.”

Professor Max Müller makes use of the common phrase about bilingual men thinking in one language rather than in another, and he quotes the question sometimes put to them—in which of two languages they think. He takes this question literally, and asserts that it implies an instinctive acknowledgment that men cannot think except in some language or another—that all thinking is nothing but talking to ourselves, and that it is manifestly absurd to suppose that we can talk to ourselves without the use—even if it be the silent use—of words. But in this comparison he confounds two very different things or acts—one of which consists in thinking within ourselves, and the other of which acts consists in the communication of our thoughts to others. He says that we cannot answer the question so put except in words (p. 482). Of course not, because answering a question put by others implies—not merely Thought, but the com-

municating of Thought to another mind. No doubt these are often, and even habitually, concomitant operations, and even when not concomitant they are often closely connected both in thought and in action. But they are not inseparable. On the contrary, when we are thinking within ourselves, and with no immediate intention either to speak or write, we do constantly carry on all the mental operations of our intelligence and of our reason, through the medium of recalled or invented images alone. In such cases there may not be the slightest reference to those articulate sounds by which the mental images and the rational conclusions must be represented when translated into speech. So far as words are concerned, it may even require a great effort, and a hunting up of sounds, to enable us to express or to explain what our thoughts have been. On this fundamental question of fact we are not at the mercy of philologists. It can be decided by every man who by habit and training is capable of accurate introspection. That Professor Max Müller's idea of internal thought being nothing but talking to ourselves in words—is a delusion, I have no doubt whatever. Nor is it difficult to see how perfectly natural this illusion is in the case of a philologist. All the powers of his mind have been trained and expended in tracing the historical connection between particular sounds and certain corresponding concepts. When he sees, through the bodily eye, or through the eye of memory, any image or group of images, it is the habit of his mind, and the business of his life, to trace back these images to the vocables which have come to be their symbol. But this is what a hunter would call a "back track." It is picking up a real scent, but it is tracing it in the reverse direction of that which the footsteps have actually taken. The genealogy of articulate sounds is a great hunt. But it is a hunt backwards along the tracks of thought. And on that track we are always stopped short of the lair—short of the starting point. Genealogy is not Genesis. Genealogy can only take up the development of something which has already been created or begun.

\* \* The attempt to find in the genealogy of articulate sounds any explanation of their genesis, or their first beginning, does not seem to have been very successful. The notion that words were originally imitative has been denounced by Professor Max Müller himself as the "bow-wow theory." It may, and it does explain, the English name of the Cuckoo and the Latin name of the Peacock,—Pavo. But such examples, even if they were multiplied immensely, go no distance at all in explaining how particular sounds came originally to be associated with particular concepts. Yet, strange to say, Professor Max Müller, although a steady opponent of the "bow-wow theory" in all the forms in which it has been usually conceived, goes himself perilously near to the adoption of something very like it, in a new theory about the origin of "roots." Articulate sounds were, according to this theory, first attached to acts,—



not to mere external things, or to individual objects—but to human acts—such as cutting, digging, hitting, &c., because these acts were always, or generally, accompanied by cries or sounds. These cries or sounds, it is suggested, were the “roots” of articulate speech. They became vocables by assuming, through some unknown process, an articulate or definite syllabic form. Thus what he calls the “clamor concomitans” passed by a “little step” into the “clamor significans.” Whether this new form of the “bow-wow theory” be true or not, it is absolutely incapable of proof, or even of probable evidence. It assumes some knowledge of the condition of man when he first appeared upon the earth. Yet nothing can be clearer than that no such knowledge is within the existing reach of science. So far as existing facts go, the evidence they afford is adverse to the theory. Acts of an instinctive kind are still common among men. Some of them are often accompanied by involuntary cries or sounds. Yet none of these sounds show any tendency to pass into the articulate forms of speech. The hissing noises made by grooms in rubbing down horses in a stable have no likeness either to any word for horses, or to any word for the act of rubbing down. The hideous yells which sailors make in hauling on a ship’s tackle exhibit no tendency to pass into vocables expressive of ropes and pulleys, or of boats and sails, or of hauling or of pulling. They are not even expressive of the purpose which by instinct they are intended to secure—namely, the keeping of time so as to secure united effort by action which is strictly synchronous. We are, therefore, thrown back on pure speculation, or on abstract reasoning, founded on existing facts, when we are called upon to cross question such a theory as that the roots of speech have begun in some “clamor concomitans” of acts, that is to say, in some noises accompanying special forms of muscular exertion. Nor are we without solid ground of presumption that the conversion of mere concomitant cries is no adequate explanation of verbal roots. If we assume—as of course we must do—that muscular acts were primeval and instinctive, we must assume also that cerebral acts were equally original and instinctive. Every act, as well as every image, must have been surrounded from the first with its own atmosphere of thought. Thus we have a “cogitatio concomitans” as a greater and a higher fact than the mere “clamor concomitans”—greater and higher both in its own nature, and in its necessary priority in time.

Professor Max Müller, again, supports his theory by metaphysical assertions on the nature of general concepts, which also are, I venture to think, wholly erroneous. He denies that any image can represent that selection and grouping of qualities in which abstract ideas, or true concepts, essentially consist. We never can see, he asserts, a *thing* or a woman, a dog or a cat, a tree or a mountain. What we do see is always some particular man, or woman, or dog, or cat, or tree, or mountain,

and the abstract concept of the species, or the kind, as distinguished from the individual, is never presented as an image to us. I dispute altogether the truth of this assertion. When we see a man or a woman, a beech tree or an ash tree, so far off that no individualizing features are distinguishable, we do see a generalized image—and of that generalized image the generalized concept is a direct representation effected by the mind. To say that such a concept has “nothing corresponding to it in nature,” is to reassert the old doctrines of Nominalism in the most extravagant form. To say that such a concept cannot be formed, unless as identified with some articulate sound, is to make an assertion which is contradicted by our own constant and familiar experience. It is, moreover, incompatible with the admitted fact that words are mere arbitrary signs, possessing generally in themselves no likeness to the concepts with which they come to be associated, and having in consequence no likeness to each other in different places and among other men, where the same concept has to be expressed. To deny that external nature can ever present to us anything like a true concept, is to deny that close and intimate correspondence which exists between the mind of man and the world in which it lives. A thousand examples might be given of the perfect correspondence between sights and concepts. The image which presents itself to us in nature when we look at a great forest, in which separate kinds, or even separate individuals, cannot be discriminated, is in itself an image of variety in unity which constitutes an immense and fruitful abstract concept. The same description applies to the images presented to our vision when we see a crowd—some great multitude of men. In this case the image is instantly connected with an immense variety of ancillary concepts due to the different kinds of work, of purpose, or of emotion, which may characterize the gathering or the expression, or the action, of the crowd.

Professor Max Müller is surely mistaken when he attributes to any recent philological discoveries any bearing whatever as evidence, either one way or another, upon his theory that we cannot have abstract concepts separate from words. In the first place, as regards any theory touching on the earliest condition of man, the oldest roots of Aryan speech may be, and probably are, Mediæval, and not even approaching to Primeval. The very oldest Vedic literature dates from a time which is a long way down the stream of human history. What Vedic man could or could not think, without the help of words, even if any literature could afford any evidence on that subject, would throw little or no light on the question what man could or could not do, when he was first born into the world. In the second place, such discoveries as have been made in the genealogy of articulate sounds, derived principally from the study of Sanscrit, do not seem to have any bearing upon the separability of words from concepts. They tell us of certain sounds affixed

to certain concepts, and they enable us to track the same sounds through a great variety of modifications—through additions and subtractions—bendings inward, and bendings outward—inflections and reflections—through union with some sounds, and through separation from others. Above all they show how speech has grown or been developed by the abundant application of metaphor, that is to say by the constant perceptions of analogy, among kindred concepts. All this is most interesting and most instructive. But the whole of this knowledge lies within one well-defined boundary, which walls off the History of Tongues from the far deeper question of the Nature of Speech. It helps us nothing in the solution of this deeper problem to be told that all “conceptual language” must be “language derived from roots.” It would help us no doubt, and very much too, if the next step could be taken, and if it could be explained clearly to us how “roots” began, and why some one articulate sound rather than another, came to be selected, or came to select itself, as the symbol of its own special concept. This might really help us in understanding, or imagining, the original connection between thought and speech. But in this direction we have nothing proved, and nothing even suggested as probable, except our old friend the “bow-wow theory” in a new form—the theory, namely, of inarticulate cries concomitant with actions.

There is, indeed, one branch of inquiry bearing upon this ultimate problem of the origin of roots, which is well worthy of more study than has been bestowed upon it. That branch of inquiry is the possible existence of some connection, in the nature of things, between certain sounds and certain ideas—analogous to the undoubted connection between certain inarticulate cries and corresponding emotions. The cries expressive of pain for example, convey their burden of emotion in analogous tones throughout the animal creation. Even particular kinds of pain—mental pain and suffering—are often conveyed by inarticulate sounds, which are in themselves characteristically expressive. I once heard a Spotted Flycatcher utter a piercing note of pain, full of the emotions of sympathy and compassion, when she saw her young one seized, and heard a cry of alarm from it. It was so closely like, in expression, to the cry which I have heard from a woman on a like occasion, that it made one “creep.” Again, the whole range of Music is included in the region of the Inarticulate. Yet nothing is more expressive—that is to say, in no form are ideas and sounds so intimately united. Again, the lines assumed by the human countenance exhibit a like connection between outward form and inward meaning, which we cannot conceive to be arbitrary or conventional. Does the same deep and inexplicable connection between the outward and inward—between physical shapes and forms, or audible sounds, and mental acts or effects—obtain also in the domain of articulate

speech? Apparently not—or at least if such connection exists, it does not extensively prevail. Introspection is far from being conclusive here. There are many sounds, which seem to us to be inherently expressive; which, on examination, we find to be wholly unlike the sounds which convey the same impression to other men who have other tongues. Inseparable association, if it were really universal among mankind, would be a test. But generally we find that the association is inseparable only in our own country, or in our own house, because it was so in our own nursery or schoolroom.

• Professor Max Muller has connected the case of one Aryan root-sound with a root-concept of great beauty and interest. He thinks that our early Aryan ancestors imagined to themselves the stars of heaven as “scatterers” of light. The articulate root-sound, therefore, by which they expressed the idea of scattering passed on into the articulate word by which they called a star. But how came it that the alleged root-sound “star” had already come to denote “scattering, dispersing, strowing”? Professor Max Muller declines to deal with this, which is the real problem, by assuming that the sound “star,” or some sound like it, “may have been” the “clamor concomitans” of certain acts which involved the scattering or strowing of material substances. Some such process as the following is suggested: when our first Aryan ancestors hewed down a tree, they must have seen its splinters scattered on the ground. And here comes in the new key of the “clamor concomitans.” They may be assumed to have accompanied the act of hewing with some cry, or noise. “One of these sounds may have been star” (p. 483). And so, upon this bare possibility—this “may have been”—there is built up the only explanation given us of a root from which has sprung a whole family of words, such as “the Latin *ster-no* and *stramen*; the Greek *στρογγύμι*; the Gothic *strauga*; the English *strew*.” This was “a name representing one abstract feature of the stars, namely, their scattering of light in a dark night.” The beauty and poetry of this theory is undeniable. And it may possibly be true. But, even if it be true, how can it prove to us that the visual image of a star, and the concept of it, as a radiant point of light, did not precode the association of it with the sound “star”? How can it prove that, even now, when, as our author says, “we are saturated with language,” it is impossible for any of us to think of the image of a star as a “scatterer of light,” without any thought of that particular sound, or indeed of any other? It must be remembered, too, that the visible images presented to us in the operation of our own acts, such as that of cutting down a tree, are images which connect themselves with entirely different concepts of the mind, according to the quality of purpose and intention with which these acts are done. The words scattering and strowing express the concept of a mere physical dispersion of material. But the

kind of dispersion which naturally connects itself with the flying of chips from the cutting of a tree, is that kind of dispersion which belongs to the concept of a human act done with a special purpose—and that purpose one which involves destruction. Accordingly, this is the concept with which the great Semitic King connects the same primitive act in the sublime imagery of the 141st Psalm. The scattering of chips is likened to the scattering which is the accompaniment or the consequence of death: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth." This is a very different concept, again, from the scattering of seed, or that other kind of scattering which in the Professor's theory is specially appropriated to the still radiance of a star. On the whole, therefore, it must be very doubtful whether the abstract concept of mere scattering can be the real origin of the word star. The truth is that, although images stand before words, they themselves stand a long way behind that which we mean by thought. This, in its ultimate essence, is separable both from images and from words. Neither of them are of any value or of any significance except as inspired by thought.

But Professor Max Müller appeals from the living to the dead. "My Predecessors" is the significant title of the interesting paper in which he quotes a whole list of illustrious thinkers—writers, whose language, he says, sustains his theory. But does it? There are many senses in which we can speak, without substantial inaccuracy, of Thought and Language as at least inseparable. They are inseparable for all purposes connected with the communication of thought from one mind to another. And these purposes include all conversation and all literature. That is to say, they are inseparable for all the purposes of life, including the whole growth of mankind in knowledge. Surely this is a concession on a matter of fact which ought to be large enough to satisfy even Professor Max Müller. With such an immense area of practical coincidence and of necessary co-operation, it is not surprising that innumerable writers, both ancient and modern, should have used the two words as nearly synonymous. But no such use can fairly be quoted as committing any writer, or any speaker, to the abstract philosophical proposition that no concept is possible apart from some articulate sound or word.

The great function discharged in the Greek philosophy and language by the word *Logos* no more commits that philosophy to such a proposition than our own habitual use of the phrase, "Woe to God," commits us to the tenet that not one of the abstract concepts dealt with in the Bible can be thought or conceived apart from certain Hebrew, or Greek, or English terms. And so it may be said of all the quotations given us by Professor Max Müller of various authors, from Condillac to Taine, that they are all perfectly compatible with a close and

compromising interpretation. Such formidable philosophical tenets as the absolute identity of Thought and Language, in the sense in which it seems to be asserted by Professor Max Müller, cannot be ascribed to any writer, on the strength merely of general and metaphorical expressions, unless we know that the special tenet in question was distinctly in the mind of the writer when he wrote. Of how many of the quotations made from his "Predecessors" can this be affirmed with any certainty or even any probability? The whole question might be treated as very much of a logomachy—a mere question of definition—were it not for the immense importance which Professor Max Müller assigns to it, and his resolute repudiation of any such disparagement as would be implied in considering it as a mere question of words. He declares his theory of the identity of Thought and Language to be "the most important philosophical truth"—and "as, in fact, the only solid foundation of all philosophy" (p. 481). If this be so—if we are engaged in laying the foundation of some great and unknown superstructure—we must at least take care of what we are about. Just as it is true that "out of the heart are the issues of life," so is it also true that out of abstract tenets of this kind are the issues of philosophy. Sometimes, in reading Professor Max Müller's explanations and illustrations of his theory, we may come on passages which encourage us to hope that we are not so far divided from him as he seems to think. When, for example, he describes his "new lesson" (p. 478) as this: "that all our words are derived from general concepts"; when he says that "animals have no words because they have no general ideas" (p. 487); when, in these and in several other passages, he implies that concepts come first, and are clothed in language afterwards, we have hopes that all our differences are due to mere misunderstanding. But from this hope we are again driven when we come to the more carefully worded assertions and denials with which the paper abounds. Thus he says: "If we distinguish, therefore, at all between concepts and words, we are bound to say that concepts are due to words, . . . and not, as most philosophers will have it, that words are due to concepts" (p. 485). Thus again, "Nor do we really, when we examine ourselves, ever detect ourselves as thinking only, or as thinking in the abstract" (p. 482). And, once more, "we know nothing except what we can name"—"all the materials of our knowledge are concept names:"—"our whole mental property consists in names." In these and in many other passages, original or quoted with approval, we can see without doubt that a definite tenet is in question—a tenet on matters of fact, which can only be tested by the most careful analysis and observation. My own belief is, that the theory is essentially erroneous: that we think first in images and not in words; that images are the warp and woof of all our conceptions; that the mind by an automatic operation, which

admits of no ultimate explanation, sees at once in images certain abstract concepts which they are fitted to suggest; that the whole web of language is by comparison a mere external clothing, woven automatically in virtue of co-ordinate instincts and of a special apparatus. These conceptual instincts, with an adjusted mechanism for the expression of the concepts, are parts of our nature, and are neither more nor less mysterious than the co-ordination between the body and the mind, or between the brain and our powers of thinking.

So violent and exaggerated does the Professor's theory seem when we take it literally in such assertions as some of those above quoted—so impossible does it seem to defend the thesis that we can never have any abstract ideas, or pure concepts, separate from words, that again and again I have looked for some passage which might explain the mystery, or which might at least indicate some consciousness that words, or mere language, cannot be identified with mind, and still less can be truly represented as the master of mind and its one indispensable condition. Such passages do occur, as, for example, when he says in his book on the Science of Thought (p. 609): "Any student of Language who knows in what hap-hazard way words are formed, and afterwards made to do service for anything that the human mind requires, will not be surprised at the perfect maze in which even the best thinkers find themselves before they come to understand one another." Here we have it clearly admitted that Mind is the master and not the servant, and uses or appropriates words at its will for concepts as these arise. But there is another appeal which lies to the Professor against himself. He is a great admirer of Kant, and often complains most justly that Englishmen are very apt to forget the conclusions which his philosophy has really settled once for all. These conclusions establish that our concepts are largely due to the inherent capacities and powers of our own mental apparatus. In certain fundamental intuitions of the mind, and in certain categories of the understanding, the whole foundations of our knowledge lie. Among these is the concept of Causation, one of the most abstract and yet one of the most familiar in the whole Realm of Thought. This is one of the abstract concepts, and the highest, which are furnished by the structure and apparatus of the mind itself, and all the images and succession of phenomena which are presented to us, are bathed and transformed in the light which this concept supplies. Yet it may well be the very last for which any abstract word is found. It is impossible to hold with Kant in this high matter, as I do not with him, and yet to maintain that the mind has no concepts separate from words. Accordingly we find that Professor Max Müller falls away from his own favourite teacher, whom he reproaches others for not sufficiently respecting. "Whereas Kant," he says, "tries to explain all that we know about Space and Time as the immediate result of

sensuous intuition, I cannot admit any kind of knowledge that has not passed through the phases of concept and name" (*Ibid.* p. 600). I am content to agree with Kant.

One of the most mysterious facts connected with Language is that, although science has been recently supplying us with concepts which in some respects are entirely new, the old imagery to be found in our old stock of sounds and words is almost invariably found adequate to the expression of them with comparatively little change of form. New wine is being poured into the old bottles; and yet such is the wonderful material of which they were originally composed that they show no signs of bursting. One of the most remarkable examples of this is the new concept of science which is expressed by the word Energy. In the modern acceptation of the term this concept is at once very abstract, and yet so concrete that it is handled by physicists as if it were a material thing—capable of being made the subject of arithmetical and mathematical calculation as to its measurable quantity and effects. Nevertheless, the word is as old as the Greek tongue, and the self-conscious images which it recalls of the ultimate cause of motion in bodies, when such motion is effected by our own voluntary effort, are images which closely correspond with the new concepts of science, as well as with the old concept of the word as used in Greek philosophy. "Matter moved through Space" is one of the modern definitions of the physical work of Energy. By a close analogy it is applied with a wonderful fulness of meaning to the "power that worketh in us" whether morally or intellectually. All nature is full of such analogies: and it is to the perception of them, from time to time, as new discoveries, and new concepts arise, that Language owes all its wealth and power. This is only one example of a general law. It indicates that perfect Unity in Nature by virtue of which the simplest facts of human life, and the simplest acts and needs of our physical constitution, have, from the first, involved, in principle and in form, all that men could afterwards be required to do—or could be called to think—or could be enabled to conceive. This is one of the many senses in which "the child is father of the man." The earliest known generations of mankind seem to have been the richest in the concepts they derived from external nature and from their own relations to it. It does, indeed, give us much to think of when we are brought face to face with the idea—not as a mere poetic fancy, but as a fact—that the rays which shone upon our race in the morning of the world are even now "the common light of all our day."

ARGYLL.



## THE FUTURE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE very name "Westminster Abbey" indicates the venerable associations which have clung for so many centuries to that glorious building. It is an abbreviation for *Ecclesia Abbatiae Westmonasteriensis*; and for more than three centuries it has been a beloved and inveterate misnomer for "The Collegiate Church of St. Peter," which since 1560 has been the legal designation for what Shakspeare calls "the Cathedral Church of Westminster." If we may place any reliance on tradition, a church was built there by King Sebert in 616. Of the Abbey Church built by King Edward the Confessor, which Henry III. demolished *quasi nullius omnino valoris*, the bases of two pillars may still be seen under the splendid mosaic of the *sacrarium*. The present building was the slow growth of five centuries. Begun by Henry III., and by him carried as far as the first pillar of the choir, it was continued by Edward I. as far as the first pillar of the nave. Richard II. built four or five more bays of the nave, and when it had been still further extended under Henry V., the nearly completed building was used at the Te Deum for the victory at Agincourt on November 23, 1415. The west end was built by Islip, who became Abbot in 1500. Henry VII.'s glorious chapel was begun in 1513. The western towers, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, were not finished till about 1740. Thus the mere material structure reminds us of the condition and fortunes of England during many stages of her national career, and represents the three great phases of Norman, Gothic, and Perpendicular architecture, as well as the Italian taste of the Georgian era.

By any nation in the world Westminster Abbey would be regarded as a precious possession, but it is not always borne in mind that it is *unique* in its preciousness. Other nations possess, or have possessed,

the burial-places where "kings had their gorgeous obsequies." The Byzantine Emperors lay in their splendid sarcophagi of porphyry at St. Sofia; the kings of France were entombed at St. Denys; the kings of Spain at the Escorial; the Czars of Russia at Moscow and St. Petersburg; the Emperors of Germany and Austria at Innsbruck and Vienna; the Popes of Rome at St. Peter's. In few of these instances was the scene of burial the scene also of coronation; but in the Abbey

"that antique pile behold,  
Where royal heads receive their sacred gold;  
It gives their crowns and does their ashes keep,  
Here made like gods, like mortals here they sleep."

Other nations, too, have had buildings consecrated to the honour of the illustrious dead. Athens had her Stoa Porcile in memory of Marathon; Rome had her statue-crowded Forum; France has her Pantheon; Germany her Valhalla; Italy her Santa Croce in Florence. But Westminster Abbey is something more than all these. It is a church which for centuries has gathered myriads of worshippers under its "high-embowed roof," as well as a place where kings have been baptized, and crowned, and married, and interred. It is a place of commemoration for every variety of departed genius and worth. It is haunted by innumerable memories. English literature is crowded with allusions to its majestic solemnity. It enshrines and illustrates the many varying tendencies of art. It has received an impress in age after age from the changing phases of religion. It has witnessed a thousand tragic and tender scenes in which the grandest of national events has been coloured with the joy or pathos of individual destinies. Through every chapel and ambulatory of it flows the full majestic stream of English history; into every nook and corner of it have eddied the lesser rivulets and backwaters of human life.

There is no other building in the whole world where it is so impossible to take a single step without being endlessly reminded of great thoughts, of great men, of great events. Its popular name recalls the whole history of the Church, the influence of the East on Christian feelings, the growth of monasticism, the Middle Ages, the scholastic theology, the Reformation. The entire structure, even down to the minutest detail, is one vast religious symbol of the Trinity, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Communion of Saints, the grace of the Sacraments, the expulsion of evil spirits and evil influences. The immediate impression it was meant to make on the beholder was to recall to him the thought of God and the thought of death.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build. Be mine in hours of fear,  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,  
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam,  
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam  
Melts if it cross the threshold."

As we wander through the vast building, the spirit of Shakspeare himself might seem to glide with us, and point us now to—

"A base foul stone made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair ;" \*

now to—

"The monumental sword that conquered France ,"

now to the helmet—

"Which did affright the air of Agincourt ,"

or to the saddle into which the young hero king —

"Vaulted with such ease into his seat  
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,  
To witch the world with noble horsemanship †

And here, hard by his own cenotaph, in Poets' Corner, on the spot which, as Fuller says, "is enough almost to make passengers' feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred," is the grave of Spenser, by which Shakspeare may himself have stood at the poet's funeral with Beaumont and Fletcher, and into which his own pen may have been thrown with the elegies of other poets and the pens that wrote them.‡ But while the words of Shakspeare add so deep an interest to the tombs and relics of the Abbey, we may take many another master of English literature as our guide. Addison, in the *Spectator*, will accompany us with Sir Roger de Coverley. Steele will take us with him to find materials for his *Tatler*, and Charles Lamb for his "Elia," and Washington Irving for his "Sketch-book," and Charles Kingsley for his "American Lecture." Macaulay shall point out to us where "over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still with eagle face and outstretched arm to bid England be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes : " or he shall take us to look at the monument of Pitt over the western door, where the heaven-born Minister stands in the attitude so well known to his contemporaries, while drawing up his haughty head and stretching out his arm with commanding gesture, he pours forth the lofty language of inextinguishable hope.

Or, leaving the graves and cenotaphs of poets, orators, musicians, and great actors, and passing to the north transept by Flaxman's monument over the grave where—

"Murray, long enough his country's pride,  
Is now no more than Tully or than Hyde—"

\* Richard III., act v. sc. 3. Compare Henry VI., Part II., act i. sc. 2.

† Methinks I sat in seat of majesty  
In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,  
And in that chan where kings and queens are crowned.

‡ Henry IV., Part I., act iv. sc. 2.

† Stanley's "Memorial," p. 370

is there any other spot of ground in all the world in which, within the space of a few yards, lie the mortal remains of a group of statesmen so eminent as Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Wilberforce, Castle-reagh, the two Canings, and Palmerston? As he stands upon their graves who can fail to feel the force of the lesson pointed alike by Macaulay and by Scott? To Macaulay,\* who so often alludes to the Abbey, it was "that Temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried; the great Abbey which has, during many ages, afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall." To Scott it pointed the same lesson. Speaking of the close vicinity of the coffins of Pitt and Fox, he says:—

"The solemn echo seems to cry,  
Here let their discord with them die;  
Here where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;  
Here where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke again,  
'All peace on earth, goodwill to men;'  
If ever from an English heart  
O here let prejudice depart!" †

This, however, is but one of the many national lessons which here "the stone shall cry out, and the beam out of the timber answer it." I will not dwell on the trite yet certain truth of the vanity of human wishes which made Washington Irving see "in this vast assembly of sepulchres a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion." Nor need I repeat with Kingsley, that "awful is the Abbey, but not sad; for it is a symbol of both worlds, the seen and the unseen, and of the veil, thin as a cobweb, and yet opaque as night, which parts the two." But I think that all may here be taught a duty much needed at all epochs, and not least in our own—the duty of tolerance, founded on the essential unity of all Christian faith, as seen in the light of death. Amid the vast diversity of religious opinions, in spite of the internecine conflicts of antagonistic sects, good men and saints of God for nearly a thousand years have here worshipped, with holy worship, the same Lord, in whose name they would fain have sent each other to the block or to the stake. We pause beside the pulpit. Here the Puritan divines thundered against the corruptions of Rome. Here the Romish preachers anathematized the apostasies of Puritanism. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he addressed the boy-king on whom rested the hopes of the Reformers, and of Abbot Feckenham as he preached in cope and mitre to Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard the Anglican South shooting out his

\* "Essay on Warren Hastings."

† "Marmion," Introduction to Canto I. (abbreviated).

arrows, even bitter words, against the Independents, and the Nonconformist Baxter pleading the cause of comprehension. They have heard Bishop Bonner, as he sang the Latin Mass, coming fresh perhaps from the death-warrant of martyrs; and the Puritan Stephen Marshall pouring forth before the House of Commons the eulogy of Pym. They heard the angry murmur of the people when the time-serving Sprat read James II.'s declaration of indulgence, and their deep hum of applause when Burnet prophesied the coming glories of William III. Here Wolsey received the hat of a Cardinal, and Leighton the consecration of an Archbishop. Here Cardinal Pole solemnly welcomed back the Church of England into the communion of the Church of Rome. Here, side by side, in their stately tomb lie the Tudor Queens—of whom the one burnt Protestants for their faith, and the other sent Romish priests to the block for their treason—of whom one defeated the Armada equipped for the thralldom of England by the husband of the other—*Regno consortes et urna Maria et Elizabetha sorores*, sharers in one quiet grave, and wearers of the same uneasy crown. And opposite them lies the other ill-fated queen, Mary Stuart, whom Elizabeth sent to the block, and whose tomb was once supposed to be “resplendent with miracles.” Here are alike the monuments of Dryden the Catholic and Sheffield Duke of Buckingham the highly unorthodox, and Watts the Independent. The tomb of Popham the Roundhead colonel stands close beside that of Cary the Cavalier, who died heartbroken at the execution of Charles I. And here stands the statue of Milton, the mere mention of whose name in a single line of another's epitaph was once held to defile the Abbey. Many who would have cursed each other when living here lie side by side at peace, judged not by their unessential differences, but by the larger eyes of Divine wisdom and national gratitude. Man's opinionativeness is no measure of God's infinitude, nor ought we to exclude from our sympathy those whom God does not exclude from His forgiving love. The censures may be different, yet the incense is the same; the form may be different, yet the faith one; the theology different, yet the righteousness identical. It is a fact of which we need often to be reminded, and which nowhere finds so emphatic a witness as within these venerable walls—that “God is not the leader of a sect.”

But the ways in which the Abbey exercises a beneficent and inspiring influence are very numerous.

It does so, for instance, by its direct appeal to noble ambition. The colossal monuments raised by the nation to her sea-warriors: to the gallant Sir Clondesley Shovel, to Harvey, and Hutt, and Montague, killed at Brest in 1794; to Blair, and Blayne, and Lord Robert Manners, who fell in the West Indies under Rodney in 1782; to brave Captain Cornewell, shot down at Toulon in 1743; to Admiral Vernon, Sir Peter Warren, and others, show the pride that England felt in her

naval supremacy, and the gratitude which she desired to show to her brave defenders. They explain the enthusiasm which consoled Nelson even under the thought of death in battle, and which gave rise to the famous exclamation—"To-morrow a peerage or Westminster Abbey." The trophies of Miltiades would not allow Themistocles to sleep. These monuments may have had a like effect on the minds of many an English sailor.

Nor have the great soldiers been forgotten. We still look with interest at the tomb of the standard-bearer of Agincourt, of Major Creed and Colonel Bingley, who fell by Marlborough's side at Blenheim; and of Major André, who died a spy's death in the American war. Athens was proud that her sons had in one year fallen in many parts of Greece. Does it tell nothing of the warlike activity of England that, on the tablet to Sir R. Bingham (1598) we read how he had served his country in Scotland and Ireland, "in the Isle of Candy under the Venetians, at Lepanto against the Turks, in the civil wars of France, in the Netherlands, and at Smerwich where the Romanes and Irish were vanquished"? And we see how long that martial energy continued, when, on the neighbouring tomb of General Trigge, we read that he fought in the Seven Years' War, took part in the battle of Miriden and in the defence of Gibraltar, and captured Surinam in the West Indies, dying in 1814.

Again, who can say how many may have been encouraged and stimulated in the pursuit of peace by these memorials of faithful duty and unforgotten effort?

" Ever their statues rise before us,  
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;  
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,  
With looks of beauty and thoughts of good."

One day, a hundred years ago, a weary boy of fifteen, struggling under a load of books, which he had to carry as a bookseller's apprentice, turned into the Abbey for a moment's rest; he laid down his load and burst into involuntary tears as he thought of an obscure and lifelong serfdom. Then suddenly looking up, he caught sight of all the statues around him, and he thought "these men fought bravely the battle of their life and won; and so will I." The incident proved to be a turning-point in his career. That boy was Joshua Marshman, the father-in-law of Havelock, the colleague of William Carey, the joint author of the Bengali Grammar and the Sanskrit Dictionary, the translator into English of the works of Confucius—one of the great pioneers of modern missions in the East. And if, as Johnson said, "the man is not to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona," so it is certain that multitudes have been taught and ennobled by the influences of the Abbey. I was in

residence as Canon during the last day's work of Dean Stanley and heard his last sermon. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and was one of a series—marked with all the exquisite charm of the Dean's style—on the Beatitudes, illustrated by the characters of those buried in the Abbey. I remember well how he spoke of Newton, "than whom none ever had a whiter soul;" and of Margaret of Richmond, whose humility he illustrated by her saying that "if the princes of Europe would cease their mutual quarrels and would go on a crusade, she would accompany them as their laundress." The Dean's professed object was "to show that we have something in life worth striving for, and that this Abbey, by its various examples, has something worth teaching."

How deeply, too, have the influences of the Abbey affected the literature of England. Besides the poets and prose-writers whom we have mentioned, in what glowing terms is it alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher, and Sir Thomas More and Milton, and Waller, and Burke, and by many another poet and orator, from Chaucer and Skelton down to Wordsworth and Emerson. And who can say how many literary efforts owe their origin to the memories which it has awaked? To mention but one instance: it was while standing with Dean Milman under the bust of Warren Hastings, that Macaulay first determined to enrich our history with his splendid essay on the great Proconsul.

Once more: have none been inspired to conspicuous self-denial for the good of their fellow-men by observing that men and women, without any other pre-eminence, have yet won themselves immortal names simply by the part they have played in great philanthropic movements? For there we find the tombs or memorials of Mrs. Katherine Bovey, who claims some share in the honour of having originated the plan of Sunday-schools; of Jonas Hanway, founder of the Foundling and Magdalen Hospitals; of Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, noted for her charities; of Dr. Andrew Bell, chief founder of the pupil teacher system; of William Wilberforce and Sir Fowell Buxton, the liberators of the slaves; of Sir J. Mackintosh, who helped to reform our criminal code. There, on the tomb of Zachary Macaulay, we may read how "during a protracted life, with an intense but quiet perseverance which no success could relax, no reverse subdue, no toil, privation, or reproach could daunt, he devoted his time, talents, fortune, and all the energies of his mind and body to the service of the most injured and helpless of mankind;"\* and on the tomb of Granville Sharpe, how he aimed to rescue his country from the guilt of using the arm of Freedom to rivet the fetters of the slave.

And this reminds me that I must not entirely pass over the teaching of epitaphs and inscriptions. It is true that most of them are

\* The epitaph was written by the late Sir James Stephen.

long, pompous, pedantic, illegible; and that, in some instances, as on the shocking epitaph of Gay—

“Life is a jest, and all things show it.  
I thought so once, and now I know it.”

they strike a radically false note. But here and there—not to speak of mere felicities of language—they inculcate a noble lesson. On the tomb of brave young Francis Holles we read that—

“Man’s life is measured by his works, not days;  
Not aged sloth but active youth hath praise.”

• Solon had the Athenian Hermæ inscribed with moral gnomes for the instruction of the multitude. Many a brief expression on an Abbey tomb serves the same purpose. Is there nothing striking in the line, “He feared man so little because he feared God so much,” on the tomb of Lord Lawrence? Have none been stirred to generosity by the prayer that God would enable him to bless his fellow-men, recorded on the place where lay the remains of George Peabody? Who is not touched by the energetic reprobation of the slave trade—“that open sore of the world”—the last words ever written by Livingstone in his solitude, and here engraved upon his tomb? The two monosyllables, “Love—Serve,” on the pedestal of the statue of Lord Shaftesbury, will epitomize for thousands the main moral teaching of the Gospels. Many more instances might be given, but I will only add that they may often be found in unnoticed corners. Few slabs are less noticed than that humble piece of marble which records Jeremiah Horrocks, the young curate of Hoole, and the inventor of the micrometer, who died at twenty-two, after detecting the long inequality in the mean motion of Jupiter and Saturn, and determining the motion of the Lunar Apse. He was the first to observe the transit of Venus, on Sunday, Nov. 24, 1639 (O.S.), in the brief interval between three full Sunday services. Important and intensely interesting as he knew the observation to be, he yet would not sacrifice to it one moment of his sacred duties, but nobly says of them, “*Ad majora advocatus quæ ob hæc parerem negligi non deuit.*”

I have said nothing here of the inestimable value of the Abbey and its monuments as preserving for us in a striking and concrete form the marvellously changing phases of Art as represented by sculpture, and the manner in which those phases represent the influence of age after age on the minds of the people, and on their mode of contemplating death. This and much more must be left untouched.

Obviously in this paper—*spatiis inclusus iniquis*—I have only been able to touch, as it were, on the outermost fringe of the subject; but even what I have written here may suffice to show the reason why I ask the question, and I would fain ask it of the whole English and American people—*What is to be the future of Westminster Abbey?*

I say of the American people as well of the English, for America,  
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too, has a share, and a large one, in our national mausoleum. One great purpose that the building and its history may serve, is to bind the two nations—which are yet one nation—in closer union. Such burning questions as “fishery disputes” ought very rapidly to burn themselves out when Englishmen and Americans worship side by side in the Abbey, and remember that all its glories and memories up till the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, nay, up to the War of Independence, belong equally to both. “In signing away his own empire George III. did not sign away the empire of English law, of English literature, of English blood, of English religion, or of the English tongue.” Elsewhere I have shown more fully the share of Americans in Westminster Abbey.\* It contains the bust of their most beloved poet. It is enriched by their gifts. It is the first object of their pilgrimage. They feel rightly and proudly that it is theirs as well as ours. Therefore, I ask Americans and Englishmen, what shall be the future of a building which has been equally “a seat of royalty and a cradle of freedom?”

For hitherto there have always been one or two interments in it every year of men whose fame England would not willingly let die, and in the course of the next very few years those burials must finally cease. The dust of the mighty shall mingle under its pavement no longer; and, what is even more to be regretted, a few more memorials—and very few—will exhaust the possibility of continuing the long unbroken line of its famous records. The stream of English history which has flowed through it since the days of the sainted Confessor will cease to flow. It will become a record of a proud past, but of a past which it will no longer link into any continuity with the living present. If the student or the patriot wishes to find some contemporary trace of any past age of English story—of the struggles of Saxon and Norman, of the Plantagenets, of the Crusaders, of the Barons' War, of mediæval thought, and worship, and legend, of the Tudors, of the Stuarts, of the House of Hanover, of the Renaissance, of the Reformation, of the eighteenth century, of the dawn of literature, of the dawn of science, of the dawn of philanthropy, of the dawn of art, of the drama, of the pursuits of peace, of glorious wars by sea and land, of education, of men's thoughts about life and death at any particular epoch—he has only to walk into the Abbey and he will find them. He may look at the sculptured shields of the Confessor, of Louis IX., of Frederic Barbarossa, of Simon de Montfort;—he may see Aylmer de Valence, riding to Bannockburn with the mantelets streaming from his helmet;—he may see the bas relief of the first pupil teacher instructing his class of junior boys;—he may look on the tomb of Chaucer;—he may read the epitaphs of Pope. The antiquarian may study the armour of Prince John of Eltham, or the jewelled bodice of Blanche de la Tour,

\* In a paper in *Harper's Magazine*.

or the peaked shoes of Edward the First, or the horned head-dress of Queen Philippa, or the exquisite Limoges enamel on the tomb of William de Valence, or the fine hammered ironwork which protects the tomb of good Queen Eleanor. The herald may find a hundred quaint devices which are but little known, and the historian may find proofs of facts and feelings which have found their way into no ordinary record. Are these memorials to cease for ever? Shall our descendants, centuries hence, look in vain in the Abbey for any traces of the thoughts, emotions, discoveries, arts, religion of the generations which succeeded Queen Victoria?

It need not be so. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has mentioned a plan for building a cloister or chapel—in immediate connection with the Abbey, and forming part of its buildings—which many years ago, in a slightly different form, excited the warm interest of the late Prince Consort. He has suggested that part of a certain derelict fund of public money be applied to assist in the large expense which will be required for carrying out this design. If this sum be granted by the House of Commons, the rest can and will be raised by public subscriptions. It does not follow that the exact design suggested will be ultimately carried out. Other plans, and perhaps better ones, may be devised; but the great main question is whether there be in the English nation—aided as we doubtless shall be by the splendid generosity of America—enough of magnanimity, of public spirit, of pride in and gratitude for England's unequalled past, to consider the advantage of the generations yet unborn, and to see that Westminster Abbey should continue to be in the future what it has been in the past. When the Athenians bade Pheidias to make his statue of Athena in the Parthenon of ivory and gold, because those were the costliest materials, they showed the spirit of a great nation which says, *Nil parvo aut humili modo*.

Is it too much to hope that, both in Parliament and elsewhere, all the meaner self-interest and niggardly economies of the present may be laid aside, and that the question how best to preserve and continue the rich historic associations of the Abbey for ages yet to come, may be approached in the large and generous spirit which shall prove us to be worthy inheritors of the memories which the great Abbey sets before us in so visible a form?

\* F. W. FARRAR.

## IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

### II.—SPECULATIONS ABOUT THE FUTURE.

IT is estimated by Mr. Hayter, the Statist to the Victorian Government, that in 1891, when the next simultaneous census of the colonies will be taken, the population of the Australian continent will be at least 3,200,000, and that the population of Tasmania and New Zealand will be about 800,000. If this estimate is correct, and there is no reason to regard it as excessive, the Australasian group will contain within the next three years four millions of people.\*

\* "Victorian Year Book for 1885-6." By Henry Heylyn Hayter. I take this opportunity to express—if it is not impertinent—my admiration of the manner in which the statistics of Victoria and the comparative statistics of the whole of the Australasian Colonies are presented in this volume. Mr. Hayter does not merely present elaborate tables relating to (1) Population, (2) Finance, (3) Vital Statistics, (4) Interchange, (5) Production, (6) Law, Crime, &c., (7) Accumulation, (8) Defences, (9) Religious, Moral, and Intellectual Progress: he discusses his figures with the skill of a scientific statistician and with a clearness and directness of style that make his book as attractive as it is instructive. The statistics are very minute, and throw a most interesting light on a very large number of curious aspects of colonial life. Last year Mr. Coghlan, the Statistician to the Government of New South Wales, published a volume, entitled "The Wealth and Progress of New South Wales, 1886-87." This, too, is admirably done. It contains an historical sketch, beginning with the early discoverers, and bringing down the story of the colony to our own times. It also contains a most excellent account of the physical configuration of New South Wales, its climate, geology, mines and minerals, vegetation, and fauna; and discussions and tables similar to those contained in Mr. Hayter's "Year Book," illustrating the present statistics of the colony. It derives a special value from the fact that under each heading there is an historical survey of the subject to which it relates—a sketch, for example, of the beginnings and the progress of pastoral enterprise. Both these volumes are issued by the Governments of the respective colonies. Each of the colonies I visited publishes an annual volume, exhibiting the whole of its statistics for the preceding year, and comparative tables for the other colonies; and the statistics—especially those of New South Wales—"Statistical Register" and "Hand-book of New South Wales Statistics")—are of great interest and value. But the only official "Year Book," containing an appreciation and discussion of the figures, which I happen to have seen, is that prepared by Mr. Hayter for Victoria. The closing paragraph, however, of the preface to Mr. Coghlan's volume creates the hope that he, too, intends to issue an annual "Year Book." Would it be possible for the Imperial Government to let us have (1) a similar "Year Book" for Great Britain and Ireland, and (2) another, constructed on different lines, for the Empire?

Mr. Hayter, with that delight in the speculative treatment of figures, which characterises a statistician who has a real genius for his subject, has also worked out a table showing what the population of the group would be at each of the ten next decennial periods, supposing the same increase to take place between census and census, that was found to have taken place between 1871 and 1881. It appears that in 1981 the population of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, would, on this hypothesis, be just under ninety-four millions; and in 1991—a hundred years from the next simultaneous census—more than one hundred and thirty-three millions. He closes this discussion by the wise words: "It must be admitted that, at the present time, such speculations are more curious than practically useful."

But the imagination of the Australian people delights to dwell on the probability—on the certainty—of the immense expansion of their numbers during the next hundred years. They are now celebrating the centenary of the founding of the earliest of the colonies; they confidently predict that the Australian continent alone, which now contains about three millions of inhabitants, will contain, when the second century comes round, a hundred millions. As the patriotism of young Englishmen feeds its fires on the past glories of our race, the patriotism of young Australians derives equal fervour from the vision of the future development of their country. With a population of a hundred millions, having in their veins the best and most vigorous blood of these islands, blending in themselves all the best qualities of the English, Scotch, and Irish people, inheriting the material, intellectual, and moral triumphs of European civilization, living in a country the resources of which are boundless, and under skies such as poets in their dreams have seen bending over the isles of the blessed. Australia, a hundred years hence, will be one of the greatest, most powerful, and most splendid of nations. These are the prophecies and hopes on which the more ardent and generous of the young Australians delight to dwell. Their buoyant faith in the future of their people is an animating contrast to the weariness, the despondency, the hopelessness, the perplexity with which many of the most thoughtful and most cultivated of our young men at home discuss the condition and prospects of our own country. And the exulting hopefulness is a great element of strength.

A hundred millions of people on the Australian continent within the next hundred years—this is what the Australians expect. And there seems to be more than room for them all. England, Scotland, and Wales have an area of 88,000 square miles, with a population estimated at rather more than 32,500,000. The area of the Australian continent is 2,944,000 square miles, or just about thirty-three times as large.

Some very considerable deductions, however, would have to be

made from this immense area, if I were venturing on hazardous calculations as to the population which may ultimately live and prosper on Australian soil. For in the interior there are vast tracts of desolate country, rocky, covered with stones, covered with sand which is driven in clouds by the wind; vast tracts where the soil is impregnated with salt, and fresh water is found only at points separated from each other by great intervals of dry, barren, cheerless wastes. In some parts there are great salt lakes. I met a gentleman who travelled recently from Adelaide far into the Northern Territory with camels and Afghan drivers: he was a delightful companion, and full of information which he was very willing to impart; but English reserve, which in his case had not yielded to the influence of the characteristic Australian temper, restrained him from saying much about his own adventures and hardships. From what he said, however, it was easy to infer that the journey had been very far from being a pleasure excursion, and that he passed over great tracts of country which are terrible to both man and beast. How much of the whole area of the continent is of this dreary kind is not accurately known; but it has been estimated that, of the 900,000 square miles of South Australia (including the Northern Territory), 300,000—an area about three and a half times the area of Great Britain—are waste. In Western Australia, with its 975,000 square miles, it has been estimated that the area of waste and desert country is equally immense. If, as is generally believed, these great tracts of desolation are rich beneath the surface with mineral wealth, it may be assumed that, sooner or later, means will be found for making them habitable; \* but it is difficult to believe that they will ever be covered with a very large population. Men may work there, but when their work is done they will fly to the more genial parts of the country.

A third of the whole continent—as I said in a previous article—lies within the tropics.† If tropical Australia is ever to be thickly populated it will not be by men belonging to the great race which has created Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, for they cannot endure severe and continuous labour in a tropical climate. Europeans are working in the mines—it seems as if men could feel no exhaustion as long as they can actually see gold—but the resources of the country can never be developed by Europeans or their descendants. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen may find the capital, and may

\* Native wells have been discovered in the desert, which justify the opinion that there is water not far below the surface. There is a popular belief among sanguine Australians that an immense subterranean lake of fresh water extends under the whole continent, and that means will be invented for bringing this hidden treasure to the surface.

† To prevent an erroneous inference, it may be necessary to say that considerable parts of the desert country of the Northern Territory and of Western Australia are included in tropical Australia.

direct the labour; but the labourers themselves, who must form the great majority of the population, will be coloured people.

"But even after allowing for uninhabitable wastes, and for those parts of the continent where the climate is too oppressive and enervating to allow of any great amount of European labour, there is room enough for an immense population of European origin." No doubt. It is certain, I imagine, that a hundred millions of people of European origin could live, and live happily, on that immense continent.

• But speculations about the *possible* population of Australia, if not less "curious," would be condemned by Mr. Hayter as still less "practical" than speculations about its *probable* population at the end of its second centenary. I return to the "impressions" which I received from what I saw and heard.

A few weeks after I landed I spent an interesting day at a "station" in South Australia. In England we should call the property an estate; the freehold belongs to the owner. It covers about 60,000 acres, lying between two ranges of low hills, which are grassed to their summits. From a point near to the beautiful house where we lunched we could see it from end to end, and the view was a lovely one. The owner's son, who had not long returned to the colony from Cambridge, was a pleasant host. He showed us the official plan of the property, and gave us interesting information about how it is worked. He hoped, in the course of a few weeks, to clip 50,000 sheep; but the station is not a mere sheep run. The father of our host is a famous breeder of cattle and horses, and near the house are long rows of stables and of cattle-sheds for the stud stock. I asked how many men were employed, and was told thirty, with additional hands at shearing time. Thirty men for sixty thousand acres! and this on an estate which requires an exceptional amount of labour on account of the cattle and horses which are bred upon it. I expressed my astonishment; but had our host been less courteous he would have shown his astonishment that I should be astonished. For I afterwards met one of the great squatters, who holds, in addition to other land, a cattle run in the Northern Territory. The run extends over 8000 square miles,\* and is therefore larger than the whole of Wales. Or, to put it differently,

\* Other squatters in the Northern Territory occupy still larger runs. The following are selected from a long catalogue given in "South Australia in 1887," published by the Commissioners for the Adelaide Exhibition:—

	Square Miles.
Macartney, J. A.: Arnheim Land . . . . .	11,342
Murray, David: Barrow's Creek Run . . . . .	12,293
Costello, John: Roper River . . . . .	16,084
Amos, Amos, & Broad: South of Gulf of Carpentaria . . . . .	19,033
Fisher, C. B. (North Australian Pastoral Company): Victoria River . . . . .	35,435

Some of the occupiers of these large runs occupy other runs which are also of enormous extent.

the run is equal to a strip of country seventy miles broad and extending from London to Birmingham. On this immense territory he told me that he employed three "whites" and six "blacks." By "blacks" he explained that he meant Australian aborigines, who make excellent stockmen. I asked whether the station was fully stocked, and he said it was not, but that if it were, it would require twenty-five men instead of nine. Large districts of this run must be desert. Of course it was not fenced, but the cattle could always be found at the places where they went for water.

Of late years, the practice of shepherding sheep has been very generally abandoned, and this has diminished the number of men employed on the sheep runs. The run is divided into large paddocks, surrounded by wire fencing; and the boundary rider rides round the paddock two or three times a week, to see that the fence is unbroken. The sheep are left very much to themselves. The size of the paddocks varies: some of them are not more than 3000 or 4000 acres; I have seen a notice of one which extends over nearly 200 square miles. In New South Wales, the great wool-producing colony, Mr. Coghlan reports that, in 1886, 36,682,801 sheep were in paddocks; that 1,504,904 were under the care of shepherds; and that 981,599 were both paddocked and shepherded.

The paddock system not only saves labour, it facilitates the management of the runs; and a higher percentage of lambs is obtained from the sheep in paddocks than from the sheep under shepherds. "In 1886 the general average of the lambs for the whole colony was 64 per cent. for the paddocked sheep, and only 53½ for the shepherded sheep."

The area of land under pastoral occupation in New South Wales in 1886 was 142,927,000 acres; the population engaged in pastoral pursuits and about animals was 30,810: this does not include the wives and daughters of those who are employed in these pursuits. The figures give one man to about 4500 acres. The Victorian figures show a larger population in proportion to area. The land in pastoral occupation is 18,348,660 acres; the number of persons engaged in pastoral pursuits and about animals is given as 13,906; but these figures include, as the similar figures for New South Wales do not, the wives and daughters of squatters assisting on the stations. Including these wives and daughters, there is one person employed in Victoria for every 1300 acres of land used for pastoral purposes.

If the greater part of the Australian continent is to be covered with sheep runs, there is little prospect of a rapid increase of the population. And, on the whole, the pastoral industry is still growing. Comparing 1875 with 1885, the number of sheep in Victoria has sunk from 11,749,532 to 10,637,412; in South Australia

the increase during the same period has been inconsiderable—from 6,179,895 in 1875 to 6,696,406 in 1884; it is not probable that there was any large increase in 1885.\* In New South Wales, on the other hand, the increase during the ten years has been from 25,353,924 sheep to 37,820,906. Victoria has probably almost reached the limits of its pastoral resources. In South Australia the growth of the pastoral industry has been temporarily checked.† In New South Wales the production of wool will probably continue to increase for many years; for, though a very large proportion of the whole area of the colony is now occupied, the stock may be largely increased.

The demand for Australian wool is still enormous. On my way out some of my fellow-passengers were confident in their predictions, that the wool of New South Wales would be driven out of the English market by South America; and I found that the Argentine Republic was regarded by some of my Australian friends with nervous apprehension, although they are confident that the quality of their own product could not at present be approached by the South Americans. The quantity of wool now produced on the vast plains of the Argentine Republic is no doubt very large. In 1882, the last year for which I have been able to find returns, it amounted to 211,666,040 lb.; and there is every reason to believe that it is now very much larger. It is also true that the total production of the Australian colonies has slightly diminished during the last few years. The production in 1885 was less by about five million pounds than in 1884; and less by over nine million pounds than in 1883. The diminished production may perhaps be partly accounted for by the fall of prices in the London market. For several years before 1878 the average price of Australian wool in London had not sunk, except in one year, below 1s. 3d. per pound; in 1878-9 it was 1s. 2½d.; in 1880, 1s. 2¾d.; in 1881, 1s. 2½d.; in 1882-3-4 it fell to 1s. 0½d., and in 1885 to 10½d. In 1886 there was a slight improvement; and when I was in Australia the wool-growers were hopeful. But, though the fall in prices is a very serious loss to the Australian squatter, a diminution of nine million pounds on a total of 400 millions need hardly create anxiety.

As far as the London market is concerned, it looks as if Australian wool had nothing to fear. South America sent us more wool in 1873-4-5 than in 1885-6-7; in the first three years she sent us in round numbers 48,000,000 lb., in the last only 43,000,000 lb.;

\* There have been no returns since 1884.

† I do not care to say much about the colonies which I did not visit. But Mr. Coghlan points out that Queensland and the Northern Territory of South Australia are more favourable to the breeding of cattle and horses than the breeding of sheep; and that, while the southern portion of Western Australia will probably be stocked with sheep, the northern portion will probably be found more suitable for cattle and horses. The Australian production of wool as well as of cattle will therefore be immensely increased as these colonies are developed; but neither sheep nor cattle can profitably employ a very large population.



while Australia sent us, in 1873-4-5, 651,000,000 lb., and in 1885-6-7 no less than 1,140,000,000 lb.\*

It is true, no doubt, that in each of the three colonies the acreage under crops—including wheat, oats, barley, maize, other cereals, potatoes, hay, vines, green forage, and other tillage—has during recent years greatly increased. In New South Wales the acreage under crops of all kinds, which was only 451,139 in 1875, was 868,093 in 1885; Victoria, in the same ten years, had extended its cultivated area from 1,126,831 acres to 2,405,157; and South Australia from 1,444,586 acres in 1875 to 2,785,490 in 1884.† The returns show that the acreage under wheat in each of these colonies has been immensely enlarged. In New South Wales, though that colony does not yet grow enough wheat for its own population, the acreage under wheat had almost doubled; it had risen from 133,610 acres to 264,867 acres. In Victoria it had increased more than threefold—from 321,401 acres to 1,020,082; and Victoria has become the formidable—it would be more accurate, perhaps, to say the successful—rival of South Australia in supplying bread-stuffs to the Sydney market. In South Australia, however, notwithstanding the rivalry of Victoria, the acreage under wheat has been more than doubled; in 1875 it was 898,820 acres, and in 1884 1,942,453 acres.

But in wheat the United States, British India, and British North America seem to defy Australian competition. In 1873-4-5 we received from Australia only 4,500,000 cwt. out of a total importation of 160,500,000; in 1885-6-7 we received only 7,000,000 out of a total importation of 225,500,000.‡ Drought and the high price of labour put the Australian wheat growers at a great disadvantage. Australia will continue to raise sheep, an industry which employs very few hands compared with the acreage devoted to it; but there seems very little chance of any great expansion of wheat cultivation except to meet the demands of her own increasing population.

I was not, therefore, surprised to find in Victoria and South Australia a considerable amount of anxiety to create new forms of industry, or to develop forms of industry already existing, which would render these colonies less dependent on wheat and wool.

In July 1887 the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly of South Australia united in appointing a Select Committee, to con-

\* The following figures show the quantities imported in some of the intervening years. The figures are from Table 32 in "The Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, 1873-1887":—

	Total Imports.	From South America.	From Australia.
1873 . .	318,036,779 lb.	21,099,262 lb.	186,664,046 lb.
1878 . .	399,449,435 "	11,259,754 "	276,172,198 "
1883 . .	495,946,779 "	7,064,219 "	351,686,696 "
1887 . .	577,924,661 "	13,288,801 "	383,508,895 "

Australia sent us about 58 per cent. of our whole supply in 1873; in 1887 she sent us about 60 per cent.

† The figures, for the reason given in a previous note, cannot be given for 1885.

‡ The cwt. of wheat flour is reckoned in the returns as equivalent to 1½ cwt. of wheat in grain.

sider "the best measures to be immediately adopted with a view to encouraging amongst farmers and smaller occupiers of land the production of such products as are most specially adapted to the soil and climate of South Australia, and will yield the greatest profits and provide the most constant employment, as well as increase the railway traffic." The Committee published its evidence and presented its Report last November.

A similar inquiry has been made in Victoria by a Royal Commission appointed in September 1885; the Commissioners are directed "to inquire and report "respecting the vegetable products other than wheat for the growth of which the climate of Victoria is suitable, both with and without irrigation." When I left Melbourne, in December 1887, the final Report had not appeared, but the Commissioners had published the evidence in four handy volumes, containing, in all, between 800 and 900 pages. The evidence which had been taken both by the Committee and Commission is extremely interesting.

It is clear, I think, that within the next quarter of a century the Australians will send into our markets a great variety of new vegetable products. We already receive Australian apples, and I learnt in Hobart that the choicer sorts of Tasmanian apples fetch a high price in London. The pears are excellent. Peaches, apricots, plums, and other fruits might be grown in abundance for canning and preserving. An enthusiastic person, whom I know, is under the impression that no one has any conception of the ideal perfection of jam who has not tasted jam in Australia. But this wild judgment ought perhaps to be qualified by the statement that all the jam which created so much enthusiasm had been prepared in private families. The soil and the climate are admirably adapted to the growth of almonds, olives, lemons, and oranges. The guava and the lime flourish. Raisins and currants might be sent from Adelaide and Melbourne in tons. There are districts of the country which might be covered with fields of mustard. In any part of South Australia the poppy might be grown for the manufacture of opium. With irrigation, tea might be produced in large quantities in the southern parts of the colony, and in the Northern Territory there might be coffee plantations and groves of cinnamon. Some of the witnesses suggested that capers might be grown very easily. Australia is also a country for plants which might be used in the manufacture of perfumes—such as jasmine, roses, oranges, cassia, rosemary, geranium, and the wattle-flower. The difficulty, apparently, lies in the distillation of the perfumes. There have been some satisfactory experiments in growing tobacco, but in the curing of it there has not as yet been much success. Some witnesses thought that Australia could produce, in any quantity, admirable fibres for the paper manufacturers. The bark of the wattle tree is already largely used for tanning, and is said to be extremely valuable. The Victorian witnesses attached great importance to the growth of timber in that colony; and the South

Australian Committee reported that forest tree culture is estimated by the Conservator of Forests to yield £2 per acre per annum for the first ten years; £5 8s. per annum for the next five; from £10 to £12 per annum at the end of fifteen years; and that the timber remaining on the ground after thirty or forty years should be worth £300 per acre.

Many of these industries are already active; they require to be developed rather than created; other industries of the same kind are gradually making way. In 1886, for example, 200 lb. of opium were produced in Victoria; 771 cwt. of mustard, 13,734 lb. of tobacco, and 616,112 lb. of hops. But for some reason both the acreage under hops and the weight of the yield had diminished during 1883-4, 1884-5, and 1885-6. In the first of these years, the acreage, which was only 428 in 1880-81, had risen to 1758, and the weight from 307,328 lb. to 1,760,304 lb.; in 1885-6 the acreage had diminished to 896, and the yield to 616,112 lb. I have not been able to put my hand on similar returns for South Australia.

Olive oil of most excellent quality is already manufactured in considerable quantities, chiefly for colonial consumption. One of the principal growers told me that it would not be possible to send it to England at the prices given for Italian oil, and he believed that the Italians could not make a profit if their oil was not adulterated. He maintained that the Australian oil is much better than the oil which we are receiving from Italy.

There are a considerable number of fruit farms scattered over the country. At one of them, near Angaston, I stayed a night, and spent a pleasant time with hospitable people. My host and hostess came from the West of England, and had been in the colony more than forty years; they and their family worked hard, but appeared to be living a tranquil and fairly prosperous life. They made some of their fruit into jam, and canned most of the rest. Some members of my party still retain a vivid remembrance of the perfect condition and delicious flavour of their canned peaches; they were very superior to the canned fruit which reaches the English market from America.

The present Premier of South Australia, who is a man of great natural ability, and a born leader of men, is a successful fruit-grower and market gardener, and he finds in the fortunes of the fruit trade a conclusive argument for South Australian Protection—as long, at any rate, as Victoria maintains a Protective system. “When we have a good season,” said the Premier, “the Victorians usually have a bad one; and the Victorians usually have a good season when ours is bad. What happens? If we have an unusually large crop, the fruit is very cheap on this side of the border, and our market in Victoria is spoiled by the tariff. When we have a poor crop, and want good prices, we can’t get them, because our own market is flooded with fruit from Victoria.” He was carrying a Protective Tariff through the

House when I met him, and I did not care to spoil an interesting dinner-party by plunging into a discussion on Free Trade.

While travelling about the country lying within a hundred miles of Adelaide, we saw an immense number of orange trees, lemon trees, and citron trees, all of them loaded heavily with fruit. The oranges grow to great perfection. I had often heard that in orange countries men will eat a dozen oranges before breakfast, and I do not think that I had ever quite believed it. But one morning I found my way to some orange trees near a house in which we received most generous entertainment, near Gawler; and now, if a man told me he had eaten fifty oranges before breakfast I should not dream of doubting him. Oranges are also cultivated—to what extent I do not know—in Victoria. In New South Wales there were, in 1879, 4287 acres under orange cultivation, producing 3,398,445 doz. oranges; the acreage in 1887 was 7920, and the production 6,376,868 doz. The average production per acre for nine years has been 798 doz.

New South Wales seems to be satisfied with growing oranges and grapes; for other fruits she depends on the sister colonies. Mr. Coghlan records, with a certain feeling of resentment, that in 1886, Tasmania, New Zealand, Victoria, and South Australia supplied the markets of New South Wales with green, dried, and bottled fruit to the value of nearly £250,000. All this she could have grown for herself. The quarter of a million does not include what was paid for tropical fruit imported from Fiji, New Caledonia, and Queensland, some of which might have been just as well produced in the northern parts of New South Wales.

But it is to the extension of the wine industry that the colonists are looking with most hopefulness. Readers of "*Oceana*" will remember the description of the vineyard of St. Hubert's, where, according to Mr. Froude, "the only entirely successful attempt to grow a fine Australian wine had been carried out, after many difficulties, by a Mr. Castella, a Swiss Catholic gentleman from Neufchatel." Mr. Castella deserves great honour for his vigour, perseverance, and skill; and he has produced very good wines; but it is not quite certain that the wine manufacturers of New South Wales and of South Australia would admit that the Victorian is alone in his success. My judgment on such questions is of very little value, but Sir Samuel Davenport's Chablis, and Mr. Hardy's Reisling, which I often drank in Adelaide, seemed to me excellent; and in New South Wales there is a wine called Dalwood's Red which I found both wholesome and pleasant.

In the quantity of wine which it produces, however, Victoria is very far in advance of its immediate neighbours, and, indeed, of all the colonies in the Australasian group; and the industry is developing rapidly. According to the official returns, the production in 1886 was just over a million gallons; this was more than double the return for 1881, and was 240,000 gallons in excess of the return for 1885. The

area under vines was larger than in any previous year, and exceeded the area in 1885 by 733 acres. New South Wales in 1886 returned only 555,000 gallons. This falls below the quantity produced in 1876, which was 831,000 gallons; but the number of acres under vines, for wine-making only, was only about 300 less in 1886 than it was ten years earlier. The yield was 262 gallons an acre in the earlier year, and only 192 gallons in the later. The last South Australian return is for 1885, when the production was 473,000 gallons. In a Handbook published in 1887, by the Commissioners for the Adelaide Exhibition, it is said that about 600,000 gallons were at that time annually produced in the colony; this seems to be a rough estimate, without any very definite facts to justify it. The same authority states that in 1866 the acreage under vines was 6629, as against 4850 in 1885; that the production in 1866 was 895,000 gallons; and that the number of wine-makers in the colony had diminished. On the other hand, it is maintained—and probably with perfect accuracy—that the quality of the wine is much better.

It will not be easy to persuade the world that Australia can rival the vineyards of France, Germany, and Spain; and for many years to come it seems probable that the Australian manufacturer will be compelled to imitate as closely as he can the wines which have become familiar to the taste of Europe. He believes—and he is probably right—that he has no chance of a market unless he uses the old labels—"Port" and "Sherry," "Claret" and "Hock;" and the contents of his casks must correspond to the familiar names. He is lost if he ventures to be original. In these days a new wine has a harder battle to fight than a new theory of the universe; and the battle is very much more costly. And so the new man in the new country cannot do his best: like the rest of us, he is bound and fettered by the tyranny of "use and wont."

But the new man will have his turn. The Adelaide Select Committee is of opinion that, if the whole area of South Australia now devoted to the growth of wheat were one vast vineyard, the produce would not be equal to the deficiency in the wine production of France through the devastation of the phylloxera; and there is a general belief in Australia that a large amount of Australian wine is supplied to the English consumer under French labels, and that the happy Englishman finds the wines of Australia most admirable when they have undergone treatment in France, and are called *Macon* or *Beaune*. The Report of the Committee goes on to say that

"In England, France, and India we have markets capable of absorbing all the wine we can produce. For wines of the port, sherry, and Burgundy type our climate and soil are equal to the most favoured spots on earth. *The deep-rooted vine is far better adapted to withstand the irregularity of our rainfall than our present largest industry—wheat.* Wines of the quality we can produce can be grown only on a small portion of the globe. America, Russia, and India are constantly increasing competitors in wheat production,

while, if our wheatfields were turned into vineyards, our competitors might be turned into large consumers of our wines, currants, and raisins."

The sentence I have italicized is exceptionally important. The great terror of the Australian farmer, as well as of the squatter, is the drought; if the grape-grower can defy it, this is an excellent reason for growing grapes instead of wheat.

With regard to the choicer wines, Mr. Hardy, a witness of high authority, said that in Australia, as in the older countries, the localities in which these could be produced were probably very limited in area; they require exceptional soil and exceptional situations; "but," he added, "for ordinary wines we have, to our certain knowledge, thousands of acres within fifty miles of Adelaide, and much of it is already cleared and fenced, and it is very likely that many of our worn-out wheatfields will produce better wine than virgin land. The growth of the vines will not be so luxuriant, but the quality of the wine will be better." Mr. John Howard Angas, a member of the Committee, confirmed Mr. Hardy's judgment with regard to the possible uses of exhausted wheatfields. He had found at Angaston that worn-out wheat lands are very suitable for the growth of the vine, especially where there is a sandy soil on the surface and clay beneath. And the farmer who resolves to have a vineyard need not give up growing wheat. When he finds that part of his land, after being under wheat for five-and-twenty years, is beginning to show signs of poverty, he can put vines into it, and continue to grow wheat on those lands which are still unexhausted. According to Mr. Hardy, the labour necessary for a vineyard "is wanted at times when other cultivation is over, and farmers can therefore grow grapes at an advantage over those who depend wholly on vineyards and hired labour; and a few acres of vines will help to give constant employment all the year round—a thing we very much want in this country, to keep a settled population on the land."

This last suggestion implies that the ordinary farmer who grows grapes should not attempt to make his own wine; and it also implies that he must be within easy distance of a wine manufactory. At the date of the last returns (1885) there were in South Australia eleven wine manufacturers; and the number in Victoria is, I believe, very much larger. Many of the wine manufactories must be on the scale of our village public-houses, which supply home-brewed ales. A farmer has a small vineyard, and the wine which he makes is sold to his neighbours. The annual consumption of wine in New South Wales is nearly three-quarters of a gallon per head of the population; in Victoria it is just over a gallon; in South Australia, nearly a gallon and a half.\* The "wine of the country," however, is apt

\* In the United Kingdom the annual consumption per head is considerably less than half a gallon—considerably less than one-third of the consumption in South Australia. Even Germany, with its vineyards, consumes less wine per head than South Australia; the consumption in Germany being just under a gallon and a third.

to be heady, and a stranger has to be careful in drinking it. But sometimes it is both palatable and wholesome. I remember staying for a night in a most homely and comfortable house, where my host was anxious that I should drink some of his own Port. I was rather nervous, but found it a very clean and honest wine, pleasant to drink and not dangerous. But there is an impression among those who are interested in the extension of the industry that the reputation of Australian wines has been injured by the small manufacturers. If a speculative exporter bought a few barrels of "pale ale" from a village brewer, and sent it to some foreign market which had not yet heard of the fame of Bass and Allsopp, the venture would not encourage the purchaser to order any more beer from England. And the wines of the smaller Australian manufacturers—so it is said—sometimes find their way to this country, and people who happen to drink them resolve to keep to the wines of Mayence and Bordeaux. Experts are, therefore, anxious that farmers should be content with growing the grapes, and should leave the production of wine to large establishments, properly equipped and managed by skilled and experienced hands.

There seems to be a general conviction that the Governments of the several colonies can do very much towards creating or developing these new industries. The production of wine in South Australia might, it is thought, be encouraged by the establishment of reciprocity treaties with Tasmania, New Zealand, Queensland, and other countries; this is the recommendation of the South Australian Committee.

The Committee also suggest that inducements should be offered to persons in the South of Europe, who are familiar with vine pruning and wine making, with olive pruning, with the processes for preserving olives in bottles and the making of olive oil, to settle in South Australia. They look especially to the district in the south of Spain lying between Tarragona and Barcelona. It is thought that immigrants might be drawn over in sufficient numbers if they were offered a grant of twenty acres after they had worked at their business for three years in the colony.

The directors of the beautiful Botanical Gardens, of which Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide are so justly proud, distribute cuttings of plants suitable to the Australian soil and climate to persons who engage to cultivate them; and the South Australian Committee recommend that the Conservator of Forests and the Principal of the Agricultural College should be instructed to do this on a large scale for the encouragement of vineyards and olive gardens.

Since 1878 the Victorian Government have maintained an experimental farm of nearly 5000 acres. A small portion of the ground has been planted with vines, olives, oranges, citrons, limes, figs, and other fruit trees. On plots of one-tenth of an acre, experiments have been made in rotation cropping, various systems of

manuring, and other farming processes. Fodder of various kinds, supposed to be specially suited to the climate, has been grown with success. Experiments have been tried with thirty varieties of wheat, and twenty-four kinds of clover and grass. Chicory, turnips, mangold, beans, and medicinal plants have also been raised. There is a dairy which produces excellent butter throughout the hottest weather. According to the last report there were five acres of vineyard, which had yielded during the year 1200 gallons of wine, and the olives had yielded 100 gallons of oil. Under an Act passed in 1884, 150,000 acres of Crown lands were reserved for the permanent endowment of State agricultural schools and colleges, and State experimental farms. More than 100,000 acres had been actually leased in 1887, and the annual rents amounted to £5167. The first school, with accommodation for forty students, was opened in October 1885, and was filled from the day it was opened. The students receive instruction in chemistry, botany, entomology, geology, advanced English, arithmetic, mensuration, surveying, bookkeeping, practical work on the farm, the use of farm implements and machinery, and the management of live stock. No fee is charged for instruction, but the students pay £25 a year for board and lodging.

South Australia has had an Agricultural College for some years; and I believe that it has worked satisfactorily. It is maintained by an annual Parliamentary vote, and accommodates twenty-eight pupils. During the last seven or eight years an experimental farm in connection, with the college, and under the management of the principal, has given satisfactory results; a similar farm in another district, which had been established earlier, does not seem to have been successful. The principal of the college, in addition to his work with the students, supplies information to farmers by letter, and sends them samples of seeds for trial plots. It is part of his duty to receive visitors, and to explain to them the operations and experiments conducted on the farm. He also delivers lectures of a practical kind in different parts of the colony.

As yet New South Wales has neither an agricultural college nor a State experimental farm; but the Technical College at Sydney, with its branch country schools, provides classes in agriculture, botany, veterinary science, and wool-sorting. It is felt, however, that these classes, however useful, cannot give to students all the training that they require; and it is probable that within a few years the Government will create both a farm and a college.

Visitors to the Colonial Exhibition of 1886 may remember the striking collection of beautiful woods in the Queensland Court—woods rich in colour and some of them finely grained. There may have been similar collections in the other courts, but it was the Queensland exhibit that attracted my special attention. At the Exhibition held last year in Adelaide there was also a very interesting collection of



woods from several of the colonies, and I had the advantage of examining them under the guidance of an expert. I learnt from him that the hard timber of the indigenous forest trees has great value for various industrial purposes; it is also contended that the softer timbers, which are now imported in very large quantities, grow rapidly and to great perfection. Considerable encouragement is already given by different Governments to the growth of timber, and it is probable that this industry will in time add largely to the wealth of all the colonies.

But, perhaps, the most interesting experiment which has yet been made by any of the Governments for the development of the resources of the soil is the scheme for establishing what are described as Irrigation Colonies in Victoria and in South Australia. Rather more than two years ago, Messrs. George and W. B. Chaffey applied to the Victorian Government for the concession of a large tract of almost worthless land on the river Murray, which they proposed to change by irrigation into an orchard and a garden, and broad fields of golden wheat. For carrying out the scheme it was necessary that certain definite rights to use the water of the river should be granted to the promoters. The Government came to the conclusion that their powers under the existing laws did not enable them to make the necessary concessions; but the scheme was so attractive and so full of promise, that a Bill, entitled "The Waterworks Construction Encouragement Act," was introduced into Parliament, and became law before the end of 1886. The Act required that the concession asked for by Messrs. Chaffey should be open for two months to public competition. No tender, however, came in except from Messrs. Chaffey, and they are now carrying out their scheme.

The contractors were able to appeal to the remarkable and rapid success which had been achieved by a similar undertaking of theirs in California. A cattle ranch, which had been regarded as useless for agricultural purposes, had been suddenly transformed, as if at the touch of a magician, into one of the richest fruit-bearing districts in the world—the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

The Californian settlement, named Ontario, after the Canadian birth-place of its promoters, was founded in 1882. The Hon. Alfred Deakin, Chief Secretary of Victoria—a man of singularly clear and vigorous intellect—visited the settlement in 1885 as a member of a Victorian Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the water supply of the colony, and, in a memorandum published on his return, gave a brilliant account of its position and prospects. More recent visitors describe it in still more glowing terms. There is a double avenue, two hundred feet wide and seven miles in length, extending in a straight line from one end of the settlement to the other, and lined on each side with pepper trees, eucalyptus, magnolia, orange, and palm trees. Set back a few yards from the avenue are villas, surrounded with lawns,

orchards, and flower-gardens. The population numbers already 2500. There is an hotel, described as excellent; there are stores, schools, churches, and, of course, a newspaper. There is also an Agricultural College, which was endowed by the contractors with land, valued at the time it was given at £20,000. Part of the college estate was sold to raise funds for the building, and already the land which remains has become as valuable as the whole of the original endowment. The college contains a chapel, four large class rooms, and rooms for a museum, library, and other purposes. It has been handed over to the University of South California. There are no "saloons," the settlers having themselves determined to refuse licences. In 1885 Ontario, within three years of its foundation, exported 524 tons of raisins.

This is the kind of settlement which the Messrs. Chaffey propose to found in Victoria and in South Australia. The Victorian settlement, which is named Mildura, after the pastoral district which forms the chief portion of the grant, is in the north-west corner of the colony, and extends along the southern bank of the Murray, right and left of the point at which it is joined by the Darling, which flows into it from the north. It is much nearer to Adelaide, the chief city of the neighbouring colony, than to Melbourne.

The agreement with the Victorian Government is dated May 31, 1887; the contractors have already entered into possession of 50,000 acres, and the works are well advanced: ultimately their grant is to include 250,000 acres. The water-rights are conceded for a term of twenty-five years, with right of renewal from time to time for the same period. Messrs. Chaffey undertake to spend £10,000 during the first twelve months, £35,000 during the first five years, £140,000 during the second five years, £75,000 during the third five years, and £50,000 during the fourth five years—a total of £300,000 in twenty years—in irrigation works, agriculture, horticulture, &c., and the establishment of a fruit-preserving industry. An agricultural school or college is to be established, and one-fifteenth of the whole of the irrigated land is to be appropriated to the college endowment.

Any serious breach of the conditions on the part of Messrs. Chaffey Brothers involves the annulment of the agreement, on the payment by the Government of 80 per cent. on the value of the irrigation works and substantial and permanent improvements then existing upon the land resumed. But any land vested in trust for the agricultural college, or actually sold by them to settlers, is to be exempt from resumption.

The fee simple of the first two blocks of 50,000 acres is to be granted to the contractors when £5 an acre has been expended in permanent improvements on land not usually flooded in flood seasons by the Murray, and when £2 an acre has been expended on land usually flooded; but the land on which only £2 an acre is to be expended

is not to exceed 10,000 acres. To obtain the fee simple of the remaining 200,000 acres, or any part of them, £1 an acre must be spent on improvements, and the contractors must pay £1 an acre to the Colonial Treasurer.\* They must also satisfy the Governor that they intend, in good faith, to carry out the whole of the agreement. It is further provided that the Messrs. Chaffey shall never retain in their own possession, or that of their agents, more than 5000 acres of cultivated and irrigated land: it being the intention of the scheme not to make Messrs. Chaffey Brothers' large landholders, but to secure the settlement of a great number of settlers.

There are limitations in the agreement on the amount of land that can be sold to individual purchasers. Eighty acres is the maximum that can be in the hands of one holder for fruit-growing, and 160 acres the maximum for general agricultural purposes.

Land suitable for the cultivation of fruit is sold by the company at £20 an acre; land for general agricultural purposes at £15 an acre. For payment in cash there is a discount of 2½ per cent. If the purchaser prefers it, he can spread the payment over ten years, but there is, of course, an additional charge for interest. He is also allowed to hold under the *métayer* system, and to pay as rent one-fourth of his crop. Town allotments of one quarter of an acre are sold at prices varying from £20 upwards, and villa or suburban allotments of two acres and a half at £100.

To the earlier settlers the land was sold already cleared; later settlers have to clear the land for themselves, Messrs. Chaffey undertaking to do the work at a reasonable cost.

The town is to be pierced by a great avenue, like the avenue of Ontario, 200 feet in width. There are reserves for churches, halls, and reading-rooms; for parks and gardens. The Bishop of Ballarat (Dr. Thornton) has already accepted the acre offered him as the site of a church. On his visit to the settlement he delivered a lecture on a Saturday evening in the engineers' shop, and had an audience of eighty-two, whom he describes as "splendid listeners;" the next morning he conducted service in the same building, and had a congregation of eighty-five. A business meeting, he says, was attended by forty persons; a committee was appointed, and steps were taken for the immediate erection of a school-church, the establishment of a Sunday-school, and the holding of periodical services.

No drinking-bars or saloons are to be allowed; whatever intoxicating liquor is drunk will have to be drunk in private. It is not quite clear whether the regulations will allow liquor to be sold.

The scheme is a fascinating one. Fruit-growing does not require such severe exertion as many other colonial employments. The

\* It is hardly necessary to say that the money to be spent on permanent improvements includes only the cost of the irrigation works, but the cost of clearing the land, fencing, building houses, farm-buildings, &c.

settlers, as the promoters are careful to say, will not have to live a lonely life in the Bush. They are promised all the advantages of a well-ordered town—schools, an agricultural college, churches, reading-rooms, banks, hotels; brick-yards, where they may obtain bricks at the lowest cost to build their houses; saw-mills, where they may get their timber; stores, where they may purchase whatever necessities and luxuries they do not provide for themselves.

The first Government Report on the progress of the enterprise is dated April 16, 1888, and was presented by the Chief Engineer of Water Supply. At that date there had been sold 458 town lots, 54 suburban lots, and 1610 acres of agricultural and horticultural land. The population was 270.

Messrs. Chaffey and staff . . . . .	19
Engineers, blacksmiths, machinists, carpenters, bricklayers, and other mechanics . . . . .	38
Men clearing land, and other labourers employed by the firm on daily wages . . . . .	39
Men engaged on contract work and their employes . . . . .	47
Settlers, employed chiefly in fencing and clearing their lands and erecting dwellings . . . . .	32
Women, chiefly married . . . . .	35
Children of school age . . . . .	30
Children under school age . . . . .	30

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270

The Report adds: "Of the forty-seven men set down as engaged on contract works, the majority are purchasers of land in the Mildura colony, and are thus employing themselves and their cattle, pending a favourable opportunity to take possession of their allotments, and commence operations there." The Engineer further reports that the Messrs. Chaffey have fully complied with the covenants of their agreement; that vouchers were produced for an expenditure of £11,086 16s. 8d. up to February 28; and that there could be no doubt that at the date of the Report the contractors had expended on improvements £18,000.\*

The South Australian settlement—Kenmark—lies west of Mildura, a few miles beyond the Victorian boundary. The agreement between Messrs. Chaffey and the South Australian Government is almost identical with that which they have made with the Government of Victoria.

The scheme, as I have said, is a fascinating one; and I am rather

\* I heard a great deal of this interesting scheme when I was in the colony; but for the details given in the text I have relied on (1) an account of the scheme drawn up by Mr. J. R. M. Vincent for the official "Victorian Year Book, 1886-7"; (2) an illustrated book, called the "Australian Irrigation Colonies," issued by Messrs. Chaffey Brothers: this book contains, among other interesting matters, the Bishop of Ballarat's account of his visit to Mildura; descriptions of Ontario by various travellers; speeches on the scheme by eminent Australian politicians; (3) a copy of the indenture containing the agreement between the contractors, or, as they are technically called, the licensees, and the Victorian Government. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Vincent, the London representative of Messrs. Chaffey, for (2) and (3). The London offices of the company are at Cornwall Buildings, Queen Victoria Street.

afraid that within a month I may receive a score or two of letters from persons whom I have never seen, asking me whether I advise them to apply at once for twenty acres suitable for the cultivation of fruit, or whether I think that they had better apply for forty acres; whether, in the long run, a town lot at £20, or a suburban lot at £100, is likely to be the better investment; whether, in my judgment, Mildura or Kenmark has the better prospects; what are the fares for first and for second-class passengers by the Orient Line and the P. O.; and which line I recommend.

Since my return from Australia, though I have said little or nothing in public about the economic prospects of the colonies, I have received letters from unknown correspondents living in remote parts of England, implying an estimate of the value of my judgment more surprising than gratifying. To recommend a person of whom I know nothing to give up an income, however small, in this country and go out to Australia, to tell him which of the colonies he should select, when he should go; what kind of employment he should seek when he gets there, and how much money he ought to take with him, would be a cruel abuse of his confidence. Before I could give such advice to any man, I should have to learn, if he is a working-man, whether he is a good carpenter, bricklayer, mason, or blacksmith; or whether he knows much about horses, cattle, or sheep; or whether he understands farming or market-gardening. I should have to ask him his age, and whether his lungs and heart are sound; what diseases he has suffered from; whether he can stand a hot sun; and whether he likes hard work. I should have to find out whether he is temperate, whether he is resolute, ingenious, alert, capable of adapting himself to new conditions of life, and of doing good work without his usual tools. And if, on all these points, the results of my inquiries were satisfactory, I should suggest that it would be well for him to apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, for copies of the admirable official handbooks of the colonies—they are only one penny each—study them carefully, write to friends in the colonies for information, if he happens to have any friends there, and then form his own judgment as to whether he ought to go. If the applicant were a man with some capital, I should have to ask him many of the same questions, and should have to end with substantially the same counsel. There is a criminal levity, as it seems to me, in assuming the responsibility of recommending people to emigrate without adequate knowledge of their capacity and character, and without a very intimate acquaintance with the actual economic conditions of the colonies at the time when the advice is given.

This is a digression. But I wanted to escape the letters of inquiry which I feared might be provoked by my account of Mildura.

Midura and Kenmark may perhaps become as prosperous in a few years as Ontario; and their success may suggest to colonial authorities in England, Australia, Canada, and South Africa the expediency of promoting colonization—as distinguished from emigration—on a large scale. Why should not some of the Colonial Governments co-operate with the Government at home in endeavouring to found organized settlements, equipped from the beginning with stores, brick-yards, saw-mills, schools, and whatever else is necessary for the life of civilized men and women?

But, whatever may be the success of Messrs. Chaffey's schemes, it is not, I think, very probable that the new agricultural industries suggested by the witnesses who appeared before the Victorian Commission and the South Australian Committee will develop elsewhere very rapidly. The men who are already on the land will not be easily induced to plant vineyards and orchards and olive gardens. For the Australian farmer is generally a stubborn Conservative of his farm, whatever he may be at the polling-booth. As long as he can make a fair living by growing wheat, he does not care to grow anything else. Grapes, oranges, figs, peaches—these are mere “fads,” good enough to fill up the idle time of women, and very proper trifles for the amusement of rich men who are at a loss how to spend their money; but for a man, who can put his reapers or his reaping machine into a thousand or a couple of thousand acres of splendid wheat every year, to rely upon mere fancy crops, seems to him contrary to common-sense. According to the traditions of the old country, there is a certain dignity in growing wheat, which he would lose if he took to market-gardening and fruit-growing. And then, if he told the whole truth, he would say that the new crops would require a knowledge which he does not possess, and a care which he does not feel inclined to expend upon them.

But the Agricultural Colleges will send out a constantly increasing number of younger men, who will have caught the enterprising and innovating spirit of their professors, and who will be anxious to make use of their new knowledge. In the course of twenty or thirty years, these men, less controlled than their fathers by English customs and English ways of thinking, will have changed the whole character of Australian agriculture. They will grow wheat where wheat can be grown to profit. They will grow hops where hops can be grown to profit. They will cover immenso areas of country with vineyards, olive gardens, and orchards; and Australian fruits—fresh and canned—Australian raisins, Australian currants, Australian olives, Australian oil, and Australian wines will take their place in the English markets side by side with Australian wool. The paper-makers of Europe may find that Australia can supply them with a better fibre than the Spanish Esparto. Queensland coffee may be drunk in Paris in pre-

ference to Mocha, and Russians may discover that the tea from the Northern Territory of South Australia is better than they can get from Peking.

I find that I have been caught in the prophetic rapture which exalts the imagination of some of my young friends in Sydney and Melbourne. The last paragraph might have been prepared for a speech at a meeting of "Australian natives." But let it stand. According to a poet who was popular forty years ago, "Prophecy is more true than history." And whether these larger anticipations are fulfilled or not, this, at least, seems certain, that within a generation or two Australian cultivation will become so varied that for Australia the dream of another poet, whose fame has lived for nearly two thousand years, will be fulfilled. For the time will come when it will be no longer necessary for ships to plough the ocean in order to bring to Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane the necessities or the luxuries of life from remote lands;

"The soil shall bear  
For all men's use all products of all climes."

It is very possible that there may be, within a few years, a great economic development in other directions. At the end of 1887, a passing traveller, knowing nothing about the colonies except what he learnt from the conversation he heard in railway carriages and at dinner tables, might have come to the conclusion that nearly the whole of the prosperity of Australia was derived from its gold and silver mines. Men were telling stories about Broken Hill which were wilder than the stories of romance. There was a young man, for example, on a station in South Australia, who, three or four years before I heard the tale, was receiving 20s. a week and his "tucker" as a boundary rider. He was playing euchre with a friend, who, after he had lost all his ready money, staked an original share, which he had just purchased for £100 or £120, in a new silver mine. The boundary rider won. A few months later, he and another friend went up to the mine to see how it was going on. As they were returning to Adelaide, they caught a dangerous fever, and they were nursed by a stranger. The friend died; the successful euchre player recovered. When he was better, he said to the stranger: "You have rendered me the greatest service one man can render to another, for you have saved my life. You ought to have a share of my luck. I will divide with you. Here's a cheque for £15,000. My share in Broken Hill is worth £30,000." I was telling this story at the table of a friend of mine in London a few months after my return to England; there was only one guest besides myself, and he was a well-known stock-broker from Melbourne. When I had finished, he said: "Yes; I know the boundary rider very well, and did business for him. The story is quite true. He held his share for a time, and sold out at an enormous price; but if he had held till now, he would have been

worth £600,000." People talked about Broken Hill as we in England used to talk about the Tichborne Trial. It was on everybody's lips. They quoted the last price of shares as we quote yesterday's returns during a General Election. Reports founded on private information from a sure hand, about the wonderful yield of a new "lode," were as common, and were listened to with as much interest, as reports in a London club about divisions in the Cabinet when a Ministry is in trouble. Not only was everybody talking about Broken Hill; an extraordinary number of quiet people, who, in England, would never touch speculations of the sort, held shares in it. The excitement was sufficiently intense when I was in Adelaide. After I left, so a correspondent wrote to me, it became more intense still. One professional gentleman, who usually leaves the city for two or three weeks during the heat of Christmas, spent his holiday at the "corner" where the brokers meet, and claimed to have made £8000. "You remember," writes my friend, "sitting next to Mr. — at Mr. —'s luncheon. He had held a very good position, but had been very unfortunate; just before you met him at luncheon he had been obliged to call his creditors together. He has gone into Broken Hills, and is now worth £150,000." I lunched with this fortunate unfortunate gentleman in September; the letter was written, I think, in February.

The seven forty-acre blocks which are included in Broken Hill proper were purchased in 1883 by seven "station" hands, who each contributed £70, to buy a mineral lease of the land, and to start the mine and work it for tin. The capital was soon exhausted, and no tin was found. Some of the members of the little syndicate lost heart, and retired; and then it was determined to enlarge the company from seven to fourteen. In 1884 a fourteenth section could have been purchased for £120; a share was actually offered to a friend of mine at that price; some of the shares were sold for less. The whole value of the mine was therefore less than £1700. On Jan. 1, 1888, the shares were worth in the market £8,000,000. They rose still higher, I believe, for a time; but have since declined. Whether they have quite recovered I do not know.

In New South Wales I heard more about the great gold mine at Mount Morgan, in Queensland—the most valuable mine in Australia—discovered by the brothers Morgan in 1882. A pathetic story was told me about a man who had worked the land unsuccessfully as a farm some years before, and who was said to have gone mad when he learnt that just beneath the soil which he had found so uncongenial there was boundless wealth.

Indeed, I heard mining stories everywhere, and half the people I met with seemed to hold mining shares. Nor is this universal interest in mining speculation at all surprising: for the discovery of copper in 1845 gave a sudden impulse to the growth of South Australia; and



the discovery of gold in 1851 changed the economic condition of the whole of the Australian colonies and opened for them a new course of material prosperity.\* For some years the production of gold in every one of the colonies had been diminishing,† but in 1884 the decline in Queensland was arrested, and, if the accounts which are given of the enormous wealth of Mount Morgan are true, there will be a continuous increase in the yield for many years to come. The recent expansion in the production of silver is still more surprising. The three colonies of Victoria, New South Wales, and New Zealand yielded 64,655 ounces in 1882, 116,012 ounces in 1883, 145,644 ounces in 1884, 839,749 ounces in 1885; and in 1886 New South Wales alone yielded 1,015,433 ounces.‡ The production must have greatly increased in 1887, owing to the development of Broken Hill and the opening of other mines in the neighbourhood of Silverton. There is no reason to suppose that these mines are even approaching exhaustion.

Tin is found in New South Wales, Tasmania, and Queensland. In New South Wales alone the tin fields are said to extend over 5,440,000 acres; and as the countries in which this metal has been discovered in quantities which would bear the cost of working are very few, tin is likely to contribute largely to the prosperity of these colonies. The total value of the tin and tin ore produced in the three colonies in 1885 was £925,084. For 1886 I have no returns except from New South Wales; in that year the value of ingots and ore was £467,653, an advance of £50,000 on 1885. The heaviest production in the colony was in 1882 and 1883, when the total value reached £833,461 and £824,522. The diminished production in 1884-5, when it suddenly dropped to £521,587 and £415,626, was probably owing to the sudden fall of prices in the London market.

Copper is still produced in considerable quantities in New South Wales, and in South Australia, but the low prices which ruled for some years led to the closing of many of the mines and to a very serious diminution of production. In 1872 copper realized £108 per ton; the average prices for 1884-5-6 were £54 7s. 6d., £44, £40 5s. Prices were rising rapidly in the autumn of 1887, and I believe that early this year South Australian copper fetched £70 per ton. Perhaps this may have tempted some of the mine-owners to reopen their works, but when I was in South Australia, in September 1887, they were too doubtful about the permanence of the rise to make the venture. There is, however, a great abundance of excellent copper both in New South Wales and in South Australia; and in the judg-

\* The value of the total production of gold in all the Australian colonies from 1851 to 1886, estimating it at £3 15s. per ounce, was £303,841,151; estimating it at £4 per ounce, the value was £321,097,228.

† The total production in South Australia has been so small that it is hardly necessary to qualify this general statement; but, as a matter of fact, the produce in that colony for the five years 1882-1886 was larger than for any previous five years; it reached its highest point—£26,315—in 1886.

‡ The returns for New South Wales do not include the silver obtained in the form of silver-lead ore, the value of which, from 1876 to 1886, is estimated at over £600,000.

ment of some persons, the introduction of modern smelting processes might do much towards enabling Australian copper to recover the place it held in the English market a few years ago.

But for a great expansion of the mineral products of the country many are looking to the Northern Territory of South Australia. In a report on the geology and mineralogy of that great district, the Rev. J. E. Tenison-Woods expresses the following sanguine judgment:—"I do not believe that the same quantity of mineral veins of gold, silver, copper, and lead will be found in any equal area of Australia; in fact, I doubt if many provinces will be found in any country so singularly and exceptionally favoured as Arnheim's Land is in respect to the mineral riches of the mines that have already been worked, in gold especially."

When great fortunes are to be made by a few fortunate speculators in gold, silver, copper, or tin, the speculative fever spreads through whole communities, and men have no inclination to plant vineyards and peach orchards and olive gardens. It may be that the immense mineral wealth of Australia will for some years divert the energy of the colonists from less exciting industries.

Will the Australians become a great manufacturing people? Why should they not? They have coal—and excellent coal—in immense quantities. The area over which coal is distributed in New South Wales has been approximately computed at 23,950 square miles. The industry was checked for many years by a monopoly. A company known as the Australian Agricultural Company, whose buildings may still be seen in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, obtained in 1826 a grant of 1,000,000 acres of land near the mouth of the river Hunter; and their charter conferred on them the sole right of working the coal seams in the great coal district of the colony. In 1817, when their charter expired, the total output was only 40,732 tons; in 1857 it had risen to 210,434 tons, in 1867 to 770,012 tons, in 1877 to 1,111,271 tons, and in 1886 to 2,830,175 tons. The average annual value of the output during 1883-4-5-6, was over a million and a quarter. In addition to supplying its own demand, New South Wales exports coal to all the other colonies of Australia, to Hong Kong, to China, to Manilla, to Fiji, to India, and to the United States. To the United States it sent, in 1886, 305,824 tons, valued at £176,991.\*

The Australians have coal for manufacturing purposes, and both in New South Wales and in South Australia they have iron. In South Australia, however, they have not yet got coal; the Government has offered a bonus of £4000 for the discovery of a paying coal-field; the iron ore, if worked, would have to be smelted with wood. And in New South Wales the actual production of iron is at present very inconsiderable. The annual yield to the end of 1885

\* There is also excellent coal in New Zealand.

has never exceeded 7500 tons; in 1885 it was only 4176 tons. Mr. Coghlan says that—

“Iron is widely diffused all over the colony. . . . The richness of the ore is marvellous. . . . Hitherto the very richness of magnetic ores has been the chief drawback to their being worked, for the smelting of rich ores has been exceedingly difficult, and, until recently, little understood. Now, however, since the introduction of the Bessemer process, and the successful experiments in the treatment of similar ores in England, the difficulty of smelting has been entirely overcome.”

But even if these hopeful anticipations are not soon fulfilled, and Australia has still to import her iron and steel, and much of her machinery, from older countries, is it not possible for her to engage with success in many forms of manufacturing industry? She has magnificent wool; she has hides; she has admirable bark for purposes of tanning; in the course of a few years she may have great cotton plantations in the northern parts of the country. Why should she not have large manufactories of woollen and cotton and leather goods?

And though she may not, for some time to come, be able to do without corrugated iron from England, and iron-wire from Germany—for the supply of the hundreds of thousands of miles of wire which are necessary every year for fencing has been largely lost to this country and secured by our German rivals—and though she may still be obliged to send to Sheffield and Birmingham and to the United States for knives and forks, for shovels, and other kinds of hardware; there are metals in which it would seem natural for Australian workmen to show their genius and skill. Can they make their gold into nothing but sovereigns, and their silver into nothing but florins and three-penny pieces? Could they not produce beautiful things for ornament and use from the precious metals with which their soil is enriched? And their copper—must all of it be made into half-pence? Is not their climate, with its clear skies and genial warmth, friendly to artistic genius?

The rougher work of settlement has been already done. They have built great cities, which possess all the resources of the most advanced civilization. It may be that they are now ready to show that they have not only the robust vigour of which they have given proof in their past achievements, but a fresh unworn sense of beauty and the skill to give it expression.

To all this a cool critical reader may reply—But if Australia is to become the rival of European countries in manufactures, her people must be willing to live on European wages. The reply is not, perhaps, absolutely decisive; but there, no doubt, lies the difficulty. The Labour Question is the insoluble problem of all civilized communities. Australia has not solved it.

R. W. DALE.

Birmingham.

## MR. SYDNEY BUXTON'S "FINANCE AND POLITICS"

I MUST begin by finding a fault with Mr. Sydney Buxton—a fault, however, which I should have to find with a whole multitude of other authors. Indeed, while I am now speaking of Mr. Buxton I am talking at all those other authors just as well. Why does he adhere to the comparatively modern superstition which insists that the writer of a book must bewilder his readers by notes? Why should one sentence be printed in the right place and another sentence in the wrong place? If a thing is worth telling at all, if a remark is worth making, if a citation is worth quoting, why should it not be printed in the text of the page and not consigned to the pestering form of a note? Can it be possible that there is any mortal creature who would not rather read a sentence in its place and in large print, than out of its place and in small print? "There are, in this book far too many notes," Mr. Buxton says modestly in his preface; "and these notes are far too discursive; but I could not part with them." Mr. Buxton is quite right in not parting with any of the statements, references, or citations which he has put into the form of notes; and they do not seem to me far too discursive, or discursive at all. Only I wish he had put them in their natural place; that is, in that part of the text to which they relate. I should like to get up a literary agitation for the suppression of notes. Fancy Herodotus or Cæsar telling us part of his story in little sentences separated from the text!

HAVING thus relieved my mind, I come to Mr. Buxton's book. It is a book of great and genuine value. Technically it is a history of the movement and the fluctuations of the financial policy of England since the opening of Pitt's career. But it is not merely a history of finance in this country. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Buxton would never have taken off his coat to this work for the mere

purpose of telling us, in consecutive detail, how the window-tax was abolished, and how the paper duty was repealed, and what came of the various schemes of Sinking Fund, and wherefore the income-tax was called into being, and why it amounted to so many pence in the pound under one Budget and to so many more or less, under another. "All this will be found very clearly and correctly set forth in Mr. Buxton's volumes; for the work is a history, and not merely a treatise or an essay. The man who wants to argue one way will find his historical materials accurately prepared for him just as well as the man who wants to argue the other way. But Mr. Buxton's work on finance and politics is a book with a purpose. In the days when the French Second Empire was at its zenith, M. Achille Fould was Financial Minister to the Emperor Napoleon III. He had been very successful as a Financial Minister on former occasions, and he was prevailed upon by the Emperor to return to the work at a time when the Imperial Exchequer had been put into some difficulty by the too frequent and heedless introduction of the Imperial hand. "We rely on you," the Emperor said, "to give us good finance." "You may rely on me," M. Fould replied, "to give your Majesty good finance, if your Majesty will give me a good foreign policy."

Mr. Buxton is of the opinion of M. Fould. So is everybody; at least everybody must be so or say that he is, if you pin him to the wall and insist on having a formal declaration of opinion from him. No sane man ever argued that you can have a bad foreign policy and a good Budget. But many men who are perfectly sane have acted on the apparent assumption that the thing can be managed somehow. Now the purpose of Mr. Sydney Buxton's book—a purpose never bluntly obtruded, but never, I should think, lost sight of—is to prove by figures, illustrations, and examples that it cannot be done under any conditions. "I shall hope to show," Mr. Buxton says, "how inextricably finance and politics have been interwoven in English history during this century." He has shown it, and in the most conclusive way. But, as he says himself, if we go back to early history the same inseparable association presents itself. "It was to a large extent a money grievance that prompted the action of the Barons at Runnymede." Wat Tyler's revolt was due to the operation of a poll-tax. Jack Cade's rebellion was stirred by excessive taxation. The levy of ship-money cost Charles the First his throne and his life. The unconstitutional duty on tea drove the American colonies into revolt. It is the same thing in the history of every country. The story of Masaniello, as we are told it, is particularly instructive, and might indeed be made the moral lesson of a discourse on finance and policy. The rulers of Naples were hard up for money; they had exhausted all reasonable sources, and they could not get enough. Why were they thus driven to the demand for money at any risk? Because they were carrying

on a war about which the vast mass of the population of Naples did not care three straws. The rulers of Naples imposed a tax on fruit and vegetables—that is, on the food of all the poor of Naples. Only a spark was needed to set an insurrection aflame; and circumstances and Masaniello supplied the spark between them. Masaniello became a sort of dictator for awhile; until his government, in its turn managing things financial very badly, had to come to a tax on fruit and vegetables also. Then the spirits he had raised abandoned him; the people turned against him: he was killed. He fell a victim to bad finance; and the bad finance came from a bad general policy.

Of course it would be absurd to say that a financial policy fails only because it is bad. Many a financial scheme has failed only because it was good. Many a scheme, at least, has failed because it was too good for its time; because the public did not understand it; because selfish interests of class or trade were roused against it, and proved themselves too powerful for it; because clap-trap and bunkum bawled out against it, and turned the heads of people for the day. Walpole's Excise Bill was in principle a very reasonable one, and in its proposed operation a very moderate measure; but it aroused a fury in the country against which no Ministry could have stood up. It was hardly debated on its own merits at all; it was treated as the first measure, the pilot balloon, of an indefinite number of searching, inquisitorial, torturing Excise measures to follow. Pass this one Bill—so shrieked the opponents of the measure—allow the Excise duty on tobacco to be increased, even though the Customs duty be reduced—and you will never be able to prevent an Excise duty being placed on everything we eat and everything we wear and everything we use in our households. It may seem now incredible, but it is none the less true, that the people of England were called upon in verse and in prose to believe that if Walpole's Excise Bill were carried, the exciseman would soon be empowered to offer to English girls the insult which cost the life of the tax-gatherer in the days of Wat Tyler. Walpole's Bill fell a victim to popular clamour. It was in advance of its age, and that was its unpardonable crime. "Miserable is the man," says a German author, "who is in advance of his age." Miserable certainly is the financial measure which stands in that forlorn position of advancement. The example of Walpole's measure and its fate, however, so far from coming into antagonism with Mr. Sydney Buxton's central principle, only tends to confirm it. The people of Great Britain had then no reason whatever to know that a tax which they disliked might not be the precursor of taxes infinitely more hateful still, and that all would not be enforced in their turn with a positively barbarous severity. Moreover, Walpole's sound and reasonable propositions with regard to the duties on tobacco and

wine had followed his very unsound and unreasonable propositions for a tax upon salt.

The four great masters of English finance are Walpole, Pitt, Peel, and Gladstone. Walpole was the first English statesman who deserved to be described as a Financial Minister with a principle and a policy. He first reduced English finance to order. He had already grasped what may perhaps be called the germ idea of free trade. His whole policy of diminishing the Customs duties and adding to the Excise was framed with the object of allowing raw material to find its way to our workers here at home. Walpole, of course, had an immense advantage over Pitt. He had to deal with a long succession of years of peace. "If Pitt," says Mr. Buxton, "had had the good fortune of Walpole; if, like Walpole, he had found the finances in a sound condition and had enjoyed twenty years of uninterrupted tenure of office in an epoch of peace, it is safe to predict that he would have anticipated many or most of the financial and fiscal reforms of Huskisson, perhaps even those of Peel and Gladstone; and that his long administration, if less eventful, would have been more beneficent." Walpole's good work was to a great extent undone by those who came after him. "Forty years of war and blundering had, when North retired, almost entirely obliterated the handiwork of Sir Robert." Pitt's economic plans were shattered in his own time. There is something rather melancholy, although the melancholy is probably unconscious, in Mr. Buxton's way of paying his just tribute to the financial genius of Pitt—"It was due mainly to his fostering care that England, in 1793, entered into the great war more wealthy and prosperous than any other nation;" and his quiet statement that "war made an end of economy and of surpluses." "Oh, weary on the wars," exclaims Mistress Alison Wilson, in "Old Mortality;" "mony's the comely face that they destroy." Weary on the wars, the Pitts and Gladstones might exclaim; many's the comely surplus they destroy. Nor would it be quite so bad if the wars only destroyed surpluses; but they also destroy plans. They push great financial principles into a corner and out of sight; they sometimes turn a Minister of the most liberal public purpose into a sort of Empson or Dudley.

Mr. Gladstone, whom no adverse fate could possibly turn into any sort of Empson or Dudley, has found foreign war a frequent enemy of his financial policy. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time at a moment when it was firmly believed by many or most people that, as Mr. Buxton puts it, "peace and goodwill among men was at last to be a permanent institution." The Great Exhibition of 1851 was regarded by enthusiasts as the opening of a new era of humanity. All the civilized nations of the earth had sent their delegates and their productions to compete in that friendly rivalry; and men only need to come together, such was the argument, and to

know each other, in order to love each other and to recognize the beauty of fraternity and the blessing of peace. "Because I know you well I love you well," says some one in the "Taming of the Shrew." The Conservative Government fell, crushed by the levity, if I may venture on such a paradox, of Mr. Disraeli's Budget. The Coalition Government of Peelites and Radicals—they were hardly called Radicals then—was formed under Lord Aberdeen. Mr. Gladstone took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The names of the new Ministers had hardly been made public when the Emperor Nicholas of Russia had the first of those memorable conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, our envoy to St. Petersburg, in which Nicholas told Sir Hamilton what he would allow and what he would not allow with regard to the Eastern Question; expressed his full confidence in Lord Aberdeen, whom he said he knew personally very well; and declared that he was sure an understanding could be come to which would satisfy England and Russia alike, if only, he could have a ten minutes' conversation with the English Prime Minister or any of the leading members of the British Government. The effect of these conversations on English public opinion was very unlike what Nicholas must have expected. He was inviting England to what he doubtless considered a fair and satisfactory arrangement for the division of the spoils of Turkey; England at once looked on him as a conspirator and put herself on guard against him. The Crimean war came on, and since that time the world has hardly known an interval of peace. The Crimean war was followed by the Indian Mutiny, and the Mutiny by the campaign of the French against the Austrians, and the following year saw the Italian revolutions; and then the great American Civil War broke out, and soon the war between Austria and Prussia, and then the war between France and Prussia, ending in the occupation of Paris and the complete triumph of Germany, and the creation of a German empire. Meantime and after we had on our own account all manner of small wars in Asia and in North and South Africa, and the sword of England was hardly ever in its sheath.

War is unquestionably popular very often with large masses or classes of the English people. The average man is apt to be thrown into a sort of rapture by the prospect of a fight anywhere and about anything. But a war also creates a factitious and feverish movement in trade and agriculture which is to healthy prosperity what the stimulant of an over-dose of brandy is to man on a march. After the war there is a financial reaction and collapse, and for a time peace seems to have brought no blessing with it. To many unthinking people it positively seems as if the trade of the country were more flourishing in war than in peace. Even among the shrewd Americans there were men who reasoned in this way when the Civil War was over and they felt themselves sucked in by the wave of commercial reaction.



To add to all this we have had in Europe since the days of the first French Republic a condition of things which makes peace only one degree less of a cost and a strain than war. The "bloated armaments" which Mr. Disraeli deprecated so strongly some quarter of a century ago, are more bloated now than ever. Each continental nation is arming to the teeth. France secretly prepares against Germany; Germany openly prepares against France. Alliances are formed with the object of securing peace which are all but certain to conduct to war. The Eastern Question is not settled yet. England has on her own part greatly extended and multiplied her responsibilities in Asia, in Egypt, in the Soudan, in South Africa. There is always a scare or a panic going on; and it is but natural, it is inevitable, that it should be so under such conditions. England is extending her frontier line in almost every region of the earth where she has a frontier; and extended frontier must mean increased responsibility, augmented danger. Any one can get up a national sensation at any time by proclaiming that our army is only a thing on paper, and that our navy might as well be so much rotten timber. Poor Mr. Ward Hunt, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Disraeli's Government of 1874, threw the country into an acute momentary panic by his unlucky suggestion that we had only a fleet on paper and that he was not going to stand it. He explained almost immediately after—not, however, before the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, had poured judicious cold water over the First Lord's flaming declaration—that he never meant what the House and the country supposed—that it was only his fun—and that a very trifling expenditure would turn the paper fleet into a navy of blood and iron. Curiously enough, a speech made by Sir Edward Reed towards the close of the Parliament of 1874, a speech made in 1880, long after Mr. Ward Hunt's death, had much to do with the giving of the *coup de grâce* to Lord Beaconsfield's Government. Sir Edward Reed drew a picture of the condition of the navy after so many years of Tory administration which might have made the bones of Mr. Ward Hunt to turn in the grave.

Does England neglect her navy? Certainly every English Government is charged in turn with such a national offence. Is the charge always only a political cry, or the shriek of panic? Of all easy tasks for English statesmanship, the easiest surely ought to be the keeping up of an efficient navy. The navy, "the proud defence," as Byron called it, "of England's feeble crag," is a favourite with everybody. It is inestimable as a means of national defence. It is almost worthless as a means of forcing on aggressive war. Cobden was always in favour of a really powerful navy. He regarded it as a guarantee of peace, and as a positive assistance to economy. Louis Napoleon declared himself quite willing to see England in possession

of a navy twice as large as the navy of Imperial France. He had nothing to dread from it, he said; no nation had anything to dread from it which was not anxious to make war on England. Yet it is certain that the navy is the source of incessant outcries and panics; of sudden outbursts of lavishness for no really practical purpose, which are succeeded as suddenly by fits of the cold fever of unmeaning parsimony. Guns, too, and armour for ships and forts: what enemies each Chancellor of the Exchequer has in them! Hardly has Parliament resolved to dispose of a few millions for some new kind of gun and some new defensive armour, when it is announced that some other State has discovered a piece of artillery twice as powerful, and a defensive sheathing three times as strong; and all the unfinished work has to be thrown away, and a new outlay voted for the newer experiments. One is reminded of the old story about the husband who goes with his wife to buy a bonnet; and when the choice has been satisfactorily made, begs that the bonnet may be sent home at once, lest the fashion should change before the lady has a chance of wearing her new purchase.

Simplicity in finance is the object which every real statesman is always striving to attain. I do not mean that sort of monotonous, unsymmetrical simplicity which used to be advocated some years ago, much more loudly and frequently than it is now, and which merely consisted in a proposal to raise the whole revenue of the State by direct taxation. The simplicity for which Walpole and Peel and Gladstone were always striving—a simplicity which mainly consisted in lightening the tariff of all complicated, small, cumbersome, and embarrassing items of taxation—is the object for which all statesmen, whether Liberal or Tory, are now striving sincerely. Perhaps Mr. Lowe's famous match-tax was about the last remarkable example of a thoroughly old-fashioned, perplexing, and objectionable little impost. But the great enemy of simplified taxation, as well as of economy, is still and always has been the fact on which Lord Palmerston laid so much stress, that “man is by nature a quarrelling and a fighting animal.” The income-tax, no doubt, we shall always have with us. Some years ago it still used to be the fashion of each successive Chancellor of the Exchequer to express his hope that that Session's imposition of the tax might be the last. Each Chancellor of the Exchequer still professed, or affected, to believe that we should have peace very soon, and that with settled peace we could get rid of a tax which had only been introduced to enable us to carry on a war. Lately, however, our Financial Ministers have dropped this idle ceremonial. Mr. Gladstone once said, “We have become attached to the income-tax, not as the bridegroom is attached to the bride, but as the captive is attached to the car of his conqueror.” We hear nothing now of any dim distant project to release the taxpayer from this impost, which at one

time a Financial Minister would have thought it treason to present as anything but a temporary expedient. "Let the income-tax die naturally," said Mr. Disraeli at Aylesbury in 1874. "You have a surplus. You need not devote the whole of that surplus to the remission of the income-tax. A part of it you may apply to other parts of public policy; but every one feels that in a very short time the income-tax, under those circumstances, would disappear." Exactly; get into a financial condition in which there is habitually a surplus, and no doubt the extinction of the income-tax would be a matter of speedy certainty. So, too, would be a thoroughly simplified system of finance, not, as I have said already, by a naked and revolutionary scheme of direct taxation, but by a plan which would make taxation least harassing to the taxpayer and least difficult of collection for the State. But to get at this blessed condition the English people must make up their minds to a more consistent principle of foreign policy, and a clearer notion about the cheap defence of the nation. As Mr. Buxton says, "When foreign policy comes in at the door, reforms fly out of the window."

I am not an Englishman, although I have spent by far the greater part of my working lifetime in England; and I feel a certain hesitation about giving any advice or suggestion to Englishmen concerning the Imperial policy. But if I might suggest, I would say that something like a root-and-branch reform is very desirable and also very feasible in foreign policy and in the War Departments. I should like to see a powerful navy set up and steadily kept up; not nurtured by fits and starts; allowed to sink into atrophy one year and swelled with useless expenditure the next; but consistently and steadfastly maintained to be the guarantee of the country against foreign invasion. I would have a comparatively small standing army and a strong flexible Volunteer force. I would, as a rule, keep out of Continental affairs. Englishmen have not, now a political interest on the continent of Europe which is worth to them the life of one Somersetshire or Northumbrian grenadier. I would let the Eastern Question settle itself. The way to India is pretty well secured now; and the way to India was the one great pretext for policy such as that which led to the Crimean war. I have a strong conviction myself that England's Eastern Question is the question of what she is to do with the poor and the wretched in the East-end of London and the regions of other great cities which are in a like condition with our East-end. Of course there must be a policy for India; and therefore England cannot afford to be altogether indifferent to the movements of Russia in the East. She cannot wrap herself up in a mantle of philosophic composure or fatalism and let things go their way unheeded. But there is a wide difference between philosophic indifference or fatalism and the kind of fretful fussy alarm which is stimulated

every now and then in England, and which is expressed by successive and factitious outbursts of Jingoism, and can only be appeased by displays of sudden and lavish expenditure. I do not venture to express any opinion as to the future of India; whether England will be able to hold it, to assimilate it, to make it really her own or not. But one may venture to look a little way into the future as regards Canada and Australia. I take it for granted that England will not long hold Canada, or very long hold Australia. I do not see how she could suffer in the least from the severance of the connection in either instance. Canada at present would be simply the victim in any war between England and the United States, supposing such a war possible; and she would be to England the sure means of a defeat. Canada would be the available battle-ground which the American States would naturally choose. They could compel England to come and fight them there; and England could not hold her ground. I cannot see how England would be any the worse off if Australia were a friendly United States in the southern seas. As things stand at present, in the event of a war with Russia, England would have to detach some of her offensive and defensive force to guarantee Australia against an attempt at invasion. It is well known now that if the Crimean war had lasted longer, Russia would have tried to effect a diversion by making an attack on some seaboard of our Australian colonies. I am not advocating any severance by England's hand of the ties which hold her colonies to her. I would not suggest anything of the kind. So long as the colonies desire to keep to England I would have England, if I could, keep firmly to the colonies. I am only pointing to the fact that, if the time does come, or, I might perhaps put it, *when* the time does come, for Canada to join the United States or set up for herself—for Australia to form an independent federation of her own—there is no reason to believe that England would be weakened in the slightest degree, and there is good reason to believe that she would be better able to keep free of foreign entanglements than she is at present. These, however, are considerations which do not rise directly out of the study of Mr. Buxton's book. The lesson of the book is that sound finance and “glory” do not go together. Give us a foreign policy which has a moral principle in it, and any financial statesman can treat us to a reduced and simplified tariff. English Financial Ministers might well say to the Foreign Office, “Give us peace, and we will give you retrenchment and reform.”

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

## THE FUTURE OF FOOD.

AFTER the first flush of satisfaction over Mr. Bear's consoling essay on "The British Farmer and his Competitors" has died away, it may be useful to ascertain what the interesting little book has really contributed towards a solution of our farmers' difficulties. With the conclusion no one, I suppose, will find fault, "that, whatever else Parliament does for the benefit of agriculture, or leaves undone, there is one thing needful above all others—a system of land tenure based upon just and enlightened laws." There will perhaps be a difference of opinion between landowners and farmers as to what laws are just and enlightened, but there is more than one allusion scattered through the volume, as, for instance, on page 140—"The enormous tax levied on the people of the world by those who have got possession of the land, and are so able to appropriate a very large proportion of the earnings of every community, especially in cities and towns, is one great cause of the depressed condition of the people everywhere"—which points to sufficiently radical alterations. Further there is the excellent recommendation of the extension of co-operation by farmers, both for the purchase of what they require and for the disposal of what they have to sell. That is a suggestion at once business-like and to the point—and perhaps it would be demanding too much from any gentleman writing in this year of grace 1888, to expect him to refrain from the remark that he "cannot conceive of any more legitimate use of public money than the devotion of a moderate sum" to the purposes which he has particularly in view. Clearly, as Sir William Harcourt has said, "We are all Socialists now." It is possible to sum up Mr. Bear's positive beliefs in a sentence—Reduction of rents (where not already sufficiently conceded); security for farmers' capital; reduced railway

rates, co-operation in buying and selling; and better education in agriculture. Now it is obvious that none of these things can, or will, be done in a hurry. It is doubtful whether that part of the programme which is dependent on legislation will ever be seriously attempted so long as a Conservative Government is in power, and, thanks to our friends the Liberal Unionists, there is no great likelihood of a change before 1892 or thereabouts. But after the last thirteen years of bad times, another four, or five years without material alteration of conditions for the better is a serious outlook for our agricultural interests. The Report of the Royal Commission on Depression of Trade estimated the capitalized loss of income by owners of agricultural land and their tenants in Great Britain at £740,000,000 in 1885, compared with ten years before. If that was the loss in 1885, what must it be to-day? Again, in the ten years from 1871 to 1881, the percentage of the whole population supported by agriculture decreased from 17 per cent. to less than 14 per cent., and the next census for 1891 will certainly show a considerable further reduction. When we remember that thirty years ago at least 24 per cent. were so supported, and when we stand face to face here in London with this most menacing increase of our urban population at the expense of our rural population, in a country which is admittedly so peculiarly well fitted for agricultural pursuits as Great Britain, it must make the boldest hold his breath. Fortunately for our peace of mind it is difficult for us to realize—it is impossible for us to have an ever vivid consciousness of—our terrible and growing dependence on the world outside for the daily bread of our 38,000,000 of people. If we were not gifted with a plentiful lack of imagination we should not sleep well o' nights. It would be like "feeling the squirrel's heart beat" and would end in the wrecking of our nervous systems. But the grim, hard fact is always there, and every day it becomes more and more painfully obtrusive. It is, therefore, very natural that any hopeful and consoling views such as Mr. Bear's is grasped at with avidity, and it is, perhaps, an ungracious task to look at it too critically. But in this, as in all other things, the only important point is to get at the truth, and not to nurse delusions. Ignorance of what is going on in the world outside this little island has been one of the most fruitful sources of our agricultural troubles. Any reasonably well-informed man could have predicted them with almost absolute certainty. That I may not be accused of prophesying after the event, I take the liberty of quoting a couple of sentences I wrote in 1878 on the future of American competition:—

"The temptation to the prophetic soul to project imagination into the future and conjure up a vision of ten years hence is almost irresistible. The

\* "America Rediviva," *Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1879.

proportion sum looks so easy. If 45 million men produce 50 million quarters wheat, 160 million quarters corn,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  million bales of cotton in 1878, what will 55 million of the same men produce in 1888? The export of meat is still in its infancy. The difficulties of carriage are almost certain to be surmounted by science. I have mentioned the production of only three great staples of export; but the money value of the hay crop in the United States is really greater than that of the cotton crop. There are almost as many quarters of oats produced as of wheat: there is ryé, and there are fruits in an abundance we can scarcely realize. . . . A bright future can scarcely be hoped for farmers or labourers, either on the continent of Europe, so long as the great standing armies are maintained, or in England whilst our very limited quantity of land is kept at an altogether artificial price by the action of laws which induce the plutocracy to invest in it, regardless of return of interest, for the sake of social importance and enjoyment of sport, and where none of the workers on the soil—farmers or labourers—can look forward to its ownership."

Now, while of course it cannot be seriously attempted to work out such a complicated problem as agricultural returns by simple proportion, it is curious to note how the figures result. It was a mistake to assume in 1878 that the population of the United States would amount to only 55 million in 1888, for, as a matter of fact, it is to-day nearer 62 million. But, taking the population as 60 million in 1887, the proportions would work out as follows:—

The production of Wheat ought to have been {		66 million quarters as against actual production of {		57 million quarters in 1887			
"	Indian Corn	"	213	"	222	"	av. 1885-8
"	Oats	"	60	"	78	"	1887
"	Cotton	"	6½ million bales	"	7 million bales	1887-8	

Speaking roughly, the value of a quarter of Indian corn is little more than half the value of a quarter of wheat, and the value of a quarter of oats a little less than half the value of a quarter of wheat, so that the gain in the proportion of the two former cereals is much greater than the loss in the proportion of wheat—not to mention the gain of £5,000,000 in the value of the extra half-million bales of cotton. As a standard of comparison, we can add up the production of these three cereal crops in America and we shall find that they amount to 357 million quarters, whereas the production of all the corn crops in the United Kingdom amounts to less than 35 million quarters. It may be added that the corn crop of 1888 just harvested is the largest ever produced in America. The reason I wish to dwell on these figures is that it is more than doubtful whether the British agriculturist has even yet appreciated to its full extent the potency of the North American Continent as the supreme factor in the future of his business, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject. This is partly owing to his not having realized what has been done, and what is being done, in the extension of American railroads, and partly to an unfortunately worded or an unfortunately

misunderstood axiom of his leaders. When Messrs. Read and Pell visited the United States as Assistant Commissioners to the Royal Commission on Agriculture in 1880, they stated that 42s. per quarter was the minimum price at which the general run of American producers could sell wheat in London with profit. They may have been right, or they may have been wrong, in this calculation; but, as a matter of fact, the average price of wheat in London for the ten years from 1879 to 1888 has been under 40s. per quarter, and during the three years of lowest prices—1885 to 1887—when the average was only 32s. 1d. per quarter, the United States sent us 30 million quarters, or considerably more than half—say 57 per cent.—of our total imports. Now undoubtedly the effect of such a statement as Messrs. Read and Pell's on the British farmer was to induce him to believe that he was pretty safe never to see wheat below 42s. for any considerable period. Whereas for the last six years he has never seen the price *up* to 42s., and has seen it as low as 31s., the average of the year 1886. Ten years is a very long period for the average price of a main article of production to be selling 5 per cent. below its supposed minimum, and the consequences of such mistakes are disastrous. The safest plan surely is to distrust all calculations where one of the most important factors—the price of carriage—is and must always remain an uncertain and an unknown quantity. For instance, if any wise man had told us in America in 1870 that eight years later (in 1878) we should have been able to transport 100 lb. of wheat from Chicago to New York for 6d., we should have looked on him as a maniac.

With the extension of the means for transportation and the discoveries science is making every day, it is practically impossible to say what rates of freight may decline to. Similarly, all anticipations that countries with large wheat fields will cease sending wheat because somebody is ready to prove that it leaves a loss, should be distrusted. Ever since I entered the American trade in 1857, I have always been told that farmers were making losses, and that it was calculably impossible to send grain from such and such a point in the West at a profit. The only answer is that they have always kept on sending it ever in greater and greater volume, and, comparing the total value of farms between one Census period and another in the United States, we do not find any record of ruin. £1,852,000,000 in 1870 against £2,000,000,000 in 1880, for instance. Mr. Bear quotes Mr. Bookwalter, who says:—

“The real advantage heretofore possessed by the American agriculturist, cheap lands (the rapid rise of which, in recent years, and not the profits of farming, being the real source of his present wealth) and natural fertility, are rapidly disappearing, and unless his Government removes the cause which operates to artificially increase cost of production, the English farmer will have year by year less cause to fear serious competition from America.”



Now everything, of course, depends on the interpretation of the word "rapidly." If the present generation of English farmers expect during their lifetime to see cheap lands disappearing in the United States and Canada—lands eminently fitted for growing wheat—I think they will be disappointed. So far from anticipating that they have less to fear from American competition in the future than in the past, they will be better advised to believe that American competition is still in its infancy.

Mr. Bookwalter's view, and the whole tone of Mr. Bear's little book, remind me of the man who, in 1837-40, comforted the old coach-owners and the inns on the road by saying that sooner or later those infernal railroads would all burst up. Well, 1848 came, and they did burst up, but all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men couldn't put the old coaches on the road again. The difference between the American system and conditions of agriculture compared with the British is the difference between railroads and coaches. The latter must go to the wall. Mr. Bear quotes a passage from Dornbusch, which it is well to reflect on: "*Although cereal production has not been checked in Russia, wheat growing does not pay.*" He might have added that, although wheat growing may not pay, wheat growing will not be seriously checked on the North American Continent. Now, is there any warrant for saying this? There is the warrant of experience.

Wherever extension of railroads takes place in the new States and territories of the American continent—or anywhere else, for that matter, where there is virgin soil—there wheat growing is bound to increase. Let us, then, consider for a moment what has been done in this direction during the last ten years. Since 1878 the United States have built 80,000 miles of new railroad—of which 20,000 have been built in the last eighteen months—a bit of industrial work wholly unparalleled in the history of the world. It is difficult to know how to compare it with anything of the same sort elsewhere, for, when we come to contrast the figures of mileage in one country with those in another, we are met with difficulties in the calculation of double tracks, sidings, and other matters which can only be adjusted by experts. But we can compare one period with another in the same country with better chance of enlightenment, because the variations from accuracy will be more or less constant. There cannot then be a doubt, I think, that on December 31 of this year there will be over 160,000 miles of railroad open for traffic, compared with 80,000 ten years ago, and the gross receipts last year (1887-8) amounted to £187,000,000, compared, for instance, with gross receipts of about £105,000,000 from all the railways in the whole British Empire—including India, Canada, Australia, and all our other colonies. Or, to put the case in a still more striking way, the United States, with sixty

million inhabitants, took about the same gross receipts as Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia in Europe combined, with 210 million inhabitants, took from all their railroads. Assuming £5000 per mile as a low actual cost for building and equipping these new lines, the expenditure of hard cash must have amounted to £400,000,000 in the last ten years—a sum equal to more than half our National Debt—and the nominal value of securities issued against them is probably a good deal over £800,000,000. Now, railways are the heavy artillery in modern industrial warfare, and English farmers will be better occupied in making themselves acquainted with what is being done in this direction than in laying the flattering unction to their souls that American competition is on the wane. What they should particularly bear in mind is that, out of the total 13,000 miles built last year, 9000 miles are west of the Missouri River—the State of Kansas alone having 2100 miles of new lines. To most of us the State of Kansas, and all the country west, north-west, and south-west of it, is merely a geographical expression, but if we look at the map we shall find that Kansas City is, roughly speaking, exactly midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. There are five magnificent States and territories—Colorado, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming, with a combined acreage equal to that of Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium together—being opened up to the west and north-west, and a country of about equal extent on the south-west, in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The process of development is a continuous tapping of new and virgin sources of supply over an area equal to the whole of Europe, bar Russia, in these eight States and territories, whose total population, all told, does not yet amount to the population of London. The density is at present about 4 to the square mile against 520 per square mile in Belgium, for instance. It will take a long time yet before cheap lands disappear in these regions, not to mention the Dominion of Canada. Looking to the gigantic scale on which agricultural operations are conducted, and on which railroads are built on the other side of the Atlantic, I think it is a bold prognostication to anticipate any material decrease in the production of wheat, even when prices are below 42s. per quarter in London. If prices rise above that point we can be deluged with quantity. The increase is so sudden. For instance, the average production of wheat for the five years 1870–5, in the United States was 33 million quarters. In 1878 it had risen to 50 million quarters, increasing to an average of about 56 million quarters during the last four years, when the price has averaged just 33s. per quarter in London. Deducting the export of those four years from the production leaves about 40 million quarters as the average annual consumption of wheat in America. If the production keeps up to 56 million quarters, there will remain

a large excess for export even with increasing population. It is always rash to prophesy, but the course of trade may be anticipated to be something like this. A considerable rise, perhaps, in the price of wheat this next year, followed probably by a large increase in the acreage planted, and later a perfect avalanche of supplies. That is what might be expected under normal conditions, but when wheat is below 40s. there are many chances of a rise against very few chances of a fall. We live with the daily prospect of a great European war constantly before us, and in that event the price of wheat might easily be doubled in a few weeks. The idea of the "Great Divide" is probably the outcome of the consciousness of the *New York Herald*; but no one who thinks seriously of the possibilities of European politics can fail to perceive that the acquisition of Holland by Germany, of Belgium by France, and of Constantinople by Russia, are objects that for long have been attracting the attention of the statesmen of the respective countries. Prince Bismarck would not have had a Benedetti treaty in his portfolio unless there had been some serious negotiations on the subject. Napoleon III. would not have offered to make common cause with Germany against England after Sedan, unless he had known that there were possibilities of such a *rapprochement*; and the virulent tone of Prince Bismarck's despatch on the publication of the Emperor Frederick's diary should give Englishmen food for reflection. There is every now and again an apparent disposition throughout Europe in favour of humiliating England, and I am afraid that even America would not be very sorry, owing to our pig-headedness in 1862-5, and our still unsettled Irish question, with the fisheries dispute hanging on to its tail. Looking to these possibilities of a great rise in the price of wheat and no great risk of a fall under 35s. to 40s., the acreage planted over the world will not materially diminish yet. And, in passing, I must allude to what appears to me to be a strange tone in a book issued under the auspices of the Cobden Club. Mr. Bear seems rather to *hope* for a rise in the price of wheat. I should have thought genuine and thorough-going Free Traders would have wished to see wheat down to 22s. rather than up to 42s. per quarter. I cannot understand on what theory of Free Trade any true believer can object to wheat or sugar declining to the lowest possible prices. Surely in both cases the old argument remains true, that the gain to the mass of the community, who are consumers, is of more consequence than the loss to the small class of landlords or sugar producers. I say this rather from the point of view of the Cobden Club. From another point of view it may be said that we are better not to be under bondage to dogmas—whether the dogma be Free Trade or another. When we look at the world around us, we do not see success invariably and inevitably attending either the Free Trade

nations or the Protectionists. In the last fifteen years certainly the nations that have been gaining most, relatively speaking, in the race for wealth and commercial supremacy are the Americans and the Germans. They are both Protectionists, and both nations are surely characterized by a very vigorous intelligence, an unprecedented universality of education, a keen commercial spirit, and uncommonly sharp eyes to their own interests. Their success may either be in consequence of or in spite of what we may consider to be their fiscal heresies: I do not presume to say. But is it not just conceivable that the effect of mere fiscal arrangements may very easily be grossly exaggerated, and that success rather follows *character*? The race is to the strong, to the intelligent, to the hardest working, to the best educated peoples. To know what they want, and to see that they get it, is the first essential for any people. The little more or the little less of duties (except on food in England, under our existing conditions!) is a detail—no doubt an important detail—but, after all, the duties go out of one pocket into another in the same country. Free Trade seems to me, if I may say so, to be the only ultimate sensible solution all the world over, but meantime almost every great country except England thinks differently, and it does not appear that they are all prospering less, relatively speaking. No doubt it is true that, owing to America's Protective policy, her mercantile marine has been swept from the seas. But notwithstanding their soreness on the subject, the Americans may very well console themselves with the reflection that the same country cannot do everything at the same time. Sentiment apart, shipowning is a question of profit—or loss. If the Americans had built steamers to share in the profits (?) of the last few years, it would indeed have been an attempt "to tak the breeks aff a Highlandman." There may have been much glory to England, but there has been very little profit, owing to the unprecedented lowness of freights. The practical question arises, "Is shipowning the most desirable business that Americans can undertake at present?" They have to consider whether the capital of their country is not much more profitably employed in manufacturing steel and iron rails, locomotives, and all the other requisites for railroad transportation (which, by the way, protective duties have enabled them to do with very signal success, not only as regards the extraordinary improvement in the quality of the articles in the last few years, but also in securing diversified employment for hundreds of thousands of workmen who become the farmers' best customers), and thus completing the iron ways within their own borders, which go on for ever, make available the produce of every inch of land they traverse, and increase in value every year. Steamers, on the other hand, are constantly depreciating, and become valueless after a certain—and a very limited—number of years,

having spent the best part of their lives in ploughing that old ocean on which they can leave no track, nor improve its saleable value! Unquestionably the world must have an effective service of steamers, and, if the necessity ever arises, the Americans may be depended on to supply them quickly; but in the meantime the competition in Great Britain, supplemented by the bounty-fostered efforts of other nations, leaves no cause of complaint either as to efficiency or cheapness of carriage. In fact, this cheapness of freights is one of the main causes of our farmers' difficulties. For it is not only in the United States that we see this extraordinary activity in railroad building. The same thing is going on at a great rate, though on a less gigantic scale, in Canada and the Argentine Republic. Mr. Bear speaks with a good deal of contempt of the pretensions of these countries as wheat growers. It may be admitted that they have been perhaps a little premature in announcing themselves as "the future granaries of the world." But Mr. Bear should not be in a hurry to conclude that, because such countries may actually be importers of wheat to-day, they may not be very large exporters in an uncommonly short space of time. Any middle-aged man can remember the day when both California and Australia were importers of wheat and flour. The British farmer should make careful note of the immense sums now being borrowed in this country for railroad building in South America. Within the last few months the Argentine Republic has granted concessions, with guarantee of interest, to new railroads, to the extent of forty millions sterling—an enormous outlay for such a country, as the London money market is now learning to its cost. In Canada, again, we have not by any means yet had time to see the effect of the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railroad on the wheat fields it traverses—particularly in the Saskatchewan Valley. Early frosts may have lessened the production this year—but there may be no early frost next year. Unless all accounts are false, we must certainly look for a great increase in the production of wheat from these regions—whatever the price may be in London. Again, Mr. Bear does not seem to have considered the effect of the opening of the Panama Canal on the transit of wheat from the Western Coast of America. When we turn to India, I see no reason to anticipate a reduction in the bonus on exportations from any sustained rise in the value of silver. Mr. Bear has explained very lucidly how, when the value of the pound sterling increases in rupees (whilst there is not a corresponding increase in the rupee price of commodities), exportations are stimulated. What reason is there to believe that such a process is likely to be arrested, looking to the production and the existing stocks of silver in the world? The only action likely to arrest it would be the world becoming bi-metallic, and that seems to be a long way off. It is very difficult to express any positive opinion about the effect of the depreciation of the

trouble in respect of the exports from Russia; but it may safely be said about any backward, slow-moving country, where banking accommodation is in its infancy, and information does not travel rapidly, that the depreciation in the value of the currency always outruns the appreciation in the price of commodities, and so exportation is stimulated. The British farmer may have to contend with the same difficulty before very long in America, because it is scarcely possible that the United States can continue to coin silver at the present rate, and yet remain on a gold basis. Here, again, the depreciation in the value of the dollar would probably take place a little quicker than the appreciation in the dollar value of wheat. But with American lucidity of thought, and the extraordinary development of banking facilities, prices would soon equalize themselves. The risk, however, is an additional one to be taken into consideration by our farmers.

And now I wish to come to a point a little larger than the mere production of wheat, which is, after all, only one item—although so large a one—in agriculture. What can we reasonably suppose will be the effect of the expenditure within the last few years of these hundreds of millions sterling on new railroads running through virgin soils, whose fee simple can still be acquired for an old song, in comparison with the price of land in England? What are the millions of people now settling on these lands going to do with their land, their labour, and their railways? The answer is obvious. They are all going to *produce*, in ever greater and greater quantity, and, so long as our ports are open, they are going to send us their productions. One gets a little tired of the argument about farming not paying in America. At the risk of becoming wearisome, let me just give these figures from that played-out old State, Massachusetts:—

Total value of agricultural property in 1885 . . .	£43,000,000
Do. do. in 1875 . . .	37,000,000
Number of persons engaged in agriculture in 1885 . .	78,000
Do. do. in 1875 . . .	71,000

The conclusion at which the Census Commissioner arrives is that while Massachusetts is not a great farming State, and does not compare with the great Western States in the great staple products of the soil, it has succeeded in gradually replacing these products by minor crops, which have, nevertheless, proved to be more remunerative, and that the increasing value of these crops offers great encouragement to the further development of the farming interests of the Commonwealth. Here, again, is American lucidity of thought. They change quickly to meet changed circumstances. In Massachusetts dairy products, hay, straw, and fodder, and vegetables, account for more than five-eighths of the total agricultural production. That can only be quickly effected in a land where the occupier is the owner, and is trammelled by no burdensome conditions in leases. I ask again

what are all these millions of emigrants to the Far West of America, to Canada, to the Argentine Republic, going to do with themselves and their land? No man can eat more than his three or four square meals a day. An ever-growing surplus of food *must* come to us. With our antiquated system of land tenure the contest between us and these new countries in the production of food is like the contest between great commercial Companies and small shopkeepers. Unless we reform our agricultural system root and branch it means ruin. A great European war might stave it off for a time. But, of course, looking to the interests of the whole country, such a cure would be a great deal worse than the disease. England would probably herself be involved sooner or later, and that would indeed be a case of burning our house down to roast our pig. From this point of view, to whatever party we belong, we can have but one policy, and that is to bring our navy up to a proper strength for its multifarious and most portentous duties. It is a simple principle of fire insurance, and whoever neglects that duty will sooner or later incur unparalleled national resentment. But, supposing there is no war, what warrant have we for supposing that the prices of food will be higher? I cannot see any valid reason: and the *lower* prices are the better we ought all to be pleased except the landowners and the farmers. What a curious commentary it is on the danger of prophecy, to consider that in this year 1888, when Mr. Malthus would have proved to us that population was bound to have outrun the means of subsistence, the fact is that the means of subsistence were never in greater abundance in proportion to the population than they are in England to-day. Taking the British Colonies, the North-American Continent, and the Argentine Republic, there are to-day 360 million head of cattle, sheep, and pigs, which were practically represented by zero when Mr. Malthus published his first edition. With the extension of transportation facilities, all these vast flocks and herds will sooner or later be available for the meat supply of England. And there is this further consideration, that, if we look at the Western World as a whole, we shall find that a great deal more than half of it is suffering from under-population in a greater degree than the remaining part is suffering from over-population. Looking to the way in which space has been, and is being, annihilated, I believe it to be strictly true to say that every averagely healthy, strong child of the Anglo-Saxon race born free from inherited intemperance, and fitted by suitable education for any kind of work, is a distinct gain, instead of a loss, in the struggle for existence, because every such child will be able to produce more than it can consume. The labour markets of two continents—the American and the Australasian—are contending for his or her services. There is no prospect of lack of subsistence in these new worlds for hundreds of millions of people who are physically able for, and are morally not

afraid of or disinclined to, *rough* work." The pressing national question for us in England is how to obtain this right sort of people, and how prevent deterioration in quality. This is really a more practicable end to aim at than a diminution in their *quantity*. The difficulty and danger of over-population now-a-days arises precisely amongst that class of helpless, hopeless ones who will be the last to apply any moral self-restraint, and it would be difficult to instance a nation whose population is at a standstill or diminishing in numbers which is free from *la misère*. We have to borrow the very term from France to get the exact *nuance* of meaning, and it certainly cannot be asserted that population in France is increasing in a threatening manner. We hear nothing now but complaints of the reverse, and that the nation is consequently falling into a state of decadence. How, then, are we to better the quality of our people? Clearly, first of all, by re-marrying the people to the land—if that be possible. Then, as I am writing in 1888, I cannot refrain from hoping that the State or the municipalities will take up energetically the great questions of systematic emigration, technical education, housing, draining, lighting, open-air spaces, baths and wash-houses, gymnasia, and all the other means for making the mass of the people's lives brighter and better. For, after all, they—the masses—are "the State." The food supply may then be left to take care of itself. In conclusion I would appeal to a very much higher authority than Sir William Harcourt. I would appeal to the authority of that eminent scientific thinker, Professor Huxley\*—a man of robust common-sense tempered by training and experience, whom his worst enemies will not accuse of being either a weak sentimentalist or a professional politician, philanthropist, or faddist—to strengthen us in the belief that, in the best sense of the word, "we are all Socialists now," and that what has to be done ought to be done quickly lest we perish.

J. W. CROSS.

\* "The Struggle for Existence," *Nineteenth Century*, February 1888.



## MRS. OLIPHANT'S MEMOIR OF PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.\*

IT is an admirable Biography : most interesting from the first page to the last : very frank in its disclosures, but not too frank : and every sentence of it true. It founds upon full knowledge ; and it has been prepared with painstaking accuracy. We all know Mrs. Oliphant's qualifications for writing just such a Life : and here there was a very intimate acquaintance with that Home. There is no more remarkable woman now living. She has produced what might have made half-a-dozen high reputations, in divers fields. Those who knew and loved Tulloch will say she never did better work than she has done here. She has given to homely fact the charm of the most attractive fiction.

The book's only want is the inevitable want which is in all Biography : the Man's living presence is away. Hawthorne said that our mental picture of a departed friend is a *little wanner* than the fact. And no page that ever was written can look at you like the old familiar face : can speak to you like the voice which even yet sometimes draws a tear. So it is that we, who knew Tulloch in daily converse, and felt his going as so much irretrievably taken out of our life, thank Mrs. Oliphant for a Biography which does for us all that Biography can do. Even the portrait which faces the title-page, though most striking and characteristic, the very man, is the man in a single mood. And it is a very fit face to set before the outer world. Thus he looked, meeting a stranger. But those who saw him continually, in all his varying moods, and in the extremest intimacy and outspokenness, would need

\* "A Memoir of the Life of John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews : Dean of the Most Ancient and Honourable Order of the Thistle : one of her Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland." By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," &c. &c. Edinburgh and London : Blackwoods. 1888.

a score of portraits at least to reproduce their remembrance of that ever-changing face.

Nor can I pretend to write of this Volume as a stranger might : holding the balance even, and trying impartially to estimate the man : his power, his work, his influence. That is not for me. Everything around one is still full of his personality. By this fireside near which I write he has sat times without number. The hearty laugh has been here : hearty, and loud, but never coarse nor cynical : a wonderful laugh : there was nothing about him which the boys of this house so remember. And under this roof, too, I have seen that fine face look just as sorrowful as human face can look, and those big eyes filled with tears. Walking about the gray St. Andrews streets, one recalls, with startling vividness, what he said standing at that corner : what he said looking at that clump of trees : what he said under a bit of ruin, the red sunset on his features : perhaps with a laugh, perhaps with a sigh. There were those to whom he described his darker moods, with a great frankness. I can certify, from my own knowledge, how true the story is, of the latter five-and-twenty years. One sees him yet, sitting in the light of the club-room fire, in the daily little space of quiet, after the morning's work was over, and perhaps the afternoon round of the famous Links : then "coming up" together, in winter dark or summer daylight, as it drew near to seven o'clock : and the grave fashion in which, issuing forth, he would turn his money in his pocket at first sight of the new moon : the absolute frankness, too, with which at such times he would tell what he felt ; and what he had been thinking upon all things, the very gravest. Such details drew him very close in affection ; but never lessened respect. He was a good, truthful, warm-hearted, loveable Man. But he was impatient of personal gossip ; of which this little city in former days had its share. It is dreadful to remember that Professor Aytoun, returning from a few days with his brother-in-law Professor Ferrier, told divers folk in Edinburgh that "Hell was a quiet and friendly place to live in, compared with St. Andrews." *That* was long ago. It is a kindly family now : not without the characteristics of a family. And Tulloch did much to make it so.

Do not dip into this book. •It will not be fair to Tulloch : not fair to Mrs. Oliphant. To feel the charm and power of this *Life*, you must read it through, from beginning to end. In this respect, it is singularly like to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's wonderful "*Cloister-Life of Charles the Fifth*." You have a most elaborate and finished picture of Tulloch : but it is given on no single page. The picture grows on you, by innumerable vivid touches, coming continually. Carefully read the book through ; and you will see the man as he lived, vividly shown. This is Principal Tulloch : as much as it ever could be Principal Tulloch when he was himself away,—when the grand pre-

sence, the bright face, the great voice, the hearty laugh, the warm hand, were gone.

He could condemn severely : but it was an outburst of feeling, and over. And when he had for just a moment flown out at a special friend (as he sometimes did) it was most touching to see how anxious he was by extremest kindness to make up for it. Never was eminent man more beloved by those who knew him best, than Tulloch : and he was beloved the more for these momentary flashes of lightning. A self-contained, cautious mortal could never have gained such warm affection. I have stood by his grave with each of his few chiefest friends : no one could trust himself to speak, then and there. We do not claim to have such big folk among us as the great genius who wrote "In Memoriam" : but one has thought, in our grand churchyard, of Andrew Lang's exquisite verses by the resting-place of Arthur Hallam : and of *This is the grave which has been wept above, With more than mortal fears.* A word's change will do. Two friends who stood there together were once on a time returning in the June twilight along magnificent Princes Street from a "Moderator's Dinner." One of them, after that dinner, had made a wonderfully clever but not conciliatory speech. Tulloch joined them : and the three walked on in silence. Something was plainly wrong. At length one said to Tulloch, *That was a clever speech of Jabez Gilchrist's.* Tulloch burst forth at once. *No, it was not. It was disgraceful. And you (growing in wrath, and turning on the innocent friend), you are worse than he : for you encourage him to make a fool of himself, that you may laugh at him.* Far indeed, I can testify, was that purpose from the innocent friend's heart. And the too eloquent friend, though of the very dearest, was by no means one to laugh at. Speedily the little thunder-clap was over : and Tulloch with a wistful face and voice proposed to *smoke the pipe of peace.* The two friends, thus assailed, had never dreamt of being angry. But it brought the lump to one's throat to see the great man's eagerness to make up. For such things we loved him.

Nor can one forget the awful seasons of gloom, far transcending ordinary "depression of spirits." They were most characteristic of the man : and sometimes they lasted long. That finely strung, sensitive nature could enjoy, and could endure, as few human beings can. One sees him, to-day, at his brightest and most hopeful, eagerly talking of the University in which his heart was, and of gleams of prosperity : notably of one hope, hitherto unfulfilled, which might have made the faded city glorious with its mediæval glory. Then ruffled and wrathful, at something which concerned the Kirk : quite as often at things within as at foes without. For Tulloch, though an ecclesiastic, was absolutely truthful. Anything tricky or pettifogging stirred him to angry contempt. And he saw a good deal which was both tricky

and pettifogging: not to add stupid, illiterate, bigoted, obstructive, and malignant. Everybody cried Tulloch up when he died. If in some quarters the kindness and fairness had come sooner, it might have saved that sensitive heart some pain. We do not forget that rancorous abuse and such persecution as was possible were for years the portion of the man who died as the greatest churchman in Scotland; the glory and defence of the Church where he was so long a suspect; and most distinctly *of the opposition*. It would be pleasant for me to put upon this page facts within my personal knowledge, which, in the light of after-time, might make some ecclesiastical spouters and tricksters blush through skins of incredible thickness, if indeed they were here to blush. But the day came when they were no longer spared; and they might well have been spared much sooner. But Tulloch (no doubt others helped) educated the Kirk: and there is no more tolerant, advanced, and progressive communion than he left it.

Then, one sees him at his very lowest: when the mysterious "horror of darkness" had come down, God knows why and how. I have given the words he often said to me: "blackness of darkness" he wrote, in a heart-breaking record. That sensitive nature was all jarred and miserable: the sweet bells were jangled out of tune: every prospect was black. "I sat in the Assembly all day," he said to me: "I did not know what I was doing." Yet on such a day he did the Clerk's duty to perfection: no one guessed under what gloom. Yet, at the worst, though he would have been thankful to be delivered from this life, there was no delusion. He was perfectly sane. Talk to him for a while, and you would find he could grasp difficult subjects with all the wonted power. And when, with his transparent frankness, he would speak of his share of earthly troubles and anxieties, you could not but feel they were there. It was in such dark days that the sweet, gentle, self-sacrificing woman on whom he leant for forty years,—his first love and his last,—seemed to such as knew her well as but a very little lower than the angels. Every word Mrs. Oliphant has written to her praise is literally true. Many a time one has heard the *Never mind about me*. Sometimes, in extreme bodily weakness, the heroic but most womanly spirit within her bore her up to do what would have been too much for the strongest. It may be permitted to one who knew her through many years almost as a brother, to say that though she must have had her faults, for every human being must have faults, not one of us can remember any. And her wisdom was as her sweetness. From the day when the girl of nineteen became Tulloch's wife (and he was twenty-two), on till his failing voice when he was dying, and hardly conscious, called continually for his Jeanie, she was the angel in that house. She remained thirteen months behind him, living for her children and content to live for them: but her heart was elsewhere: and in death the husband and wife were not long divided. I looked upon

the sweet face when every line had been smoothed out of it in the last sleep, and she looked years younger than she had looked for long. The worn expression that told of pain as well as of sorrow had passed: and the abundant hair had hardly a thread of gray. All the cares and troubles of a life of sixty years were traceless. Never did one who had seen these years look so young. The expression was of peace and happiness: these only. Never was mother more mourned. Yet her children felt they must not grudge her. Not even where Tulloch is to-day could he be quite himself without her. That tie was eternal.

John Tulloch was a son of the Manse. His father was parish-minister of Tibbermuir in Perthshire. Tulloch was born at Dron, in that magnificent county, on June 1, 1823, and he died at Torquay, on Saturday, February 13, 1886, having lived some months less than sixty-three years. His life was associated with St. Andrews, from boyhood to the close. He was educated at the Madras College and then at the University, which he entered at fifteen. No one enters at so early an age now. He cost his family nothing during the whole course of his study. Outstanding among his College friends was he who must be called Pat Alexander, son of the Greek Professor. Alexander had a spark of true genius. He wrote as exquisitely touching verses as were ever written. But he had the waywardness of genius. He was not fitted for prosaic plodding. And all he did was no more than the indication of how much more he might have done. Yet it was not a wasted life. He did what he intended: and he was beloved by all. The writer read the burial service over him, over Tulloch, and over Mrs. Tulloch, all within a few months: the mourning was real by each grave. Very early, the life-long attachment was formed between Tulloch and Miss Hindmarsh. It is a touching story, and Mrs. Oliphant tells it as she was sure to do. Tulloch was "licensed" as a probationer of the kirk at twenty-one, the earliest possible age, and on March 6, 1845, he was ordained to a Dundee parish. After the terrible '43, Scotch preachers found livings early, for a time. The young couple, twenty-two and nineteen, were married in Jersey, in July of 1845. Of course, *imprudent* is no word to use in such a case. And when they came into residence at Dundee, it appeared that the expected living of £275 a year had been cut down by a hostile Town Council to £105. This was illegal, and the Courts decided so: but not till Tulloch and his young wife had passed through some straitened and anxious years. It must have taken very hard work to keep the wolf from the door, by writing for newspapers and magazines. It does not seem that the congregation to which Tulloch ministered thought of supplementing the minister's inadequate stipend. The strongest Churchman will acknowledge that Establishment and Endowment often freeze up voluntary liberality, and develop an expectation on a congregation's part to have everything

done for them. The Church of England, and the Kirk of Scotland, have much to learn from the grand liberality of Nonconforming Christians. In some quarters, they are learning the lesson. In many quarters, they have not yet begun to learn it. One could record instances of an incredible lack of consideration for struggling ministers in extremely high quarters as well as in extremely humble.

Yet in the spring of 1847, after an illness, Tulloch managed to afford a holiday in Germany. This left its impression. The "miserable sojourn at Dundee" (his own words) passed over: and in 1848 Tulloch was presented by the Crown to the rural parish of Kettins, in Strathmore. Like most eminent men in the Kirk, Tulloch never owed anything to private patronage. *That*, as the rule, always pressed forward inferior men, but subservient: sometimes well-connected, and of kin to the patron: oftener of lowly extraction, but of kin to the patron's factor, lawyer, or grieve: not unfrequently thick-skinned beings, who would never miss anything through not asking for it, and who could push their claims as worthier souls would not. It would be pleasant to give instances. But it is conceivable that it might give offence in quarters easily indicated. Patronage in the Kirk had to go, under pressure of political alarm: some of those who agitated for its abolition being men who enforced it in its most high-handed form, as long as they durst. Of course Patronage was precisely as good when they cried it down, as it had been when they cried it up.

It seems strange to such as knew him in the latter years, but it is certain, that in those early years he was not attractive as a preacher. Caird was as popular a preacher in those days as he is now: Tulloch was quite unheard of. Of course, in the four Dundee years with a living of a hundred guineas a year, he was removable to any better benefice. In these years, desirable vacancies were many; and the very attractive preachers of the Church were very few. We Glasgow students knew well the names of Caird and Norman Macleod, of Dr. McCulloch of Greenock and Mr. Stuart, even of Dr. Crawford and Mr. Macduff. But Tulloch we knew not. When Caird left Edinburgh, the compass was boxed to find a successor. Among those who were said to have declined the living were various good men, who, when a few years more had passed, would not have been named, even as preachers, in the same century with Tulloch. And Caird's Edinburgh church was given to a man who was Tulloch's junior in age. Tulloch was not thought of. Yet an Edinburgh living of £600 a year would have made an unspeakable difference in that home; or a country living of three hundred with a pretty manse. The Arbroath living which was offered was a very poor one, and the position in every way undesirable. And, to my own knowledge, Tulloch "preached as a candidate" for a church which few would have wished, and was rejected. To us who knew him at the end, and for a quarter of a century before the end, the thing

is simply unintelligible. Yet Sir James Simpson, at the zenith of fame and fortune, driving through the village of Inverkip on the Clyde, told me the great disappointment of his early life was when he failed of the office of parish doctor, to attend the paupers of that parish. In Tulloch's case, the thing has an irony stranger yet. There was always the high ability: the grand presence and voice: the capacity of intense pathos. I have often heard him speak with overwhelming feeling, almost breaking down: though, curiously, he did not sympathize with the display of feeling in another. He said he held it barely decorous thus to reveal the inner nature. All the elements of the most popular preaching, you would say, were present: and I can testify what was the effect, in after-time. Never have I heard the service of the Kirk (far too dependent on the individual) gone through from first to last with greater brightness and interest: passages of the sermon often delivered with tremendous vehemence and overwhelming impression. High and low felt the 'spell. Good Dr. Paul, of the West Church of Edinburgh, once said to me, "What a misfortune it is that that man does not preach regularly! He would be the preacher of the age." Plainly he had not found his feet in the first years: whereas Caird preached just as well at the beginning as at the zenith. One who heard Norman Macleod's first sermon, said, "It was very tame." Or Tulloch may have thought it right to be dull in the pulpit: some preachers do. I believe there are those who, if they heard (for once) the audible hush which some preachers always command, and expect, would fear there was something wrong.

Doubtless, there is a difference between making a great appearance twice or thrice in a year; and keeping up to a popular level twice each Sunday, where the preacher is no novelty, and can be heard any day. And Tulloch's sermons were not many. But, on the other hand, their interest did not lie in extreme elaboration; nor in the selection of specially striking subjects, which are few. Tulloch could have treated any subject whatever with liveliness and popular effect: in his own special way. There were no purple patches: no "bits of glory," as he said. There was no whipping up of violent climaxes, of purpose preposse. There was a sustained level. And sometimes a startling use of homely asides, which could not be printed. Once, in the parish church of St. Andrews, he was showing, with immense "go," the folly of fancying that vital Christianity had anything earthly to do with outside details like Presbytery and Episcopacy. Then, pausing, he said, in a low voice, as if aside to himself, "God bless my soul, what kind of head must the man have that could think so?" When the sermon was published, the sentence was eagerly looked for. Of course it was not there.

Tulloch often said that his quiet years at Kettins were the happiest of his life. In that leisure, he began to write more elaborate articles: he found space in the *North British Review*, and the *British Quarterly*;

and began to be known as a writer. He desired a Professor's Chair, rather than the pastorate; and looked for possible vacancies. He began to write an essay on *Theism*, for the well-known Burnett prize: his wife acting as his amanuensis. The manse was a happy home. Children grew many; and the cares which came of them. But in 1851, Dr. Haldane, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, and first minister of the parish, died. Pluralities were no longer permitted. But Tulloch aimed, not indeed at the Principality, but at a Chair to be vacated by the transference of its holder to that dignity. It would be easy to relate, more fully than Mrs. Oliphant has done, the circumstances. But it is enough to say that the Principality, having been declined by Dr. Robert Lee, and by Dr. Barclay, afterwards Principal of Glasgow University, was, to the general surprise, conferred on Mr. Tulloch. The College is a small one: being practically the Divinity Faculty of the University. Besides the charming old house, the income was but three hundred a year, which was ultimately raised to five hundred. And it is always understood that these appointments are political. In a Tory Church, Tulloch was a Liberal in politics, as were Barclay and Leo. Still, to make a man a Principal and a Professor of Divinity at thirty-one, was startling to many. A considerable outcry arose. It could not be known then, how magnificently Tulloch was to justify his appointment. I am old enough to remember the event. The Whig Ministry was just going out of office. And the phrase on the lips of good old Tory clerics was, *A political job*.

It was in May 1854 that Tulloch was gazetted. In January 1855 something came to make the selection appear less startling. The second of the Burnett prizes, £600, was adjudged to the young Principal. The first, £1800, went to an Anglican clergyman, since unheard of. The competing essays numbered 208. This success came most seasonably. And the money was very welcome.

The Principal's Introductory Lecture made it plain that a new force had come into Scotch Theology. The Broad-Churchman stood revealed. Yet, though a murmur of heresy came from old-fashioned ministers, the Lecture met general applause. Then Tulloch quietly set himself to his duty. He was to hold the Chair in that Divinity Hall for thirty years. And it was soon confessed that no more stimulating Professor held a Scotch theological Chair. By none but fair and manly arts,—indeed there was no art at all, Tulloch simply was himself,—he hit it off with the students to perfection. Their admiration of him was delightful to see. There never was a ruffle or a cloud. It was not tact nor management: it was the outcome of a noble nature. One has known a Principal of fine genius and disposition, one of the best of men, who would have done anything for the good of the young men under his charge, somehow entirely fail here: to that degree that the public gatherings of the College were most painful to witness. There is such a thing as bad luck, too.



It is true, as Mrs. Oliphant points out, that the income of the Principal of St. Mary's was very inadequate: being barely larger than the small living of Kettins, and very much less than any one of the better livings of the Kirk. And Tulloch had always to add to his income by his pen. When asked (very unreasonably) on several occasions to write for nothing, he told me he frankly declined: saying that he lived partly by his contributions to the press, and could not afford it. Ridiculous misstatements were put about as to his earnings. I remember hearing a country minister say, with authority, that "Tulloch made five hundred a year by writing for the magazines." When I came to know Tulloch well, he told me a very different story. No man could be less given to vapouring about what he did. You could rely on him implicitly: which you could not do upon certain of his contemporaries. But though the earlier years at St. Andrews must have been years of struggle, better days came long before the end. He came to hold various offices, the pay of which is matter of public knowledge. Tulloch never got what he deserved. Yet in the latter years his income was equal to that of a fairly paid Anglican Dean.

St. Andrews need not be described. The writer has described it too often: and there is not room. Dean Stanley and Lord Cockburn have been beforehand with Mrs. Oliphant. And indeed she has herself anticipated the charming picture she now draws. The place is unique. Mr. Freeman has called it "a cross between Oxford and St. David's." And the society has always been remarkable; though in these days of easy and continual intercourse with the outer world, the corners are smoothed off, and the quaint characters and sayings of old time can no more be found at St. Andrews than they can be found anywhere else. The order has changed. Some of the judgments of early days there are preserved. Dickens was "a sort of mixture of the waiter and the actor." Macleod's preaching was "nothing to his conversation." The grand old member for the City, Mr. Ellice, is most unjustly called "a bit of a humbug." Spurgeon was frankly praised: "very fat and podgy; but there is no doubt of the fellow, look as he may." For a while, in the long vacation which makes a Scotch Chair a prize,—with Tulloch it reached from March to November,—he preached to a little Scotch congregation in Paris, laying the foundation of a permanent church. And he delivered in Edinburgh some lectures, afterwards published under the title of "Leaders of the Reformation." "Most undignified for a Professor of Divinity to lecture for pay," were the words of another such Professor who was rich. But ideas have changed upon such matters. Sydney Smith thought he must leave off writing for the *Edinburgh Review* when he became a dignitary of the Church: the dignity being Canon of Bristol. Now, Archbishops and Bishops of the highest degree are

advertised as writing for sixpenny monthlies. And nobody blames them: unless indeed undignified contributors who think they can write better.

In 1859 he was appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains for Scotland: and after two Macleods had held the office, he became Dean of the Thistle. His visits to Balmoral became a feature in his latter life. Some frank records are given: from which Tulloch himself would assuredly have deleted certain words.

But he was outspoken all his life. "The Bishops are blockheads for their pains in meddling with *Essays and Reviews*." He heard Disraeli make a great speech. "What you instinctively say of Disraeli, after such a two hours' laceration as he inflicted on Lord John, is, 'that he hath a devil': but as for patriotism or statesmanship!" "The Treasury Bench, with the blockhead-looking figure of Sir C. W. very conspicuous, presents on the whole rather a sad spectacle." Nothing is easier than to supply the name.

In May 1862, he became Second Clerk of the General Assembly, in due time succeeding to the chief place. And he was appointed editor of the *Mission Record* of the Kirk: not very congenial work for him. Both were offices of emolument. So far, things had steadily brightened. Now the shadow fell.

His spirits had always been unequal: but now came a long season of deep depression. And, in the singular way of this world, when he was morbidly sensitive to adverse criticism, and vexed to the quick by what was really beneath his contempt, a clever Bohemian, a Cockney Scotchman, who had been brought down to edit the respectable *Edinburgh Courant*, a Conservative daily paper, laid himself upon Tulloch's track with an extraordinary malignity. One is surprised at finding so much made of the ribaldry of Hannay. One could not have imagined Tulloch as "tortured" by anything so contemptible. And, often speaking of those attacks in after years, he spoke of them without feeling of any kind. We all remember how, each morning, as the *Courant* came, there was some ill-natured hit at Tulloch. There were various "epigrams," some of which were forwarded to at least one Fife paper, with a request for insertion, which was declined. The sum of the whole matter was, that once or twice Tulloch had made a false quantity. Of course he had. I have heard him make a false quantity: as I have heard divers Scotch scholars. Tulloch did not pretend to be a scholar in that sense. Scotland has had great scholars, like Veitch and Professor Crombie; but Scotch Universities do not give time enough for the supreme scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge. And though Tulloch was not as "he who can express No sense at all in several languages," yet assuredly he "could speak the strongest reason in his own," and he knew well the best thinking which is in classic tongues. Nor did Hannay use the *Courant* to

attack Tulloch alone. More malignant venom was poured on that gentle and loveable genius who wrote "Rab and his Friends." Systematic attacks were made on Robert Lee. One morning an explanation was given of the phrase in the Shorter Catechism: *Works of necessity and mercy*. "If Dr. Lee had to read an easy bit of Greek, it would be a work of necessity for him to use a lexicon, and a work of mercy to give him one." But Lee, in firm health of body and mind, cared for none of these things. I will not mention living friends, though I could name more than three or four to whom the Bohemian gave vulgar nicknames. The present writer fared just as badly as his betters. But nobody was a penny the worse. And though we wondered that the respectable proprietors of the newspaper permitted it to adopt such a tone, we all admitted Hannay's cleverness: and some knew that he had troubles which might well sour a spirit never of the mildest. He could get up and make an extemporaneous speech, fluently, in good Latin; which not many Professors of "Humanity" could. And he was very hard-working. But he had got into a wrong groove. And he was so badly off that when he stood as candidate for Dumfries, somebody said to Thackeray that he wondered where Hannay had got the money to carry on his election. "That is not what surprises me," said Thackeray; "the thing I cannot understand is where he got the money to pay his railway fare to Dumfries." It was a bitter pleasantry.

That cloud remained for a year, and Tulloch was ordered away. He went to Greece and Constantinople. Though still suffering, he did some good literary work. At Athens he met Norman Macleod, his brother Donald, and Strahan the publisher, coming back from Syria: and "discussed theology and church affairs." A curious reminiscence of that time comes to the writer. Tulloch had come back perfectly well: and during the General Assembly there was a cheerful dinner-party at the University Club at Edinburgh. Tulloch and Macleod were there, and Robert Lee; some Edinburgh Professors, and men at the Bar, more than one of them now on the Bench. There had been talk about Greek brigands. Norman of a sudden said that he knew the Greek brigands well. "You remember," he said to Tulloch, "when you and I fell into their hands." Tulloch gazed blankly. "You remember that bridge across a little stream, with trees hanging over. That was the place." Then addressing the company: "They seized Tulloch and me, and carried us away to their cave in the hills. They had just three books in their possession; the Confession of Faith, the Free Kirk Catechism, and the Recreations of a Country Parson. They were decent lads, but they had been demoralized by reading these books. They gave us Athol-brose for refreshment, so that we were hungry. And the moment they found we were ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, they felt it

was so absolutely hopeless to get any money out of us, that they not merely set us at liberty, but tipped us something handsome for ourselves. To the end of my life," Macleod went on, "I shall never cease to regret that I did not ask them for a subscription to the fund for supplementing the small livings." Tulloch's face was a study as the story went on, many circumstances being added: and the young advocates, gradually discerning that the story was not historical, howled. The great preacher and orator they all knew; but here was another phase of the renowned Celt. The story may not seem much in print; it was a tremendous thing to hear.

Tulloch's influence in the Kirk gradually and steadily grew. He was always at the General Assembly, and in the eye of the country; and he never made a poor appearance. Now and then there was a brilliant speech. After Norman Macleod's death in 1872, Tulloch was, taking him all round, the most outstanding man in the Church of Scotland. Caird, who might have been anything, did not choose to have that eminence. And other men, widely known, hated Church Courts and shunned them: thus placing themselves in a position of isolation. Tulloch did not like Church Courts: but he attended them regularly: and he was an ecclesiastic, which Caird never was. The yellow hair slowly grew gray: the deliberate step a little more so. We did not much mark these things here, for all were growing old together. But one, returning from India after five years, said *How the Principal has aged!* He strongly supported the movement towards improvement of the public worship of the Church, identified with the name of Robert Lee. Not that Tulloch really cared much for the details of worship, though long President of the Church Service Society. He had not the eye for little matters which some innovators had. The very last time he preached in St. Andrews (October 11, 1885), it was in a church where for many years the lessons have been read by laymen, who walk out of their pew to the lectern, Anglican-fashion. And Tulloch, who had often preached at St. Mary's before, thought he was to announce the lessons; and a Colonel, with a magnificent voice, was then to read them. He had forgot all about it. He would not wear bands, which men in full orders in Scotland always do. "They are Puritan," he said. And, like other Broad-Churchmen, though he would go any length in improving the services, it was only for freedom's sake, and for decent dignity's sake: he repudiated anything sacerdotal: going on one occasion so far as to deprecate the necessity of ordination by the laying on of hands. Anything that was understood to convey the commission was enough for him. It was for liberty in doctrine that he really cared: and the loosening of over-tight subscription. He held theology a progressive science, and objected to being bound by formulas centuries old. He had no objection whatever to Episcopacy, as a fair working system with a long record:

but nothing would have made him submit to it as of Divine right. His own orders, he held, were exactly as good as those of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet he regarded, not without sympathy, the continual pleadings of Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews for union between the Churches of England and Scotland. And when the Bishop preached to a congregation of two thousand in his parish church, Tulloch was a most attentive listener; and remarked how in five minutes after the sermon began, the lawn sleeves in a Scotch pulpit appeared as a matter of course.

It was pleasant when he was elected to the Athenæum: though he did not much like the reason which an eminent but very unsound member of Committee gave for his election: "We thought you were in a state of grace."

It was in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW that the chapters were first published which grow into his most important work: *Natural Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*. The two volumes were published in 1872: and though never widely popular, they gave Tulloch an assured position as a scientific theologian. The title of the book was cumbersome. It was dedicated to Dean Stanley, who in the autumn of that year had preached to a great multitude in the parish church of St. Andrews. Tulloch records that his sermon "was very fine, and seems to have pleased every one here." At different times, Tulloch thought of Edinburgh and Glasgow Chairs: but never earnestly tried for any. The Glasgow Principality in 1873, and that of Edinburgh on two occasions, had been thought of. But his heart was in St. Andrews: and I recall vividly the hour when walking over the daisied turf of the famous Links, he said, "It is better to live and die here." The inducement was the larger income: but he did not like either Edinburgh or Glasgow: a strange thing to some. He hoped for an Educational appointment, which, held with his Principality, would have made him comparatively rich: but "the old idiots, the peers I mean," stopped that. However, the income, a good deal reduced, came later: and had to be earned by hard work in the re-arrangement of schools over the country. There was a short visit to America in 1874, which somehow seemed to leave less impression on him than one had looked for.

Henceforward, all went smoothly in the Church. The battle of innovations in worship had been won. As for doctrine, unless a man were quite lacking in sense, he might preach what he pleased. The successive marriages of his children were great events: all of them were happy. In 1878, amid extraordinary enthusiasm, he was Moderator of the General Assembly. Nobody expressed wonder at Tulloch's elevation, or had the smallest difficulty in understanding why he was placed in the Chair. Many friends remember that

pleasant time. The Principal liked the office, and held it in great dignity and efficiency. His closing address was a noble one. He looked wonderfully young as he gave it: and the fine face beamed with a kindly light. Everybody was proud of him now.

At the beginning of 1879, he became Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*: entering on his task with great zeal and enjoyment. But much work and worry came: and in December 1880 the darkest cloud came down, and lasted for a year: "the darkness at times reaching a horror of madness, in which suicide presented itself as a welcome relief." Strange, that such should be the portion of that noble intellect and that kind, warm heart. There are those who never will forget incidents of these dark days which were infinitely touching. He leant heavily on his more intimate friends, and trusted them utterly. A thing often said was, "What I fear is, to die under this darkness." And he was eager to know if his friends had gone through the like. Many have done so. But they do not speak of it. The cloud passed over. After a time under Dr. Ramsay's care at Torquay, Tulloch came back quite restored.

But he began to grow weary, with the weariness which only one thing can cure. He made a great speech in the General Assembly of 1885, on Church defence: the disestablishment agitation had been tried in Scotland, with little effect. In September of that year, he felt deeply the death of his brother Principal, Shairp, of St. Salvator's College, Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Mrs. Oliphant, who spent that month at St. Andrews, was struck by his weary look: and "the headache" began to be always there. But Bishop Thorold of Rochester, who paid a first visit to St. Andrews at the same time, thought Tulloch very bright and cheerful. He was working on his last book, *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*. There was no appearance of failure there: the volume was effervescent with life and interest. But he never could devise a compact title-page. The volume consisted of Lectures delivered in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. But bodily strength was ebbing. On November 22 he managed to read his last Lecture at St. Giles', hardly knowing how. He could not undertake his Divinity Classes at St. Mary's College: and in January 1886 he went to Torquay, as before. But it was fatal bodily illness now. He had worked that finely strung system hard, and he had lived an anxious life. His eldest unmarried daughter was with him, a young woman worthy of such a mother and such a father. She saw the steady sinking, the ceasing to read, the dozing for hours in his easy-chair. The daily letter to his wife went no more. And as the gathering weakness came over Tulloch, the pathetic cry of *Jeanie! Jeanie!* was constant, though he seemed unconscious. I shall not forget the telegram that came one evening from Miss Tulloch, asking that her mother should be told she must come at once:

nor how, when I went to St. Mary's, and asked first to see a married daughter who was at home, first the daughter and then the mother hurried in with the same cry, *I know he's dead*. They were shown the telegram: it was not as bad as that. And next morning, in the bitter frost of an awful season, they set off in the dark, and travelled on for twenty-four hours. Tulloch was but half-conscious: but the heart-breaking cry ceased. This was on Wednesday morning. His two sons, William and Frank, had arrived from Glasgow: and for a day there seemed a gleam of hope. But it passed, and in the early morning of Saturday, February 13, he was gone: not having been able to tell of the new feeling, never felt before.

"I hope I shall be laid in my grave by a few friends, without any ceremony:" Tulloch had written years before. But it was like Beattie's beautiful wish for a country grave. It was not to be. A multitude of real mourners bore him through characteristic St. Andrews; and laid him in that solemn churchyard which no visitor forgets, with the sublime words of Christian hope. A great cross of gray granite marks the place. The inscription beneath the cross is the simplest. A blank was to have been left for his wife's name. But it was not needed: the complete inscription was graven at once. And there these two, so linked in life, rest together.

A. K. H. B.

## CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

IF French Republicans were capable of subordinating personal interest and party passion to the real needs of France, we should hear no more of their quarrelling among themselves for the present. They would cease to concern themselves with anything but the international situation, and how best to prepare the country to face, with a full exchequer, an efficient army, and a united front, the possibility of foreign aggression. Never has the political outlook in Europe been more threatening to France than it has come to be during the last five months. In Germany, the Emperor Frederick, whose one ambition it would have been to earn the title of Frederick the Pacific, has been succeeded by a young prince whose only passionate interest is his interest in things military, who both by speech and temper is constantly inflaming the martial fervour of his army, and who makes it his business to pose as the direct successor of William I., and to ignore the memory of Frederick III. Of course he is docile, as yet, to the prudent counsels of Prince Bismarck; but his journeys through Europe, his incessant activity, the rapidity with which he has replaced the whole of the general staff of his army, together with that speech at Frankfort-on-the-Oder in which he averred that he would risk all Germany rather than yield a single inch of the conquests of his grandfather—all this goes to prove an impatient and untempered spirit, held in check, as yet, by force of will, but likely some day to slip the leash and take its course. Meanwhile, there is no sign of any improvement in the vexatious system to which Alsace and Lorraine are subjected—a system which, while it perpetuates in those provinces the old aversion to Germany and yearning towards France, creates in France itself a growing irritation, and keeps the frontier, so to speak, in a state of latent war. The Germans have gone so far as to close the archives and libraries



of Alsace-Lorraine and of the Rhine to French scholars, an unheard-of step on the part of a nation which prides itself on its science and its culture, and one which, if persevered in, would assuredly lead to reprisals and to the rupture of scientific relations between the two countries. On the French side, it is true, there have been some deplorable incidents—the ill-treatment, at Belfort, of the German students who had had the indiscretion to appear there with their badges and colours; the murderous attempt on an employé of the German Embassy; the drunken insult to the escutcheon of the German Consulate at Havre; and, finally, the erection of a monument on the spot where the unfortunate Brignon and M. de Wangen were shot by Kaufmann. I do not speak of the irritating articles published by certain French journals, because on this ground not even the official German press can afford to cast a stone at France, whose really representative papers are far more fair and moderate in their language than the *Norddeutsche* or the *Kölnische Zeitung*. On the other hand, some blame is really due to the follies of the patriotic leagues, the “*Ligue des Patriotes*” and the “*Union Patriotique*,” which openly profess as their object the revision of the Treaty of Frankfort—a sort of empty bravado by which private associations make difficulties for their own Government, and encroach on a sphere which is none of theirs, and in which they can be of no sort of use.

With regard to Italy, the situation is still more strained than it is with Germany; and here France has nearly nothing to blame herself for. It is true that from 1879 onwards, France might from time to time have shown more consideration for Italian susceptibilities, or even more willingness to serve Italian interests; and this would have been a far-seeing policy, at a time when Bismarck had nothing for Italy but the most insulting disdain. But there is no comparison at all between the indifference shown by France to Italy and the attitude of provocation assumed by Italy towards France, the open ill-will which she takes every opportunity of expressing. It may be all very well for Italy to contract alliances with Austria, her old enemy, and with Prussia, who succeeded in stopping Napoleon III. at Villafranca, in order to secure to Germany the possession of Alsace and Lorraine; it is not exactly chivalrous, on the part of a people which owes to France its independence and its greatness; but sentiments of chivalry cannot and ought not to form the basis of a policy. The Italians consider that they paid their debt to France when they gave her Nice and Savoy; they have not forgiven her for Mentana; and the recollection of the war of 1866 has wiped out that of 1859. With their fine practical instinct they perceived that there was nothing to gain by holding on to an enfeebled France, and much by joining hands with all-powerful Germany; and moreover, that, for a monarchical State in conflict with the Papacy,

it was sound policy to form an alliance with the strongest of the Protestant monarchies. But the entrance of Italy into the Triple Alliance did not necessarily entail a hostile and aggressive attitude with regard to France, and Signor Depretis had successfully carried out an essentially pacific policy. Signor Crispi, on the contrary, in spite of the old and numerous ties which bound him to the French Republican party—or, possibly, even on account of those ties—has set himself to break off every relation of friendship, sympathy, or courtesy between the two countries. It seems as if the part assigned to him in the Triple Alliance were that of peace-breaker, and as if he were trying to bring about a conflict between France and Italy, in order to give Germany the opportunity of stepping in without laying herself open to the charge of having been the first to declare war. One day he charges the French Government, in full Parliament, with meditating the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy; the next he gives currency in his journals to the astounding invention of a French naval *coup de main* at Spezzia. Then, again, it is the affair at Massowah; and here, instead of settling a delicate but not very important question of international law by private arrangement between the two Cabinets, he launches out into resounding circulars, in a style unknown to regular diplomacy, in which he accuses us in the most public manner of purposely making difficulties for Italy, and stirring up the Negus of Abyssinia against her. Then comes the Suez Convention, which Signor Crispi tries to utilize as a means of getting the Sultan to protest against the French protectorate in Tunis, a protectorate already recognized by Italy. The question of the treaty of commerce has given him a still better opportunity of showing his ill-temper. Italy herself put an end to it in 1886; and has steadily refused every overture that has been made to her to renew it, on the basis of the Treaty of 1881. She says, indeed, that if she had not withdrawn from it, France would have done so instead; and this, no doubt, is true. But it is equally certain that France has repeatedly offered to renew it on a basis analogous to that of the earlier treaty, while the principal negotiator on the Italian side, M. Ellena, has shown a persistent and undisguised inclination to break the commercial relations between the two countries altogether. How are we to explain this opposition to every proposal, this determination to provoke a war of tariffs which must be far more injurious to Italian than to French commerce, unless by the deliberate intention to turn the trade of Italy into German channels, to create commercial jealousies between Italy and France in place of former amenities, and to secure the thorough independence of Italian commerce, in view of a probable war between the two countries? Happily, neither the French Government nor public opinion has taken much notice of this unreasonable ill-will. M. Goblet answered Signor Crispi's abuse in a firm but

friendly tone, and the press for the most part abstained from everything that might exacerbate the quarrel. There is no genuine or rooted animosity between France and Italy; and the centenary celebration of the University of Bologna, where the French representatives were enthusiastically received, has helped to convince the public that the anti-French policy pursued for the moment by Signor Crispi means little else than an attempt, on the one hand, to check the diffusion of Republican ideas in Italy, and, on the other, to strengthen the position of the Prime Minister by involving the national honour in supporting him.

Austria is not a near neighbour, like Germany or Italy, and in no part of the globe have we any interests that clash with hers; and yet in this quarter, too, the sky is dark. Hungary, once the enthusiastic friend of France, who had always taken her part in the struggle for independence, has become one of the hottest adherents of the German alliance; and M. Tisza has not hesitated publicly to dissuade his countrymen from taking part in the Universal Exhibition of 1889. At the same time, the repeated expressions of sympathy exchanged between France and Russia, and the disfavour in which King Milan of Servia and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria—both of them adherents of the Austro-Hungarian policy—are held by the French press, have led to a still closer *rapprochement* between Austria and Germany.

Has France, then, no friendship to look for among the other nations of Europe? It is certainly not in the direction of England that she has to look. I have already had occasion to remark how deplorable it is to see the old rivalry between France and England surviving the causes which justified it in the eighteenth century, and to see England, at a time when the growing greatness of Germany constitutes the only real menace to her power in the world, stand blind to its threatening progress, while she watches with a jealous eye the smallest encroachment on the part of France, who can at no point whatever offer any hindrance to her commerce or her colonization. A Russian traveller of the eighteenth century, Von Vizine, said, in his letters, "When England is discontented with the state of her own affairs, she declares war against France." In these days, things do not go quite so far; but it may still be said that when England is uncomfortable she tries to lay the blame on France, and France too often returns ill-temper for ill-temper, and distrust for distrust. At this moment, many Frenchmen are quite convinced that England has concluded an agreement with Italy to place the English fleet at her service in case of a war with France; or that, if there is no formal agreement, there is at least a tacit understanding; and that England, like Italy, has put secret difficulties in the way of the Sultan's signing the Suez Convention.

What adds, no doubt, to the dissatisfaction of England, is the

almost inevitable *rapprochement* between France and Russia, on the ground of a common antipathy to Germany. This *rapprochement* is of a kind quite by itself; and M. A. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his remarkable book, "Russia, France, and Europe" (C. Lévy), very wisely puts Frenchmen on their guard against the illusions to which Russian sympathies may give rise. There is in fact no kind of diplomatic agreement, and still less is there any military agreement between the two countries; there is not even a single common political interest which could unite them, except the aid that the one might render to the other in case of a war with Germany. France has no reason to desire the aggrandisement of Russia at the expense of Turkey, for this would only give her a new Power to cope with in the Mediterranean. Imperial Russia, on the other hand, cannot but look with distrust on Republican France; and she is closely bound to Imperial Germany by family ties and by long traditions of intimacy. How strong these ties and these traditions are, the warmth of the reception recently given to the Emperor William II. afforded ample proof; and one is tempted to ask whether the Czar has not been availing himself of the notion of an alliance between France and Russia simply to extort from Germany some concessions in the East? Nevertheless, one thing is clear: that the existing situation, together with certain affinities of temperament, has created a genuine sympathy between the Russians and the French, and that in our day the feelings and passions of peoples are a political factor that cannot be ignored. The aspirations of Russia in the East are absolutely at variance with those of Austria, and particularly with those of Hungary, who practically directs the foreign policy of Austria. Germany cannot altogether abandon her Austrian allies simply to please Russia. She can but hinder or retard the outbreak of war. Russia, therefore, now sees very clearly that to maintain the balance of power a strong France is needed as a counterpoise to Germany, and she is not likely this time to stand by and see France crushed, as she did in 1870. On all these grounds, there exists between France and Russia, not indeed an alliance, but an essential and necessary sympathy—strange as such a sympathy may seem between an almost revolutionary State and a Government more despotic than that of Rome or Byzantium. Russia is the only country to which, at the present time, France could look for support; and even with Russia it is impossible to go further than vague generalizations, or to formulate any basis of agreement or point of union.

As to the less important States, either they are, like Spain, Turkey, or Greece, in no position to have a foreign policy at all; or, like Denmark and Holland, they are under the thumb of Germany; or, like Sweden, they are in sympathy with her policy; or, like Switzerland and Belgium, they are compelled to neutrality. Of these two neutralized countries it may be said that, if the neutrality of Switzer-

land is benevolent towards France, that of Belgium leans rather to the side of Germany. Not that I take at all seriously the pretended revelations of the *Nouvelle Revue*, as to an agreement between Leopold II. and the German Emperor, by which, in case of war, the King of the Belgians is to give up the fortresses of the Meuse, and open a passage through Belgium to the German army. Leopold II. is incapable of such an act of treachery to his kingly duty and his engagements to Europe. But neither he nor his Clerical Cabinet can be suspected of any sympathy for Republican France.

In the face of such a collection of enmities, latent or declared, of such diplomatic difficulties to be met on all sides, it would seem as if we must perforce concentrate all our attention upon foreign affairs. Instead of this, the energies of the country are completely taken up with internal dissensions, and her children are tearing her to pieces with their own hands. In this respect, the situation to-day is no better than it was five months ago, or rather it is decidedly worse.

There was, indeed, a moment when it seemed as if things would be better—as if Republicans of all shades had realized the danger of the Boulangist movement, and were prepared to stop quarrelling and face the common enemy, to cease raising vexed questions in Parliament and devote themselves to serious business and the Budget. M. Floquet postponed *sine die* the bringing in of his Revision Bill. The Chamber, on the motion of M. Hanotaux, promised two sittings a week to subjects of social interest, and passed, with a fair amount of rapidity, a Bill for the regulation of work in factories, and one on the responsibility of employers for accidents to workmen. The Budget for 1888 was got through very quickly, and without conflict between the two Chambers. The new Budget for 1889 was brought in early by M. Peytral, and the Chamber went into Committee on it with a great display of energy. On all sides there was an evident desire to avoid burning questions. M. Peytral's Budget contained no hint of an income-tax, and the Committee made no alteration in the main lines of the Bill.

It almost seemed as if this wiser mood would last, and bear its fruit. In June and July Boulangism was in full ebb. The central Boulangist committee was divided against itself. The *Lanterne*, the most powerful of the Boulangist organs, had openly seceded; and the new journal, *La Presse*, under the management of MM. Naguet and Laguerre, was making but a very moderate success. General Boulanger had been to the Chamber only twice—on the fourth of June and the twelfth of July: the first time to propose the Revision of the Constitution, and the second time to demand the dissolution of the Chamber; and both times he made a complete fiasco, and simply demonstrated to everybody the slenderness of his own understanding.

In fact, he made himself ridiculous. The attempt of M. Déroulède to convert the "Ligue des Patriotes" into a Boulangist propaganda created a schism in that body, and the majority of its adherents went off to found the "Union Patriotique de France." When M. Déroulède, in the middle of June, came forward as a Boulangist candidate in the Charente, not even the personal efforts of the General himself could save him from coming in at the bottom of the poll. The Opportunist candidate was elected. A little later, Boulangism was very near coming to an end altogether by the violent death of its chief. On the twelfth of July, the General gave M. Floquet the lie in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Floquet sent him his seconds. They met next morning in the garden of Count Dillon, and the General, rushing furiously at his opponent, spiked himself upon M. Floquet's sword, which went through his neck. Half a centimètre to right or left, and the wound would have been fatal. A few hours after, M. Floquet was speaking at the inauguration of the Gambetta monument on the Place du Carrousel, where he received an enthusiastic ovation.

Nor was M. Boulanger, even then, at the end of his misfortunes. On that same twelfth of July, after the failure of his motion for a dissolution, he had resigned his seat in the Chamber, and declared that he should stand at every bye-election, to take the judgment of the electorate between himself and his colleagues. On the twenty-second of July the elections in the Ardèche went dead against him. At the same time the anti-Boulangist movement was taking fresh shape. The most influential members of the "Collectivist" party, the *workmen-party*, united with a number of Radical Republicans to form the "Ligue des droits de l'homme et du citoyen." Café singers, like Paulus, who awhile ago were making the fortune of the Boulangist songs, now sang nothing but anti-Boulangism. The Boulangist exchequer began to run low, and the more so as they could no longer count upon M. Hériot, the proprietor of the *Magasin du Louvre*, who had lost his reason, in consequence of a misunderstanding with his wife. When the Chambers rose at the end of July, it was believed in parliamentary circles that Boulangism had received its death-blow, and that the General who had been beaten in a duel with a civilian, who had twice stultified himself in Parliament, and been twice defeated in the elections, was finally played out.

This happy illusion was rudely broken by the triple election of the nineteenth of August, which gave General Boulanger enormous majorities in the Nord, the Somme, and the Charente Inférieure. It came like a thunder-clap upon the Republican party; it gave a new impulse to Boulangism generally, and there was now no lack of moneyed friends willing to associate themselves as sleeping partners in the enterprise. Whence came this unexpected recovery? Simply from the fact that the Conservatives, persuaded that Boulangism is the most

dangerous foe of the Republic, and that its success must lead to the downfall of the present *régime*, had given up the struggle on their own account, and resolutely enrolled themselves under the Boulangist banner. That Boulangism has lost the greater part of its Republican following is easily shown by a comparison of the figures of the recent contest in the Nord with those of the preceding election. But the Conservatives are all backing the General; and in the departments where Conservatism is the strongest he is sure to win, with the help of a few odd votes from the Republican side. Meanwhile the propaganda goes on more furiously than ever; and in every cottage in the north of France his image is to be seen, as General, as civilian, as Minister, and even as martyr, crucified by the Opportunists.

It is a curious game for Conservatives to play. They must be strangely blinded by their hatred of the Republic. For the triumph of Boulangism cannot possibly mean the restoration either of the monarchy or of the Empire, but simply the most contemptible of military despotisms. Yet this does not prevent Robert Mitchell, the Bonapartist, from holding Boulangist meetings; or the Royalists, M. de Breteuil, M. de Martimprez, and M. de Lévis-Mirepoix from canvassing for Boulanger; or the *Gaulois* and the *Pays* from supporting him; or the Comte de Paris—it is enough to make the Comte de Chambord shudder in his grave—from sanctioning an alliance with him.

The true policy of the Republican party in such circumstances seems plain enough. The Presidency is the only institution that makes the idea of the Republic living to the eyes of the people. Its authority wants fortifying. It wants surrounding with all the prestige that can possibly be given to it, in order to counterbalance that infatuation for an individual which has taken possession of a part of the nation. Again, while the Chamber of Deputies has been crumbling into hostile groups, and is in danger of seeing its majority go suddenly over from the Left to the Right, in the Senate the Republican majority is continually strengthening; it presents a striking unanimity of feeling and opinion; and even the Right shows no inveterate hostility to the Republic. To the Senate, therefore, ought to be confided the largest possible share in the direction of affairs; and there should be a studied avoidance of everything that might weaken its authority. It is less subject than the Chamber to rapid fluctuations, and it therefore constitutes the best guarantee of stability that the present Constitution affords.

Instead of this, what does M. Floquet do? He demands the Revision of the Constitution: and the plan of Revision he proposes is to annihilate, for all practical purposes, the Presidency and the Senate. To propose Revision at all is in itself a grave mistake. It only accustoms the country to the idea that the Republic is an unsettled and precarious thing; it throws discredit on a Constitution which

people ought rather to be taught to respect ; and it needlessly disquiets a country which longs for stability and repose, and which is actually turning to a dictatorship in the hope of finding there the calm which the Republic has failed to procure for it.

But if Revision in any sense is a mistake, Revision in M. Floquet's sense is absolute madness. It means the ruin of the République. M. Floquet would deprive the President and the Senate of the right of dissolving the Chamber and appealing to the country. He would renew the Chamber by thirds every two years. He would give the Senate—elected as it is in the second and third degree by universal suffrage—nothing but a suspensive veto, to last till the next partial renewal of the Chamber. With regard to the Budget, the Senate is to have nothing but a right of remonstrance. On a second deliberation the decision of the Chamber is to be final. All Bills, before being introduced into the Chamber, are to be submitted to a Council of State nominated by both Chambers, whose decisions are to be supported in Parliament by special commissioners. Finally, the collective responsibility of Ministers is to cease altogether. Each Minister is to go out only on a formal vote of censure passed by the Chamber of Deputies.

This Bill of M. Floquet's is not wanting in cleverness. There is a laudable desire to give greater maturity to the preparation of laws, and to diminish the frequency and gravity of Ministerial crises ; but there is one fatal error ; it is a new departure in the Jacobin direction ; it points to the exclusive preponderance of one Chamber. What we are suffering from at the present moment is the excess of Parliamentary activity, and the crippling of the executive power. M. Floquet's Bill completes the disabling of the executive, and places the entire responsibility of government in the hands of one fraction of Parliament—the Lower Chamber. If the enemies of the Republic happen to have a majority in this Chamber, there is absolutely nothing to hinder them from doing away with the Republic altogether.

There is no lack of warning voices to admonish the Ministry, the Chamber, and the country of the danger of the project. To imagine that because M. Boulanger calls for Revision, he can therefore be disarmed by proposing a Revision, is an idea so ingenuous that one can hardly attribute it even to M. Floquet. On the other hand, M. Floquet can hardly suppose that he could induce the Senate to pass the Bill, for why should the Senate commit suicide simply to please M. Floquet ? What, then, can be M. Floquet's justification for disturbing the country with a question that can lead to no solution ? One is reduced to the supposition that the Ministry no more want Revision than their opponents do ; that they would be very sorry to get it, and are counting on the Senate to save them from it ; but that meanwhile they want to use the phrase as an electoral platform



for 1889. They have somehow to satisfy the Radical committees and the unthinking masses, to whom the words Revision, Progressive Taxation, and Military Service, alike for all represent the solution of every difficulty. With these words in their mouths, M. Floquet and his friends may dispense with the necessity of argument.

Why cannot they listen to the sober counsels of those who would save them from the abyss into which they are falling? Amongst these advisers one of the foremost is M. P. Lafitte, who has followed up his valuable work on the "*Paradoxe de l'Egalité*" with another still more remarkable, on "*Le Suffrage Universel*" (Hachette). He puts his finger on the vices of a system which reduces all government to a question of a simple majority in a single Chamber, and destroys the balance of Constitutional forces. He examines into possible methods of improving the suffrage by introducing the representation of minorities, and of certain social forces, such as the Magistracy, the Clergy, and the University. He demonstrates with great power that the Senate represents the country more faithfully than the Chamber, and that if one or other of the two Assemblies is to have a preponderating influence, that one should be the Senate. He shows how easily conflicts between the Chambers might be avoided; and, finally, he insists on the share of authority and initiative which ought to be reserved to the President of the Republic. The Constitution gives him the right of personal intervention in politics; and it is due simply to a false conception on the part of M. Grévy that the Presidency has become an inert and useless part of the Governmental machinery. The country is disgusted with this negation of the executive power; and if it were true that it asked for a Revision of the Constitution at all, it would be in the direction of American institutions—that is to say, of an extension of the Presidential powers. One has only to note the enthusiasm with which M. Carnot has been received on his journeys to Bordeaux, in Dauphiné, in Normandy, and especially at Lyons, and in the Savoy. The only remaining chance for moderate opinions at the elections of next year would be for M. Carnot to come to the front, to form a moderate Ministry at the very moment of the elections, and stand before the country as the personal antagonist of Boulanger and the Radicals. We doubt, however, whether M. Carnot is the man to pursue so daring a policy. It is to be feared that we shall be left to the end in pretty much the same state of uncertainty and confusion in which we find ourselves at present. The very most we can look for is the replacement of the *scrutin de liste* by the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. This would, no doubt, diminish the chances of a sort of plébiscite on General Boulanger, and would break up his alliance with the Conservatives. But it is still doubtful whether even this will be passed by the Chamber.

The Revision Bill is not the only mistake of the present Ministry.

To meet the deficit caused by his Excise Bill, M. Peytral proposes the introduction of an income tax, under the specious title of a "statistical impost"—the rate to be very low at first, but to admit of being gradually raised.

In itself, the income tax by no means deserves the abhorrence with which some persons regard it. If it could be equitably assessed, it would be the best and most reasonable of taxes. It exists in many very Conservative European countries, and it produces no inconvenience there. But in France there are many reasons against its introduction. The first is, that it has always been demanded by the most extreme party, not in the name of public utility, but, as the expression of a hostile and bitter spirit towards the comfortable classes; and, in the second place, both income and capital are taxed under other forms by the four direct taxes, by the tax on personal property, and by the duties on conveyance of land. These last represent about a twelfth of the value of landed property; so that if a piece of ground changes hands once in every five years, in sixty years the State will have received its full value, and this without reckoning the annual land-tax with which it is encumbered. Another thing that must be taken into account is the traditional prejudice—a legacy from the days of the old *régime*—against any interference of the Treasury in people's private affairs. Most Frenchmen are not exceedingly scrupulous about defrauding the Exchequer; and to be obliged to declare the sources and amount of their income would seem to them an intolerable tyranny. We may add that when the Budget already amounts to three milliards eleven millions (of francs), when on all sides you hear complaints of the mismanagement of the public money, when the wealth of the country is gradually diminishing under the pressure of the crisis in agriculture, industry, and commerce, and when everybody is complaining of the reduction of his income, the moment is ill chosen for an increase of taxation, and still more for the creation of a new sort of tax. If it were passed, it would give the finishing blow to the Republic. But the Ministry knows perfectly well that it will not be passed. It is simply making a demonstration, to please its Radical friends.

The Floquet Ministry will have carried only one single innovation, and that innovation the most useless thing in the world. I refer to the decree which compels all foreigners resident in France to report themselves to the police. It is not easy to see what object can be served by this measure, which exempts from registration the only foreigners whose presence can be supposed to be dangerous—namely, those who are simply travelling in the country. There is no difficulty in ascertaining what foreigners are domiciled in France, without requiring a declaration or the production of papers; and it will be very troublesome work finding out those who have omitted to make

the declaration. Besides, on the eve of the Universal Exhibition, it was inopportune in the extreme to pass a measure of such an inhospitable character. It is true that similar regulations, of a still more inquisitorial kind, exist in Germany and in Switzerland; but this does not hinder the German Press from crying out upon the barbarism of M. Floquet's comparatively inoffensive measure. No doubt the thing was done to satisfy the working classes, who complain of foreign competition in their midst. The Government seems to have thought of it immediately after the very serious strikes of the navvies, in Paris, of the mill-hands at Limoges and at Troyes, and of the miners at St. Etienne. These strikes may have been secretly encouraged by the Boulangists, for they coincided with the triple election of the nineteenth of August; but they seem rather to have been a first attempt of the Anarchist and Blanquist party, who are availing themselves of the facilities of combination given to workmen by means of the Labour Exchange and the syndical chambers, to attempt the organization of a universal strike. Happily we have now another labour party—the so-called Possibilist party—which seeks to bring about social reforms by legitimate means, and which numbers in its ranks the great majority of the working-men. This is one of the peaceable fruits of the liberty we now enjoy.

Still, one must not, after all, be unjust to the Ministry. The registration of resident foreigners has not been their only display of activity. They have inaugurated a considerable number of statues, and every statue has had its speech. The principal business of M. Deluns-Montaud, the Minister of Public Works, has been this going from place to place unveiling statues and making speeches; and MM. Floquet, Lockroy, and Viette have also done their part. We are not among those who choose to be hard on the statuomania now raging in France, or to reckon up in a mocking spirit the statues of Danton, Vogel, Baydin, Robin, Dupleix, Bobillot, Shakespeare, and Etienne Marcel, all of them the produce of a single summer. Besides encouraging the art of sculpture, it all tends to rouse in people's minds an admiration for great men and great deeds, and, possibly, a wholesome emulation of them. There is something rather touching in seeing a monument raised to the memory of a private soldier like Sergeant Bobillot, who was a hero of the war in Tonquin, and—on quite another plane of thought—in seeing the statue of Shakespeare set up in Paris, a generous tribute to that universality of Art which knows no frontiers. But we ought to take heed that these honours are not lavished on unworthy objects; and the two statues to Danton, one in Paris and the other at Arcis-sur-Aube, have given rise to just objections. The memory of the hero of the National Convention is too controversial a subject, and the services he rendered to the country are of too doubtful a character, for him to be set up as a model for

future generations. . It is a pity for one generation to be busy raising statues which the next is only too likely to topple into the gutter. The Danton memorial is certainly of this number; and so, I should fear, is the fine equestrian statue just raised by the Municipal Council of Paris in front of the Hotel de Ville to the famous Mayor of Paris in the fourteenth century, Etienne Marcel. Not that the reaction would be justified in this latter case. Etienne Marcel was a very remarkable man, with ideas in advance of his time, and the part he played in the States-General of 1356 and 1357 was a fruitful and important one. M. Jules Tessier, a professor of the Faculty of Letters at Caen, has lately published a life of him, which completes and corrects that of M. Perrens. He condemns the acts of violence into which his hero allowed himself to be betrayed; but he clears his memory from the worst of the charges brought against it—that of having intended to give up Paris to Charles the Bad and the English.

In this way history is perpetually occupied in going over old cases that seemed to have been adjudged and settled for ever. M. Port, for instance, in his two volumes on “La Vendée Angevine” (Hachette), throws up in quite a new light the famous insurrection of the western provinces at the time of the Revolution. The region in which it broke out was a miserable country, for which the *ancien régime* had done nothing, and which welcomed with delight the first measures of the Constituent Assembly. Even the sale of Church property met with no opposition there. Two things led to the revolt—first, the direct action of the nobility, stirred up by the emigrants; and, secondly, the influence of the clergy, when the Civil Constitution had thrown them, almost in a body, into the ranks of the enemies of the Revolution. It was this that made it impossible to save the royal authority, and provoked in so many places a furious and uncompromising resistance. It was by disturbing or offending the conscience of the people that the Revolution inevitably prepared the way for its own downfall.

One comes to realize how fine a spirit it was which animated some of its opponents, as one reads the “Mémoires et Souvenirs de Hyde de Neuville” (Plon), a descendant of the illustrious English family which lent such brave defenders to the cause of the Stuarts. Baron Hyde de Neuville was a chivalrous adventurer, who from 1792 to 1807 was leading, now in France, and now in England, a life of incessant political intrigue and conspiracy in favour of the Bourbons, and rejoicing all the while, in his true French heart, at the victories gained by his own countrymen over the foreigners whose aid he was accepting or soliciting. Nothing could be more curious than the account of his share in the plans of escape of the Royal family and Commodore Sydney Smith, of his place among the *jeunesse dorée*, of his interviews with Bonaparte, of his relations with Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal,

of his adventures in France when he was being hunted by the police as an *émigré* and a conspirator, and, finally, of his sojourn in America, where he spent the last seven years of the Empire, and conceived an attachment to liberal institutions which did not at all interfere with his devotion to his King.

To this same period of the Revolution and the Empire belong two delightful books that have lately appeared—"Madame de Custine," by A. Bardoux, and "La Comtesse Potocka," by L. Perey, the second volume of the "*Histoire d'une Grande Dame au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle*" (C. Lévy). Mme. de Custine was the daughter of Mme. de Sabran, the charming friend of the Chevalier de Boufflers. She saw her husband and her father-in-law perish on the scaffold, in spite of her heroic efforts to save them, and found herself left alone with her son Elzéar. Later on, there came a moment of bewildering passion, when she was loved by Chateaubriand; and when the great egoist deserted her, she retained for him a faithful friendship and a discreet devotion. The chief interest of M. Bardoux's book lies, however, neither in the dramatic story of Mme. de Custine's misfortunes during the Revolution, nor in the few unpublished letters of Chateaubriand which it brings to light, but in the correspondence of Fouché with Mme. de Custine—a correspondence which reveals that personage, on many grounds so justly detested, as a man not without heart, and shows us in the old Proconsul of the Convention a wary, moderate, and liberal politician. The Countess Potocka is that fascinating Hélène Massalska, whose education at the Abbaye aux Bois, and whose first few years of married life, as the wife of Prince Charles de Ligne, M. Perey described in a previous volume. She failed to appreciate the noble character of the Prince, and fell in love with the Count Potocki, whom she married on her husband's death, after he, on his part, had obtained a divorce from his second wife. This marriage, for which she had braved everything, and had not hesitated to break the heart of the divorced Countess, was disturbed by many troubles. M. Perey's book makes us spectators of all the storms that passed over this passionate and restless soul; and gives us, besides, a most interesting picture of the life of his heroine, first in Poland, and afterwards in Paris during the Empire, and at the moment of the Restoration.

M. Henri Houssaye's volume on the year 1814 (Perrin), might almost be placed in the category of contemporary memoirs, so faithfully does he reproduce the image and the spirit of the time he speaks of. Adopting a method somewhat similar to that of M. Chluquet, in his "*History of the First Invasion*," M. Houssaye has got together a quantity of unpublished documents preserved among the State papers, of journals of the period and contemporary records; and with the help of these, he has put together a story composed of an infinite number of minute

and exact details, arranged with such skill and precision that the whole stands out a living and startling mosaic. The author is no cold observer, either; it is the emotional recital of one whose heart has been profoundly stirred by the sufferings of that terrible time, and whose imagination has caught the vivid colouring of its acts of heroism. Critic as he is in detail, he has preserved the epic character of the period he describes; and while he passionately sympathizes with the last efforts of Napoleon to expel the foreigner, he does not conceal his defects. His book is a good and noble book, at once moving and instructive.

The *Journal of Stendhal*, just issued by MM. De Nion and Striënski (Charpentier), is an exceedingly curious study both of the Napoleonic epoch and of Stendhal himself. Society in France emerged from the Revolution so utterly weary of politics that it accepted without a murmur the authority and the orders of the master it had taken to itself, and took no further interest in anything save two things only—literature and love. In this respect Stendhal is a type. He makes his career as a member of the Imperial military administration; we find him now at Milan, now in Germany, now in Austria, following the armies of the Empire; and he details with chill precision the part he took in those celebrated campaigns. But all the thoughts of his heart are straining towards these two things—to win the love of *Mélanie* or of *Mme. So-and-so*, and to become a great dramatist. The theatre infatuates him, as it did the rest of the men of his time; he studies declamation as well as the dramatic art; and by a singular evolution, by dint of reasoning on the tragic passions and their manifestations, and of analyzing his own feelings and those of the women whose favour he courts, he becomes, without knowing it, a penetrating and powerful psychologist, incapable, indeed, of ever writing a piece for the stage, but a master in the art of story-telling. This journal, artlessly and even carelessly written, in broken and often incoherent paragraphs, in which the fatuity of the author displays itself with the most exquisite ingenuousness, but which at the same time impresses one with the intensity of his ambition and the strength of his will, is, by the sheer force of its sincerity, a most interesting and instructive document.

It is not possible to say as much of the "*Memoirs of Désiré Nisard*" (C. Lévy). Their principal charm lies in the delicious style which gives value to the smallest things. But the reader is set on his guard against an author whom he perceives but too plainly to be constantly endeavouring to show himself off at the expense of his contemporaries. The society depicted in the memoirs of Nisard is that of the times of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III.; the figures that pass across the stage are those of Villemain, Cousin, Musset, Sainte Beuve, Lamartine, Leverrier, &c.; and all, except Armand Carrel, come out of the author's hands shrivelled and diminished. Turn where one will, from the

journal of the Goncourts to the recollections of Nisard, one carries away the idea that the literary confraternity is made up of vanity and envy.

Nor does M. Daudet's last novel, "*L'Immortel*" (Lemerre), give one any better idea of the generosity of men of letters, whether one goes by the picture the author presents of Academic society, or by the petty rancours he betrays in the book itself. Awhile ago, M. Daudet was expecting the doors of the French Academy to fly open at his approach; he thought he was to be exempted from keeping terms and from the repeated candidatures to which the most illustrious men have submitted. When he found that the Academy was not sufficiently appreciative to afford him this exceptional treatment, he conceived a bitterness against it and all its works, of which "*L'Immortel*" is the odious expression. He represents the Academy as a collection of vile old men, decrepit, silly, and licentious; and he attributes to them in his story not one word nor one action that is not an absurdity or a misdeed. The desire of getting into the Academy, to which no doubt we owe more than one fine achievement in literature, is represented as the inspiration of all sorts of selfishnesses, stupidities, and meannesses. This determination to detract has brought no luck to M. Daudet. "*L'Immortel*" is about the weakest story he has yet written. If it has had—thanks to tremendous puffing and the attractiveness of a bit of scandal—a successful sale, it has found few admirers, either among the critics or among the public. A few scenes cleverly dashed off, and two or three amusing portraits, do not constitute a novel, nor do they make up for everybody in the book being more or less dull or vulgar. For the rest, the spiteful reader will search in vain for real persons, faithfully depicted. M. Daudet may justly defend himself from the charge of having taken any of his portraits from the life.

While M. Daudet was thus breaking a lance with the French Academy, and announcing in the most effective manner his determination to belong to no other assembly than that modern Academy which M. E. de Goncourt was to create and nominate in his will, M. Zola, who was supposed to have taken a far more irreconcilable and audacious attitude than M. Daudet, has announced his intention to become a candidate for the Académie Française. Now, whatever concessions the Academy might be disposed to make to the prevailing taste of the day, and however often it may have submitted to the choice dictated to it by the Press, as it did not long ago in the case of M. Halévy and M. Meilhac, it is not very likely that it will allow M. Zola to be imposed upon it by anybody. At the moment when he sent in this unexpected claim, he had just published his novel "*La Terre*" (Charpentier), in which, under pretence of a representation of peasant manners, he produced such an accumulation of everything foul and

base as surpassed all he had done in his previous works. It is said that the latter part of the book contains descriptions of immense power. I can quite believe it, for there are few works of M. Zola's in which he does not force one to admire his epic genius and his descriptive talent; but I would rather believe than go and see. I have tried to read "*La Terre*;" and the book fell from my hands in indignation and disgust. I know the country in which M. Zola lays his plot, for I have lived in it; I know the level of morality is low there, very low indeed; but between the vices and hypocrisies of the *Beauccerons* I have known, and the unmitigated licence and brutality described by M. Zola, it is indeed far to go. M. Zola, however, is now inclined to show that he can harp on any string; and he has written "*Le Rêve*," which, if we are to believe the booksellers' advertisements, is absolutely unobjectionable. It is the story of the simple love of a young girl, an embroiderer of chasubles, and the son of an Archbishop. But M. Zola treats the story in his usual coarse and heavy manner; he insists on the chastity of his hero and heroine till the book is hardly fit to read; and one is ready to prefer, in comparison with this mincing grossness, the undisguised sensualities of his other books. "*The Dream*" is not likely to absolve the author of "*La Terre*" in the eyes of Academicians. If the Academy wished to make room in its ranks for a member of the "*Naturalist*" school, that member would not be M. Zola, but M. de Maupassant, who, after his great success in "*Pierre et Jean*," has again proved his powers as a great writer and a great scenic artist in his book of travels, "*Sur l'Eau*." There is a finish of style and a distinctive *Frenchness* in M. Maupassant's work, which is wanting both to Zola and to Daudet; and, imperfect as his philosophy of human nature may be, it is far sounder and more penetrating than theirs.

In a style bordering on that of M. de Maupassant, but of a far higher tone and more emotional character, we have M. G. Renard's volume of "*Rural Sketches*" (*Plou*), remarkable for its truthful observation of rustic manners, its sober narrative, and its strong and simple style. M. Renard is now professor of French literature at Lausanne, but he is a native of Picardy, that mother of robust and wholesome minds, who has had so large a place in the literary history of France. M. Renard has also published some useful "*Studies on Contemporary France*." I cannot say much for the paper on "*Naturalism*" with which the volume opens; it seems to me superficial; but the two following papers, on the influence of Germany in France, and on Socialism, are very valuable indeed. Nowhere have we seen so clear, so exhaustive, and so impartial a summing up of the various doctrines among which contemporary Socialism is divided. It is not possible to look with indifference on this Socialist movement, which is carrying away with irresistible force the masses of the people, and which is destined to



play a more and more important part in political warfare. The Catholics, always quick to seize on any new opening for a propaganda, are posing, in the person of M. de Mun, as allies of the movement; as Christian Socialists. The Radicals are trying to turn to their own advantage the Socialist abhorrence of the rich, of middlemen, and of jobbers. The Boulangists—who certainly are not in a position to throw stones at anybody in the matter of money concerns—also profess to stand up for the people against the corrupt practices of Members of Parliament. They applauded M. Numa Gilly, the Mayor of Nîmes, when he said that “the Budget Committee contained at least a score of Wilsons.” In spite of the indignant protest of most of the members, and the prosecution instituted by M. Andrieux against the slanderer, many good people imagine that France is the prey of a band of robbers; and we may expect to find the cry “*A bas les voleurs!*” doing a good deal of damage at the next elections. Writers of the most shameless description, who make their living by scandal, take advantage of this mood of the public mind; and M. Drumont, already unfavourably known by his “*La France Juive*,” in which he found a solution of the social question in a general spoliation of the Jewish bankers, has produced another pamphlet, more stupid and more calumnious even than the first, “*La fin d’un Monde*” (Savine), a mere burst of rabid fury against all our living politicians, and, as usual, the Protestants and the Jews, against whom he calls for a new Saint Bartholomew and a new dragonnade.

But if the ravings of M. Drumont are the mere product of a diseased brain, there is, nevertheless, much that is really alarming in the moral condition of French society. It cannot be denied that the flood of immoral literature with which we are deluged has become a public danger; and M. de Pressensé ought to be warmly supported in the campaign he has undertaken against it, both in the Senate and by means of public meetings. Under the influence of this literature, and of the manners of which this literature is the expression, the tone of society has become at once more and more frivolous and more and more gross. It finds a faithful and, at the same time, an amusing echo in the dialogues of Mme. de Martel, the lady who writes under the pseudonym of “Gyp.” The types she reproduces in “*Autour du Mariage*,” “*Autour du Divorce*,” “*Le Petit Bob*,” and “*Loulou*” (C. Lévy)—Paulette, the young woman without illusions, who looks on marriage as an affair of business, in which the object of the woman is to hoodwink her partner; Bob, the spoilt and ill-bred boy; Loulou, the emancipated young lady, who goes in for her B.A. because it is the fashion, and who, under all the effrontery of her manners, is really sincere at bottom—not to speak of a whole gallery of men of the world and indiscreet or vicious women, all of them amazingly unrestrained in speech—represent with but little touch of caricature the

society that calls itself Society under the Third Republic. To take it in earnest, this scum of society is hardly less frightful than the social dregs that M. de Macé, a former head of police, uncovers in his curious books, "*Le Service de la Sûreté*," "*Un Joli Monde*," "*Gibier de Saint-Lazare*" (Charpentier).

Nevertheless, some effort is being made to check this social disintegration which threatens to sap the vital forces of the nation. The chief hope lies in the system of national instruction, which has certainly attained immense progress in all its grades; and people are beginning to raise the very serious question how to unite education, in its true sense, with instruction. Our schools of primary and secondary instruction are far from being harbours of health for either the mind or the body; and one of the principal causes of their moral unsatisfactoriness is their physical deficiencies. Physical exercise does not hold the place it ought to hold in any sound system of education. M. Philippe Darj, who made himself a melancholy reputation during the Commune under his real name of Pascal Grousset, and who consequently spent several years in England, is making it his business to reinstate in public favour the school games played in England, and, for the most part, formerly played in France—cricket, football, lawn-tennis, and so forth. Two associations have already been formed, under the presidency of M. Jules Simon and M. Berthelot, to carry out the suggestions made in M. Daryl's "*Renaissance Physique*" (Hotzel). Some of the free schools, the *École Alsacienne* and the *École Monge*, have placed themselves at the head of the movement, and the State will be obliged to follow.

The last few months have given us several volumes of poetry worthy of notice—"L'Illusion," by Jean Lahor (the pseudonym of M. Cazalis), who clothes his Buddhist pessimism in a splendid harmony of language; "*La Légende de Saint Nicolas*," by G. Vicaire (Lemerre), written with all the bright simplicity of popular verse; and, finally, the two volumes of Victor Hugo's "*Toutte la Lyre*," which contain a good deal that the author very wisely preferred to leave in his portfolio, interspersed with a few fine pieces, and all with noble lines scattered here and there.

In the way of dramatic poetry there is but a single work to mention, but that is a very remarkable one—the "*Flibustier*" of M. Richepin, played at the *Théâtre Français*. The author of the "*Blaphèmes*" has this time replaced his brazen chords with chords of melody, and instead of the coarse and savage seamen of "*La Mer*" has a crew of absurdly but delightfully idyllic characters. The Richepin is, that you never feel he is artistically in an accomplished virtuoso; but his works can never want of being either powerfully thought,

The musical drama has given us riper and stronger works. I may speak especially of the "Roi d'Ys" of M. Lalo, given at the new Opéra Comique, of which M. Paravey has taken the management. M. Lalo is not a young man, for he is over fifty; but he is regarded as a young musician, because his persistent ill-luck has hitherto prevented him from getting a hearing on the stage. His *début* was an immense success. The music to which he has set the legend of Gralon the king and his unchaste daughter, whose wantonness has drawn down the vengeance of Heaven on the town of Ys is full of learning, originality, and genius. It has raised M. Lalo at one bound to the rank of one of our first dramatic composers. At this moment they are all at work, and we are promised for this winter new works by Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Saint Saëns, and Massenet. At the new Théâtre Lyrique, managed by M. Capoul, M. Benjamin Godard has given us a "Jocelyn," in which we find his ever-present grace and freshness of imagination, but not the power found in his "Tasso."

We must not pass over in silence the attempt made by MM. Hugues le Roux and P. Ginisty to place Dostoevsky's "Crime et Châtiment" on the stage at the Odéon. It was an effort made under immense difficulties. The whole force of the novel is in the profound and minute analysis of character and motive, which alone redeems the extravagance of a plot in which the noble-hearted hero, who has committed a murder for money, is the lover of a prostitute still more virtuous than himself. On the stage, all this analysis is simplified away, and the mere shockingness of the story stands out blank and bare. Nevertheless, the two young authors have succeeded, by force of sheer earnestness, in making it an interesting play, and the infatuation of the public for everything Russian has made it a theatrical success.

Need I say anything of the Black and White Exhibition? I think not. It cuts but a sorry figure beside your London exhibitions of the kind. Besides, in our Black and White, most of the drawings are water-colours or pastels. This peculiarity is the most original thing about it.

Let me mention, in conclusion, that Green's "History of the English People" has been translated into French by M. Auguste Monod, and that I have prefixed an introductory essay, tracing the parallel development of the history of France and of England, and attempting to determine the causes of the profound dissimilarity of genius and institutions of the two nations.









